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# North American Review

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1929

*July*

## Feet of Clay or Eyes of Envy

Can We Save the Lindbergh Legend?

*By Constance Lindsay Skinner*

His Excellency, Charles G. Dawes
*By Charles Francis Coe*

The Goddesses in Our Midst
*By R. Le Clerc Phillips*

How Doth the Busy Moonshiner! . . . . . Francis Pridemore
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The Utopia of Unity . . . . . Jay S. Stowell
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This Era of Investment Trusts . . . . . Irving Fisher
The Red Man Dances . . . . . Helena H. Smith
Answer Yes or No! . . . . . John Holley Clark, Jr.

NOV 10 1964

*Other articles by* HENRY TETLOW, JACK KOFOED, TILLMAN BREISETH, H. W. WHICKER, FRANK SCHOONMAKER, HERSCHEL BRICKELL, DONALD F. ROSE, *and* ALAN H. TEMPLE

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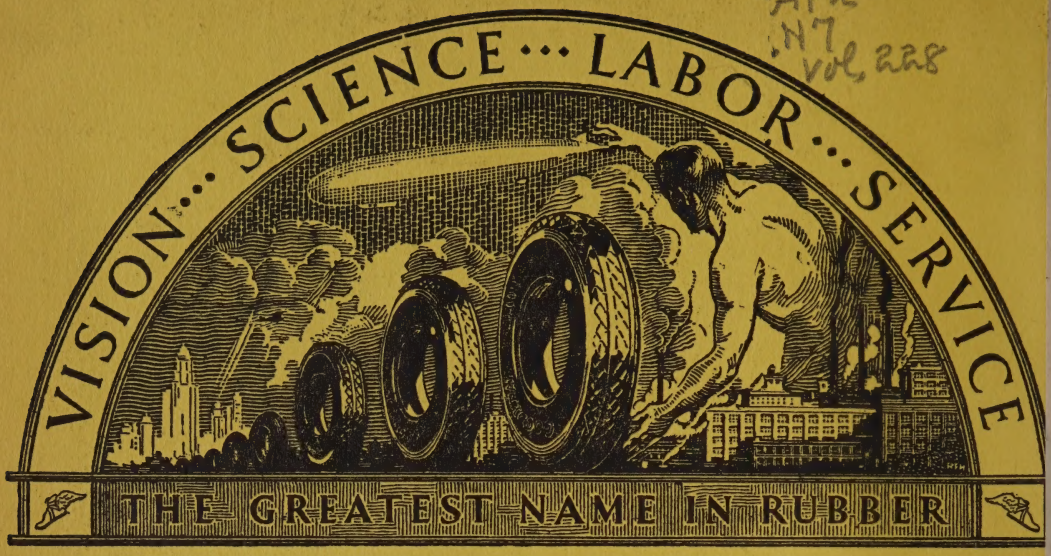


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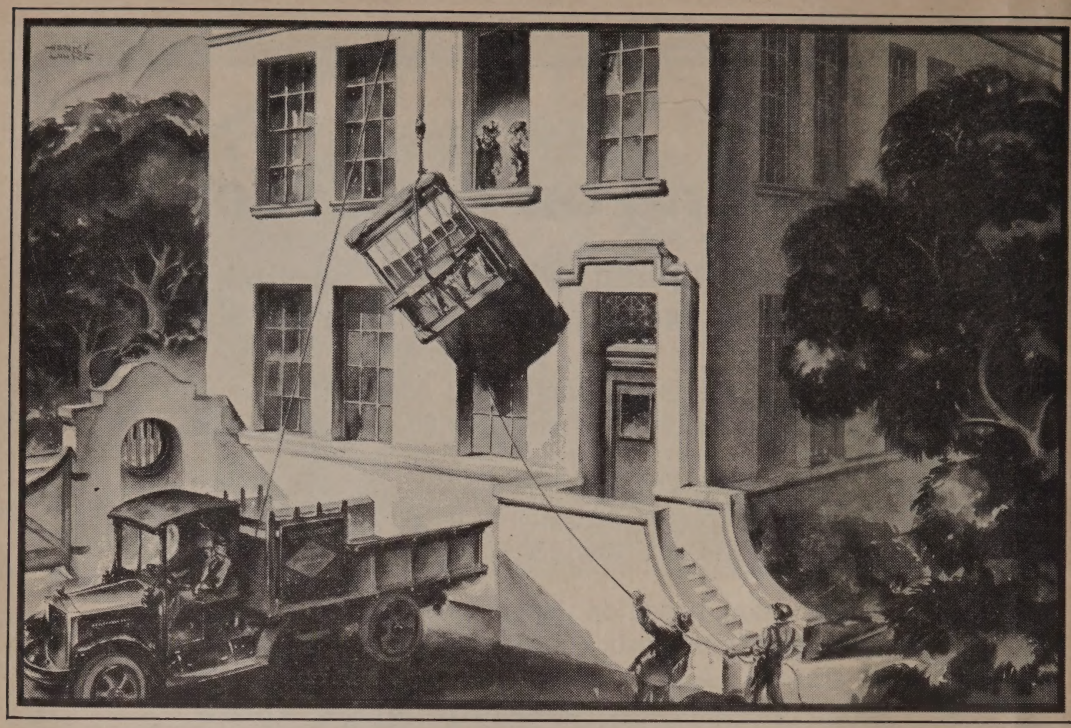

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# BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION

Helena Huntington Smith (*The Red Man Dances*) is the wife of (the hyphenated adjective is her own) the long-suffering Henry F. Pringle who has already made himself known to North American Review readers. Her life problem, over and above that one presented by a young son, is to decide whether she is most in love with the Northwest or the Southwest. This has stumped her for a long time. Well! Not so very long. And still does. Her paper on the Pueblo Indians is the result of first-hand study and observation.

Caroline S. Shunk (*Before the Tribal Shrine*) is now living in Washington, D. C. She is the wife of an army officer and in that rôle has traveled far and wide to strange places. Her poem was written while her husband was stationed on Luzon, an island inhabited by the Igorrote head hunters. She found the Igorrote children delightful.

Tilman Breiseth (*Arias for Angels*) wants it known first of all that he is not a disappointed singer. His dissertation is drawn, however, from extensive observation of the musical world's ways, and from a vow taken one night when he left his back door open, and the voices of myriad scale runners poured in. He was born in Minnesota. Besides music, he likes Chekov, sea voyages and sun flowers — and heartily disapproves of rejection slips.

Henry Tetlow (*What's Wrong on Broadway?*) was born in 1893 and says he is one of that innumerable host who served "without distinction" over in France in 1917 and '18. Included in this undistinguished performance, however, are two battle clasps and a wound stripe. His name as a business man is known through nationally advertised products; his knowledge of the theatre comes not only from persistent frequenting of Broadway, but also from personal experience in theatrical production.

Frank Schoonmaker (*The Low Road to Europe*) was born in South Dakota and educated in the East. He has been traveling pretty consistently ever since he left Princeton at the end of his freshman year. He is the author of *Through Europe on Two dollars a Day* and other travel books. He trusts that, when he dies, permission will be granted him permanently to haunt Corsica, which is his idea of paradise on earth. Among his prejudices are alterations made in his manuscripts by editors; and who will blame him?

H. W. Whicker (*Doctors of Dullness*) who wrote to the editor on stationery bearing the inviting address, "The Cariboo Inn," has his mail sent to *The Wenatchee Daily Herald*, Wenatchee, Washington. He is, however, unlikely to read it until autumn since he is "usually on the move from this season on."

Among women contributors who have written previously for the Review are: *R. le Clerc Phillips* (*The Goddesses in Our Midst*), who, born abroad, brings a charming perspective to view upon American life; *Bernice Kenyon* (*Gray Night*), who is the wife of Walter Gilkyson and now resides at Como, Italy; and *Constance Lindsay Skinner* (*Feet of Clay — or Eyes of Envy?*), who, coming from the great Northwest, is well-known to the newspaper and book world.

Writers of the other sex whose work appears in this issue as well as previously in The North American Review are: *Cleon C. Mason, M.D.* (*Are Hospital Costs Too High?*), who is a child specialist of Long Beach, California; *John Holley Clark, Jr.* (*Answer Yes or No*), whose recent entertaining Review contribution, *Volstead's Fond Precursor*, will be recalled; and *Jack Kofoed* (*The Dirge of Baseball*), who is a special writer on *The New York Evening Post*.

WALTER BUTLER MAHONY
*Editor*

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*Associate Editor*

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*Editorial Director*

# The North American Review

ONE-HUNDRED-FIFTEENTH YEAR

1st copy
Dec 16, 1929

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Published monthly by the North American Review Corporation
PUBLICATION OFFICE, RUMFORD BUILDING, CONCORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE
Editorial and Executive Office, 9 East 37th Street, New York, N. Y.
WALTER BUTLER MAHONY, *President*; CHARLES BATES DANA, *Secretary*
ERNEST FISHER, *Business Manager*
The price of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, published monthly, is forty cents a single copy, or four dollars a year, in the United States, Porto Rico, and the Philippine Islands. Subscribers in Canada should add to the yearly subscription price, 50 cents for postage, and those in foreign countries one dollar. THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is on file in public libraries and is fully indexed in *The Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature.*

*Entered as second class matter December 18, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, New Hampshire under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Title registered U. S. Patent Office*

# BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION

Charles Francis Coe (*His Excellency, Charles G. Dawes*) is a personal friend of his subject. His earlier career included enlistment in the Navy at seventeen, where he became welter-weight champion of the fleet. Later he went into the automobile business, resisting all impulses to write until he developed an acute case of athletic heart. Then, on the advice of pessimistic physicians, he sold his business and bought a typewriter to while away his last days. He now employs a secretary. Any writer will concede that this is evidence of success, were that evidence not found in his five novels and many stories published in national magazines.

Francis Pridemore (*How Doth the Busy Moonshiner?*) is the pen name of one whose experiences, touched on in this article, have been varied and hair-raising, and whose writings have appeared in several national publications. His first ancestor in America fought in the Revolution, and for years kept his musket hung over the doorway in his remote rural cabin.

F. Emerson Andrews (*The Marriage Mill*) was graduated from Franklin and Marshall College, Pennsylvania, with the handicap of first honors. He served a literary apprenticeship of five years in a publishing house; and has been associated recently with the Russell Sage Foundation, where the subject upon which he writes has been exhaustively studied. He lives in New York and now devotes himself chiefly to writing, what time he isn't touring afoot in this country and in peasant Europe.

Jay S. Stowell (*The Utopia of Unity*) is a Congregational minister whose religious activities have been varied. A graduate of Columbia University and Union Theological Seminary, he is the author of a number of books and periodical contributions. Promotion activity for the Board of Home Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church now occupies his attention.

Edith L. Weart (*A New Foe of Germs*) wrote the editor that the tragic disaster at the Cleveland clinic which cost so many lives in May left her with little inclination to chat about herself. She had joined the Clinic when it opened in 1921. Born in Jersey City, she was graduated from Oberlin College in 1919, and specialized thereafter in laboratory work and biochemical research as well as in the editing of medical papers.

Frederick A. Stokes (*The Case Against the Book Clubs*) is one of the deans of the New York book publishers. His forty-eight years of experience in the business, including five years as President of the American Publishers' Association place him in an admirable position to survey the pros and cons of this difficult and much debated question of the book clubs.

Henry Alan Johnston (*Congress Shall Have Power*) was born in Washington, D. C. in 1884 and is now a practicing attorney in New York City. He served as a naval lieutenant during the war. He has given the Eighteenth Amendment intensive study. Whether he is personally wet or dry deponent saith not, nor does he discuss the ethics or the physiology of drinking. "Alcohol," he submits, "may be bad for the human system, but that is nothing to what it has done to the Constitution."

Irving Fisher (*This Era of Investment Trusts*) has been professor of political economy at Yale for thirty years and is so well known in the economic world that it hardly behooves us to introduce him. In a business way he has lately been in close touch with the subject upon which he writes. Born in New York State, he took his B.A. and Ph.D. at Yale, did further graduate work at Paris and Berlin, previous to entering upon a long record of authorship, editorship, and chairmanship of various sociological and economic bodies, the span of which has covered about thirty years.

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# The Literary Landscape

By Herschel Brickell

England at this moment is on the eve of an important election, and the Landscaper is on the eve of returning to the country in Europe where the pattern of life changes the least of anywhere in the Western world. Remembering the excitement and the rancor of America's most recent national campaign, this country seems quiet enough, and not even the presence of that doughty leader, Lloyd George, has stirred up any great amount of emotion. Among publishers, where the Landscaper has spent most of his waking hours for the last month, the chief feeling aroused by the closeness of the balloting is one of resentment that the orderly sale of literature should be interfered with by politics; it is true here, as it was true in the United States last Autumn, that the public is taking a holiday from books and devoting its time to newspapers and radio.

If the well-known Man from Mars were to drop down in London he would find a good deal of space even in such serious newspapers as *The London Times* devoted to such burning questions as whether or not a razor should be stropped before or after shaving; what is to be done about the gypsies on Epsom Downs; and how England is to save herself from becoming a vast Clapham Common because of the ubiquity of charabanc parties, and the tendency of visitors to the country to leave the landscape looking very much the worse for wear. On the whole, the after-shaving stroppers seem to have won the first argument. It has been decreed that gypsy caravans, which have been a feature of the racing season at Epsom since time out of mind, must go. The final question of saving England's beauty from utter destruction is not settled. One wishes that it were, just as one wishes that at home there were some way to civilize people who go into the country in automobiles, and try to bring back all the wildflowers and trees they can uproot. The movement against the gypsies is a blow at romance, to be sure, and one that must wrench the hearts of those who still love George Borrow. But strange things occur in the England of the year 1929; only the other day a farmer announced that he would shoot any foxes making their appearance on his land, because he thought fox-hunting a nuisance of the worst order. To the outsider, his objections seemed reasonable enough, but there is no doubt that a certain element of the population regarded him as distinctly unreasonable and even downright unpatriotic.

## *Stonehenge Has Been Saved*

Since the last instalment of the Landscape appeared, there has been a movement to save one of England's most valuable treasures that has met with very positive success. No one who has ever driven or walked across Salisbury Plains and seen suddenly looming against the horizon on a gentle green slope the great monoliths of Stonehenge can fail to be grateful that the land surrounding the ruins of this ancient temple has now been purchased by a national trust, so that in time the barracks and hangars left over from the days of the World War will be removed, leaving the stones themselves in solitary glory with no jarring modern background. It is planned that the one quick-lunch restaurant across the road from Stonehenge shall be removed, that the barbed wire around the pile shall be taken down and replaced by a deep, but inconspicuous ditch, and that the unattractive hut wherein resides the ticket-taker shall be camouflaged, thus restoring the whole souvenir of an old civilization to its pristine glory. In the meantime, the authorities carry on their arguments about who built Stonehenge and why, and having cast doubt upon the Druidical legends of human sacrifice within the inner circle of the tall stones, are now trying to establish as a fact the theory that Stonehenge was built for scientific purposes, and had nothing to do with religion. Gilbert K. Chesterton, who is all for certainty in human affairs, declares Stonehenge is hardly worth puzzling our heads over; we know, he says, the religion that built Notre Dame de Paris, but we cannot know the religion that built Stonehenge. This is a point of view worthy of consideration, to be sure, but the chances are that Stonehenge was as much a direct ancestor of Notre Dame de Paris as the people who built it were direct ancestors of Mr. Chesterton.

## *Salisbury and Canterbury*

ADMITTEDLY these matters have not much to do with landscapes of the purely literary variety; but the Landscaper's nose must be lifted from the printed page occasionally. It was lifted for a day in Salisbury and for another in Canterbury, and once more an impressionable heart has fallen in love with glorious flowerings of the spirit of man, meaning cathedrals. Salisbury is interesting, of course, because it was actually finished in something like forty years, and is therefore all of a period architecturally. Also, it has not been "restored" to its ruin. And also, it is superbly set, an unimaginably huge building, viewed across a great stretch of English lawn.

The rooks were cawing and croaking in the trees that fringe the lawn the day the Landscaper spent in Salisbury, and the pigeons were flying up and down the sides of the mighty spire that rises over the crossing, their love songs falling softly down into the still interior of the lofty nave. It was first at Chartres that your traveller heard rooks about a cathedral; quite late one afternoon a red sun burst through clouds that had poured rain all day, dimming the glory of the famous windows, and the rooks were flying up and down the western front, complaining that the weather had not been to their liking and sounding a little sleepy as well.

In Salisbury, the glass that would have rivalled that at Chartres is gone, of course; a Puritan, hating beauty because it had come to be so closely associated with a feared and dreaded religion, saw to it that the windows were removed and replaced with plain glass. Doubtless the progenitors of the same rooks and pigeons that make such free use of Salisbury Cathedral today were about when the sacrilege was committed, just as at Canterbury there were almost certainly pigeons discussing their amatory affairs somewhere high up on the roof of the cathedral on the afternoon Thomas à Becket walked down the stairs in the transept to meet his murderers.

## *Canterbury's "Glorious Choir"*

SALISBURY one studies calmly and with the mind — that is, granted that one is interested in such matters as the architecture of cathedrals. Canterbury, like some other cathedrals the Landscaper has seen, notably Leon, in Spain, one feels first of all, and then examines, but never with calmness. It ought to be impossible to walk into the "glorious choir," (which is the guide's phrase for the part of the cathedral that is superbly beautiful, since the newer nave can lay no particular claim to distinction) without losing one's breath. Something has been left behind by the thousands of pilgrims who used to come to worship at the shrine of Becket; it is as difficult to escape here, if one wished to escape it, as it is at the vast and gloomy cathedral of Santiago de Compostela, that other pilgrimage church, which in its day brought people from the ends of the Western world to worship. And if one admires Salisbury Close, what is to be said of Canterbury's, with its "bare ruinèd choirs" adding a feeling of greater age to the vast bulk of the cathedral? It was not "where late the sweet birds sang," either, on the day the Landscaper spent at Canterbury; in the late afternoon, when the rooks were cawing faintly and sleepily in the trees, and the pigeons had abandoned their lovemaking, the sunny air seemed to be filled with bird-song, not so much as one thinks of the notes of individual birds, but as if symphonic vespers were being sung by a proper sort of heavenly choir.

## *England and England's Weather*

TWO weeks or so of the kind of chilly weather one finds in London, a damp cold that freezes the marrow and makes the teeth chatter, with gray skies, and only an occasional glimpse of misty green in the parks or along the Embankment to brighten the situation, will make almost anyone wonder why there has been so much talk, in poetry or out of it, about the beauty of an English spring. But if a good day may be found for a drive to places like Canterbury, down through Kent, with alluring small villages scattered along the way, and great horses drawing plows across the softly rolling landscape, cultivated like a garden, and dotted here and there with cherry and apple orchards, white with blossom, one is no longer inclined to quarrel with Browning's "Oh, to be in England . . ." What a difference between the misty quality of the countryside, even under the sun, with every color toned down and soft, and the severity of color and line under a fierce Spanish sun, blazing in a sky that looks as if it had never seen a cloud. . . . To be sure, in Galicia, the Spanish province that lies just to the north of Portugal, the softness and the greenness of English landscape may be matched, but in Castile, where the Landscaper will be very soon, the light is pure; a barren landscape, scattered over with rocks, is suddenly turned into a rainbow of color by the quickening touch of the sun.

One might mention other contrasts between the two countries, if one thought his readers would go on pardoning these digressions. One might, for example, write about the soundly nourishing and palatable food that is to be found in England, by contrast with the quite impossible food one finds in Spain. . . . The introduction of this topic strikes the Landscaper as quite unpardonable,

but he has not long risen from a dinner the like of which he will not see for a good many weeks, and the thought of what a good English cook can do with a boiled potato, and what a Spanish cook can do *to* any vegetable, is a subject that deserves some philosophical consideration. The Landscaper will welcome the day when food tablets may be taken into Spain; nothing short of a sheer passion for the country could make him face its cuisine for any length of time.

## *A Hardy Sailor Lass*

By this time, to come back to literature, the echoes of the famous case of Miss Joan Lowell, the seafaring damsel, will have died down in America, no doubt, but at the moment few topics are being more freely discussed on this side of the water. The Landscaper, who really has a rather vicious disposition beneath a veneer of geniality, was a little amused that William McFee was so wholly taken in by the charming daughter of the Lowells of Boston; it was not long ago that Mr. McFee wasted good ink and paper asking this department why it thought it could review books, and suggesting that the statement that Mr. Lytton Strachey was a scholar was practically imbecilic. And so it goes. . . . The Landscaper — let him hasten to say — was not able to detect the fake in *The Cradle of the Deep*, being a good deal of a landlubber; he thought the book touched up and romanticized in spots, but was a little thrown off the track by the endorsement of such old salts as Mr. McFee and Felix Reisenberg. This is what comes of paying any attention to experts. On the whole, the Joan Lowell hoax seems unfortunate, from this distance, but the Landscaper might be speaking out of turn if he suggested that a good deal of present day publishing was tinged with buncombe, even if the books themselves were sometimes honestly written. Miss Lowell and her publishers have made a good deal of money out of the book, which was the original intention, so that's that.

## *A Good Historical Novel*

One of the best novels the Landscaper has come across lately was *Crouchback* by Carola Oman, the daughter of Professor Charles Oman, the noted historian. It is a story of Richard III, as might be suspected, and sound in its history, but more than anything else, as rich in color as a mediæval pageant. Miss Oman has used just sufficient of the words of the period to give her style the right flavor; she does her women characters with keen sympathy and insight, and leaves Richard as somewhat of a shadowy menace, a dark cloud over the lives of most of the characters. The book will be published in America this autumn; it has already had a number of unusually good notices in the English literary reviews, and should appeal to everyone who likes a really first-rate story.

There is naturally a good deal of talk just now in England about David Garnett's *No Love*, which has probably been published in the United States by this time. Several critics have spoken of it as the best of Mr. Garnett's remarkable novels, others have liked it less well than *Lady Into Fox*, or *The Sailor's Return*. The Landscaper is prejudiced in favor of Mr. Garnett; there are certain people whom one reads with pleasure and rather uncritically, and this author happens to be one of the Landscaper's favorites. It would be a little hard to say that *No Love* showed any very marked advance in Mr. Garnett's writing, or his art as a novelist, but it is a fine book and, it need hardly be added, admirably done.

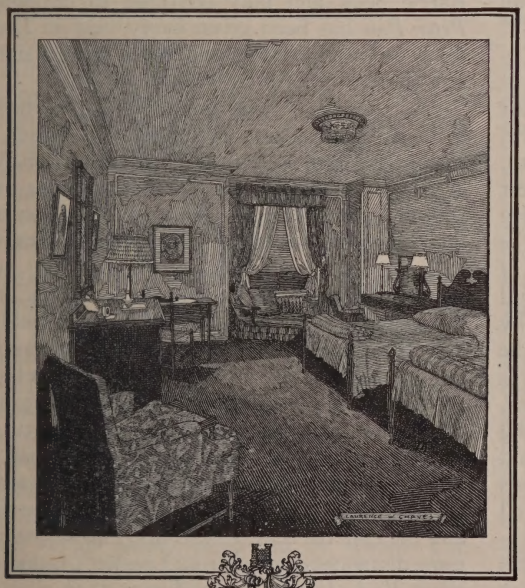
The Book Society, England's Book-of-the-Month Club, about which the Landscaper had something to say in a recent article, has begun its career with a novel that we are certain to see in America, perhaps sometime this summer. It is Helen Beauclerk's *The Love of a Foolish Angel*, which is a fantasy in somewhat familiar vein, a well-written, and interesting novel, which, as one critic here suggested, was a perfectly safe choice for a new book club. Miss Beauclerk's *The Green Lacquer Pavilion* was published a year or so ago in America, and liked by several reviewers, although the Landscaper's recollection is that it did not make the fortunes of any booksellers. The critics in general have agreed with the selection of Miss Beauclerk's novel; Hugh Walpole and J. B. Priestley, who are judges of the Society, have had their say in the public prints about it, and it seems to be well started toward success. It will be interesting to see whether the fact that the Book Society chose it will have any appreciable effect on its reception in America; England pays little or no attention to the choices of the American book clubs. In fact, England pays very little attention to many things that go on in America, although many of our writers are getting back a little of the money that we pay regularly to English authors. For example, there has not been a better-selling novel this Spring than our own Sinclair Lewis's *Dodsworth*.

## *Novels Read in England*

Milton Waldman's *The Disinherited* is another of the discussed novels of the moment. It has probably already been published in America, or if it has not, it will be. Its theme is the difficult position of the Jew in modern life, and if one may judge by the success of Ludwig Lewisohn's *The Island Within*, Mr. Waldman's book will find

many interested readers on both sides of the Atlantic. Herbert Asquith's *Room*, the story of an English politician, with some chapters on the War, is also popular here. Lorna Rea's *Six Mrs. Greenes* is well liked. R. H. Mottram's *The Boroughmonger*, which has been published by Little, Brown in America, has been well received by the critics, and Liam O'Flaherty's volume of short stories, *The Mountain Tavern*, is reported to be in demand. This collection contains "The Fairy Goose" and "Red Barbara," done in a small limited edition some months ago by Crosby Gaige, and lovers of good short stories will do well to get it. "The Fairy Goose," to the Landscaper's way of thinking, is one of the best short stories written in our time. Liam O'Flaherty and A. E. Coppard are two writers of the short story who have not had the attention they deserve; it is not fair for the public to deprive itself of the pleasure of reading their fine books. John Eyton, a writer on India, whose books have long been favorites with the Landscaper, has a new novel that is worth reading for all those who are interested in Anglo-Indian affairs. It is called *Mr. Ram*, and is the story of an Indian who goes to Oxford, and there falls in love with an English servant girl. She finally goes out to him in India, and much of the story is told in her own words. The plight of the Indian who desires above everything else to become an Oxford man, and who fails so signally of realizing his ambitions, is touching, and the contrast in the point of view of the two races involved is very well done.

England, like America, continues to read books about the war written by Germans. *All Quiet on the Western Front*, which the Landscaper has just heard has been chosen by the Book-of-the-Month Club, has not had the first-rate press its publishers undoubtedly expected for it, but there can be little doubt that it is one of the really important books to come out of Germany since the Armistice. It brings forth a writer hitherto unknown to English readers in Erich Maria Remarque. The recent renascence of German literature, about which the Landscaper has written here several times, was given an entire section in *The London Times's* Literary Supplement recently, and it was interesting to note that one writer there gave America credit for much of the popularity of German books with readers in England. Leonhard Frank, whose *Carl and Anna* is a very striking short novel with a war theme, has not yet become known in America, but will be discovered eventually. *Carl and Anna* is the curious story of two men who, stationed together in a remote outpost, exchange confidences of the most intimate nature. Carl hears so much of Anna, the wife of his companion, that he slips away to her,

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and convinces her, against her wishes, that he is actually her husband. In time the husband appears and, seeing the two living happily together, goes off again. Mr. Frank has made an incredible situation seem altogether plausible, and has told his story in stripped prose that leaves no place for overtones, but which enhances the essential drama of the strange relationship among the three people involved. Frank has also written *The Cause of the Crime* and *The Robber Band*.

Of German writers who have come to be well known in America during the last few years, Thomas Mann, Bruno Frank, Frank Thiess, Fritz von Unruh, Lion Feuchtwanger, Arnold Zweig, and Herman Hesse are also admired and read here. Herman Hesse's *Steppenwolf*, which sold 50,000 copies in Germany, has been published here this Spring and is to be done later in America. Two new German war books have been published recently in England, *War* by Ludwig Renn, and *A German Officer on the Western Front* by Ernst Jünger, the latter book differing from most of the German stories of the war in that its author seems to have enjoyed his experiences. His book is a diary of the fighting in the West, a coldly matter of fact account of military operations, by a soldier who was little moved by the horrors about him. Another book about the war is the Russian author Babel's *Red Cavalry*, which is a straightforward account of cavalry fighting, full of excitement, and novel in its subject matter.

## *Rolland on Beethoven*

Outside the field of fiction, recent important books here are Romain Rolland's *Beethoven*, which has been translated by Ernest Newman, who will be remembered in New York as the guest music critic of *The New York Evening Post* three or four years ago, and who is music critic on *The London Times*. M. Rolland wrote a short study of Beethoven some years ago; the new book is full length and will probably be followed in time by another volume. It contains a great deal of the author's own emotional responses to Beethoven's music. Beatrice Curtis Brown's *Anne Stuart, Queen of England*, is one of the recent outstanding biographies; it shows a weak and stupid ruler amid great events, and is an excellent character analysis of a monarch whom no one seems to have bothered to study very closely before. *Foch Talks*, a Boswellian biography of the French marshal, by his personal aide, Commandant Bugnet, has been brought out here close on the heels of the death of Foch; it will be published in America this autumn, and is an admirable book.

This month has seen, among other literary events, the death of Mrs. Flora Annie Steele, whose books on India, especially *On the Face of the Waters*, are likely to become classics. Mrs. Steele was eighty-two years old when she died. A novel, *The Curse of Eve*, dealing with some modern social problems, has just been published, and her *Autobiography* is in preparation by publishers. Keeping in mind the fact that Mrs. Steele was hard at work on still another novel at the time of her death, it is amusing to recall that when she was sixty-seven, she was once held at Ellis Island because of "senile debility." Her release was quickly enough effected. As early as 1884, she wrote *Wide-Awake Stories*, which were followed by *From the Five Rivers* and *The Potter's Thumb*. She taught many years in India, and *On the Face of the Waters* told the story of the siege of Delhi and the mutiny there. Later she wrote historical books about India, and after her return from that country, became an ardent suffragist.

## *A Gift of Peter Pan*

Another literary event that stirred England, and which the Landscaper does not doubt has already been fully recounted in America, was Sir James Matthew Barrie's gift of all the proceeds from the book and the play *Peter Pan* to the Hospital for Sick Children in Great Ormond Street, London. This generous gesture means that the hospital will receive something like $10,000 a year for an indefinite period, or so long as the Barrie book and play continue to be popular. *Peter Pan* has been given every year in London for a quarter-century, and there are no signs of any slackening of interest in it.

And then, of course, there was the birthday of William Shakespeare, on April 23, which was celebrated with a festival at Stratford-on-Avon, and in London with special performances at the Old Vic, the theatre that has now become a Shakespeare Temple in London. Old Vic is shortly to have a counterpart in North London, at the famous Sadler's Wells, another theatre where Shakespeare and popular opera will hold the boards the year round. The Landscaper wandered out to the Old Vic on the anniversary and stood for four hours watching acts from half a dozen plays very well done indeed. What was even more interesting and inspiring, however, than the acting, was the fact that the large house was filled to the rafters with people from the neighborhood, and the Old Vic is near Waterloo Station, which is some distance removed from London's fashionable West End. It was an audience that genuinely enjoyed its Shakespeare, that very evidently knew the plays line for line, and that accepted the plays as something fresh and originally appealing, not as mere literary souvenirs which must be admired and respected because the literary gentlemen in high hats had been saying so for three

hundred years. New York has had much to boast of in the theatrical world during the past five or ten years, but London's Old Vic is not to be rivalled on our side of the ocean. One wishes that it might be.

## *A Brash Young Man*

THE youthful William Gerhardi, whose novels have attracted a good deal of attention in America, got himself into hot water not long since by saying publicly that he did not believe women could write fiction, either very good or very bad. Considering the number of women novelists who are generally regarded as among the best of the times in England, one must think that Mr. Gerhardi wished to pick a fight; it would certainly be dangerous to apply his statement to American novelists. Confidentially, the Landscaper disagrees altogether with Mr. Gerhardi; he seems to recall some terrible novels by women, and also some excellent ones.

Arnold Bennett took up the cudgels recently in his *Evening Standard* column for the new biography in a review of André Maurois's *Aspects of Biography*, a collection of the Clark lectures. Mr. Bennett agrees with M. Maurois that biography need not be dull to be accurate, and that the art of the novelist may well be applied to the writing of biography.

Said Mr. Bennett in this connection:

> The biographer ought to possess in some degree the gifts of the novelist. He cannot do a satisfactory portrait without them. He must, in the painting, add imaginative psychological conjecture to the undisputed facts. And why not — so long as he indicates clearly what is fact and what is conjecture? His success with his readers will depend upon the convincingness of the conjecture — the power of its secret appeal to the common sense and to mankind's experience of human nature.

This seems sound sense to the Landscaper, who has enjoyed very thoroughly the modern biography in such skilled hands as those of M. Maurois; it is like any other literary form, in that it is in no sense fool-proof, and in the hands of persons of less skill than the French author, frequently degenerates into mere rubbish.

Just this minute the mail has arrived and in it W. Somerset Maugham's excellent small volume on *Andalusia*, which is now in the new series of Borzoi Pocket Books published by Knopf. The new binding and design of the Pocket Series, and the titles it offers, make it one of the most attractive things of its kind in publishing at the present moment.

By the time the next Landscape comes to be written, there will be something to say about Spanish landscapes, literary and otherwise.

*Hasta luego. . . .*

# OTHER NEW BOOKS

*Reviewed in Brief*

By B. S. STANOYEVICH

### ARTS AND CUSTOMS

**The Art of Life.** By *Havelock Ellis.* Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.00.

Here are assembled bits from the writings of Havelock Ellis which bear on the complicated matters of modern life.

**A Preface to Morals.** By *Walter Lippmann.* New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

This book attempts to answer: In what can men believe, when they are no longer able to embrace the religion of their fathers?

**Mid-Channel.** By *Ludwig Lewisohn.* New York: Harper and Brothers. $3.50.

In which observations are made by one who visited American cities on lecture tour — interesting because of the prominence of the author.

**From Confucius to Mencken.** Edited by *F. H. Pritchard.* New York: Harper and Brothers. $5.00.

This is a collection of the best thoughts of representative minds from antiquity to the present.

**Devils, Drugs and Doctors.** By *Howard W. Haggard, M.D.* New York: Harper and Brothers. $5.00.

A very frank description, with illustrations, of the way sick persons have been handled during the ages.

**Contemporary American Sculpture.** San Francisco: The California Palace of the Legion of Honor.

Under the auspices of the National Sculpture Society, this work has been published to serve as a collection of the most distinctive works of American sculptors; its list is comprehensive and the beauty of the individual pieces here presented is arresting.

**The Spirit of American Sculpture.** By *Adeline Adams.* New York: National Sculpture Society.

This sketch is issued in a new edition to commemorate the San Francisco opening of the Society's present exhibit.

**Ageless Youth.** By *Charlotte C. West.* New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $3.00.

A piquant book on the eternally interesting subject of personal attractiveness — offering very little that is new, but light and easy to read.

**The Gardener's Bed-Book.** By *Richardson Wright.* Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $2.50.

Taking for granted that all gardeners read in bed, this book aims to give them entertainment and advice at nocturnal hours.

**Swords and Roses.** By *Joseph Hergesheimer.* New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50.

A delightful scene of the far South during the Civil War, enlivened by romance and sentimentality.

# Variety— *with Intelligence*

## You will find both in the July number of the Virginia Quarterly Review

¶ *Bruce Crawford's* trenchant comments on the South's industrial dilemma.

¶ *André Gide's* lucid essay, "Classicism."

¶ *Wilson Follett's* indictment of present-day advertising.

¶ *Gamaliel Bradford's* study of the art of autobiography.

¶ *Pierre Crabités'* interpretation of the meaning of the Papal Pact.

¶ *Emily Clark's* brilliant anecdotes about James Branch Cabell, literary artist and Richmonder.

¶ *Thomas H. Dickinson's* prophecy of a new dawn for the drama.

¶ These and other articles appear in the July number — a number typical for the variety, distinction, and all-embracing interest that characterizes the Virginia Quarterly. Founded four years ago, it combines the originality and freshness of outlook of the new magazine with the dignity and balance of the long-established periodical.

**The Virginia Quarterly Review**
**University, Va.**

***75 Cents a Copy*** ***$3.00 a Year***


### EDUCATION AND RELIGION

**The Education of the Modern Girl.** *A Symposium.* Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.00.

Among the writers are Dr. Mabelle B. Blake of Smith College, Miss Caroline Ruuitz-Rees of Rosemary Hall, Miss Dorothy Waldo of Dana Hall, President William Allan Neilson of Smith College, and others who define the problem from the varied points of view embracing home, academic, athletic and other interests.

**Psychology of Religion.** By *Horatio W. Dresser, Ph.D.* New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $3.00.

The aim of the volume is to correlate and analyze the leading topics of importance to the theologians as well as to the psychologists.

### DRAMA AND SONG

**Cyrano de Bergerac.** By *Edmond Rostand.* New York: The Modern Library. 95 cents.

The publication of this translation by Brian Hooker — with an introduction by Clayton Hamilton — was timely with the play running in New York under the auspices of Walter Hampden.

**Deep Song.** By *Irving Brown.* New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

A world of information about gypsy song, which the Spaniards call *cante hondo*, or *jondo*. Many quotations from the songs themselves are included.

**The Lady Is Cold.** By *E. B. W.* New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.00.

Verses out of the common everyday life of business people; really amusing to one who lives in the *milieu* described.

**The Cradle Song,** and **The Kingdom of God.** By *Martínez Sierra.* New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.00 each.

The author has come into well-deserved fame in this country within the past few years. Volume One contains a critical appreciation by Harley Granville Barker, and besides "The Cradle Song," includes "The Lover," "Love Magic," "Poor John," and "Madame Pepita," which have been translated by John Garrett Underhill. Volume Two, besides "The Kingdom of God," contains "The Two Shepherds," "The Wife of a Famous Man," and "The Romantic Young Lady," which have been translated by Helen and Harley Granville Barker.

### FAR LANDS

**Bushwhacking and Other Tales.** By *Sir Hugh Clifford.* New York: Harper and Brothers. $3.50.

Mahlon Blaine's altogether pleasing and satisfying illustrations add to the authentically exotic atmosphere created by the distinguished author of this interesting book on Malaya.

**I Discover Greece.** By *Harry A. Franck.* New York: The Century Company. $4.00.

This work recreates the atmosphere which those who have penetrated to this tip of the Balkan Peninsula know to be realistic and true.

**Granada.** By *E. Allison Peers.* New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.00.

A book by the author of *Santander*, which was an excellent small guide to a good bathing place not yet discovered by millions of tourists.

**Days in the Sun.** By *Martin Anderson Nexö.* New York: Coward-McCann, Inc.

This is an old book about the south of Spain, which has some good stuff in it about the people of the country, but which concerns the least interesting part of Spain.

**Four Faces of Siva.** By *Robert J. Casey.* Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $5.00.

This book tells the story of the Khmers, who built magnificent temples, and who brought a great civilization to fine flower and then vanished as though the earth had swallowed them.

**Jungle Gods.** By *Carl von Hoffman.* New York: Henry Holt and Company. $3.50.

A really good book on Africa, which is a collection of tales from Northern Rhodesia, gathered by the author during a long stay with one tribe. He liked the blacks and got really close to them, so that they appear in his pages as very human beings, treated with respect and understanding. There is a good deal in the book about witchcraft, and there are also some tragical stories of the mixture of black and white blood.

**Innermost Asia.** By *Sir Aurel Stein.* New York: Oxford University Press. $1.60 each.

To collectors and experts on Asiatic archæology and art this work in four volumes will be of immense importance.

## FICTION

**Cold Steel.** By *M. P. Shiel.* New York: The Vanguard Press. $2.50.

Here we are transported to the lusty swashbuckling days of Henry VIII, when a good blade was better than a good conscience.

**Treadmill.** By *Lola Jean Simpson.* New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

A piece of fiction which bares the tragedy in the lives of overworked teachers under our present educational system.

**Illusion.** By *Arthur Train.* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

The story opens at a dinner party in honor of the Queen of Dalmatia and runs on to a dramatic end: considering that important question — what is real and what is illusion.

**The Heaven and Earth of Doña Elena.** By *Grace Zaring Stone.* Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.50.

A setting with a Spanish flavor, and a drama of convent windows and pathways that lead to bloodshed.

**Shallow Soil.** By *Knut Hamsun.* New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.00.

The Borzoi Pocket Book titles cover Gogol, Frankau, Hergesheimer, Hamsun and other literary worthies included in the livelier classics and the more vigorous moderns.

**Far Wandering Men.** By *John Russell.* New York: W. W. Norton. $2.50.

An American writer who knows the East portrays action under tropic suns which scorch sandy beaches and dense jungles.

**All the Brave Rifles.** By *Clarke Venable.* New York: Reilly and Lee. $2.00.

Sam Houston and the history of Texas figure in the panorama which makes up this tale of pioneer American days.

**Mad Fingers.** By *Hildegarde Huntsman.* Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

A child of artistic parents is the anchor in their storms, and a very real personage to Hildegarde Huntsman who created her.

**The Cabala.** By *Thornton Wilder.* New York: The Modern Library. 95 cents.

This is the novel which originally called to the attention of the critics the coming prominence of Thornton Wilder; now put out by The Modern Library in conformity with their other works.

**Skippy.** By *Percy Crosby.* New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Written by a Brooklyn man, this book has a universal touch, bringing humor to all those who pick it up and examine the story of a little boy whose personality colors a very human tale.

**The Diary of a Communist Undergraduate.** By *N. Ognyov.* New York: Payson and Clarke, Ltd. $2.50.

A book which gives an insight into the human side of the Soviet régime; a new psychology of a youthful protagonist in the Russian state.

**Jimmy Quigg: Office Boy.** By *Harold S. Latham.* New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

The story of a boy and a job in New York, with a good mystery and a vivid background of work in a publishing house.

**Attila.** By *Paolo Ettore Santangelo.* New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $2.00.

A romance of old Aquileia, in the day of Attila the Hun.

**Unholy Virgins.** By *Edna Walker Malcoskey.* New York: The Century Company. $2.50.

Monte Carlo and its glitter, modern life and its sophistication, and the strength of blind forces of human passion — all play upon the scene in this novel.

**Rain Before Seven.** By *Jessie Douglas Fox.* New York: Payson and Clarke. $2.00.

This novel is a study of one girl's heart, and the contrasting shallowness of another's.

## HISTORY: PAST AND PRESENT

**The Life and Work of the People of England.** By *Dorothy Hartley* and *Margaret Elliot.* New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

Picture books of history are inevitably alluring, as are the illustrations in these two volumes of this new history of England — the Seventeenth and Fourteenth Century

volumes of which have already been published. The pictures are all from contemporary sources, and depict the daily lives of the people thoroughly and amusingly. There is sufficient text, too, but the pictures themselves are worth a good deal more than is asked for the books.

**Hello Towns!** By *Sherwood Anderson*. New York: Horace Liveright. $3.00.

This intimate story of a small town, which the author sees as he edits a rural paper, may make history eventually as the years pass on.

**China: Yesterday and To-day.** By *E. T. Williams*. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $3.75.

This is the fourth edition of the splendid work on China which keeps the general reader well informed about what is going on in the Far East.

## JUVENILE

**Betty Leicester.** By *Sarah Orme Jewett*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

A story for girls, which has proved a favorite for two generations.

**Rusty Pete.** By *Nina Nicol* and *Doris Fogler*. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

A seemingly true tale of a ranch horse, whose actions are charmingly illustrated by silhouettes done by Doris Fogler, co-author.

**The Holiday Pond.** By *Edith M. Patch*. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

All about nature people who lived in a pond dear to the hearts of children of six years or thereabouts.

**Prince Bantam.** By *May McNeer* and *Lynd Ward*. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

A story of the adventures of a great prince of Japan and his faithful henchman, the Giant Benkei — for adolescents who like exotic flavors.

**Jimmie, the Story of a Black Bear Cub.** By *Ernest Harold Baynes*. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.60.

The attractive story of a little fellow who belonged to humans, although he came of the wild.

## SCIENCE

**Our Face from Fish to Man.** By *William K. Gregory, M.D.* New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4.50.

This book about faces treats of one of the very personal phases of evolution in a popular manner. William Beebe has written the introduction. The book should increase the popularity of the aquarium; and it will shortly be observed there that in a good many human beings the face-part has not done all the evolving it should.

**Instinct and Intelligence.** By *Major R. W. G. Hingston*. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

Bertrand Russell contributes an introduction to this interesting treatment of animal behavior, which was undertaken by the author who has also written concerning nature study in the Himalayas and in Hindustan.

**The Process of Human Behavior.** By *Mandel Sherman, M.D.*, and *Irene Case Sherman, Ph.D.* New York: W. W. Norton. $3.00.

This treatise tells the story of the process of human behavior from the beginning of behavior in one-celled animals to the development of human personality.

**The Child's Conception of the World.** By *Jean Piaget*. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company.

By the distinguished director of the Institute Rousseau in Geneva, this book marks a milestone in psychical research into the minds of children.

## RELIGION

**Religion in an Age of Science.** By *Edwin A. Burtt*. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $1.50.

The modern age is the age of science. What does this mean for life in general and for religion in particular?

**Unravelling the Book of Books.** By *Ernest R. Trattner*. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.75.

Concerning wise men who influenced the course of biblical knowledge and those who in the centuries have assisted in the evolution of its forms.

**Biblical Doctrines.** By *Benjamin Breckinridge Warfield*. New York: The Oxford University Press. $4.00.

At the time of his death in 1921, the sage Dr. Warfield was the leading Calvinistic theologian in the English-speaking world. An editorial committee proposed the publication of his contributions to theological thought; this is volume two of the proposed series.

## SOCIOLOGY

**America Challenged.** By *Lewis F. Carr*. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

This book presents facts and conditions which are a challenge to the cult of America's brand of progress-and-prosperity.

**The Mexican Agrarian Revolution.** By *Frank Tannenbaum*. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

Published under the auspices of The Brookings Institution, this study attempts to provide a factual basis for an understanding of the social and agrarian upheaval which has taken place in Mexico during the last eighteen years.

**Society and its Problems.** By *Grove Samuel Dow*. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $3.00.

This introduction to the principles of sociology was written by the professor of that subject in the University of West Virginia.

**Life and Labor in the Old South.** By *Ulrich B. Phillips*. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $4.00.

This book deals with the social and economic history of the South up to 1861.

**Music in Industry.** By *Kenneth S. Clark*. New York: National Bureau for the Advancement of Music.

Presentation of facts brought forth by a survey made on musical activities among industrial and commercial workers.

*Financier, soldier, and statesman, (not forgetting musician) Charles G. Dawes puts his pungent phraseology and his genius to a new test as our Ambassador to England*

*Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur*

# The North American Review

VOLUME 228 JULY, 1929 NUMBER 1

# His Excellency, Charles G. Dawes

BY CHARLES FRANCIS COE

FOR the Court of St. James, His Excellency, Charles Gates Dawes! Surely, with that announcement the mind of the average citizen turned to "Hell and Maria."

It is a trait of the average mind that it associates always with genius the thing which first widely manifested genius. Charles Gates Dawes made the Hell-and-Maria speech for a great cause. He shall always be known by the phrase. Perhaps it has led to a misconception of the man himself.

The purpose of this article is to disclose the General as I have found him. My privilege it has been to travel with him, fish with him, while away vacation hours with him and stand watchfully by as he worked in his own bank and amid the public affairs of his Vice-Presidential responsibilities. I think I know him. I know I love him.

The sequence is perfectly simple: Anyone who knows him will love him. He is a great man. A man with an amazing trove of knowledge at his fingertips. A man who is first of all human, then shrewd and studious and compelling.

THE first time I ever met him was in a private car in which a group had journeyed to New Mexico for trout fishing. The General had preceded us to the rendezvous. When the car arrived I was momentarily away while introductions took place. When I returned the conversation had swung to the all-important subject of fishing. The General was talking and I paused in the passageway of the car rather than interrupt. His shrewd eyes saw me there and favored me with a single fleeting glance. He finished his sentence, then said:

"Who's this chap? Must be Socker." "Socker" is my nickname.

Apologies were made by our host. Dawes insisted that I take a chair beside him. "I was just telling," he explained, "of a trout I caught yesterday. It was a big trout, too. Seventeen inches long." He paused,

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inserted the famous underslung pipe between his teeth, then continued. "I admit I caught it on a grasshopper rather than a fly, Socker . . . But a grasshopper's a damned sight harder to catch than a trout!"

Two things seem established by the incident. The first is that the General's sense of humor is anything but dulled by the weight of his international services. He laughs as easily as ever a man laughed, and nowhere is there a better man to deal with than that man whose laugh is ready and sincere.

The second is, and I state this with every certainty of its correctness, General Dawes has never called me by a name other than "Socker." It was Socker before I actually had met him, it remains Socker to this day. Human. Real. Friendly. That is General Dawes.

His initial deeds as President of the Senate brought about his ears a veritable tempest of criticism. A lesser man would have weakened under it. The General did not. In fact, that very tempest was the one hope he had of attaining a desirable result. He planned the tempest before it broke. In truth he deliberately aggravated it.

"Had I uttered platitudes suitable to the occasion," he tells me, "they would have been submerged in the ensuing oratory. Instead, I challenged the criticism of the very men I wanted to impress. In their resentment, they spread my speech before their constituents. So the people heard my voice. It was the only way to make them. As soon as they analyzed what I had said, they knew I was right."

That is the man. That is apt to be his method. A famous lawyer who recently served with the Dawes Commission in Santo Domingo said to me: "Just when the General seems to be most tactless is when he is showing the most tact." I subscribe to that sentiment.

"He is the greatest salesman alive," others have told me. This is verified by men of a thousand different professions. An astute theatrical producer recently said to me: "If I could get over the footlights one tenth the sincerity and dynamic enthusiasm that man puts into the simplest of his words, I'd make a million dollars a day!"

That was the sort of psychology which made Hell-and-Maria a byword in the period of inevitable investigations following the war. "It was the one way," Dawes tells me, "to show up the asininity of such fool proceedings. Trying to investigate in times of peace the things a man did under the stress of war emergency is the height of idiocy. There is no standard of comparison by which to judge. With men in the trenches and the fate of nations hanging in the balance, does one think of anything but the necessary and immediate results?"

The day before this article was written, I sat in the library of the General's home at Evanston. There he brought to me a silver tray suitably inscribed to him by the United States Senate. On the tray is the signature of every senator. Most prominent among them, doubtless, were the names of those whose criticism of the General in the early days of their acquaintance had been

most severe. The result was what General Dawes reckoned upon and the result was what he got. He always does.

TIME and again I have sat in the office of the Vice-President at the Capitol while the Senate was in session. Various senators passed in a steady stream before the open door. Few indeed who did not pause to pass the time of day and few indeed of them were addressed by the General by other than their first names. Friendship was between them. Party, creed or race seemed of no bearing. Those whose motives were high and whose methods fair formed a coterie about Dawes which enveloped virtually the whole Senate.

"Government is not the passing of laws," the General says. "It is the reconciliation wrought between the needs of law and order and the human nature that governs us all. Human nature is the greater portion when contrasted with economic or technical considerations. The only workable laws are those attuned to human nature."

How tremendously right he is!

His oratory fashions itself somewhat after the beauties and the directness of the ancients. He is a deep student of Roman history and from it draws a perfect fund of philosophy and psychology. His versatility is the flower of an ability to analyze almost in the wink of an eye any sort of problem that affects the lives of men.

Knowing but a layman's portion of engineering, he brings quickly to agreement bickering engineers. Entering the army as a man possessed of no military training, he quickly ferreted out the needs of the army and brought into being the board which controlled the allied military supplies.

What matter that he was a mere colonel when the great met in London to discuss his mutualization idea? John Pershing, his friend and commander, knew Dawes. Whether he wore upon his shoulder a spread eagle or the four stars of a full general, meant nothing. Dawes was the man who had seen the need and perfected the remedy. Dawes was the man to convince the different nations to the point of coöperation.

When the meeting convened a gentleman of the four stars professed amazement that one so lowly as a colonel should represent the United States.

"What!" he bellowed. "Pershing not here? How the devil can we get anywhere talking with a colonel. . . ."

"I'm here!" Dawes barked back at him. "I'm here with General Pershing's authority and God damn it, Sir, if you go into the meeting with half as much, we'll get somewhere!"

THEY went into the meeting. Though he undoubtedly will resent my saying so, General Dawes, then colonel, dominated that meeting. He swayed the thoughts of his hearers, trampled under the heel of sheer reason their quibbling and bickerings and in the end, just as Pershing knew he would, won out for his cause and his country. I am told by military experts that no one achievement contributed as much to the winning of the war.

A soldier for but a few brief months, after the war, Dawes wrote his journal and the same military

experts proclaim it one of the greatest theses on military tactics that has yet been prepared. An amazing man is this genial general.

Versatility? Well, if you will. But knowing General Dawes, I vie with you. What he has is more than versatility. It is the ability to sense the ultimate aim, see with undimmed clarity the needed result, weigh methods in the flash of an eye, then act. He brooks no interference, frets openly at unseemly delay, but those who work with him love him.

He is not an organizer, he is a doer. He is not a builder in the sense that industry views the builder. Instead, he looks through a man, sees the latent or developed qualities there, puts them instantly to work that they may coördinate with qualities possessed by another.

Results, results, results; yet never a driver. No man, be it said, can drive when he himself is out ahead of his workers. Drivers work from behind where they may lash the whip without fear of being trampled underfoot. Dawes works from the position of leadership and men scramble to maintain the pace he sets.

RECENTLY I stood in a huge steel mill. The manager was with me and as the vast mechanism of the works functioned, every steel finger responding unfalteringly to the need of the moment, I glanced upward at the executive in sheer wonderment. He did not notice me. His eyes were fixed upon a mighty roller that ground through a myriad flying sparks and with the strength of a million men milled ingots weighing tons.

It was an old sight to this man. He had seen it daily for years. Yet I saw his eyes filled with a light little less than poetic. It was as though he had dreamed these things in impotence, then waked to find them real and living there before him. Business has a soul.

I HAVE seen General Dawes at a piano. This Hell-and-Maria Dawes; this man who threw the Senate into turmoil; this man who wrought into unity the needs of half a dozen armies; this man who, when fighting was done, wrought peace and equity from the smoldering ashes of his own fighting; this repairer of war havoc; this one man I recall who used the tools of war as a master, then healed the lingering war wounds with the sure touch of the diplomat and financier; at his piano.

Then his keen eyes grow soft with a musician's love of music. From his capable fingers spring strains that already have won distinction. I like to think it is the humanity of the man finding expression in music, giving voice to the beauties that within him lie. Coining in sound, as it were, thoughts and emotions of this remarkable man that they may be preserved for those of us who are lesser in stature as time measures a man.

Surely we must measure a man by the things he does. Dawes's deeds are too well known to have escaped the pages of history. But those are his deeds of a public nature. This article is to introduce to casual readers the man himself; the individual who is our representative at the Court of St. James. One of my recent experiences is illuminating.

When the General arrived from

Santo Domingo I met his ship. In company with others, we lunched. That evening the General, as would be expected of him, gave a dinner in honor of the Commission. During the dinner I said to him: "I have a friend I want you to meet — a friend you are going to enjoy. You'll laugh more in half an hour with this chap than you ever laughed in all your life."

"Lunch tomorrow," the General answered instantly. "I never miss a chance to laugh, Socker. Who is this friend?"

"Leon Errol," I answered. "I want to lunch where we can be alone and uninterrupted."

"Come to my rooms," the General urged. "I'll have luncheon at one thirty."

"Fine," I agreed. "I'm sure I can reach Leon. We'll drop in for about an hour. . . . You'll enjoy it, General."

We dropped in for an hour. With us went Tom Meighan of movie fame and Gene Buck, the noted song-writer and producer. Four hours later we left. Leon, inimitable as always, related anecdotes, told stories, cracked jokes. General Dawes sat sprawled comfortably on a divan and between laughs smoked happily at his famous pipe. I think that is the only time I ever saw the General lay aside the pipe. He laughed so wholesomely at Leon that he was unable to smoke.

He then related what had been said on the stage so long before that Tom Meighan allowed that it was longer than he cared to remember. But every one of those men left that room as truly General Dawes' friend as I am; every one of them was as lusty in the singing of his praises.

I happened to join Mr. Errol in his dressing room that evening. While there we got an urgent invitation from the General to meet him after the play at the home of Major-General Harbord. When we arrived, the new ambassador chuckled like a boy. "Errol," he explained, "I just had to have Harbord hear that story about the time you gave the picnic. . . ."

THAT is Dawes the man, and for that the United States may be thankful. He will be a fine ambassador. Skilled in the intricacies of finance and international relationships, powerful in the art of reason, warm in the gift of friendship, and sincere in every thought and act, Charles Gates Dawes, though he may ever be known as Hell-and-Maria, will be our greatest ambassador since Benjamin Franklin.

"Nobody can make progress with deceit in his heart," he says. "The way to win people to trust is to trust them. If there's a thing to be said, say it. If there's a job to be done, do it. But whatever you do, hear the other fellow's side and *trust him.* Show him that you trust him and in no time at all, he'll trust you. Then will follow achievement."

I venture the guess that within a month of his arrival all England will literally be hanging on his words and when he returns to his own soil it will be to look back upon another great job done and happy in the possession of a legion of new friends.

At the Court of St. James, America is truly represented by a representative American.

# The Goddesses in Our Midst

By R. Le Clerc Phillips

*Is the young girl whom America, of all civilized nations, has deified, worthy of the high place accorded her at the expense of maturer women?*

Why, certainly, there are goddesses among us here in America, although I know of none elsewhere. Their cult is firmly established and is even growing. Every visiting European has noted it, and many of them have publicly commented on it, never failing to express astonishment at the extent to which the cult has obtained.

Native Americans, too, have from time to time made observations of a slightly disparaging nature; nevertheless, the goddesses step more proudly than ever, and their cult continues to flourish.

Of course, I allude to the young unmarried girls of this country and the strange, entirely American attitude towards them — girls so immature mentally that sensible conversation with them is altogether out of the question; girls so ignorant of reality that they actually believe their life will be a fairy story; girls so egotistic in their pride of youth that even the egotism of young men pales when confronted with it.

Girls have some value everywhere, even in such regions as Papua and Patagonia. But among civilized races it is only in the United States that they are prized for what they are more than for the promise of what they will become when time has matured the rawness of extreme youth.

I have said that visiting foreigners have commented on the phenomenon with astonishment. Who has not read these comments in the endless stream of books that relate Europeans' impressions of this country? I do not say that they are always severely critical of the young American girl, but I do say that they invariably express surprise at the immense amount of attention she receives. Take, for instance, the case of the late W. L. George, who was considered an authority on women — whatever that may be. In his *Hail, Columbia* he does not hesitate to say some rather candid things about the American girl, whom, it is plain, he did not much admire, notwithstanding that he was extremely genial and friendly in his attitude toward this country as a whole.

"One of the most interesting features of the American woman

question," he writes, "is the supremacy of the girl. In Europe the girl hardly counts at all. . . . It is a remarkable thing in an American summer hotel to see the owners of automobiles filling their cars with young girls, while the young matrons are left behind. Yet the young married woman is far more attractive, far more amusing than the bread-and-butter miss. Except in rather fast circles, she seems in America to be almost entirely ignored. Everything goes to the girl — money for college, for training, for social consideration; she is encouraged to waywardness, as if men took a delight in her freshness, her mischievousness, and enjoyed her youthful petulance. It is rather regrettable in a way, for it leads to the conclusion that the American woman's good time is rather short. . . . I do believe that a certain hardness must afflict the American girl, owing to excess of good things which she enjoys very early and very easily. . . . I confess that I don't like her as well as the American married woman, who has been reduced by work and difficulties to a state devoid of petulance."

THE late Professor Hugo Münsterberg was less outspoken but possibly a good deal more uneasy than the English novelist.

"The foreigner," he wrote, "cannot see these charming American girls without a constant feeling that there is something unhealthy in their nervous make-up, an over-irritation, a pathological tension not desirable for the woman who is preparing herself to be the mother of healthy children. . . . The American system (of female education) has the tendency to feminize the whole higher culture, and thus to injure the national civilization itself."

But for real, outspoken severity, we must turn to Max Nordau, whose book *Degeneration* created a great stir in its day. (I quote Nordau, whose comments were made a good many years back, to indicate that the phenomenon I am discussing is not just a thing of today, but is apparently a permanent aspect of American life.)

"THE excessive love of her own person," wrote Nordau, "is cultivated systematically. The American man has raised her to the rank of mistress and sovereign absolute in whose service he spends himself with docility and joy. He has built temples and altars for her and has placed her, like a goddess, on a pedestal. But one must be a real goddess to stand incense, genuflexions, idolatry, for if not vanity becomes monstrously inflated. The American woman is a mortal and she pays the price of her deification. Her feelings vanish and her soul becomes impoverished in proportion as her jewel case increases in value. . . . It is comprehensible why the European novelists and dramatists have passed her over. She does not interest them and never will interest them so long as she remains what she is."

Let us analyze the assets and, daring though it may be, also the inadequacies of these modern goddesses. It is, of course, bold on my part even to suggest that goddesses have failings or shortcomings, but if I did not think so there would be

no point in this paper. But at the same time, no one is readier than I to admit their assets. Let us, then, begin.

THE first and chief asset of our goddesses is, beyond all question, their physical freshness. This freshness is the exclusive prerogative of youth and no beauty shop in the world can duplicate it and would not pretend to if only the mass of women had a little more sense about these things. This freshness confers a smoothness of skin, a brightness of expression and, as a rule, a slenderness of body of which it would be absurd to deny the value to a woman. All men admire these things, and, as a consequence, all normal women desire to have them, whether they acknowledge it or not. Let us, then, admit at once that the physical freshness of the goddesses is no mean asset.

I have said that it is the first and the chief of their assets. What are the others? Frankly, I do not know. I have cudgelled my brains to find them, but I cannot. Unless, indeed, one chooses to count the high spirits of the goddesses as an asset. Perhaps they are; but I hesitate to do more than merely suggest them, seeing that there have been for some years past such violent outcries concerning the behavior that has resulted from their possession. Of course, no one denies that high spirits are an asset when controlled by a knowledge of life and an acquaintance with reality. But these are precisely what young girls lack, and lack in a very marked degree. What else is there, then, that young girls have and others have not?

Being unable to answer this question, I turn to a brief consideration of the inadequacies of the goddesses. Who will deny that young girls, taking them *en masse*, are really very insipid? Very young men may not find them so; but, then, very young men are none too pungent themselves. Old men, of course, find young girls piquant; but that, as every one knows, is merely because old men are old and young girls are young. And the rest of mankind? If it were not for their smooth skins, their lively expressions and their slender figures, is there any intelligent man who would go out of his way to seek the society of the goddesses? I doubt it. For, deprived of the pleasure of gazing on physical beauty, one is driven to fall back on conversation. And what do the goddesses talk about?

IN ONE of my jobs I used to amuse myself by listening to the conversation of the girl employees of the firm when they flocked to the washroom to renew their complexions and to wet their hair in order to bring out their "permanents" in full strength. I vow — I solemnly vow — that never once did I hear them discuss one single topic except hairdressing. If it was not a comparison of "permanents", then it was a lively discussion of the durability of marcels. Talk ran like this: "How long does yours stay in, Mamie?" "Ten days if the weather keeps pretty dry." "God, I'd say I was lucky if mine stayed in only five." And so on, like that, day after day, week after week, and presumably month after month until . . . the goddesses are goddesses no longer.

It may be argued that the con-

versation of these clerks is no fair criterion of that of young girls in general. It is not. The young girls of higher social advantages speak with more refinement of accent and great correctness of grammatical expression. But does not their conversation remain essentially the same in substance?

Naturally, one cannot expect to find old heads on young shoulders, and certainly American goddesses are no worse in this respect than girls anywhere else. But their mental insipidity is surely in striking contrast to their pretenses.

IT WOULD probably come as a great surprise to the majority of them to hear that there exist some men — a minority, without question — who are so irked by the inanity of feminine youth that they do not hesitate to express a preference for what they call a woman of "sense," even though her figure is not so slender or her face so bright and lineless as those of an eighteen-year-old goddess. I suppose that the feeling of this minority is that even a man may become bored by a pretty face more quickly than by entertaining or interesting conversation. Indeed, it is the tragedy of beauty that one *does* get used to it if one is in contact with it fairly frequently, just as one becomes reconciled to a plain face if it is accompanied by a good disposition or a ready wit. Anyhow, I once heard a somewhat cantankerous middle-aged man exclaim, after having been forced to listen to an unusually terrible exhibition of conversational inanity on the part of a self-satisfied young goddess: "I know of only one living creature sillier than a girl and that is a sheep. The girl may show more sense in getting out of the way of automobiles, but from the point of view of conversation, the sheep is preferable. Its bleating is at least negative inanity."

NO DOUBT this critic of young girls was unduly harsh; but no dispassionate person of either sex will pretend that the conversation of girls is interesting except in the rarest instances. Indeed, the extreme vanity and self-complacency of the modern young girl sometimes lead her conversation to arouse in her listeners an attitude that is almost antagonistic — an attitude that is occasionally shared even by men, excluding, of course, the very young and the very old.

But what is most noteworthy about the modern goddesses is this: their vanity rests upon no accomplishment whatever. They are today probably a good deal less accomplished than their grandmothers, who could cook and sew and embroider and even keep house without uttering a single groan. True, the modern American goddess is more adept at outdoor sports; but her grandmother probably danced much more gracefully. Surely graceful dancing is a more valuable accomplishment than outdoor sports, in which women must always be defeated by men, while in grace they may, if they choose, reign supreme.

There is, indeed, something faintly ironical about this situation. It would seem that the less the girls have to boast about the more likely are they to assume the goddess attitude and to expect others to as-

sume one of suitable humility. For, let the goddesses say what they will, good cooking and good housekeeping *are* worth while accomplishments. Anyone can smoke cigarettes; but not everyone can cook a really first-rate dinner — nor a second-rate one either, for that matter.

But there is more than irony in the situation. The inanity of the goddesses and their loss of what has hitherto always been considered as desirable in feminine accomplishment constitute social and intellectual failings. Moreover, in making a more or less complete assessment of our goddesses, we must not overlook the moral defects of their case. Now, the chief moral shortcoming of our deities is their gross materialism.

There is something particularly revolting about materialism in the very young. In the men of middle age and in the aging woman it does not shock so greatly. One merely feels that these have outgrown the raptures of youth and that reality has triumphed so far as their own experience of life is concerned. They want security; they want comfort; the men realize that a good dinner is a good dinner and the women that a dress from Chanel or Patou will make them look and feel better than a ready-made from a department store. They have had their dreams long ago and have awakened from them. In a word, their materialism is more or less a natural acquisition produced automatically by time.

But our deities do not dream. They are on the make from the start. They are out to exploit men. They expect men to pay, pay, pay. And the men pay, pay, pay, and do not seem to realize that they are being exploited. In Europe a well-bred girl does not dream of consistently utilizing a man to pay for meals, movies, theatre seats. If she does, it indicates that she hopes to marry him. Barefaced exploitation of men is left to the professional exploiters of men. But the American goddesses seem to think it the duty of men to pay, no matter how little they receive in return. In this respect they have usurped the prerogative of the courtesan without incurring the social stigma extended to the professional woman.

And the men submit, to such a degree has the cult of the goddesses attained. Cynically materialistic, monstrously greedy of amusements that cost money, vain and insipid in the intellectual sense to the last degree, they have yet succeeded in imposing themselves on their country in a manner inexplicable to the outsider. For they do not even assume a virtue when they have it not. They do not hide their materialism, but rather flaunt it. The other day I was lunching in a restaurant with two dowdy, respectable-looking married women sitting at the same table. In the course of conversation, the younger said to the elder in the most matter of fact tone imaginable: "Before I was married I took good care only to go with elderly men. The young ones are no good. They haven't anything to spend." And the elder woman gravely acquiesced.

An unlovely picture of modern feminine youth? Perhaps. But is it really too highly colored? If so, then why this unending stream of books,

articles and pulpit sermons directed against the failings and offenses of the younger generation, and more particularly the feminine half of it? But even after allowing for a certain amount of prejudice against the goddesses in our midst, it still remains incomprehensible why, in modern America, very young women should play the gigantic rôle they do. It is well known that for some mysterious reason they possess a virtual monopoly of many jobs; hence the recent outcries of women over thirty deemed too old to type. But as this paper deals with the social and not with the economic aspect of the phenomenon, it is not necessary to do more than mention the fact.

WHAT is the explanation of the phenomenon? How is it that the American girl of today has succeeded in selling herself to a degree undreamed of by the girls of any other country? Why are very young American girls allowed to elbow older women out of places which properly belong to them? Why do they attract so much more social attention than married women?

To understand the full import of these questions, it is necessary to glance for a moment at the position of young girls in Europe. To Europeans, as I have already said, the absolute social predominance of young American girls has long been a source of wonder. The Frenchman, in particular — a highly sophisticated creature if ever there was one — has never found young girls very interesting. The married woman has captured his attention both in real life and in literature to an infinitely greater degree than the *jeune fille*, whom he finds insipid and intellectually uninspiring. In England, the young girl has more leeway and more admiration than in France. Nevertheless, to the American girl the English girl must always seem a poor, repressed, somewhat downtrodden creature, just as to the English girl, her American contemporary must seem an over-bold young person who needs to be taken down a peg or two. As for the rest of Europe, in no part of it does the young girl attain to anything approaching the position she holds in America. Her importance in society is infinitesimal in comparison with that of the older woman; and the European frankly finds incomprehensible a social order which gives débutantes more limelight and attention than it gives to married women.

Why are pages in American Sunday newspapers filled with the photographs of young girls of no particular beauty or social importance? Why are girls' luncheon parties chronicled? (As if they were worth any notice whatever!) How is the American girl's position to be explained?

I DO not know enough American social history to answer my own questions with any degree of certainty. I suspect, however, that the supremacy of young girls in this country is in some manner connected with the fact that this is a pioneer country, and there has always been a tendency to make much of women in pioneer countries. And yet this does not by any means explain the matter completely, for in pioneer countries all women are valued, and not only very young unmarried

women. I do not say for a moment that older women have a poor position in the United States. Far from it, indeed. But I do say that, compared with that of young girls, it is distinctly inferior.

At any rate, even if inexplicable, the supremacy of the goddesses is a fact today. But what of their future? Time does not stand still even for goddesses, and in a few short years they will find that they are either married or faded. In either case, they will be goddesses no longer. As to what they will be, it is better not to hazard an opinion. For with their youth gone, what will be left? Nerve, I suspect, but what beside? They have not deigned to cultivate the old-fashioned accomplishments of their grandmothers. Their intellectual interests have been a little meagre, to put the case politely. They will have no resources within themselves, and none of the adulation upon which they have flourished. I fear that many of the carefree young women of this age will in later years become the most discontented old women our race has ever known.

## Gray Night

By Bernice Kenyon

All night, intrepid, tireless and serene,
I walk the earth and all the worlds beside;
All night the folded darkness opens wide
To let me pass unhurt, and step between
The balanced orbits, toward the vaguely seen
And nebulous streamings of the starry tide —
Discovering the unknown, and the allied
Unknowable, and all that may have been.

All night, closed in and gratified by sleep,
My body waits, and cares not to restrain
Its wayward being off upon the deep
And timeless glimmerings where space runs out —
Content to wait till day, and once again
Dim my discoveries in the light of doubt.

# How Doth the Busy Moonshiner!

By Francis Pridemore

*A one-time operator of a West Virginia still ironically considers a growing industry which has brought affluence to impoverished communities*

West Virginia has long been called a backward state. We have lacked roads, schools, "church-houses" and places of entertainment. We can still remember when cash money was a rarity, and trading was accomplished almost entirely through the exchange of goods. Time, however, alters all things, and while our schools, churches, and places of entertainment are still primitive in the mountain regions, the great road building programme of the last six years has opened up many inaccessible areas and enabled us almost at one stride to catch up with business as it is carried on (I had almost said "waged") in other more progressive states.

The fact that chain stores have not yet penetrated the West Virginian wilds must not be taken to indicate that we do not as yet understand or employ modern business methods. We are, as a matter of fact, developing a chain business peculiarly our own — namely chains of stills. This is the logical development of an industry which has maintained a steady growth ever since the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment.

In order to obtain an adequate idea of the increase in mountain moonshining, let us consider a mountain section in Logan and Lincoln counties with which I am familiar — a strip about forty miles long and between fifteen and twenty miles wide. I have chosen this district because I consider it typical of many others, not only in West Virginia but also in Tennessee and Kentucky. Furthermore, I myself was for many years one of the local moonshining lights, so that I feel entitled to speak with authority upon conditions in that region.

In 1916, my last liquor-making year, the entire 400 square miles of the district contained not more than ten stills with an average capacity of about fifteen gallons. The liquor that we made was pure and, except that it was generally uncolored, fully equal to that made by the legitimate distillers in the lowlands. Very few of us made whiskey for profit. Moonshining was not a business but a gesture of defiance.

Came the war and most of us forsook our illegal pursuit. For the first time in our lives we upheld the Government instead of flouting it. My own still — sole family heirloom — was left in the carefully selected cave where I had always kept it and for six years I did not see it. When I returned in 1923, I found that a relative was running it but that the liquor he was turning out was a disgrace to our name — more of that anon, however.

By 1923, the original ten stills had increased to fifteen or eighteen — all run by the sons and grandsons of the first settlers. The people were the same, but the spirit (no joke intended) was different. Moonshine was becoming a regular business. The stills, instead of being used semi-occasionally, were constantly active; a few were running their stuff twice instead of the customary and well-nigh necessary thrice, and a good deal of money was changing hands. I saw clearly that I had forsaken the old ways at the wrong time, but I was out to stay, so I went West and for the next three years saw nothing at all of our business progress.

In 1926 I returned temporarily to that same district and found moonshining activities even greater than before. The number of stills had increased from fifteen or eighteen to twenty-five or thirty; the new ones were much larger, ranging in capacity to from thirty to forty gallons and were for the most part run by strangers — quite frequently by Poles and Hunkies who found moonshining easier and more profitable than coal mining. These men did not give a "whoop and a holler" for the quality of the stuff they put out; they never ran their stuff more than twice and the fact that it was more than mildly poisonous interested them but little. All they cared about was the kick and the price, especially the latter. The few oldtimers who were still in the game had lowered their standards to meet the competition.

In the entire district there was no liquor being manufactured which I, personally, considered safe to drink, and the prices were enormous, considering the horrible taste of the liquor and the risk the consumer ran.

Bad as was the situation in 1926, it is worse today. I know of at least fifty-five stills in that same district and I have heard persistent rumors of others so that I should set the total number at about sixty-five. The size continues to increase, a good many of the stills having a capacity of about sixty gallons. The oldtimers are gone, with the exception of my distant relative who makes moonshine only when he is in need of money. When he does run off a batch, its quality and general unwholesomeness must, I think, disturb the repose of our ancestors more than would any amount of free-handed killing.

A skull and cross-bones should be on the label of every bottle of liquor that is sold throughout the entire region. The pride of the calling — a pride which, though it may seem ridiculous to the reader, was to us a very real one — has departed. Moonshining, once a gentleman's avocation — like golf — is now — like golf — a business, and is one of the first in West Virginia to employ

scientific business methods. That we are learning the lesson rapidly and well I hope to show.

Formerly just as one man or one group of men owned a store or restaurant, so one man or group of men owned a still which was worked from time to time in a somewhat happy-go-lucky fashion. Now that we have gone modern, one man often owns six or seven which are managed for him by employes who keep them running full blast. I know one man who owns fourteen, and three brothers who control twenty-one.

THESE brothers, whom I shall refer to as the Blanks, have formed their amalgamation along the usual economic lines. One or two of the original owners have been bought out; others who tried to maintain the old quality of their liquor have been squeezed out, since liquor properly distilled in small quantities and three times run can by no means compete in price with sixty gallon amounts run once. The Blanks have employed a third method, crude but occasionally paralleled in more legitimate competition — that of stealing their competitor's still and equipment and setting it up in another location. Of course the real owners are without legal redress and a misappropriated still is harder to trace and more dangerous to steal back than one might imagine. A thirteen year old boy receives from the Blanks fifteen dollars for every still he locates. One old-time moonshiner set up a little distillery on the kitchen stove in his houseboat. His liquor was so good that his trade rapidly expanded beyond the narrow limits which the Blanks permit. His equipment was easy to steal, but equally easy to replace since it consisted merely of a few household utensils and a little pipe. The Blanks, who dislike killing except as a last resort, were somewhat at a loss. Then an autumn flood opportunely made its appearance and just before the crest came down, they cut the houseboat cables and their erstwhile rival landed high if not dry on a sand bar fifty miles down stream. Since profits sufficient to pay for having the houseboat towed back up the river had not yet accrued, the Blanks were cheaply rid of one more competitor.

The Blanks' standing with the local authorities would seem to be excellent — the latter are said to protect them as far as possible both from competition and from the occasionally menacing activities of the State police. Two Federal agents are currently reported to have fallen so deeply into a trap laid for them by the Blanks that they were jailed on serious charges.

I HAVE gone thus into detail concerning the Blanks because I consider them the best exponents of modern business methods applied to moonshining in West Virginia. As our local captains of industry, why should they not be treated with the respect everywhere accorded to wealth and influence? Their chain of stills is rapidly growing longer; it will probably spread all the way to Huntington — perhaps into Kentucky and Ohio. They understand the value of organization and they have fully grasped the cardinal principle of modern industry: Profit results from quantity produced as economically as possible. Accord-

ingly they economize where they can get away with it — on material and on the number of runnings — and they are very liberal where liberality will pay.

When you consider that their score of stills will average not less than 900 gallons a week (triple that number for weeks in which festivals like the Fourth of July and Christmas occur) and that they receive between $16.00 and $20.00 a gallon — about $16,000 a week — you will admit that they have as much right to be revered on Guyan as has Ford in Detroit. Like Ford they demand a good deal from their employes, but they pay high wages. Taking it by and large, I would far rather work for them than for the coal companies.

There are increasing numbers of similar organizations in the Southern mountains and I am not wholly facetious when I say that, unless its growth is checked, moonshining may yet claim a place with mining as our chief industry. Every one knows that West Virginia coal is very, very ill; but although coal mining was for years the sole industry that brought money into our poverty-stricken hills, even if it were to die tomorrow, we would not need to despair of our future.

As long as the smoke from a thousand stills curls up from every creek, branch and hollow; as long as our splendid new roads, costing millions, connect hollow with branch, branch with creek, and creek with the big, thirsty outside world, so long will our girls wear silk stockings and dance to radios, and our boys carry pearl handled revolvers and dash around in — at the very least — new Fords. We of the mountains at long last are having our share of prosperity. Just exactly what it will do to or for us remains to be seen.

# The Mills of Marriage

By F. Emerson Andrews

*Some views on the tie that binds child brides, greedy parsons, the license clerks and the marriage law grab-bag to our crowded divorce courts*

There will be two million new brides and grooms this year in the United States. Some will have church weddings with aisles of flowers, the conventional wedding march, and *Oh Promise Me*. Some will be married by dim candle-light at two o'clock in the morning in the stuffy parlor of a justice of the peace.

In the long procession there will be foreign nobles, middle-aged bank presidents, young clerks, stolid truck drivers. The brides will include movie actresses (trying their fourth husbands), starry-eyed maidens from every class who dream the dream of young love, shrewd ladies bargaining for money or social position with a husband unavoidably attached — and child brides twelve years "old" and less.

In all these respects 1929 is no different from other years. Their similar processions of assorted lives have been paired off with the same official "Bless you, my children" of organized society. Only in respect to a new understanding of actual conditions under which families are founded in the United States does 1929 have something to add to this picture of marriage.

For a decade and more, stress has been laid on divorce. It has been variously regarded as a sign of the new freedom, a threat against the sanctity of the home, or even a virulent poison undermining the whole social structure. In 1929 a more healthy if less sensational emphasis is being laid on entrance into marriage, with a view to attacking the divorce evil at its root by elevating ideals of marriage and preventing those unions which seem to promise disaster.

One sign of this new emphasis is the recent investigation of the Federal Council of Churches into marriage and home life, the preliminary report of which (on "Ideals of Love and Marriage") has already received wide attention. A second sign is the recent publication by the Russell Sage Foundation of a survey conducted by two members of its staff, Miss Mary E. Richmond and Mr. Fred S. Hall, into our marriage laws and how they are administered. This is the first survey of marriage

law administration ever undertaken on a national scale. It involved visits by skilled investigators to 96 cities in 30 states. It is for the first time possible, as a result of this study, to view on a national basis the ways in which society safeguards and fails to safeguard the two million brides and grooms who in any given year venture upon marriage. It is with this latter investigation, presenting facts rather than opinions, that we shall be chiefly concerned.

ONE of the first facts encountered is the tremendous variety in the marriage laws of the United States. There is very little Federal law applicable to marriage, since this has been deemed a matter for state control. In consequence, each of the forty-eight states has its own code of marriage laws, with an additional one for the District of Columbia. In many respects these codes differ widely from one another.

These codes of law have often developed slowly, under frontier conditions. Unfortunately, American history during frontier days was interpreted as a history of Indian battles and colonial relationships, with very little concern for what has more recently risen to prominence as "social history." This social-legal past is hard to reconstruct; diaries do not greatly help us, as they do with the more intimate personal life of the people. One does, however, find a few such eloquent notices as the following, taken from Pickett's *History of Alabama:*

"Upon the Tombigbee and Lake Tensaw, the people still [1800] lived without laws, and without the right of matrimony. For years, the sexes had been in the habit of pairing off and living together with the mutual promise of regular marriage when ministers or magistrates should make their appearance in the country."

Out of varying primitive conditions a wide variety of state laws naturally developed. In New England, the rigid Puritan conscience and the scarcely broken English tradition introduced the English law, minus of course its strongly ecclesiastical Church of England character. In many states large foreign populations colored the laws with customs of their own countries. In particular, those from southern Europe, where the body reaches an early maturity, helped maintain the low marriage age which had come to us in the first instance from Roman jurisprudence. In our South the negro complicated the marriage problem, and in the West the Indians were the cause for restrictions, some of which still persist. In Arizona, for example, the marriage of an Indian with a white person is void. The states could not even agree on the degrees of relationship within which the marriage tie was possible, and so in Alabama, Iowa, New Hampshire, Pennsylvania and Texas, a man may theoretically marry his grandmother. Oklahoma is the only state which forbids the marriage of second cousins.

IT IS obvious that our present marriage laws are not "the law" as one is too apt to regard them, but simply a temporary stage in a long evolution of law. The New York legislature, for example, has just passed (late March) a bill relative to child marriage. Many other states

have one or more bills pending on some phase of marriage law. The so-called common law marriage, in which the living together of a man and woman under a mere secret agreement constitutes marriage, is still legal in twenty-four states — a hangover from frontier conditions which one is surprised to discover lingering in such states as New York, New Jersey, Ohio, and Pennsylvania.

This welter of varied and varying marriage laws results in confusion, injustice, and sometimes startling abuses.

The situation in regard to child marriages is especially disturbing. According to the Russell Sage Foundation investigators, nearly 700,000 persons now living in the United States participated in a child marriage, that is to say, they either were child brides or were married to child brides. (The term child bride is restricted to girls married under the age of sixteen.) This is a disturbing figure for a country of the cultural and living standards of the United States. A paper published in India, upon hearing of this fact, commented: "It may seem curious to the people of India to learn that these bad customs are allowed in America, which is a country always held up to us as leading in modern ideas and progressive thought."

WHILE some of these marriages were due to lax administration of adequate laws (to this some attention will be directed later), many of them are due to the lax laws themselves. Eleven states actually permit the marriage of girls of twelve. They are Maine and Rhode Island in the New England group, otherwise noted for excellent marriage laws; New Jersey in the East Central group; Florida, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, Tennessee, and Virginia in the South; and Colorado and Idaho among the mountain states.

THESE marriages very often come to disaster on one of three counts. Either the child bride suffers a physical breakdown; or the family sinks beneath economic difficulties, the husband being too young to undertake the support of a household; or (if the husband is older) age difference results in incompatibility, ending often in the court of domestic relations.

For their illustrative value a few representative cases are quoted from the findings of the Russell Sage Foundation investigators:

A girl of thirteen married with her mother's consent. When her baby was born it weighed only two pounds and soon died. Her husband has left her.

A child of eleven years was married at a marriage market town in Indiana. The clerk of the court there claims to have on file the written consents of her parents to the marriage. These were sworn to before a Chicago notary. In less than one month the marriage was annulled.

A stepmother had treated her stepchild as a drudge and finally, much against the child's will, arranged a marriage for her when she was fourteen. The girl appealed later to the police for protection. She was placed in an institution and the marriage was annulled.

A girl of fifteen, rescued from a procuress, was committed by the court to an institution. But her parents obtained her release and married her to a young man who proved to be badly diseased. Application has been made for the annulment of the marriage.

Sometimes the reasons actuating the parents are most unsavory, as in this example:

A father of a 13-year-old girl and her prospective bridegroom, aged 49, were both given 30 days in jail, the one for attempting to buy a bride and the other for attempting to sell his child. The price that had been fixed was $100.

Where the laws themselves are adequate, they are sometimes nullified by lax enforcement. This may be the fault of the marriage license bureau, or of the minister or justice who performs the ceremony. A glance at the license bureau will be illuminating.

IT TAKES, on the average, fifteen minutes to get a marriage license. In most states only the bridegroom need appear, and in several states a license may be obtained by mail. (Two years ago the writer needed a passport; he had to be present in person accompanied by an identifying witness, and had to furnish two photographs signed in his own handwriting and a birth certificate. Getting married, however, is a minor matter one may in some states transact by mail.)

The license clerk is usually a political appointee, who holds office by virtue of faithful service in rounding up the voters in his ward. Such a clerk in upper New York State declared that since he had his job for political reasons, it was clearly his duty to accommodate applicants and make friends for the Republican party. In addition to his probable total lack of fitness for his work, his pay sometimes depends entirely upon the fees he receives, which means that it will be to his financial advantage to wink at evasions of the law.

Results are precisely what one might expect. In at least three states, Maine, Alabama, and North Carolina, clerks were discovered to be issuing licenses in blank for the convenience of patrons. Unsupported statements as to age are accepted, even when applicants appear to be much younger. Where a witness is required by law, sometimes the "professional witness" is in vogue — who may be a chance-encountered bell-boy or taxi driver who can truthfully testify that he is acquainted with the newly met couple and knows of no impediment to their marriage. And so the marriage mills in license offices grind on at a furious pace, accompanied by the chuckles of a too-tolerant public over the "Cupid industry" while actually the "industry" is turning out bigamists, child brides, and future trouble for the divorce courts.

An extreme example of what may occur when standards are lax is presented by California's most famous Bluebeard. He confessed to marrying twenty-one wives, nine of whom he murdered inside of three years. He had married four of them in the city of Tacoma, living there with all four at about the same time.

NOT all of the 10,000 license issuers and their deputies in the United States are incompetent or negligent. Some are true aids to Cupid, smoothing the path for the worthy and diligently enforcing the law in respect to the unworthy. In some states, too, license clerks are paid solely on a salary basis and not penalized for diligence; and in Los Angeles County they secure their positions through competitive examinations.

Unfortunately, the work of the efficient license dispensers is largely undermined by their negligent brethren. "Try, try again" is particularly effective in getting marriage licenses. If one clerk refuses, try another; if all in one state decline, cross the border to a state with laws more lax.

After the license has been secured, the ceremony must be performed by a minister or justice of the peace. (This is unknown to some of our newer citizens with European backgrounds; having gone through the formalities at the license office, they sometimes go blithely off and begin living together, virtuously believing they are duly married.)

New abuses may arise in the performance of the marriage ceremony. These take the form of carelessness as to seeing that the license is in good order, marrying of drunken couples, stunt marriages, extra charges for embossed certificates, employment of taxi drivers as runners, negligence in checking up ages or getting parental consents.

RECENTLY it was discovered that a certain justice in North Carolina, apparently assuming that "once a justice, always a justice," had been marrying couples for many years after his commission expired. These marriages are technically illegal, and a number of worthy couples are wondering whether they are married or not. To make the situation worse, the State Legislature, asked to legalize these weddings by a bill of convenience, began an investigation instead, thereby throwing all possible publicity on the unfortunate situation.

Indiana newspapers openly admit that the marriage laws of their state are being flouted. To quote a recent editorial, from the Indianapolis *News:*

> For more than fifty years the Indiana law required that the license be issued in the county where the bride resides. No attention is paid to this provision, and with the clerks able to obtain extra money through the sale of lithographed certificates — which are not required by any law — the revenue has increased until it has become one of the chief sources of income for such offices. Periodically protests are voiced, but nothing is done to require the county officials to obey the law.

NOT only justices but many of the clergy are chargeable with laxity in administering marriage laws. In one case a girl of fourteen, on presenting a license stating that she was eighteen and exempt from parental consent, was married by the pastor whose Sunday school she attended and whose parsonage was just three doors from her home.

The worst abuses by marriage officiants occur usually in connection with marriage market towns and runaway marriages.

A prospective bride and groom may make a dash by train or speeding motor to another town, "matrimony in view," for a variety of reasons. They may wish to avoid the expense of a formal home wedding, escape publicity, or prevent the pranks of well-meaning friends. They may cross a state line in order legally to take advantage of the loose marriage laws of a nearby state. Or they may wish to be married where they are not known so that they may more safely falsify ages, or contract a bigamous marriage.

Unhappily, just where marriage

laws should be enforced most stringently, they are most lax. All over the United States there are marriage market towns, making a regular business of runaway marriages and the special profits to be derived from ceremonies performed at odd hours and without awkward questions. The Russell Sage Foundation found fifty-seven such towns.

IN EACH of these a commercial Cupid conducts business on the most efficient lines. "Marry you in two minutes" promises one justice. Another advertises in street cars. Another uses blotters with this "high pressure" copy:

When you go through (town) don't fail to see
THE GREAT WHITE WAY
MARRYING PARLORS
You will be welcome any hour of the day or night any day in the year. See the famous Horse Shoe and Bell, under which nearly 10,000 couples have been made husband and wife. Don't miss the chance of your lifetime. . . .

Still another believes in the persuasive power of poetry (?) and prints on his business card this entrancing legend:

If a man loves a girl
That's his business.
If a girl loves a man
That's her business.
If they want the knot tied
That's my business.

Efficiencies extend farther. Trainmen coming into these towns are taught to signal the number of prospective brides and grooms they think they have aboard. Taxi-drivers, in the pay of marrying justices or marrying parsons, pick up the couples, hasten them to the obliging license clerk, and then to the particular parson or justice who has promised to split the fee with them. Those who come by auto find scouts at the edge of the town who hop on running boards of out-of-state cars and insist that the occupants must surely want to get married. Sometimes the license clerk is in the pay of a particular justice to whom he directs his clients. At other times the justices assemble just outside the license office to quarrel over the young lady and gentleman as they issue from the office. One enterprising Chamber of Commerce went so far as to advertise the advantages of being married in the town it represented.

Quite aside from the unseemly surroundings and undue haste which attend the marriage ceremony in such marriage market towns, the records indicate that in them occur a large proportion of the perversions of marriage laws — particularly bigamous marriages and marriages of those of less than the required age.

THE darker side of the picture of marriage as it is performed in the United States today involves such drab features as these — marriage possible in many states in less than an hour from the decision to marry to the completion of the ceremony; inadequate laws in some states invalidating careful legislation in neighboring states; neglect of the law and commercialization of the marriage ceremony. Life tragedies, and the domestic relations and divorce courts complete the gloomy canvas.

What safeguards may be erected, without abridging our liberties or making marriage undesirably diffi-

cult, with a view to correcting the abuses and avoiding many of the tragedies?

The suggestions which follow are based on the recommendations of the investigators for the Russell Sage Foundation — Mary E. Richmond and Fred S. Hall. Miss Richmond until her recent death was the dean of social case workers in America and a recognized authority on marriage. Mr. Hall has spent many years in the study of marriage laws and is the author and co-author of several books on the subject. These two propose:

Raise the minimum age of marriage to sixteen wherever it is now below that age.

Require advance notice of intention to marry to be filed five days before the license may be issued.

Issue licenses at regular hours only (except in cases of proved emergency), on the basis of proved age, and in the town or county where the bride or groom resides.

Abolish the fee system for the payment of license clerks; require that they follow up all licenses not promptly reported by officiants as having been performed.

Abolish the fee system for the civil solemnization of marriage and limit the number of justices who may perform the ceremony.

Let religious denominational bodies establish in theological seminaries thorough instruction regarding marriage law, and deal rigidly with the commercial practices of marrying parsons.

Establish a bureau of marriage law supervision in each state, preferably in the office of the registrar of vital statistics.

With such provisions in force the marriage mills would grind with more decorum and less speed, and it is probable that less of their product would need a second grinding through the mills of divorce.

# The Utopia of Unity

By Jay S. Stowell

*Even our ridiculous denominational system, with over 200 Christian sects, is better, says a Congregational minister, than a conglomerate religious colossus*

Our present denominational system is ridiculous!

Yes, of course it is. Quite ridiculous! There is only one thing more so. That is the naïve assurance with which some of its critics suggest panaceas on the assumption that the existing situation is the result of pure cussedness on the part of Christians, coupled with the further assumption that the destruction of denominationalism would be the harbinger of the Kingdom of God on earth.

There is enough cussedness, to be sure, but one who finds in it the cause and in its elimination the perfect cure for denominationalism has failed to get very close to the heart of the matter.

So far as we may judge, denominationalism was born about the time the human race began to inhabit this planet, and it seems destined to continue for some time to come. It has its roots very close to the nature of things as they are. It grows out of the fundamental desire of minorities for the right of self-expression. In politics the minority must subside after election and accept the expressed will of the majority; in religion there is no such compulsion, for the minority can always withdraw and form a new denomination.

Cults of various kinds have characterized the most primitive religions, and, during the pre-Christian period covered by Old Testament history, we find the sharpest divisions. The priests and the prophets could never agree as to what religion really was. The priests insisted that it was a matter of ceremony and religious observance; the prophets said it was a matter of the heart and life. The priestly party tried to settle the question once for all by killing the prophets, but that early plan to cure denominationalism did not work out altogether satisfactorily.

As soon as the Christian church was organized, sects arose. There was the circumcision sect which insisted that no one could be a recognized follower of Jesus Christ without practising this Jewish custom. And there was the anti-circumcision sect insisting that circumcision was not essential for the Christian. We read in Acts xv: 2 that when these various

claims were set forth, "Paul and Barnabas had no small dissension and questioning with them" — that is, with those who put forward the particular claim for circumcision.

The result of this discussion was the holding of a council at Jerusalem. At that council the "*sect* of the Pharisees" declared, "It is needful to circumcise them, and to charge them to keep the law of Moses." The opinion of the Pharisees did not prevail. As a compromise it was finally decided by the majority, after an impressive speech by Peter, that circumcision would not be required but that Christians must "abstain from things sacrificed to idols, and from blood, and from things strangled . . . Acts XV: 29. This was possibly the most momentous ecclesiastical decision ever reached by any Christian council in the history of the Church, for it established Christianity itself as a sect and erected a barrier between it and Judaism which nearly two thousand years of history have been unable to break down.

THUS, upon a rock of religious formalism, the early Christian community split almost at its very beginning and upon such questions it has been splitting ever since.

Soon other reasons for division arose, and we find the first great Christian missionary criticizing those who said, "I am of Paul; and I of Apollos; and I of Cephas; and I of Christ."

All down the centuries, outstanding leaders of the church have similarly denounced Christian divisions. But the chief result seems to have been that we now have two hundred times as many Christian denominations in the United States as existed in the entire world in the days of Jesus, and the religious Census of 1926 recorded 213 denominations as compared with 200 in 1916.

WHAT then are the causes of this grotesque situation in which the followers of the One who came to teach the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man find themselves split up into separate camps?

The fact seems to be that most of our denominations were born out of sincere differences in belief, whether those differences were theological or related to matters of religious form or personal conduct.

It is also fair to say that many of these divisions find their origin in a particular conception of the Bible. Probably nothing has done more to divide Christians into sects than the belief in the verbal infallibility of the Scriptures. Hair-splitting exegesis of biblical passages has played an important rôle in denominational history. Denominations have come into existence because of the particular turn of a biblical phrase or of some special interpretation of a biblical passage.

We find Christians dividing into Calvanists and Arminians, Trinitarians and Unitarians, Premillennialists and Anti-Premillennialists, Fundamentalists and Modernists, Immersionists and Anti-Immersionists. We have new sects created because of a difference of opinion about the Christian Sabbath and we see Christian groups splitting on the basis of their approval or disapproval of lodges and secret orders just as they once split over the question of slav-

ery. They separate on the basis of particular forms of church government (each side incidentally claiming its own to be the biblical form) and on their emphasis, or lack of emphasis, concerning the importance of the "second work of Grace".

THERE are some who claim that Protestant Christianity has formed the habit of protesting and, therefore, keeps at it long after any reason for such protest has disappeared. And their hope, the hope of those who find in denominationalism the cause of all the evils which afflict the Christian church and the real obstacle to the Christianizing of the world, is to bring this heterogeneous mass of different denominational bodies together into one unified group, where fundamental differences will be merged and Christians of every persuasion will be content under a single type of church organization, and, presumably, under a single type of worship, a single type of religious procedure, and a single type of theology and interpretation of social problems and social responsibilities.

One of the strongest arguments for uniting Christians (particularly Protestant Christians, for even the most sanguine do not have the courage to vision the union of both Catholics and Protestants, except possibly at a time so remote as to be of little concern to present generations) in a single body is that of the immense power which they could wield if they were all in one controllable unit. Truly such a body could exert an enormous influence. But would it be the sort of influence which a spiritual church, depending upon saving the world through spiritual forces, should wield? When one thinks of a great united Protestantism, it is as easy to shudder at the possible dangers as to glow over the excess of power to be made available by such a union. Some resounding reverberations might occur when a great central executive committee undertook to swing forty or fifty million Protestants for Norman Thomas or Herbert Hoover, for an anti-preparedness policy, for a five-hour work day, a minimum wage, an anti-smoking amendment, or a conceivable multitude of other projects.

ONE wonders also what would happen to the minorities within itself when this great juggernaut of a united Protestantism got into action. To be sure, instances are pointed out where Fundamentalists and Modernists, or others of equally divergent views, worship together under a single roof, even work together in a single denominational machine, but a careful analysis of such situations reveals some enlightening facts. In such cases one group can withdraw, so far as active coöperation in a going programme is concerned, or it can surrender its convictions and submit to the wishes and will of the majority in all important matters of policy, thus depriving itself of the type of ministry which seems to it to be important; or both the message and the programme for the entire group may be reduced to a least common denominator which satisfies neither one of the conflicting parties and which often means little to any one else.

Not long ago I stepped into the vestibule of such a church in time to hear the pastor say, "Yes, we want

to be progressive — but not *too* progressive." He was trying to compose differences, to offend no one. The idea of seeking the truth and letting it lead whither it would did not occur to him, because his main job was to keep the group before him a unit at all costs — or, at least, at what he considered any reasonable cost.

THE common assumption on the part of some that the things on which we differ do not really count is false. They do count. It does make a difference whether a man believes in an infallible Bible or a fallible one. It does make a difference whether one believes in the Virgin Birth or does not; whether immortality is a fact or a myth; whether prayer is really potent or merely a pious exercise; and whether the miracles were actually performed or are ingenious legends.

Unfortunately, perhaps, many of these matters upon which Christian groups differ cannot be settled by scholarship. After centuries of study the most brilliant philosopher has no more light upon the question of immortality than had the most primitive pagan. The question of the Virgin Birth, after nearly two thousand years, is still as much of a debated matter as ever. The only person who could really give first hand information concerning the subject is gone, and she left no record.

The question of miracles is equally difficult. Science may show the improbability of them, but it can never demonstrate their impossibility, and, so long as that possibility remains, there are likely to be individuals who believe in the miracles and to whom such a belief is a vital religious conception.

One matter, however, can and has practically been settled by scholarship. We do know today the nature of the Bible. Criticism has revealed the character of this most important document, and, to those who are familiar with the established facts, certain theories long held are no longer tenable. In this there is hope — except for the fact that millions of evangelical Christians are totally unaware of the assured results of modern biblical criticism or of the materials upon which they are built — but no biblical research will ever solve some of the most debated religious beliefs or settle the question of the nature, meaning and mission of the church and of religion.

IN USUAL practice, however, our denominational differences represent much more than differences in belief.

Often they arise from the fact that we expect so many different kinds of things from our churches. One type of individual desires intellectual stimulation while another prefers emotional freedom. These different types cannot worship together without mutual irritation. One type derives great value from religious forms and ceremonies while to another the same forms and ceremonies are empty of meaning. Try to imagine those two groups getting spiritual nurture out of the same type of service. One large group is interested in saving souls from hell, another is concerned only with a Utopian social order. No one preacher can satisfy both these groups. One well-organized group demands bodily healing from its religion, while another is interested chiefly in receiving spiritual comfort in times of stress and an

assurance of heaven when facing death.

Or in a given community the divisions may serve as the basis for grouping Christians according to race, language, social, and other preferential groups. For the fact is that, owing to the high fluidity of our national population, Protestant churches are more than ever before highly selective in their memberships. Families choose their places of residence with that factor in mind, and they often drive past several churches to find the church of their choice. If they are unable to find a church whose form of worship they approve and whose theology and preaching message appeal to them they cease to attend church altogether. Studies made by the Institute of Social and Religious Surveys have shown that the percentage of church members to population increases as the relative number of churches in a community increases.

THE inefficiency of denominationalism is often the basis for facts and figures being compiled to show that expenses could be greatly reduced, congregations increased and a presumably more effective ministry rendered, if all Christians in a given community would unite in one group. The reaction of religious people to such argument, however, is exactly the reaction of those same people in all of the other activities of life.

Only recently I visited a frontier town, containing an old lumber mill and an abandoned mine. Church organizations were reduced to a minimum, yet there were eight different lodges and fraternal organizations and clubs.

Just think, for example, how much more economical and more efficient it would be if, instead of having so many different makes of automobiles, we had a law permitting the manufacture of Buicks only. There is no conceivable reason why the affairs of men would not continue to be cared for with one style of car. The only adverse argument is that it simply won't work. Yet while we shout of the waste in maintaining more than one church in a community we see nothing illogical in the maintenance of a score of different automobile agencies, all dispensing their various makes of cars and "wasting" millions of dollars in competitive advertising and salesmanship for which ultimately the consumer must pay — and all to satisfy the whim of individual choice!

ONE of the strong arguments against denominationalism is that in a community divided along denominational lines, it is impossible to organize community life around the church. I wonder, however, if that is fatal. There can be no doubt that there are thousands of communities where the church already is, or should be, the organizing centre for the community life, but there are multitudes of communities where, as yet at least, it cannot be. For example, it is hardly conceivable that, in the many Pacific Coast communities where the Buddhist group is strong, the Methodists would recognize the community leadership of the Buddhists. Nor is it expected, at the present stage of religious thinking, that, in most of our communities, the Protestant group would be content to have the community life

organized around the Roman Catholic or the Mormon organizations; and, to many, even the very name Unitarian or Universalist is anathema. Imagine an Episcopalian rallying to the community leadership of a Holy Roller or a Two-Seed-In-The-Spirit Baptist organization. There are situations in which the church as an organization cannot dominate the life of the community, except by ruthlessly ignoring or destroying minority opposition.

THAT fact however should not discourage those workers in communities where the population is homogeneous enough to warrant the organization of the community life about the church itself. It is merely a recognition of the differences which exist in different communities. Nor should we give way to the pessimism of those who find in denominationalism the clear evidence that the so-called followers of Jesus have not learned the A B Cs of the religion to which they profess allegiance. Possibly the difficulty goes back somewhat further than that and should be charged up to a Creator who has seen fit to produce a world of such infinite variety.

There are, however, certain ways by which unity might conceivably be achieved. The most obvious method is to pass a law. Why not enact legislation making more than one church a crime against the state? True, this method of authority, which has been tried frequently in the past, has never proved an unqualified success. At the moment, I do not recall any religious sect which has been successfully stamped out by external repression. But still!

Another path out of our difficulty might be the path of indifference. A community may be very peaceful because it does not have enough religion to quarrel over. If we can reduce our religious programme and our message to such a point that they offend no one, we will doubtless have peace. Although, of course, we may at the same time succeed in reducing them to the place where it will make little difference whether they continue to exist or not.

When we argue that denominations should stop competing with each other we are really assuming that the matters on which they differ are of no moment. That is too broad an assumption to conform to the facts, for anything that a large number of people think is important, is really important.

It is true that some denominations such as the Presbyterian, Methodist, Congregational and some related groups are growing more alike, and individuals shift from one to the other with relative ease, yet in a given community it is often found that these groups do stand for some very definite things.

NOT long ago I visited a community where two churches existed, one a Methodist and the other a Presbyterian, both of them receiving home missionary aid. After meeting with the Methodists I proceeded to criticize them very harshly, indicating that the division of Christians in that community was most reprehensible. After I had finished my tirade an able judge of a state court said: "I agree with most that you have said about the importance of Christians getting together, yet, as a

matter of fact, we cannot work with that other group, and, if you insist upon any such arrangement, you will have to count me out."

THE facts, as they appeared in that community, were that, by chance, the liberal and progressive elements were in the Methodist organization while the Presbyterian group was distinctly of a fundamentalist type, and the two groups did not see any way by which they could merge their activities. In another community the situation might have been reversed, but in the case mentioned the denominational divisions did serve as vehicles by which those two divergent groups were able to function. Possibly the parties concerned exaggerated their differences, but that these very definite differences do exist, no one can deny.

In some practical matters there are still greater difficulties. Take the matter of immersion. On the part of most of those who contend that church unity is held back chiefly by the unchristian attitude of church members, there is an unexpressed assumption that baptism by immersion is a non-essential. To millions of others, baptism by immersion is essential. What then is the dilemma of the individual in a particular community when Christians are all in one organization? If he believes that immersion is an essential rite, can he fellowship wholeheartedly with Christians who at best are faintly amused at his insistence? Should he go outside of his community to be baptized by a pastor who believes in immersion, or shall he remain to be immersed by an accommodating local pastor who will immerse him but who thinks the whole procedure a little foolish?

If, on the other hand, the pastor of the community church believes in immersion, shall he force all comers to be immersed or administer for their convenience a form of baptism in which he has no faith?

However ridiculous these difficulties may seem on the surface, they are very real. In a country where, by popular referendum, in the year 1928, a sovereign State can approve a law proscribing any reference to or explanation of evolution in the schools and colleges of the state, and where in 1929 the court proceedings of another state reveal wide belief in witchcraft, the church still has some distance to go before anything approaching unity in religious thought or spirit can be achieved.

THERE is, of course, the path of education as the way out of our difficulty, but here again we cannot be altogether optimistic. When Voliva in Zion City stands up and tells us that the world is flat we can laugh at his tirade, for we have the entire public school system committed to the idea that the world is round and actively engaged in teaching that doctrine to our boys and girls. However, in the field of religion we have no such system. The work in Sunday school is done often by volunteer workers, multitudes of whom have had no special training for their tasks and are, in important matters of available fact, no better informed than the individuals whom they are supposed to teach. Our people by the million learn stories from the Bible, but never come to understand what the Bible itself really is, and they get

their first religious ideas from persons quite untrained in matters of religious fact. So long as these conditions exist it will be relatively easy for any leader with personality to come into a given community and find followers for the most improbable religious doctrines and theories.

IN SPITE of these many difficulties, a feeling of unity is growing up in many quarters. This we should welcome and every effort should be made to promote this mutual understanding. Certainly no denominational executive has the moral right to stand in the way of church union in a given community when the time is ripe for such union. In fact in many smaller communities, where the very existence of organized religion is at stake, it may be necessary to ignore the wishes of minorities for the sake of the majority. That may be a part of the price which minorities must pay for living in such communities. It is doubtful, however, whether any consolidation of denominations on a large scale, if accomplished prematurely, would work any real benefit. When such consolidations come they should be the result of a unity already achieved further down the line.

At present the anti-denominationalism movement is in the hands of a group of very delightful individuals. Unfortunately they have one damning fault — they are as alike as peas in a pod! For the most part they all adopt the modern attitude toward the Bible; they think religious ceremony has its values but is not essential; they question the Virgin Birth, but say little about it; they have their doubts about the miracles, but are usually careful not to broadcast them, lest they offend some one; most of them would insist that they believe in immortality, although in many cases that belief is little more than a pious hope; they are greatly interested in a Utopian social order and very slightly interested in heaven — in short they are as charming a lot of folk as one could meet in a day's drive. Their chief weakness is that they associate most of the time with people who think like themselves, and they live in large cities or in other communities where they can have the kind of religious ministry they desire. Because of those conditions they forget two important facts. First that the things they consider of slight moment are held sacred by millions of people. Second that, in a pinch, they themselves would not be willing to practise the very counsels of perfection which they preach so fluently.

IN OTHER words, let one of these gentlemen move, as a layman, with his family of growing children, into any one of several thousand communities where an unlearned but energetic preacher proclaims three times a week extravagant religious ideas which the newcomer thoroughly disapproves, and one of several things will happen. The victim will try to reform the local church and get thrown out for his pains, or he will seek solace in the radio or a church in some neighboring town, or he and his family will cease going to church altogether. The latter procedure is the most likely, particularly if the new car is running well. One thing is certain, the gentleman in question will not take his children

to church in the morning and then devote his Sunday afternoons to explaining to them that the things the preacher said are not true.

WHAT I am trying to make clear is that in the present state of religious illiteracy, there are limits to any religious unity, and, while we may be willing to let the other fellow hold his own religious opinions without quarreling with him, the most pious of us will object to having unwelcome religious doctrines poured down our own throats or those of the members of our families.

Religious unity would be quite wonderful if people would only be sensible and hold just the religious beliefs which I am sure they ought to hold, but — hang it all — they won't do it. They insist on having ridiculous ideas of their own, and, so long as they do, I am quite content to have them join any denomination they wish — so long as it is not mine.

And, when I say that, I do not wish to be charged with intolerance or snobbishness. Two travellers can make certain concessions for the sake of travelling together; but, if one is going to New York and the other to San Francisco, or if one feels that he must travel by airplane and the other is equally certain that he must not travel by airplane, there comes a time when they must part company, no matter how much goodwill there may be existing between them.

The fact is that, religiously, we are seeking differing ends, and we have some strikingly varied convictions as to the method of reaching those ends. So long as those conditions exist we must be a little slow about classifying every one who disagrees with us as insincere, stupid and unchristian.

I once read an essay by William James upon the subject, as I recall it, of *This Pluralistic Universe*. The impression it made upon me is still present. Life is too complex to be solved by a single formula. Chemists and alchemists have long sought for the one element which they imagine makes up the universe, but a diversity of elements still remains. Is it possible that in our eagerness to grasp the benefits of the abolition of denominations we are blinding ourselves to some of the possible dangers of a great amalgamation on an organizational basis and forgetting meanwhile to appreciate certain values which are in the long run more potent than organizations themselves?

YES! Our denominational system is ridiculous! We can improve it considerably by tinkering with it and by making combinations here and there, and any one who can help ought to do so, but, like a good many other ridiculous things in life, it is likely to be with us for some time to come, and we ought not, therefore, to give way to despondency when we face it even in its most aggravated forms. It may be better to have a denominationalism for which Christians are ready to strive and sacrifice than a conglomerate colossus too colorless to stir any one's enthusiasm, or so decided in its opinions and so aggressive in its policy that it will straightway split once more into its component parts.

# A New Foe of Germs

By Edith L. Weart

*Felix d'Herelle, French adventurer in science, believes he has found an infinitesimal friend of mankind in the war against infectious diseases*

Progress in medicine in the last fifty years has resulted in an imposing array of achievements — malaria and yellow fever, tuberculosis, diphtheria, typhoid fever, diabetes and goitre have yielded their secrets and are succumbing to the determined onslaught of scientific methods of prevention and treatment. Now comes the discovery that a large group of diseases which are infectious, cholera, plague, dysentery and others, can be controlled, not by better sanitary conditions nor by injections of supplementary body extracts, but by the use of an agent which acts in the body as a destroyer of the bacteria themselves. Where the bacteria are, there this destroyer is found, waging war on them. The story of its discovery is romantic and the speculations as to its nature are the subject of fierce controversy.

In 1915, with the World War well started, no medical service was of greater importance than the making of vaccines for use in the prevention of disease among the soldiers; though to a scientist nothing could be more boring than the dull routine of such manufacture. To none could it have been less interesting than to the small, dark, impatient Frenchman of military bearing who was in charge of this work at the Pasteur Institute in Paris, Felix d'Herelle.

Born in Montreal in 1873, educated there and in Paris, d'Herelle was a man moved by a restless spirit to investigate the far corners of the earth. At the beginning of the century he spent several years as the bacteriologist to the Government of Guatemala, then a year as director of a Government Bacteriological Laboratory in Mexico. In 1908 he was made an assistant in the famous Pasteur Institute. But do not think this meant he settled down confined to Paris. Researches took him to Argentina, Asia Minor and to Tunis. It was this man who, in 1914, was put in charge of the Army Vaccine Division of the Institute.

Later years were to see him given honorary degrees by the University of Leyden and by Yale University; as well as the Leuewenhoek Medal by the Amsterdam Academy of Science. His studies after the war

were to take him to Indo-China, to Holland, to Egypt and India, and finally were to bring him, in 1928, to America as Professor of Bacteriology at Yale. But for the time being, with future honors as yet unhinted, the brilliant and adventurous scientist confined himself to the dull business of making vaccines.

THERE was, in 1915, stationed near Paris a squadron of cavalry suffering from an epidemic of dysentery. D'Herelle was making cultures from the excreta of patients from this unit when one day an unusual occurrence attracted his attention — the growth of dysentery bacilli on the agar in the test tube showed areas which were clear; in other words without growth, and therefore apparently sterile, although they were entirely surrounded by colonies of the bacilli. It was as though the agar had been sprinkled with antiseptic solution and growth had been inhibited wherever this had touched. This was certainly very peculiar.

D'Herelle was a busy man, but he was not so dulled by routine that he neglected to direct some of his attention to the areas on which, unaccountably, nothing seemed to grow. He came to the conclusion, after careful investigation, that these clear spaces were not actually sterile, but were colonies of a living form too small to be visible even when present in vast numbers. He found that material from the clear spots could be cultivated (though it was like working with something invisible), but only in the presence of bacteria. Whatever he had found lived at the expense of other organisms. So, without in the least committing himself as to the nature of his discovery, he called it the bacteriophage, the destroyer of bacteria.

Closer investigation revealed another interesting fact. As all research students in the field well know, when a flask of sterile bouillon containing a small quantity of dysentery bacilli is placed in an incubator, the clear fluid shortly becomes cloudy from the numbers of bacteria present. The longer it stands, and the greater the increase of microorganisms, the cloudier the fluid. D'Herelle took one such clouded flask, and touched the turbid fluid with a loop of wire which he had just previously applied to one of the spots in the test tube which was free from growth. A strange thing took place. After a few hours the fluid became clear again.

ANY bacteriologist, looking at the bouillon then for the first time, would have called it sterile, and rightly, too, for judged by ordinary bacteriological standards it was sterile. But d'Herelle was still not satisfied. It looked as though he had made a real discovery, but he must test it still further. He took a measured quantity of his apparently sterile broth and added it to another flask of bouillon, turbid with dysentery bacilli, as the first one had been. He found again that the liquid became clear, but this time more quickly. Once more the experiment was performed, and again and again. And each time he transferred his material the less time it took for it to destroy the bacilli. It became plain that, whatever the nature of the

destructive agent, it was becoming more virulent, since it acted more quickly. At the end of the series of experiments he was convinced he was dealing with a living, rather than a chemical, principle, since in the latter case the action should have become less with the greater dilution.

D'Herelle thought he had discovered something entirely new, but scientific discoveries are seldom made in that way, out of a clear sky. Often two observers work along similar lines and report their results almost simultaneously; then there is much discussion as to who shall have the credit. Or a new and original observation may have been presaged by some experiment which was reported, but the significance of which was never realized. So it was with the bacteriophage. As far back as 1896 the apparently antiseptic action of certain waters, especially antiseptic for cholera, had been noticed by Hankin in India. He reported that the waters of the Jumna on leaving the town of Agra contained more than 100,000 bacteria per cubic centimeter, but that five kilometers farther down it only contained 90 to 100. Indeed, it is well known that such epidemics work up stream and not down, as would be expected of an intestinal disease where sanitary conditions are bad, unless some inhibiting action were present. It seems almost certain that Hankin had noted the bacteriophage in action; if so he was the first to report it.

Much later, in 1915 to be exact, only a short time before d'Herelle reported his findings, an English worker, Twort by name, noticed instances where certain cultures of bacteria on which he was working became transparent; and that matter from such cultures had the power of destroying other colonies of the same bacteria. Many workers believe that he discovered the bacteriophage, and the English always speak of it as the Twort-d'Herelle phenomenon. The action, however, was on a different organism nor was it identical. There are many workers, among them d'Herelle, who hold the action observed by Twort differed from that of the bacteriophage and was not at all the same thing.

As a matter of fact, the destruction of bacterial cultures by some unknown factor was not at all unusual. Bacteriologists had, indeed, often noted that after a culture had grown to a certain point, it would stop, and finally clear up. They were accustomed to call such cultures "suicides" and let it go at that. It took a d'Herelle to realize that the subject was worth investigating.

But what of the nature of this material we have been calling the bacteriophage? What is it like, and how does it act? D'Herelle's theories are worth quoting. He believes that there is no doubt that it is a living unit, but does not feel he can say much, as yet, about its nature, whether it is a member of the plant or animal kingdom, though he inclines to the view that it is a definite biological species. For convenience he calls the members of his species ultramicrobes — for he believes them to be 2,000 times smaller than an average sized bacterium. They are not visible through the microscope

and even the ultramicroscope reveals them only as very minute, brilliant points. A liquid could contain several thousand million of them to every cubic centimeter and yet appear perfectly clear. They pass readily through filters which keep back the bacteria. In fact d'Herelle separates the two by the very simple expedient of filtration.

His investigation of the mode of action of the ultramicrobe has led to very interesting discoveries. It appears that the bacteriophage might be called a bacterial parasite, for it actually enters the bacterium and grows at its expense. He believes it to be a definite living entity which can assimilate and reproduce, giving off in the process a secretion which destroys the bacterium by causing it to disintegrate. The bacteriophage, now multiplied to ten or twenty, is set free to attack other bacteria.

It would appear, however, that the bacteriophage does not always emerge victor in this contest. Sometimes it does not emerge at all. Just as the human body is able to resist the bacteria to which it is constantly exposed, so the bacterium itself is sometimes able to nullify the effects of the secretions of the invader, developing what is called an immunity. It may be that the invading bacteriophage is not very powerful, in which case it may not be able to multiply and its secretions may be destroyed. It may be that the bacterium will develop a protective coating which the phage cannot penetrate; or it may have a high natural resistance. If the organism survives the attack it may become very powerful; it might be said that the bacteriophage was sick, but recovered, for the bacteriophage may be looked upon as a disease of bacteria.

The interplay between the bacterium and the bacteriophage is very similar to that between the onslaught of bacteria on the body and the resistance of the body cells to the attack. When harmful bacteria multiply in the body they give off a substance called a toxin which has a destructive action on the cells. These, so stimulated, respond by the production of a neutralizing secretion called an antitoxin. Although many factors are involved in the fate of a body attacked by disease the mutual action of the secretions of the cells and those of the bacteria is one among many which determines the course of the disease. If the bacteria are vanquished, the body cells, for a time at least, are less susceptible to another attack by the same organism.

D'Herelle's discovery now makes it appear that in addition to the already complicated problem of toxin and antitoxin and immunity there is still another factor to be considered in this struggle in the body; for while the bacteria are pouring forth toxic substances they themselves are being attacked.

Consider the course of such a disease as dysentery from this new viewpoint. When the dysentery bacilli enter the intestine they may find already present a type of bacteriophage which is especially active against them, in which case the invading organisms are killed off at once and no illness develops. However, the bacteriophage may not possess this virulence at the time of the in-

vasion, but may be capable of evolving it. The more rapidly it does gain it, the more speedily the disease is checked. There is a third possibility, for the bacteriophage may be absolutely inactive against the invader, or the bacteria may be extremely resistant, in either event the invader flourishes unchecked and the unfortunate victim dies.

D'Herelle also believes that there is only one kind of bacteriophage, as opposed to the earlier view that there was a different kind of ultramicrobe for each type of bacterium. He believes there is one species which exists in a number of different strains, some of which are particularly active against one type of organism and some against others, but that the more virulent will attack many different kinds. In his opinion it is only a question of time and work until a strain is isolated which will attack all bacteria.

It must not be thought, however, that these views of d'Herelle on the living nature of the phage have been accepted without controversy. There is no dispute in the minds of investigators that there is some agent which acts destructively on bacteria in the way d'Herelle describes, but there is the greatest lack of agreement concerning its nature. While d'Herelle, and some other workers as well, have many observations to their credit which point to its living nature, there are many other scientists who have just as many opposed facts which, in their opinion, prove the substance to be simply of a chemical, or non-living, character.

Bordet was the first (in 1920) to propound a fairly satisfactory theory of the phage as a non-living agent. The investigators who have worked along this line have come to believe that the destructive action is due to something produced by the bacterium itself. Just what would cause a bacterium suddenly to change its products into one which was harmful to itself is not known. Taking the view that the bacteriophage is a lifeless substance it is held that it would stimulate the bacteria to the production of further ferments which would then pass out of the cell into the solution to act in a similar way on other bacteria. In some cases the cells would absorb so much water they would swell up and burst. The chemical nature of the phage is the theory held by Bronfenbrenner of the Rockefeller Institute and is the one, in some modification or other, which is gradually becoming very popular.

Yet this theory does not explain all the facts, and its popularity may well be due only to a feeling of "general probability," as one writer puts it, rather than because it is really more accurate. At any rate at the present time it is held by dispassionate writers that d'Herelle's theory is the one that explains most satisfactorily the greatest number of observed facts. The whole subject is an open one, and until the bacteriophage has been isolated in a pure state it is hardly likely that any thing definite will be known about it. It is not impossible that an entirely new conception of the nature of bacteriology will attend the solution of the problem. At present there is evidence to support any view put forth.

Regardless of the nature of the bacteriophage, whether living organism or lifeless chemical, no one disputes the effect it will have upon organisms, in the test tube at least. A culture of the phage, which looks like nothing else than clear water, and which is apparently sterile by all the old bacteriological tests, has the power to destroy countless germs, at least in the laboratory. The problem now is to determine whether it will act the same way in the human body. Here is a discovery with endless possibilities — or perhaps with none. It may be a weapon against all disease, or it may be worthless. Workers all over the world are busy on the multitude of problems which the bacteriophage presents.

Even with the true nature of the ultramicrobe still unsettled there have been attempts to turn it to practical use. As it was discovered from working with intestinal contents, it is not strange that the intestinal diseases should be the ones to be studied first.

THE phage has been used in typhoid fever and the results, as reported by a number of workers, seem to be good. The same can be said of its use in that other intestinal disease, dysentery, the investigation of which was the starting point for all this work. Here, too, the use of the bacteriophage has been favorably reported. In Brazil the Institute Oswaldo Cruz has spread over a wide area ampules of the dysentery bacteriophage to fight epidemics of the disease; while a similar extensive use was started by d'Herelle in Egypt.

In this country the chief work on the therapeutic value of the bacteriophage was done by Larkum, when he was working at Yale. He tried treating cases of kidney and bladder infections with it. He says that there is a great difference whether he is treating a new case or an old chronic one, for in the latter instance he finds that the bacteria which are causing the trouble are very resistant. Here, too, he notes the constant struggle between bacteriophage and bacterium. If the bacterium gains the ascendency the cases become chronic, while the victory of the phage would mean cure. Good as his results were he regretfully reports that the phage does not act the same in the body as in the test tube. Something inhibits its free action.

THE phage has been used, also, in certain cases of boils and infections, and in infected wounds. A French worker has had good results in treating a large variety of surgical infections. Sometimes he put the phage directly at the site of the infection, in other cases he injected it some little distance away, under the skin. In either case he would get a clearing up of the wound in the least possible time. His experiments disclosed the interesting fact that a phage developed to be virulent against one type of organism was also active against a different type. This is some confirmation of d'Herelle's hope that a phage can be developed whose action will be universal.

Perhaps the most interesting work of all, and the most promising, is that being carried out in tropic countries against that dread disease,

the plague. It has been known for a long time that this disease is transmitted from infected rats to humans by the bite of a flea which lives on both, or by fleas which confine themselves to humans. The problem of the extermination of the plague has, for this reason, come to be considered a sanitary one, extermination of the vermin meaning extinction of the disease. Previously the seasonal character of these epidemics has been accounted for by the fact that the life of the plague-carrying fleas is seasonal; that they die out when the temperature becomes high and the humidity becomes less. This, however, tells only part of the story. It does not explain, for instance, why a severe case of the disease should suddenly, after two or three days, become well.

RECENTLY, Dr. W. Doorenbos at Suez, Egypt, who replaced d'Herelle as chief bacteriologist of the International Quarantine Board, has been investigating the problem in the light of the most recent bacteriological findings. There seems to be little doubt that the bacteriophage plays an important part in the recovery of the patient from the plague, for the ultramicrobe is found in the excreta of convalescent patients even though it was previously absent. It is evident that the ultramicrobes can destroy bacteria in the body as well as in the cultures in the laboratory. It is believed that rats may recover from the disease for the same reason, for investigation has disclosed that the bacteriophage present in the excreta of rats from a district free from plague has no activity against the organism causing the disease, while those found in rats from plague infested districts show a high degree of virulence. The rats eat the bacteriophage, present on the ground and in the water from excreta of convalescent rats, and so become immune to the disease, or, if they are infected, they recover. This is the probable explanation of the survival of any rats, for they are very susceptible to the plague. Every sick rat is thus a source of contagion, as is every sick human being; every convalescent one is a source from which immunity radiates. The fact that the presence of the ultramicrobes in the body of rats would make them free from attack by the disease would account, also, in part, for the dying out of the epidemic. When every rat had in its system some of the ultramicrobes the disease would no longer have a chance to spread. Since the young rats would not acquire this immunity the epidemic would start anew each year.

THUS it will be seen that feeding the bacteriophage by mouth is one way of protection from the plague; the method employed accidently by rodents can be, and is being, employed purposely for the protection of humans. The ultramicrobe is best given by mouth. If there are no intestinal organisms which it can attack it will be excreted, but it confers an immunity in its passing which lasts quite a time. That the bacteriophage principle is actually present in soil and filtered water is not a theory but a demonstrated fact.

Unfortunately experiments in the tropics must always be judged with a grain of skepticism, as Dr. Dooren-

bos, who is a jolly Dutchman, is the first to point out. Native health officers are all too much inclined, he tells us with a little laugh (for he is a wise man and is distrustful even of those things which he wishes to believe), to give as facts the data which they think their white chiefs want.

Stories, too, of epidemics being stopped by putting a little of the bacteriophage into the well water must be discounted, for if a native saw a health officer put something into his well he probably would walk miles to get water from some other one.

UNFORTUNATELY, all workers seem to be agreed that the bacteriophage does not react in the body as it does in the laboratory. This, of course, is not surprising when the complex nature of the body fluids with which it comes into contact are contrasted with the simplicity of the artificial laboratory media. For instance, though favorable reports have been obtained of its use in typhoid, the phage appears to be of no value in the treatment of typhoid carriers. This has been explained on the theory that the source of the typhoid infection in carriers lies in the gall bladder, while it has been shown that the bacteriophage cannot act in the presence of bile. This is just one instance of the complexity of the problems involved in the study of the use of the ultramicrobe in disease.

AT PRESENT, however, bacteriologists seem to be too engrossed in finding out how the phage acts in the laboratory and in discussing its true nature, to spend much time in adapting its use to the public welfare. Such work as has been done is but a start. Franklin, when he drew the lightning down from the sky, and started the study of electricity, did not dream, nor did any of his contemporaries, of telegrams and cables, radios or electric toasters. The bacteriologic world is in the same position. It has a discovery on its hands which it doesn't know what to do with; a sort of white elephant which it realizes is valuable, but which it does not yet know how to harness. One investigator tries this, another something else. An optimist sees the entire conquest of infectious diseases lying around the next corner. Once find out what it is that keeps the bacteriophage from acting in the body with the same force that it acts in the test tube, once set it free from the inhibiting influences of substances present in the human organism, adapt it to destroy more than one kind of virulent organism, then one disease after another may well fall before its onslaught.

# Feet of Clay—or Eyes of Envy?

By Constance Lindsay Skinner

*Considering the motives which recently have impelled a section of the American Press to prey on Lindbergh's privacy and to attack the Lindbergh Legend*

One evening in May the National Council of the Boy Scouts of America and their guests were enjoying their annual dinner. The largest banquet hall in New York was scarcely roomy enough for the party, representative as it was of an organization with ramifications all over the world. Governors, ex-Governors, and educators nationally known, were among the speakers. The Assistant Secretary of War had flown from Washington to have his say for the Scouts. Boys in uniform played the dinner music on a brass band, gave demonstrations of field work, and lined the balconies as spectators. President Hoover sent his greetings. And messages were read from absentees.

Among the Honorary Scouts who could not attend was Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh. When Chief Scout James E. West rose before the amplifiers with a telegram in his hand and announced that it was from Lindbergh, the applause was spontaneous and riotous. Lindbergh, doubtless, was merely sincere, without thought of a *double entendre*, when he began that telegram with: "An engagement which I cannot break . . ." But that was as far as the Chief Scout was able to read aloud for some time! The humor of the crowd rose to it. Shouts of laughter and deafening hand-clapping held up the proceedings for several minutes. Affection tinged the mirth on the laughing faces. In that stronghold of boys and their leaders, the idol remained unshaken.

Lindbergh is still the pattern and the best-beloved hero of the Scouts. In his outstanding traits he embodies the ideal for which they strive. Their concept of manhood is strength and loyalty with gentleness, bravery and kindness, honesty and courtesy, modesty in achievement; for these spiritual and moral qualities are the soul behind the tangible actuality, Service. Service loses its efficacy without them, and degenerates into prattle.

Now, since there is apparently a movement afoot among writers for a section of the so-called "popular" press to pull Lindbergh down in public esteem, let us examine a little more closely the causes of the

Flying Colonel's adulation and emulation by this nation-wide organization of boys. In doing so, we will be taking the Scouts — because of their recent demonstration — as typical of American boyhood. They are American boys, and they like what all our boys like. It is no secret anywhere — except perhaps in certain newspaper offices — that America's boys are strongly for Charles Lindbergh. And, if it is of no concern in those offices, it is of much concern elsewhere, that the ideals of youth be understood and upheld; so that youth shall not be robbed and its joy in a fine and clean manhood withered, its vision of its own immediate future smutted. While every boy worshipper of Lindbergh does not expect to be an aviator, he would like to become the sort of young man that Lindbergh is. Every boy, in his own words, endorses the remark of a Latin-American from one of the countries visited by Lindbergh on his Good-Will Flight: "Wherever he is, Lindbergh is always what you North Americans call O.K. In the air he is a flyer, and on the ground he is a gentleman."

WHEN a code was formulated for the first organization of boys, its tenets were drawn, not from books, but from the natural morale of civilized youth. One who has been privileged to loiter across this continent, not visiting, but living and working, in different localities along the way, in touch with the national psychology in hamlets as well as in cities, can say from experience that American boys — and those young men who were boys very recently — are characteristically courteous, helpful to strangers, chivalrous to women, kindly toward weaker things including sickly people, small children and animals; energetically eager to do something and to do it well; and not much given to bombast — the latter probably because of their keen sense of the ridiculous; if they don't laugh at themselves, others will!

THE well-springs of this morale, of course, are the American home, the school-house, which has not failed in ethics, whatever it has lacked in English diction, and the church. The same American idealism and the same American environment which have shaped these native American boys, produced Lindbergh. In fact, if there can be such a thing as a standardized American hero, Lindbergh is it. He represents to his countrymen the dominant American character — without its modern defects, superficiality and personal advertising. To Europeans and Latin Americans, he images the best they have heard and read about the United States. By virtue of what he has done, what he *is* has become known — and, of importance — to the world. And his young and younger countrymen see him as a banner-bearer for the national character. He is what they are trying to develop to perfection: in the air, flyers — that is to say, in their work efficient, progressive, excellent, successful — and on the ground, gentlemen. He is a focal point to which young ambition and youthful aspiration may look and learn that great achievement, linked with cleanness, integrity and modesty, is possible despite all the current shallow patter.

It has seemed advisable to re-examine the true sources of the Lindbergh Legend, because quite another origin is now being claimed for it. Who made Lindbergh a national hero, the best-beloved of his time and generation? *The Newspapers; according to some of them!* Of course (and they honestly admit this), he had to give them a little to go on — such as his Atlantic flight — but it was not the flight which stirred the populace; it was their press stories! They have judged Lindbergh to be ungrateful. He refuses to wear his heart on his sleeve for reporters; and they are wounded by the discovery of this serious moral defect in one whom the generous, but misguided, populace ignorantly worships. So they now feel it their duty to tell the world, while their sobs for a fallen idol and a nation's loyal faith betrayed punctuate the thumping rhythm of their typewriters.

THE only trouble with their sad news — as a sensational seller — is that it is about two years old! Most of us have known from the beginning that Lindbergh was like this and that numerous newspapermen disapproved of him because of it. We had heard of his refusal to answer what he bluntly called "silly" questions about his personal habits, tastes, favorite necktie, and his thoughts on girls. He could have had columns of this sort of sloppy publicity with pictures; keeping his name and face before the public daily, while catering to all that is cheapest and most trivial in the mob. His refusal to descend to it is one of the reasons why America loves him and trusts him. He has a higher opinion of his countrymen and a truer understanding of them than has the sob-sister press, which is still pedaling along on the old bicycle twenty years behind the generation to which Lindbergh and his achievement belong and which exchanges with him both understanding and respect. He has never refused to feed reporters facts about aviation. But he has let them starve miserably for apple sauce. And that noisy but not representative section of the populace, which is also a glutton for the stewed pippin, has starved too, along with its favorite news sheet.

IN TIME, hunger instigates to revolution. Secret gastronomic forces long brooding and boiling in the shadow of the spleen, are now filing out into the open with their squirt guns. Certainly, the rest of us can see that, from the sob-sister's viewpoint, the Flying Colonel has been a disappointing fiancé! The press waited on him to count his pulse and x-ray his heartbeats; and he would have none of it. With columns and headlines his for the taking, if he would but speak like the hero of a sentimental talkie, he had "nothing to say." We — and we are a very considerable portion of the public — who can take a bird's eye view of these States, feeling ourselves not alien to their traditions, liked him for his reticence about the girl, just as we have always liked him for his reticence about himself. And our sympathies were not with the press when we learned that the young lady's family had been forced to ask police protection for their home. It seemed to us that an Ambassador's signal services to his country de-

served better of his countrymen; and perhaps especially of his country's press, which (presumably) leads the nation's mind.

RECENTLY an incident occurred (or did it?) which those editors and correspondents, who are now going — oh, so reluctantly — to tell the truth about Lindbergh, seized on with a somewhat suspicious unanimity and alacrity. The news item would seem to be that Lindbergh's plane, alighting on Bolling Field in Washington, splashed mud on some of the spectators, including press representatives. These editors and correspondents are broadcasting the statement that he "deliberately taxied" his plane in a way to "douse" the people with mud; to show his contempt for the worshipping public! It is obvious, of course, that if some of the crowd were mud-spattered, it was because they were where they had no right to be; too close for their own safety or the aviator's. Liquid mud will only fly a very short distance from any wheels: a fact easily demonstrated after any heavy rain. To the nonpartisan observer the attitude of the indignant critics seems to be exactly of a piece with that of another editor who, a year ago, made an attack on Lindbergh for passing over a field in which all the town had gathered to see him alight and landing on an empty one further on. An affront to the public from a youth with a "swelled head"! When Lindbergh was asked about it, he replied that the crowd made a safe landing impossible. He said that he had seen people killed by propellers and did not intend that any one should ever be killed by his. He has given the public this warning repeatedly: they have ignored it, and he has therefore "insulted" the crowd several times by landing elsewhere. The newspapermen themselves oddly forget how often they have reported Lindbergh on this subject. Have they also forgotten one of their own craft, who ignored another aviator's warnings, about propellers, and was killed?

There are two kinds of mud-slinging; and, while only one is mentioned in these press stories, the other is more in evidence.

In one recent article we were told that newspapermen were "disillusioned" about Lindbergh before he had been home from France a week, yet suppressed their feelings and went manfully about "the task of *erecting the basework of his lofty pedestal*"! After having a good laugh over that, we are in the proper light mood to enjoy the discovery that the reputation, which the press has so kindly given him, is now a "Leaning Tower of Pisa." A Tower of Pisa on a pedestal? Architects please write. Classical allusions, however, are always distinguished.

PRESENTLY we come on another type of article, headed *Lindbergh Splashes Mud* and couched in terms of sentimental regret. It is written by one who, he confides to us, assuming our interest, is gray-headed and remembers Dewey. When "the boy" (thuh boy-oy) gave the gray-haired man "one May night" that wonderful thrill, he "registered a vow, very privately" — (but for the phrase about his gray hair he could have added "at Mother's knee") — that even if, later, "the lad" turned out

to have "feet of clay," *he* would remain "faithful to his vow" for the sake of that "wonderful thrill" which didn't "cost him a penny."

Let us loiter to consider that free-of-cost thrill. The editor is quite right in calling it that. It didn't cost him a penny. It cocurs to us that an editor who can remember as far back as Dewey is old enough to remember that the later penny-free thrill netted his paper thousands of dollars and did the same for the whole press of the nation. For Lindbergh is the daily newspaper's ever-flourishing best seller. It just happens, however, that there are days, many days, when he prefers to concentrate on his own work, instead of on the gratuitous task of selling other men's papers. What a pity!

WHAT has happened to the press? These newspapermen appear to have lost, not merely their sense of humor and sportsmanship, but all sense of proportion as to their own importance in the social scheme. Don't they still know that the public, by and large, individually and collectively, cares absolutely nothing about a newspaperman's, or a newspaperwoman's hurt feelings? In short, the public values the newspaperman's wrath, tears and "vows" precisely as his own chief does: to whom they are less than the dust! (Twelve years' experience as a newspaperwoman are behind this statement.)

Furthermore, if certain pressmen do want to try the risky expedient of pulling Lindbergh down to avenge their personal woes, they have shown little acumen in making the trial at the time of Lindbergh's engagement and marriage; when public hero worship has been intensified by all the tender sentiment in the nation toward youth in love. The people saw the girl's picture in the papers, they liked her face and took her to their hearts; and they have resented the attacks on Lindbergh doubly, for her sake. It would seem that news writers have exhibited a complete ignorance of psychology. Like the centipede who overslept, they got off, in their haste, on several wrong feet at once.

WHICH brings us to the place where we may ruminate a while on what a famous artist has called Platonic Envy. Once jealousy was thought to be the prerogative and special vice of lovers. Later its scope was seen to extend to actors. Presently the philosopher, looking out from under his skull cap, discerned something very like it animating political leaders; he saw scientists who could take time off from the pursuit of knowledge to snort at one another; Archbishops not in tune; authors who loved literature less than they hated other authors; two social lights of the same set, seeking to douse each other's glim. And this, too, was vaguely comprehensible, as a not wholly unnatural phenomenon of the possessive natural affections. But Platonic Envy, the plague of modern life, jumps the old classifications. Poisonous as the malarial swamp, insistent as the roach at every entry crack, hungry as the moth for the garment of praise; nipping, nipping, like the horsefly in the barnyard and the housefly in the home, the newer jealousy acknowledges no bond with natural affection. It flaunts and

works and spews, admitting no check of decency and scuttling to cover only at the shout of ridicule. A ticket seller is jealous of a movie star, a fashion magazine editor of a Pulitzer prize winner, a bootlegger of a banker and vice versa, a reporter of an aviator; and the shake-your-hand type of calcium addict is jealous of any hero of the day whose fame outlives a day.

COMPARATIVELY few of the New Platonists really wish to change places with those whom they first cheer, then envy and decry. They do not desire to experience, even in memory, the labor and self-discipline which have preceded the achievement and the fame. The cigar vender would not take the jockey's risk; but he wants his money; and he would feel a real thrill, such as a Derby winner in action could never give him, if he could see his own picture in print. The type of ringside spectator who sneered at Tunney and wanted to see him lose, would welch at a closed fist threatening his own face. He would not undergo the discipline which helped to make Tunney a superior boxer; no, not even to walk through a fight that had been "fixed" for him.

Those who resent the modest rewards won by hard workers in the arts, are themselves never willing to stand the gaff; and this recognition of their moral inferiority adds to their rancor. They are generally individuals who left college with the ambition to become limelit authors, painters, and so forth; and who fled to the security of salaried jobs as soon as the going got rough. We have all read, and often, of presidents who were denied coöperation in national projects by those watchful of the jealous dignity of an old gentleman with the rather curious name of August Body.

SEVERAL of us, too, without gray hair, can remember Dewey, and Grant, Peary, and Columbus; even if we did not know them personally. And we can also recall that public-spirited citizen of still an earlier day, who desired to see a just man ostracized because he was tired of hearing him praised.

Vandalism is no new thing, and its envy and greed are not new, although they show new phases today and their tactics have changed somewhat, to make use of the larger number of avenues.

Nevertheless, the Lindbergh Ideal is safe. Enlightened intelligence is widespread enough in our Nation to crush this new attempt to crush a hero. Neither mobs nor newspapers gave Lindbergh what he has. They cannot rob him and us.

# The Case Against the Book Clubs

By Frederick A. Stokes

*Authors and the reading public, says a noted publisher, are no less injured than himself and the bookstores by the vogue of literary package goods sold by mail*

Book clubs constitute a new development in book distribution in the United States which deserves the thoughtful consideration of everyone interested in the welfare of authors, booksellers, publishers, and the reading public.

These organizations have become so numerous and powerful, with dealings running into millions of dollars annually, that their operations should rightly have the careful scrutiny which they have lately been receiving from those whose interests are vitally affected.

Credit for the original club plan in this country is claimed by Samuel W. Craig, who incorporated The Literary Guild in 1921, although it was five years later when adequate financial support was found actually to launch the enterprise. In a printed statement Mr. Craig has referred to Germany as having "a score or more of such societies"; but the German associations, such as "Volksverband der Buecherfreunde," perform the functions of publishing houses, distributing books of their own manufacture and publication to their subscribers, so that the analogy is imperfect and the comparison creates a wrong impression.

In 1926 The Book-of-the-Month Club was founded. Its growth from modest beginnings to a venture of large financial importance, covering the entire country, has been due to two enterprising young business men, Robert K. Haas and Harry Scherman, its present executives. Mr. Haas had had experience in the mail order business and Mr. Scherman had been trained in advertising. With great acumen they engaged the services of five distinguished critics and authors to act as judges in deciding upon "the book of the month." Dr. Henry Seidel Canby, as chairman of this committee, has had the coöperation of Dorothy Canfield Fisher, Heywood Broun, Christopher Morley and William Allen White, in settling monthly the important question — implicit in the very name of the club — of the book to be crowned as *the* book of the month.

In securing its one hundred thousand subscribers the club has employed a beautifully printed pamphlet embellished with portraits of its

five eminent judges. The tone of the cleverly worded text of this pamphlet is so beneficent that it might well arouse the emulation of any great philanthropic association in making an appeal to the public.

Solicitude for the struggling author is expressed almost pathetically: "At last it solves, in a highly practical way, the age-old problem of proper encouragement to authors. The life of an author who is poor is tragic."

So they proceed to alleviate the poverty-stricken condition of H. G. Wells, John Galsworthy, Emil Ludwig, André Maurois, Sinclair Lewis, Booth Tarkington, Edna Ferber, Edith Wharton and others, and to remove the tragedy from the life of Bernard Shaw!

Some of the claims made deserve careful study in the light of recent developments. They are given here precisely as printed by the promoters of the club. References to *the* book and to the wholly comprehensive scope of the examination of current books are made in the following quotations: —

"All the new books, whoever the author or publisher, are considered."

The subscriber "keeps informed about *all the important books*."

"How the important book of the month is chosen."

"The best that is published."

"*A majority of these five individuals*" (the Committee) "has to give a book *first place* among all the books chosen." (The italics are theirs.)

(A slight qualification is printed: "The book must appeal to the reading public as a whole, not to special classes.")

And from an advertisement in *Harper's Magazine:* "The best new book each month is selected by this committee."

At any rate, the pamphlet and the presentation of its most telling points through vast and continuous advertising — largely, it is to be noted, in the same mediums used by American publishers generally — have been exceedingly effective. Whether awed by the reputations of the eminent judges, tickled by the idea of membership in a club, or convinced by the brilliancy of the arguments put forth, subscribers have flocked to The Book-of-the-Month Club by scores of thousands.

Next to this club in the number of subscribers is the prosperous Literary Guild, now claiming a membership of about seventy thousand. As with its greater competitor, it attracts followers through the prestige and portraits of "an eminent Board of Editors, headed by Carl Van Doren." The other authors and critics serving on this board are Burton Rascoe, Hendrik van Loon, Zona Gale and Joseph Wood Krutch.

The Guild circulates an attractive and effective pamphlet entitled *Wings* and advertises heavily. In its tempting offers to readers it stresses mostly that easiest and none too admirable method of taking business from competitors — price cutting.

In a circular letter of last January the statement is made by the Guild that "the total retail price of any past twelve selections has been twice that of the annual subscription fee. In the future this saving will very likely increase."

In a recent advertisement the

Guild claims to have saved its members a very large sum of money last year. In the same advertisement is the statement: "You can now have the twelve best books of the year delivered at your door, one each month." (See the claims of The Book-of-the-Month Club. And yet the books are quite different.) "They are selected from manuscripts *before* publication."

In *Wings* the Guild states that "its past has proved beyond the slightest possible doubt that American readers prefer the type of books issued by the Guild to the general run of undistinguished writing which floods the market daily. . . . You want to read and own the *best*."

"As a member of the Guild you profit by the distinction of being associated with so important a literary movement and at the same time place your impress upon the tendencies of future writing in America."

Harold Guinzberg and Milo S. Sutliff are the presiding geniuses in the promotion of Guild activities.

NEXT in importance and interest among book clubs stands The Book League of America, of which Isaac Don Levine is the managing editor. It also is provided with an imposing array of literary celebrities: Edwin Arlington Robinson, Hamilton Holt, Frank L. Polk, Van Wyck Brooks, Gamaliel Bradford, Edwin E. Slosson, and Eugene O'Neil. The Book League issues one new book monthly in paper-covered magazine form (called *The Book League Monthly*) and one older book of standard nature in cloth. The *Monthly* contains reviews of current books and other features.

At the present writing there are eight other book clubs for adults, and the idea has been extended into the children's field, where there are now four clubs including The Junior Literary Guild, which, in an advertisement printed as recently as April 28 promised to provide "the twelve best books of the year for young readers at the same cash saving Guild members have been realizing for more than two years — on adult books.

"The books will be carefully picked from the lists of all publishers before publication." (Again "best" and "all publishers"!)

NEARLY all these twelve clubs, like The Book-of-the-Month Club and the Literary Guild, are provided with important editorial boards or committees of selection. Their methods of operation otherwise and the requirements made in their dealings with publishers vary. Some of the criticisms leveled at book clubs by the public press, by publishers and booksellers, and by individuals of importance do not apply to all these organizations; but many of them require from publishers a much larger discount — or its equivalent — than that established by the custom and necessities of years in the book trade, even for the largest wholesale dealers, such as The American News Company and The Baker and Taylor Company. The publishing business of the United States would soon become bankrupt if such discounts were given generally. The temporary advantage gained by publishers in dealing with the clubs, due to mass production and the necessary reduction of authors' royalties, seems to be regarded by them as "so much

velvet", regardless of present consequences for booksellers and possible future misfortunes for publishers themselves.

After this brief survey of the purposes and claims of the various clubs already organized it may be illuminating to consider the views of some of their critics. These have been made public recently, largely because of the choice as the book of the month for March last of *The Cradle of the Deep* by Joan Lowell. Of this book, the club's publicity organ said — after giving an account of the author's sixteen years of life on the *Minnie A. Caine*, where she learned to steer, reef, and spit like a sailor — "This is her story — of what she beheld, what she learned, and the experiences she underwent — written, every word of it, by herself."

These experiences were questioned, especially by Lincoln Colcord, and several of them were proved never to have been "experienced." The disclosures caused a widespread sensation.

Meanwhile, the president of E. P. Dutton and Company, John Macrae, a noted publisher of high standing and many years of honorable service, who for three years had been president of the National Association of Book Publishers, expressed publicly his resentment at the choice of this book in comparison with *The Pathway* by H. Williamson, which he regarded as one of the finest novels he had read during his long career. He expressed also the feeling that the details of the way in which the book was chosen were open to question. At this juncture Mr. Heywood Broun, one of the Selecting Committee, in a letter to the editor of *The New York Evening Post* said, among other things, "There was no agreement. Each judge voted for a different book as his first choice. . . . I think it was Dr. Canby who objected that, while *The Cradle of the Deep* was readable it had no literary merit. This maddened me to flights of eloquence. It seemed to me that the Book-of-the-Month Club sent out too many worthy books. . . . By dint of talking I managed to get several judges to say that they would vote for *The Cradle of the Deep* as their second or third choice. This sufficed to put it over."

Then followed a long and careful statement signed by the entire five members of the Selecting Committee and explaining how, as a result of a prolonged discussion, all four judges present at the meeting, and the fifth over the telephone, decided on *The Cradle of the Deep*. The statement includes the following comments:

"All of the judges, it should be explained, from data submitted in good faith by the publishers, believed this book to be a great deal more factual than it later turned out to be.

"It should be said that three of the committee — Dorothy Canfield Fisher, Henry Seidel Canby, and Christopher Morley — felt that *The Cradle of the Deep* was commonplace as writing and only voted for it as an interesting human document.

"It will thus be seen that Mr. Macrae's implication — that this book was sent out over the adverse vote of a majority of the judges — is unfounded."

*The New York Evening Post* commented on this statement in the

following words: "The Book-of-the-Month Club . . . favored us last night with another long statement about the way in which *The Cradle of the Deep* came to be chosen. . . . From all the statements by the individual judges . . . an official version has now been evolved. It differs from several but, like a document of international diplomacy, it covers all."

Mr. Macrae supplemented his attack on the workings of the jury system by the announcement that his important publishing house would cease to offer books to the clubs, and by general criticism of the methods of these organizations expressed in a vigorous manner.

LATE in April, Frederick A. Stokes Company sent out the following open letter, which explains itself:

"From this date forward we shall offer none of our publications to the Book-of-the-Month Club, The Literary Guild, and all other similar organizations, except when our authors insist upon it. (One contract already made must be fulfilled.)

"Our chief reason for this decision is that we are now fully convinced that the interest is of booksellers are adversely affected to a serious extent.

"The first article of our creed as distributors of books is — we believe in the bookseller. The country's need of efficient and successful booksellers carrying representative stocks of books can hardly be questioned. Injury to them is injury to the entire book world. . . .

"New authors — many of great promise — also are injured because of the concentration of publicity on the so-called books of the month and the difficulty of getting a hearing in competition with the noisily exploited monthly selections. The few chosen are helped; the others, in many instances of greater merit, are finding it increasingly hard to get a foothold. . . .

"The greater the number of subscribers, the greater the need of close attention on the part of the club managements to the acceptability of their selections to the average taste of subscribers, with a probable downward tendency in quality. A long impressive list could already be made of books of high quality that would have been missed by subscribers limiting their reading to the books chosen for them by the clubs. Better guidance would be provided by booksellers, librarians, and literary journals.

"HOWARD VINCENT O'BRIEN in *The Chicago Daily News* has produced excellent evidence to this effect from a pamphlet which, as he says, Mr. Christopher Morley, one of the selecting committee of the Book-of-the-Month Club, once wrote, called *A Letter to Leonora*. Mr. O'Brien says 'It is a delightful little essay, from which I have culled the following thoughts:

> If I were writing a letter to Leonora to-day, the one thing I should urge her would be to be a little more of an explorer; to be a little less fashionable; to buy more of the books of which fewer people have heard.
>
> The much-bruited books, for the most part, will sell themselves; what makes real booksellers happy — and they deserve happiness — is the occasional heaven-sent customer who shows the happy hunting instinct.
>
> The book store is one of humanity's great engines, and one that we use very imperfectly. . . . Aren't we ever going to leave

anything to destiny, or to good luck, or to the happy suggestion of some wise bookseller?

One has to struggle hard against one's impulse to make out lists of suggestions for our modern Leonora to go pioneering on her own hook.

The truth probably is that in the matter of stumbling upon the books we need, and very often don't know we need, we all require help. And better than all the help the mandarins of letters can give us is what a great and well-stocked store does in simply having the books there.

So the best I could do for Leonora is to try to inoculate her with the bookstore habit, dropping in and browsing round and asking questions. And when I hear that Leonora has bought a book, not because she has heard of it — but because she had *never* heard of it and it looked interesting — I shall know how she's grown.

"WHILE the eminent judges are doubtless sincere and generally of high attainments and character, it seems physically impossible for them — especially in view of their other activities — to read many except the comparatively few books which are permitted to reach them. Furthermore, certain publishers have for some time been unwilling to offer them the work of authors who have already earned a great following. Possibly, in view of recent occurrences, the prominent authors and critics who serve as judges may question the wisdom of lending the prestige of their names and portraits to ventures of dubious value to the book interests of the country.

"We have no exaggerated ideas of the importance of the step we are taking, which is free from animosity, taken without conference with other publishers and uninfluenced by the fact that some of these clubs have refused such works as we have offered them. We regard it as a step demanded at this time by sound publishing policy, in keeping with our attitude of years toward booksellers and librarians and with our wish to have the courage of our convictions."

THE letter above quoted caused the press of the country to print sympathetic comment with practical unanimity and brought a flood of answers from booksellers large and small, in various parts of the country, telling, sometimes pathetically, of business lost and injury done through the activities of the book clubs.

Here are two examples taken almost at random from these reports from booksellers:

The book clubs are seriously affecting the volume of retail business in the bookstores. . . . It is becoming hard to dispose of even the few books we buy which are undoubtedly meritorious but which have not received signal recognition.

The smaller book shops, like ourselves, have been seriously hurt by the clubs, and we estimate that at least ten thousand dollars goes to those mail order houses from Blank alone.

Then followed an interview in *The New York World* with John W. Hiltman, head of the great house of D. Appleton and Company, and the first President of the National Association of Book Publishers, where his work in behalf of all the book interests was marked by great brilliancy.

The *World* interview credits Mr. Hiltman with believing that the statements that the pick of the publishers' lists are being chosen and that their clients are getting the best books of the year have gulled the public. The *World* adds: "This" (the sales of the twenty-four selections of the two leading clubs) "takes

six million dollars annually from the book-buying public, Mr. Hiltman says, and as he does not believe the book clubs have increased the regular book-buying public, the bookseller has difficulty in getting rid of his books."

"As to its educational value, Mr. Hiltman believes the book clubs hurt more than help. . . . He found, he said, that in the case of a standard author such promotion was of no real aid in selling the book. This has led him to the conclusion that the publishers will tend to keep their best sellers out of the book clubs. He further believes that the young writer loses from the book club system in that, while he may have a worthwhile book, that book may easily lose out over a book exploited as the book of the month."

AMONG recent pertinent comments on the book club system have been the following:

Dr. Edward F. Stevens head of the Pratt Institute Free Library, referring to such book clubs generally, wrote: "No more profitable and insidious advantage of credulity has ever been taken in the world of literature. Its disastrous effect on the honest business of bookselling, also its emasculation of the human mind whereby everyone loses the power of his determination in reading, are appalling."

Harry Salpeter wrote in *The Outlook:* — "The judges no longer choose books by an inflexible standard of quality — if ever they did — but are governed by the extrinsic consideration of picking a book every month that will be suitable to the largest common denominator of, say, 100,000 subscribers. Absolute values, if they were ever considered, have been admittedly ditched. The larger any one book club becomes the less possibility is there that a *Mr. Fortune's Maggot* or an *Orphan Angel* will be chosen, and the greater the chances for *Trader Horns* and *Cradles of the Deep*, both of them types of the 'made' book rather than of creative literature."

Robert E. Rogers, Professor of Literature at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, is reported as saying that the book club selections "are, in many cases, not even an approximation to what the average intelligent reader wants."

Edmund A. Whittier, Secretary-Treasurer of the American Fair Trade Association, in a telegram to the President of The American Booksellers Association, said in part: "Congratulations upon your stand on the book club question. Without reflecting upon the motives underlying these movements to divert trade from its normal and wholesome channels, I think there are other and more vital social grounds than those reported from your address upon which to challenge these parasitic growths."

THE address referred to by Mr. Whittier was that of President Arthur Brentano, Jr., at the opening of the Annual Convention of The Booksellers Association recently held in Boston. Among others, Mr. Brentano made the excellent point that a great growth of the book clubs would tend to discourage authorship.

On the very eve of this convention

a libel suit, claiming damages of $200,000 was brought by the Book-of-the-Month Club against Mr. John Macrae and his Company. Undisturbed by this attack, Mr. Macrae delivered a strong address against the clubs, supplementing the opening address of the President of the Association. At this meeting the following resolutions (here given in part) were adopted: —

There is no "best" book of the month. The word "best" implies a selection from things that are comparable.

There are many superb books published in each month and in each field, each having its own intellectual or emotional appeal.

The attempt to choose a "best" book from this mass of varied excellence and interest is an absurdity. It is an intellectual sham.

It is beyond the physical powers of any limited committee of six or seven professional writers to cover the whole field. Furthermore, with all due respect to such committees, it is beyond their intellectual qualifications.

The self-styled "clubs" and "guilds" are commercial organizations and are run for profit. They are not colleges, or universities, or national academies, royal societies, or even meistersingers. The judgments of their paid committees, however honest the committeemen may endeavor to be, are expected to produce a commercial result.

The books that are sold by these "clubs" or "guilds" receive an amount of concentrated and factitious advertising which is detrimental to the sale of scores of other books in the same field of an equal or superior order of merit.

The influence of these "clubs" and "guilds" tends to the acceptance of books on "authority" and to the making of moguls out of otherwise excellent committeemen.

The methods of marketing books through these "clubs" and "guilds" are detrimental to the interests of authors, of publishers and of booksellers through whom, if at all, the cultural needs of the people at large must be supplied.

The practice of permitting the officers or employees of these "clubs" and "guilds" to inspect manuscripts or proofs in advance of publication in order that their committeemen may be presented with a narrow choice out of a field which they could not by any possibility consider in its entirety is the root of a parasitical growth which is infesting the whole field of authorship, publication and bookselling.

At the Annual Meeting of The American Library Association, recently held in Washington, in the references to book clubs made by various speakers there was a reflection of disapproval. Dr. H. B. Van Hoesen, Secretary of the American Library Institute, took "'Best Book' Lists a Peril to Our Scholarly Profession" as his theme. He showed the changing concepts on which "best book" lists were based in various periods and by varied compilers. Both by implication and admonition he pointed out the mental laziness and intellectual confusion which are likely to result in over-indulgence in such lists.

Apropos of certain of the criticisms quoted in this article, it may be of interest to present the titles of a few (only) of the books not chosen as Books of the Month, or as Guild best books:

*The Bridge of San Luis Rey* by Thornton Wilder (Pulitzer Prize winner)
*Death Comes for the Archbishop* by Willa Cather
*Swan Song* by John Galsworthy
*Orlando* by Virginia Woolf
*To the Lighthouse* by Virginia Woolf
*Elizabeth and Essex* by Lytton Strachey
*Brook Evans* by Susan Glaspell
*Jalna* by Mazo de la Roche
*The Grandmothers* by Glenway Westcott
*A Good Woman* by Louis Bromfield
*The Strange Case of Miss Annie Spragg* by Louis Bromfield
*Early Autumn* by Louis Bromfield (Pulitzer Prize winner)

*Mother India* by Katherine Mayo
*The Magic Mountain* by Thomas Mann
*Black April* by Julia Peterkin
*Scarlet Sister Mary* by Julia Peterkin (Pulitzer Prize winner)
*Destiny Bay* by Donn Byrne

The publisher of *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* is reported as saying that he "delayed publishing for three months, in an effort to induce one of the book clubs to publish it, but it was refused by them because 'it was a fine book which would have no popular appeal.'"

Among biographies were the following Pulitzer Prize winners:

*Whitman* by Emory Holloway
*The American Orchestra and Theodore Thomas* by Charles Edward Russell
*The Training of an American* by Burton J. Hendrick

Among volumes of poetry was the Pulitzer Prize winner, *Fiddler's Farewell* by Leonora Speyer.

HERE it may be stated that at the present time no book is eligible to be the first selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club if it is published at a higher price than $3.00, or if its publishers are unwilling to make a discount of 70 per cent to the club.

Apropos of this discount — unprecedented in the annals of American publishing — it is worth mention that the publishers' discount to this club began at 50 per cent. Then came from the club an Outline providing for a new plan involving three classes of books: — Class A at a discount of 70 per cent; Class B at a discount of sixty per cent and 5 per cent; and Class C at a discount of 60 per cent. The plan states that "all these books will be submitted as now, with the exception that the publisher puts each book in the classification he wants it to be; although books will be sent to the Committee as now — *the members of the Committee will not be informed as to the classification the books are in.* In other words, they will be enabled to read the book with free minds, undisturbed by any knowledge as to the discount the publisher offers upon them. The Committee will then meet in conference, as it now does, once a month, and will cast its vote. If at that meeting it develops that the decision is a close one, the Committee may, at its option, call for information as to the classification each book is in. . . . It simply means that *in close decisions* they would tend to favor Class A books."

Then came the plan for a uniform discount of 70 per cent, which is now prevailing. As to even this, the Book Club claims that the terms given to the Literary Guild by publishers are even less advantageous to those publishers and their authors than those of the Club. The Club asserts, justly, that on books required by perhaps one-third of its members as substitutions for "The Book of the Month" only regular discounts are received from publishers.

SO much for the greatly discussed matter of the discounts involved in these transactions, and so much for the criticisms of the book clubs. In fairness it should be said that some critics admit the clubs have created new readers, and have aroused the attention of hesitant book-buyers by their large and clever advertisements and by impressing such possible readers with the author-

ity of the selecting committees. They have also insured regularity of purchases through their plan of supplying a book every month. And, to a very small percentage of new authors they have brought far larger returns than those authors would otherwise have received.

But it is strongly felt by many who should be in a position to estimate the weight of matters involved, that these benefits are greatly overbalanced by injuries to booksellers, to the average reader, and to the vastly larger percentage of overshadowed authors.

THE publishers thus far criticizing the book clubs do not claim that their comments are based on the fact that their own houses invariably publish creative literature of the highest class. This is impossible for the average publishing houses, which, in order to exist, must bring out books of mere entertainment, sometimes of the lightest sort, and perhaps even trivial. The test with them should be: "Is the kind of book permissible and is it good of its kind?" On the other hand, nearly every important American publisher does indulge himself occasionally in issuing a work of high quality which is not at all likely to produce anything but a loss financially, but which is issued for his satisfaction and prestige. This can hardly be done by a book club, for obvious reasons.

HOWEVER, time alone will test the ultimate service to the reading public of these organizations. Doubtless some of the clubs will march on with strength, while others may fall by the wayside. At any rate, the discussion has raised questions which should have universal appeal:

Are the efficiency and prosperity of the bookseller likely to be impaired?

Are the difficulties of the great majority of struggling authors likely to be increased?

Are the prescriptions of selecting committees wholesome for the reading public?

Why should there be book clubs at all?

# Are Hospital Costs Too High?

By Cleon C. Mason, M.D.

*A doctor examines current complaints against hospital bills and insists that, compared with other charges in our luxury-loving age, they are low enough*

A number of years ago a kindly old gentleman decided that his city needed a hospital where the poor could go, where the rich could go, where one and all would receive *at cost* the best that scientific medicine had to offer. The expression *at cost* caught the public fancy and being an astute politician this man harangued tirelessly for his cause, never for a moment letting the people forget it was all to be theirs *at cost.*

At the time of the campaign a commercial hospital was operating in this particular city under the management and ownership of the physicians of the community. This latter institution deserves more than a passing word. Twenty years before the local doctors, after vainly urging the city, the county and innumerable organizations to build a much-needed hospital, were driven to the expedient of financing and managing their own institution. Of the original stock a little was bought by a few philanthropically inclined citizens, more as a gift than as an investment, but the major portion of the capital was supplied by physicians. The first unit housing twenty beds was built and opened to the public.

When the doctors founded their institution hospitals were next door to the undertakers. They had a peculiarly mephitic odor, the silence was ominous, the occasional muffled groans of pain from the still living or the last gurgling rattle of the dying were terrifying. And, anyhow, respectable folks had their illnesses in the front room at home, the same room where all the babies had been born, where grandfather had died, where mother and father slept unless crowded out. The public was frankly suspicious and the few who managed to survive an operation and the necessary stay in the hospital were objects of much wonder.

In 1874, when the first report on hospitals was made, there were only 149 operating in the United States with an average bed capacity of 25 each. No statistics are available for the next thirty years; but even in 1906 the American Medical Directory contained the names of only 2,411.

Today, of course, the public grate-

fully agrees that hospitals, instead of being death houses, are places where sickness is cared for with an efficiency our forefathers never dreamed possible. And a solid proof of this is contained in the statistics for the year 1927 when there was a total of $4,105,861,002 invested in 895,279 beds in 6,807 hospitals which admitted and cared for 11,961,886 patients.

But one can well picture the trembling temerity of those doctors who in 1906 were forced to build their own workshop in the face of a contrary-minded, even fearful, public sentiment. There were insinuating smiles of reputed business men when the word was noised abroad that the doctors would manage the thing themselves (doctors are such poor business men); but build it they did, manage it they have, and today that institution represents an appraised real value of nearly three-quarters of a million dollars. The stock has consistently paid eight per cent annually, there have been stock dividends totaling 400 per cent, largely due to enhanced value of real property, and the hospital is full (even the corridors) at all times. The notoriously poor business man has managed to do something that no other group of men could accomplish.

Let me hasten to add that I know intimately of the policies and the management of this hospital. Never once in its career has a sick person been turned away because of lack of funds, at no time have the charges exceeded those of so-called charity hospitals in the vicinity and during the period of its existence it has served well and faithfully a community which refused time and again to establish a public hospital. Its profits are legitimate in the strictest sense of the word, they are the profits which accrue when men mind their own business carefully, when management is efficient and conservative and when individuals involved work wholeheartedly and conscientiously for a common cause.

Nevertheless this unusual accomplishment was used to the doctors' disparagement when the philanthropic old gentleman decided the city needed a hospital with service *at cost.*

"Look at the profits these doctors have wrung from the suffering!" he cried. "Think of taking toll from the diseased and dying!" And a horrified but misinformed public agreed, blindly put up their money and built a new hospital to be operated *at cost.*

Charity is all very well in its place, uplift and welfare work are to be commended; but eventually the bills for all charity and welfare must be paid. The new hospital was splendid, its appointments and equipment were the last word, all that modern science could offer was there — to be had *at cost!* Imagine the shock of the first patients on being presented with bills as high or higher than they had paid at the doctors' hospital; the *at cost* idea apparently had been forgotten by the management. There was a mighty howl from the donating public and then the truth came out, a truth anyone should know who would stop and think just a minute.

In operating any business there is a minimum charge below which it is impossible to go and still remain solvent. Ten years ago the doctors

found this out and placed in their hospital an expert auditor. The floor area was calculated and expenses properly allocated, every item was considered; today they have available detailed statistics showing what each department costs, which loses money, which pays a profit, per diem costs, and the many items necessary to get a thorough and complete understanding of the situation. The doctors have found that it is impossible to keep patients in the hospital for less than $5.25 per day; in their particular hospital this figure does not include dressings, x-rays, special treatments, etc., but does carry every other charge such as salaries, food, nurses' training school, medical supplies, laundry, taxes, depreciation, interest and bad debts.

The charitably inclined who supported the philanthropic old gentleman's venture, however, had been somewhat less scientific. Little wonder there was much indignation over the bills. People at large had a vague idea that *at cost* would mean about $2.00 a day, which would include special nursing, food and frills.

THE hue and cry which have been broadcast concerning the high cost of hospitals, the high cost of doctoring and the high cost of illness in general has a partial basis in fact, but has been advertised unfairly by writers who have not studied the situation carefully and who have read the available statistics wrongly, if at all. Relatively, *sickness is cheaper today than it has ever been. Dollar for dollar, the sick man gets more for his money than he has ever obtained. He will continue to get still more in the future.*

A study of the rates in one hundred fifty representative American hospitals shows an increase of — 119 per cent in the East; 108 per cent in the Middle West; 61 per cent in the Far West — a nation-wide average of 96 per cent for the period from 1914 to 1927. During this time hotel rates, the only comparable business, increased 131 per cent. According to Department of Labor statistics, the following increases took place: kitchen help, 432 per cent; maids, 125 per cent; pharmacists, 500 per cent; internes, 525 per cent; laundrymen, 400 per cent; chefs, 225 per cent.

NOR does the story end here. This same period saw these costs soar: raw foods, 58.5 per cent; fuel, 80 per cent; dishes, 100 per cent; blankets, 63 per cent; absorbent cotton, 71 per cent; catgut, 50 per cent; instruments, 75 per cent.

All these are necessary in a hospital. The list is incomplete but is representative of what has happened not only in hospitals but in every other business in America.

In 1914 the average stay in a hospital was fifteen days. In 1927 this stay had been reduced to ten days. So, although the cost per day has increased the actual total added expense must be conceded to be relatively small since the patient is returned to earning (at probably higher wages because of his increased health) in a much shorter time. Few industries can boast of such a record. No criticism of hospital costs has ever alluded to this point.

Of course such figures as have been cited here did not apply to the phil-

anthropic old gentleman's *at cost* hospital. Almost before the doors of that institution were opened it was up against the stone wall of high operating expenses. No amount of squirming or pondering could change the facts one jot or tittle either. It was costing around $6.00 a day to keep a patient in the hospital and the public was in no mood to pay that figure after all the glowing promises which had been made. The philanthropist who had sponsored the institution faced the crisis nobly — he paid the deficits from his own pocket not once or twice but month after month until the hospital finally arrived at the point where it carried itself — one of the most sportsmanlike gestures it has ever been my good fortune to witness!

But in the meantime the commercially-operated Doctors' Hospital continued to pay dividends, taxes and interest, continued to give excellent service at rates as low or lower. At the present time (1929) the highest rate obtaining in the Doctors' Hospital is $56.00 per week, the lowest in the wards $24.50 per week, and in addition welfare organizations are given a 25 per cent reduction on all services.

THAT a privately owned and operated hospital is able to give better service at lower rates than a publicly owned, tax and interest free institution, has come as a decided shock to the community. Many are asking why, and rightly so. I have before me the per capita per day costs of a number of hospitals in the locality where the Doctors' Hospital is situated. They offer much material for thought.

| | |
|---|---|
| The Doctors' Hospital, including depreciation, taxes and interest | $5.13 |
| No. 2, without depreciation, taxes or interest | 7.83 |
| No. 3, without depreciation, but with taxes and interest | 6.47 |
| No. 4, without depreciation or interest but with taxes | 9.41 |

THE Doctors' Hospital is frankly a commercial institution, the other three are also charging hospitals. In one of the three the rates run as high as $84.00 a week, and each one is dependent to a great extent upon private donations, community chest funds and, in one case, a fairly sizable endowment. Now why should it cost Hospital No. 4 a total of $9.41 per day to keep a patient when Hospital No. 1, less than thirty miles distant, can give the same service for $5.13?

To answer this question one must consider a number of factors. The Doctors' Hospital is a business enterprise; it is run frankly and openly for profit and as such it must give value received in order to retain its patronage. The charity hospital does not feel this incentive and the lack of some tangible objective other than the relief of suffering humanity works for carelessness in business methods and management. This is reflected in the costs which naturally will increase unless closely supervised.

It is recognized as good policy for charity institutions to use the funds available — yes, actually to show a deficit — thus insuring a more liberal budget for ensuing years; so one naturally looks for and finds higher operating costs in these institutions. The available statistics force the conclusion that it would be better business for a community to purchase

its hospitalization for indigents from commercial institutions.

In a money-mad land, however, the idea of *at cost* in connection with some charitable enterprise gives the sponsors a warm glow, an inward satisfaction, a sense of magnanimity, probably intensified by the sly calculation that it takes none of their money to do things at cost. But *at cost* is elusive. The per capita per day cost for more than four hundred standardized hospitals in the United States was $4.46 for the year 1927. By standardized we recognized a hospital which complies with the ethical and professional regulations as adopted by the American College of Surgeons and the American Medical Association. It is absurd for any writer to prate concerning high hospital costs until he has examined that $4.46 and knows where every penny of it goes. It is presumptuous to suggest mismanagement on such a grand scale. The men and women at the heads of these institutions are as proficient and expert in their line as is the writer of popular fictions concerning the hospitals. There are glaring exceptions; that $9.41 per patient per day in a neighboring semi-charity hospital makes one wonder, but even that figure could be definitely accounted for.

To stop and analyze all that goes into making it cost nearly $5.00 to keep a patient in a hospital for a day would take a book. By the very nature of the enterprise, hospital buildings are expensive. They require special plumbing, special electrical equipment, to say nothing of special furniture and fittings. The available room space is being encroached upon each year by the new equipment, all space-occupying but all necessary. At the present time more than 25 per cent. of hospital floor space is needed to house operating rooms, delivery rooms, x-rays, physiotherapy laboratories, diet kitchens, and a host of other essentials. And floor space is valuable. Not only space but all this necessary apparatus costs money to install and to maintain. An efficient and complete operating room represents an investment of close to $25,000. A workable x-ray plant, capable of doing all the work required in a general hospital, calls for an outlay of as much as $10,000.

These must be maintained in constant readiness. Injury, illness and accident have as yet refused to punch a time clock and this twenty-four hour preparedness is expensive. Even if the patient requires none of these costly modalities he must have a bed, room, board and routine nursing. In a hotel he gets bed and board, he goes to the dining room for his meals, he uses the bell boy occasionally and pays for this service in tips. But in the hospital he is served his meals in his room, he has a corps of student nurses supervised by efficient graduate nurses at his beck and call, he has every facility of the institution at his command twenty-four hours a day. Of the hospital dollar fifty cents goes to pay for labor, another twenty-five cents for food, these two items alone absorbing seventy-five cents of every dollar the patient pays. From the remaining twenty-five cents the manager must pay all the items necessary to maintain an efficient organization, no small task in itself. Depending on a

variety of conditions it can be done in some localities while in others, unless funds are forthcoming, the hospital must close its doors.

WE HAVE been examining what it costs a hospital to keep a patient, not what the patient pays. The fact that most hospitals show a deficit makes it quite evident that the average patient pays less. Sick folks are a bit peculiar but the relatives of sick folks are usually hopeless.

There are two times in people's lives when they need a guardian: when some member of the family is sick and when the sick person dies. Without stopping to count the cost, without giving one thought to the inevitable day of reckoning, relatives demand hospital accommodations and care not only out of all proportion to the medical needs of the patient but wholly incompatible with the family income. To do less appears niggardly. Undertakers tell the same story.

Good hospital management diplomatically handles this situation and finally convinces the relatives to accept service which will care for the patient at rates the family can afford.

There is another class of patients which is most difficult: the proud but poor. I know of no way to relieve them. Personally, I would prefer ward service provided my illness was not serious. And knowing what I know I would refuse to mortgage a year's income in order to make an empty gesture. If people would buy medical and hospital service with one-half the caution and thoughtfulness they apply to the purchase of an automobile the problem would settle itself.

I know most people look on wards as — as, well, a place for the riff-raff where medical work is given a lick and a promise, where one finds most extraordinary companions, on the whole a place nice folks don't care to be. If this glaring misconception could be wiped out many would avail themselves of this service, thus saving much money and much worry about how to get that money.

Many writers have stated that adequate medical care is not available to the majority of our people because of prohibitive costs, leaving the matter there as if the statement, ex-cathedra, proved that medical costs were too high and did not represent a fair value. There is another side to this question which these writers in their haste have overlooked and one which must be carefully weighed and evaluated before any sweeping deductions can be made or even adumbrated. Costs are purely relative.

FOR the man who earns $1,500 a year and has children and a wife to support, any sort of an automobile is too expensive, but that does not in any way prove that a stated value is not in the automobile. A hospital stay at $5.00 per day is anything but exorbitant but for a man without funds it is entirely out of the question. Nurses at $7.50 per day, of which $1.50 is for board, are really only receiving fifty cents an hour (what I pay my colored Julia for cleaning), and this for skilled professional services. An operating room fee of $15.00 is not fair because it represents an actual cash loss to the hospital, yet it is the customary fee. Careless writers leave the inference

that doctors, nurses, and hospitals are to blame for the gap between actual cost and what the patient can pay when such is far from the case.

When one examines the expenditure of the normal American income the most striking thing is the amount paid out each month on contract purchases. Automobiles, pianos, radios, talking machines, washing machines, boats, furniture, books, rugs, clothing — the list is endless. It seems to be one mad scramble of the manufacturer to sell — sell — sell — and in his method of time-selling enters not only the cost of the article plus a legitimate profit but also the losses inevitable in his system, high interest charges of finance corporations, and expensive advertising.

THE monthly pay check barely meets the time payments, budgeting is impossible, consequently when the inevitable illness comes the family is unprepared. There is no snug reserve for such an emergency. Instead, there is the gap, with those afflicted feeling certain that the gods-that-be have dealt most unjustly with them.

Ten dollars a day for a vacation at a summer resort is a mere bagatelle. We saved the money, we went of our own volition; but a hospital bill is unwilling tribute exacted by an unkind providence; of course we resent it, and of course we loudly object and naturally we read with delight and many nods of approval the writings of the reckless who inconsiderately and without a true appreciation of the facts proceed to clutter up our already disturbed and hazy ideas regarding the workings of hospitals, nurses, doctors and allied agencies of the devil.

THE average person is financially unprepared for illness, he finds it impossible to pay for all he actually requires. People who elsewhere pay for all they get, as decent people should, go to free clinics for medical care, fairly demanding it as one of their rights. The person who is patriotic enough to attack this sort of thing as a disgusting infection of our honest citizenship, a breaking down of national morale, is often held up to scorn and ridicule.

Hospital costs are fair. They are as low as it is possible to make them. That person who pays less than $5 per day for his hospital bed and room is accepting charity. The charges all around represent by every accepted standard of business an honest value. In comparison with the incomes of people who, by the contingencies of misfortune must pay hospital bills, too often they *are* beyond reach. A goodly share of this discrepancy is directly traceable to the widespread and harmful practice of time payments. Another factor is the natural lack of thriftiness among us, and lastly, the pauperization which has been fostered on a wholesale scale by the charities and which, in turn, has disintegrated our sense of responsibility.

A constructive program looking to some alleviation of the situation must take into consideration a host of difficult problems. If, as economic writers state, wealth is only credits of labor, then it surely behooves the possessors of wealth to give more than passing thought to the protection of those who produce labor. If

the foundation and backbone of democratic government is based on a healthy and contented labor population then again it surely behooves those entrusted with the direction of that government to make every effort to secure and maintain health and happiness.

THE doctor is the keystone in any structure looking to better medicine and better health and anyone who thinks handling a group of doctors is going to be a pastime knows little of the nature of medical men. He is going to find that the doctor will fight for his own idea of independence, economic, social and scientific, with a vigor which belies his customary apathy. Yet as much as organized doctors fear organized medicine I think the majority of the profession accept the idea of some form of socialized medicine as an inevitable development.

With these facts in mind it becomes apparent that government-controlled and tax-supported hospitals offer one solution — a solution which fits ideally into the political and economic trend of the times. Well organized, properly managed, these hospitals would offer the sick adequate care at very nominal rates, free from any taint of charity.

There are many objections which could well be raised, chief of which would be the Shylock cries of taxpayers and the reiteration of injured dignity by the physicians. Both would shortly be stilled.

When the taxpayer finds that such a system would relieve him of the unpleasant series of holdups staged by the charities, when he finds the sick, regardless of financial status, being restored to health promptly and efficiently, when he realizes that his credits in human labor are being safeguarded, then his opposition will change to enthusiastic support.

And the doctor — his dignity is only skin deep, he has from time immemorial taken himself far too seriously — he will find that his is the essential position in such a system, he is the king pin around which the entire system must rotate and he will in time take up the work earnestly and enthusiastically. For him who cordially hates the unpleasantness of competitive medicine the hospitals will offer a workshop where he can prosecute his scientific dreams to their ultimate fulfilment.

The entire proposition is analogous to the public school system which cares for all who choose to use it, and that without a thought of charity, yet which in no way interferes with those who prefer to patronize the private schools.

LONG ago, as a nation, we realized that education was essential in our system of government so we built and maintained public schools. Industrialism is forcing upon us the economic value of health in no uncertain terms. The doctors have been preaching this the last twenty-five years; gradually governmental agencies are grasping the idea. Good medicine is a public utility and medical care is not only the right of productive labor but is as well a powerful protector of accumulated wealth. A system of publicly owned and operated hospitals can make this service available to every citizen.

# "Congress Shall Have Power"

By Henry Alan Johnston

*Reporting a debate between a lawyer and a minister on the fundamental reason for disrespect of the Eighteenth Amendment*

I RECENTLY discussed prohibition with a minister of one of the larger churches of New York City. He deplored the widespread rebellious attitude against the Eighteenth Amendment, and said that in his opinion, what is needed in this country is a more general respect for the law. What he meant was a more general respect for this particular law. I asked him if he had ever made any serious effort to discover the underlying cause for the disregard in which this amendment is held by so many honorable and otherwise law-abiding citizens; and I learned that he had not.

He had assumed that it was a natural symptom of so drastic a law, yet merely a symptom which time would eventually cure. He had never analyzed the subject from the standpoint of constitutional law or American political history. In fact, I found that he had only a very hazy conception of the essential difference between the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act. I then suggested that no matter how sound his views might be as to the moral and social consequences of alcoholism, he was far astray in his understanding of the constitutional and governmental aspects of Prohibition.

He replied, "I recognize fully that I have no knowledge as to the technicalities of constitutional law. What I am interested in is Prohibition as a social theory."

THIS honest confession, from a man who is devoting his life to religion and social welfare, reflects, no doubt, the sentiment of a vast majority of the good men and women in the United States who heartily support the Eighteenth Amendment. There are few indeed who bother themselves about the constitutional phases of the subject. Enough for them the argument that drinking is bad and therefore should be prohibited; that it is now prohibited by the Constitution of the United States; that this is the most solemn form of enactment which we can have by our Government, and that therefore any change in this absolute prohibition would be a backward step. This reasoning seems simple enough, but it utterly ignores the problem which is troubling this preacher and with

which the country generally is concerned, namely, the problem of enforcement. And as the failure of enforcement is in a large measure due to the widespread rebellious attitude of the people, such reasoning is not only simple, but downright stupid.

THOSE who believe in the theory that the Federal Government should take steps to curb alcoholism and who are at the same time dissatisfied with the results of the present experiment cannot find much solace in such a simple syllogism. It behooves them to probe deeper and try to isolate this rebellion germ, put it under a microscope, discover its origin, and learn what it thrives on.

"There is our point of attack," I said, "and if you ever hope to turn men from their attitude of antagonism or passive resistance to one of coöperation, you must certainly start by trying to understand what is at the bottom of their antagonism. You cannot assume after nine years of growing resistance that what you observe and deplore is merely a passing symptom and thus lightly dismiss the matter. Such an assumption is unworthy of your scholarship; it resembles the incantations of the medicine man as compared with the scientific investigations of Dr. Gorgas. Perhaps this rebellion is not a passing phase at all. Perhaps there is some breeding place which must be cleaned up before we can hope to subdue the epidemic."

This minister with whom I talked is not a bigot or a fanatic. He is a man who has witnessed the misery and poverty which are the inevitable results of drunkenness. He knows, as well as he knows anything, that alcoholism is a social evil. He would therefore extirpate the producing cause forever by governmental fiat. But until the people of the United States generally take the attitude that the evil of drink is conceded, and that the only important question now before the country is the practical one of governmental procedure, we shall never lift this subject out of the realm of hysterics. Passion has no rightful place in the discussion today. It is a cold question of the mechanics of Government.

"You say you are interested in Prohibition as a social theory," I said, "but since your social theory has now become the subject of a constitutional amendment, you cannot lightly brush aside the technicalities of constitutional law. Prohibition today is a constitutional question, not a social theory; and if you want to learn why it does not work in practice you will have to understand its constitutional significance."

He answered, "But this is not the first case of national prohibition. Congress has prohibited the sale of narcotic drugs, and that law has met with success. We are only going one step further when we now prohibit intoxicating liquors."

I REPLIED, "I will grant that the prohibition of intoxicants is only one step further than the prohibition of narcotics; but, as a matter of fact, Congress does not prohibit the sale of narcotic drugs, and Congress, under the Constitution, cannot prohibit such sale. You, no doubt, have in mind the Harrison Narcotic Law. That law is, in form, a revenue measure enacted under the power conferred on Congress to impose excise

taxes. Of course, we know that the Harrison Act is, in fact, not a revenue measure at all, but an attempt to regulate the traffic in dangerous drugs; and that at best, it is only a subterfuge. What should be done to make it effective would be, first, to have an amendment added to the Constitution granting Congress the power to limit, regulate and prohibit the manufacture, sale and transportation of narcotic drugs. Under such a grant, Congress would be in a position to enact a really effective and honest law based upon an express grant of power, as a substitute for the present inadequate law based upon the fiction of an attempt to raise revenue."

He said, "But you are now advocating a further amendment to the Constitution in line with the Eighteenth Amendment. How can you do that when you object to the Eighteenth Amendment?"

"THERE is just where you miss the point," I said. "I will agree, for the sake of this discussion, that the traffic in intoxicating liquors can be regulated or prohibited to better effect by Congress than by the separate legislatures of the forty-eight States, and I can see no legal objection to an amendment granting such power to Congress. Moreover, as a substitute for the Eighteenth Amendment, I would favor an amendment combining both intoxicating liquors and narcotic drugs, reading somewhat as follows: 'Congress shall have power to limit, regulate and prohibit the manufacture, sale and transportation of intoxicating liquors and narcotic drugs,' thus placing both of these subjects within the distinct province of congressional action."

"But, isn't that just what the Eighteenth Amendment does with liquor?"

"NO," I said, "that is the exact opposite of what we have, and the rebellion which you see against the Eighteenth Amendment is largely due to that distinction, coupled with a feeling probably unanalyzed, but lying deep within the political consciousness of the American people that the Eighteenth Amendment is, in effect, an unrepealable statute placed in the Constitution for the purpose of depriving Congress of power over that subject; that it is an attempt to take away from the people their right of self-government. The people will naturally rebel against any unrepealable law which happens to be unpopular, because they have no other remedy but rebellion. The Eighteenth Amendment is not a delegation of the law-making power over this subject to Congress, but is absolute legislation itself. It says, 'the manufacture, sale or transportation of intoxicating liquors for beverage purposes is *hereby prohibited*,' and the people have been made to realize that their representatives in Congress are powerless to change that law because, forsooth, it has been enacted after the manner of a Constitutional amendment. This realization inevitably thrusts them back from the ordinary processes of organized government to the natural instinct of rebellion."

"But," said he, "you are dealing in technicalities. That is the great trouble with you lawyers. You refuse to look at the question from a broad standpoint of reform. You quibble

over the phraseology of the amendment and ignore the spirit of the law."

"I will admit your criticism of my profession," I said, "but I will admit it only because I insist upon confining this argument to the point of our discussion, and if possible to explain to you the underlying cause of the disregard which hampers the enforcement of the amendment. What you are now concerned with is the practical failure of the Eighteenth Amendment from a governmental standpoint; and if we are to discuss that question you must consider the phraseology and the legal intent of the amendment. Under our system of government, if the people are dissatisfied with any law on the statute books and know that that law can be changed by the ordinary processes of legislation, they will proceed through their ballots to elect representatives and officials who will at least promise to carry out their will; but if they see no hope of changing it, and are told that the matter is closed and is no longer an issue, and that their votes on the subject can have no possible effect, and that the entire matter is a sham battle, don't you see that there is nothing left for them but personal rebellion?

"Such a law favors rebellion for the same reason that the Stamp Act of 1765 aroused the rebellion of the American Colonists. It was not so much the provisions of the Act itself which caused the Revolution. In fact, all of the unpopular provisions of the Act had been repealed and the tax on tea was retained more as a show of the authority of Parliament than for the revenue which it might produce. The revolt of the Colonists was a natural revolt of English-speaking people against the theory of government without representation. People insist today, as they did then, and as liberty-loving people always will, upon the right to govern themselves. This law, this prohibition, by being made a part of the Constitution has denied that right, and in doing so has defeated its own purpose. It has made a rebel of everyone opposed to it because it has taken from him all hope of changing the law by the ordinary processes of representative government."

"But I cannot see what real difference that makes," he said. "Even if the law has been put into the Constitution, it represents the majority sentiment of the people of the country. If a vote were taken today you would no doubt find a majority in favor of prohibition; and when enough people want to repeal the amendment, they have the power to do so under the same procedure by which the amendment was adopted."

"Let us admit," I said, "that the Eighteenth Amendment represents the majority sentiment of the people of the country, and that if a vote were taken today we should find a majority against its repeal. I will admit this, because as we lawyers say, 'it is immaterial and irrelevant.' What we are concerned with is the widespread disrespect for this law; and even if it is resented by only a minority of the people, that minority, under our form of government, should have the right to advocate a change by their representatives through the regular processes of leg-

islation. They may be a minority today, but ten years from now they may be in the majority; yet under the phrasing of the Eighteenth Amendment which absolutely prohibits the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors, this minority is in effect told that even should they become the majority, their activities would be but an empty gesture; that nothing can be done by Congress to change the law because it has been written into the Constitution; in other words 'you are stuck.' Such talk makes rebels. The realization of this governmental *impasse* can have no other effect.

"For that reason, I say that the big mistake which has been made has been the enactment of this law through the method provided for the adoption of constitutional amendments. If a real amendment had been adopted; if the amendment had granted a power; if it had read 'Congress *shall have power* to limit, regulate and prohibit the manufacture, sale and transportation of intoxicating beverages,' no patriotic person would be justified in rebelling against any law which might be enacted by Congress under that grant of power; but when I am told that a law enacted in 1919 has been disguised as an amendment to the Constitution for the purpose of making it unrepealable, I say I will not be bound by unrepealable legislation no matter how it is disguised."

"But," replied he, "the amendment is not unrepealable, for it can certainly be repealed through the same procedure by which it was adopted."

"Yes," I said, "it can, in theory. But that does not alter the fact that it is unrepealable legislation. The Constitution provides a certain definite way in which national legislation can be enacted. It provides that a bill embodying the law shall be passed by Congress and that every bill which shall have passed the House of Representatives and the Senate shall be presented to the President, and that if he approves it, he shall sign it, but if not, he shall veto it, and that if the President shall veto it, the bill shall be reconsidered, and if after such reconsideration, it shall be approved by two-thirds of both Houses of Congress, it shall become a law. That is the only way provided by the Constitution for enacting a law of the United States, and to follow an entirely different procedure — the procedure provided in the Constitution for making amendments to that instrument, namely, by having it proposed by Congress and ratified by the legislatures of three-fourths of the States — is an illegal method of passing a law, and the only possible excuse for the adoption of such a method in this instance was the desire on the part of those who had the matter in charge to enact a law after the manner of the Medes and Persians.

"You say that the amendment can be repealed through the same process by which it was adopted. I answer, first, that the legislatures representing only five per cent of the population of this country can make such a repeal impossible. I answer, second, that even if thirty-six of the legislatures could be persuaded to vote for the repeal, we should merely be adding one more precedent of

illegal law-making to the body of our Constitution. The Constitution is a delegation of power. The one phrase which is repeated time and again in that instrument is, '*Congress shall have power.*' The Eighteenth Amendment is not a delegation of power to make a law. It is a law itself. It is a denial of power, and it is a denial of the very principle and spirit of the Federal Constitution; and so long as it remains a part of that Constitution, it will continue to create rebellion."

"I think," said my friend, "that there is a great deal of wisdom in what you say; but if for practical reasons there is no hope of the repeal of the amendment, I cannot see what we can do about it but try to persuade people to respect the law as we have it."

"No," I told him, "you cannot kindle respect with words; and perhaps there is nothing we can do about it now; but some day the Supreme Court of the United States will decide that legislation is legislation, and that amendments are amendments, and that you cannot make legislation unrepealable by disguising it as an amendment. Until then, I suppose, you preachers will continue to preach respect for the law and we rebels will have to take our satisfaction in whatever faith we can muster in the ultimate vindication of the wisdom of the framers of the Constitution."

# This Era of Investment Trusts

By Irving Fisher

Professor of Economics, Yale University

The influence of the rapid growth of investment trusts in popularizing stock market activities has aroused some degree of apprehension. Paul M. Warburg, international banking expert, in reproaching the Federal Reserve System for failing to take drastic measures against the "Stock Exchange debauch," ascribes to these trusts a part in what he regards as a threat of general trade depression.

Mr. Warburg refers to the Standard Statistics Company's index of stock prices, that records for fifty industrials, twenty public utility stocks and twenty railway stocks a growth in market value, during two years, from approximately $17,500,000,000 to $33,000,000,000. Here is a gain of about $15,500,000,000 which, Mr. Warburg says, in a majority of cases is "quite unrelated to respective increases in plant, property or earning power." Yet this stupendous growth in "value," he adds, covers only ninety stocks, excluding bank stocks, real estate values, and "some of the subtlest elements of inflation — incorporated stock pools, called 'investment trusts.'"

Other authorities regard the investment trusts less harshly. For instance, Albert Ottinger, Attorney General of New York State, after an exhaustive investigation of the activities and forms of investment trusts, concludes:

"They have a very real and substantial place in our financial structure. In the main they afford an opportunity for the investor to make a reasonably safe investment based upon broad diversity of securities. . . . Nor do I wish to present the conclusion that there have been evils in the management of investment trusts which require State regulation."

If Mr. Ottinger proceeds to recommend certain measures for the regulation of these bodies, it is only to prevent the abuse of a plan of investment organization which he regards as perfectly sound.

A survey of the investment trust field, made in 1927 by Leland Rex Robinson, revealed 172 American and Canadian investment trusts and companies, all but thirteen of which were in the United States. Mr. Robinson estimated that there were 119 investment trusts of the general management type. This is significant, because general management trusts follow closely the lines of their British progenitors in allowing their managers considerable dis-

cretionary power in making and shifting investments. In this respect they differ sharply from the fixed or limited type, which confine their dealings to certain groups, such as public utilities, bank and stocks, bonds, or common stocks of a few industries. The general management type is not limited to any one class of securities. Mr. John F. Fowler estimates that there were 199 investment trusts in existence at the end of June 1928, with capital investments totaling $1,200,000,000. The number today is estimated to be about 300 with investments well above $1,500,000,000.

Is THEIR influence in popularizing stock investment a good influence? Has it boomed the inflation of the market? Has it encouraged "speculation"? Trusts of the general management type are constantly buying and selling securities. They are regarded jealously and criticized with caustic tongue by the old investment houses which sell "sound" securities — mostly "gilt edge bonds." It would be natural that such houses should think these trusts risky.

The business of the investment trusts is perfectly legitimate and helps to fill a long-felt want. Nevertheless, although the principles of diversification and investment management, upon which investment trusts of the discretionary or management type operate, are sound, it must clearly be understood that not all investment trusts are sound, either in their organization or management. The investor must not assume that, because the principles are sound, any investment trust is as good as the best.

In truth, investment trusts are just the opposite of dangerous. They represent not only expert knowledge, such as that to which the older investment houses can lay claim, but two other safeguards — diversification and incessantly vigilant management. The old idea of "salting away" securities "for good" in strong boxes is being supplanted by that of a perpetual and rapid turnover.

ONE result is the substitution of independent expert judgment for the second-hand, inexpert judgment of the lay speculator. In the old days the public was like a flock of sheep. How easily it was led by a single bellwether is shown by the stock market of 1904, when Thomas W. Lawson published scarehead advertisements in the newspapers advising that the public sell certain securities.

Lawson's readers did not independently reckon the risks they were encountering. If they had made their mistakes independently, some in one direction and some in the other, some with one set of stocks and some with others, the results might not have been so bad upon the general market, because they might have counteracted each other. Instead, they all ran like sheep the same way. It was a mob of easily-led investors, all seeking for "straight tips," which might bring them instant wealth. All made their mistake in common. Then all tried *en masse* to escape. It was like a sudden panic rush of all the passengers on a ferryboat to one side, making the boat list and even capsize.

Where speculation is ignorant and imitative, it is dangerous alike to

those who engage in it and to the public. Where, on the other hand, speculation is based on the independent knowledge of many well-informed groups of investors, furnished with sound statistical facts, its utility can be very great.

The investment trust principle acts to reduce risks by utilizing the special knowledge of expert investment counsel, and by diversifying investments among many kinds of common and preferred stocks and bonds, foreign and domestic.

IT ALSO operates to shift risks from those who lack investment knowledge to those who possess it. As a consequence normally speculative properties gravitate into the hands of these skilled agencies which are better able to forecast their true future value. Many investment trusts of the general type have built up their own investing organizations, depending neither on the facilities of banks nor of investment banking houses sponsoring them. Others have fiscal agencies that exist solely for the purpose of investment trust administration. Such an agency supervises a widely distributed list of holdings by means of a skilled staff. All figures bearing on the investments held are kept up to date. This followed the precedent of investment trusts both in the United States and in Europe.

Can such trained organizations be engaged in inflating stock prices? Or, do they stabilize rather than inflate? And, is the stock market so greatly inflated, after all?

One important fact is that the tradition that common stocks are risky has been modified. A single stock is risky when a dozen are not. Diversification acts as insurance to reduce risk. This means that investment trusts, buying over a wide range of stocks, can afford to pay higher prices than individuals, buying stocks simply, could afford to pay.

WE HAVE had seven years of prosperity. Since August, 1921, the Standard Statistics index of common stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange has risen 260 per cent. Never before has there been so long and so rapid a rise in stock prices. Never, either, has there been so rapid a development in national resources, in improved technology. A relatively stable level of general prices has been maintained. This has prevented overbuying of supplies. Transportation has improved. With no expectation of strongly rising prices of commodities, excessive inventories have been kept down. Inventories on hand have not been forced or frightened into liquidation. There has been scientific study of the sources of their supplies by manufacturers and merchants, with constant statistical check upon volumes produced. Pronounced improvements in machinery and in production methods have lowered costs, reducing prices and increasing profits. So society as a whole has benefited in real income. Both business men and wage-earners have taken advantage of the relatively stable price level to budget their expenditures, making commitments undisturbed by violent fluctuations in the purchasing power of money. That is, they have been much more sure of making both ends meet.

Finally, abundant bank credits have not resulted in inflation of the general level of commodity prices. But with the post-war expansion of world trade and the resumption by most nations of the gold standard or the gold exchange standard, the need of economizing gold as a basis of credit is being emphasized.

THE gold exchange standard itself, in the opinion of so good an authority as Dr. E. W. Kemmerer, will continue to develop as in the past, with a measure of economy of gold in foreign balances. The system of doing business with checks is being expanded in countries other than English-speaking countries. Checks used in place of bank notes economize gold still further. Business is turning over faster. It is piling up reserves. It needs less credit based on gold, and repays its loans more quickly. In his book, *The American Omen*, Garet Garrett tells of an automobile factory with equipment, personnel, product, and market for 2,000 motor cars daily, all created within seven months after breaking ground — a feat which a few years ago would have required eight to ten times as long. The money to finance the extension is speedily paid back from income, and the gold underlying the necessary loans is released for other purposes.

The technique of production has been and is being revolutionized. It was the warring nations that first organized scientific research on a grand scale and set the new pace. Their manpower was absorbed at the front. New and improved automatic machinery took the place at home of the fighting men sent to the front. The result was enormous increase in American plant production.

Technical men, men of science, were transferred from the universities to the research and planning departments of the large industrial concerns. Herbert Hoover became the engineering type of man in scientific control of industry. Human engineering stepped in to aid mechanical and electrical engineering in bringing about a genuine coöperation of labor and capital in the public interest. Wages became liberal. The mightily augmented purchasing power of the public created new consumer markets. Prohibition came. The average worker, no longer an absentee on "blue Mondays," and more steadily providing for his family, became a good "risk" for instalment sales.

THUS the years of post-war recovery, especially after the deflation of 1921, have witnessed the largest increments of real income of any like period in our industrial history. Production has augmented, real wages have increased, great mergers have reflected the opportunities of mass production in the rich American market. Absolute free trade between forty-eight sovereign states has helped. According to the National Bureau of Economic Research, American income was nearly sixty-three billion dollars in 1921. It rose to ninety billions in 1926 and is probably considerably more for 1929. The average income of those gainfully employed would buy more than one-third more goods in 1928 than in 1921.

Such considerations force themselves on any proper appraisal of the

long "bull" market. The higher commodity price level, as compared with 1913, should account for about 40 per cent increase in stock values. Much of the remaining increase represents solid values added by more efficient labor, higher per capita production, cheaper and better processes, and the reduction of risk involved through diversified holding by investment trusts.

THERE remains a margin of genuine stock inflation representing the tendency of shoals of investors, big and little, to follow "market tips," blindly and without any warrant. How large this true inflation is, cannot be definitely estimated. My guess is that it is about ten per cent.

But the influence of investment trusts and investment counsel is largely toward cutting the speculative fluctuations at top and bottom, thus acting as a force to stabilize the market. Investment trusts buy when there is real anticipation of a rise, due to underlying causes and sell when there is real anticipation of a fall. In such a situation as the stock market has just passed through, the stabilizing influence of the investment trusts is beneficial. They discourage the booming of unsound stocks and support the market for sound stocks, thus diminishing the losses arising from both inflation and deflation of stock prices.

Anything which does not manipulate the market but anticipates it, stabilizes it and is advantageous. For the interests of all concerned, the more nearly a stock is selling at its true value the better. The more knowledge there is in the market, the more promptly a stock will reach its true value.

The investment trusts are cognizant, for example, of the fact that Duco paint, when evolved and marketed, tremendously speeded up production. Gains in time resulted in economy of capital. Virtually every line of manufacture witnesses, daily, technical developments of importance. These result in a greater total of products, with less expenditure of human effort. Altogether it means reduced costs, greater net profits to producers, lower prices to consumers. Many corps of specialists employed by the investment trusts are watching out for these signs. They know about improved and cheapened processes beforehand, and discount them in their purchase of stocks and bonds. By their influence, the steeper declines or ascents are drawn out into milder ones.

IN THIS beneficial sense the investment trusts of the general management order may be said to "speculate." They buy securities, they look for profits in appreciation of stock prices. They buy at prices less than the true worth of the securities purchased, taking advantage of their superior knowledge of industrial and trading conditions. They are alert, outstripping the mass of investors, and they profit by a constant change in investments.

All modern production is called speculative-capitalistic production. It is managed by "captains of industry." These are men specially fitted at once to forecast and to mold the future, within the realms in which they operate. The industries of transportation and manufactures,

particularly, are under the lead of an educated and trained speculative class. Their function is to assume for themselves the main risks, with the ordinary investor, who is not so equipped, coöperating as a mere lender or "silent partner." Yet some of these industrial captains may prove incompetent, or may betray the confidence reposed in them. They may throw the burden of risks on those whom they pretend to shield. The analysts, statisticians, and counsel of investment trusts guard against such betrayals of confidence, or imcompetence, by their constant scrutiny of the conduct of corporations.

It has been held that it is no business of an investment trust to "sell short," that is, to contract to deliver securities of which it has no actual ownership. Many American investment trusts have adopted the rules of the British companies to exclude "short selling," and have adopted resolutions forbidding such practices.

No doubt an investment trust practises soundly when it avoids extensive contingent liabilities. But the violent opposition to short selling is largely the result of ignorance. Normally it is not only legitimate, but beneficial.

INDEED, civilization lives and grows by selling futures. If you sell land you are selling future crops. In other instances you are selling future services. We are always selling the future. Selling short in the stock exchange or produce exchange is a special form of this principle. Those who believe that prices will fall will sell from their present holdings, or may sell short, agreeing to supply such holdings at a later time at a fixed price.

You cannot build a house without someone "selling short." A building contractor who had taken a large contract was asked whether he was not taking big risks, as he could not know in advance the costs of building. He replied, "No, I am taking no risks at all except on 'labor'; I have made contracts to be supplied with all materials when needed, at fixed prices."

THOSE who undertook these contracts thus assumed the risk of future fluctuation in price in the special materials in which they dealt, relieving the contractor of the necessity of informing himself of the special market conditions for stone, brick, timber, and so on, and enabling him to make a closer bid for the contract, inasmuch as there was less need to allow for unknown contingencies. Most of those materials contracted for did not exist when the contract was made. The stone was unquarried, the brick unbaked, the lumber unfelled. The public, of course, gets the benefit of such a shifting of risk into expert hands, in the form of reduced building costs. Similar results follow from most other "short" sales.

Far from acting as a force that multiplies risks in the market, the American investment trusts today are steadily reverting to the British type, which is credited with having strengthened the pre-war position of London as the money centre of the world. They invest their funds in many securities, foreign and domestic, so that the law of averages may

balance losses with gains. They limit their investment in any one security. They supervise the investment funds continuously. They select securities with care to get a favorable average interest and dividend yield; in this process, diversification helps raise the yield higher than would be possible with the relatively small capital of an individual investor. As the result of their extra skill, they look for investment profits and the continuous accumulation of earned reserves and surplus built up out of net income. Such companies favor legal regulation.

There is public advantage in granting to State authorities power to refuse a charter to dishonest or improper incorporators of an investment trust. This is recommended in the report of the Ottinger investigation. Further, there should be the requirement that a minimum be paid in capital in cash. There should be publicity, frequent reports and examinations. Thus the investor can assure himself of the ability and integrity of the management.

The investment trust has come to stay in America. It is already comparable in strength here with its congener in Great Britain, which has had fifty years to grow instead of six, as here. It is bound to wield a profound influence in the security market, and thus upon trade and industry. Rightly regulated, so as not to impair the financial discretion of its directors, I am persuaded that the net influence of the American investment trust will be good.

# The Red Man Dances

By Helena Huntington Smith

*Secretary of the Interior Wilbur inherits a gravely baffling problem, with quaintly amusing phases, concerning the Pueblo Indians, their rights and rites*

A generation or two ago the American Indian presented no complexities. He was a simple figure who scalped missionaries and scattered the bones of pioneers to bleach on the prairie, and there was no argument about him. Today he is something much worse than that; he is a social problem. He is also a cultural asset, a Vanishing Race, a degraded barbarian and a challenge to our civilization, and he inspires large numbers of public-spirited ladies and gentlemen to a frenzy of uplift, indignation and mutual hair-pulling.

Nowhere else is the hair-pulling quite as strenuous as it is in New Mexico, the home of the Pueblo Indians, who have all the ingredients of romantic appeal. They live in decorative adobe villages — pueblos — with musical Spanish names such as San Ildefonso, Santo Domingo, Isleta, Acoma. And the setting for their pueblos is the gorgeous Rio Grande Valley, which is a strip of lush green lying among piñon-dotted sandhills and gaunt purple mountains. They boast a colorful history, or to be exact, the press agents of the Santa Fé railroad boast it for them. Finally, and this is the real root of the matter, at Christmas and Easter-tide and on blazing days of midsummer they hold magnificent pagan carouses which are a joy to ethnologists and money in the pocket of Fred Harvey.

For many years these dances have been the centre of a terrific controversy among the friends of the red man. It reached its maximum violence several years ago, when the lamented Commissioner Burke listened too long to one wing of benefactors and wrote a letter to his charges, threatening to put a stop to their dances for their souls' health. The howl of protest which went up from the other benefactors is still echoing in the Sangre de Cristo mountains, and until the Commissioner departed from office his subordinates were still occupied, to the point of extreme weariness, in explaining his letter away.

All this is part of the jolly heritage handed on to the new administration of the Interior Department. It has been comparatively quiescent now

for several years; a fact which deceives no one. For as soon as Mr. Ray Lyman Wilbur lets it be known that he either does or does not intend to do anything about the dances the rioting will break out afresh.

I have said that the Pueblo is a picturesque and interesting Indian, but that is only one reason for the hullabaloo about him. The other reason is that at Santa Fé and Taos he has white neighbors of artistic and literary persuasion, who paint his picture and grow eloquent over his wrongs, often without knowing precisely what the latter are. This gives him an enormous send-off in the matter of publicity, and draws upon his swarthy head the benevolent attention of all the other red man's well-wishers who roam the United States. And now you know why the Pueblos, who constitute about two per cent of the Indian population of the United States, have been getting ninety-eight per cent of the ballyhoo — save for the unfortunate oil Indians of Oklahoma.

THE ordinary benighted onlooker at one of the Pueblo corn dances is somewhat mystified as to what all the shooting is about. All day, monotonous tum-tum-tum-tum of drums, tuneless (to the Anglo-Saxon ear) chanting, long files of curiously bedecked redskins manœuvering about like companies on a parade ground — all this is not only harmless but, except to the ladies with notebooks who are laboriously tracking down the symbolism, it is also somewhat boring after the first half hour. The glamour of these occasions is not so much in the dancing as in something else; in the blinding blue sky, the perfect grace of terraced adobe dwellings against a blue shoulder of mountain, the trailing plumes of tamarisk, the magical Southwestern light, at once dazzling and subtle, which turns even cart tracks in the road to sculpture.

THE real clue to the disturbance, however, is not in these performances which the public may sit and watch all day if it wishes; it is in the existence of certain secret rites which no one sees except Indians. The fascination of these secret ceremonies lies in the fact that no one knows anything about them. Or rather, no two groups of people know the same thing about them. According to some reliable sources of information, the ceremonies are indubitably of a phallic nature, but they are histrionic and not real, so with a little broadmindedness there is no cause for alarm. According to other reliable sources they consist of the most ingenious and actual obscenities. These, it is said, have been fully described, in affidavits, by honest Indians who have lost their taste for them, as anyone may verify by referring to the secret dance files of the Indian bureau. Another wing of sympathizers pooh-poohs the affidavits, saying that the Indians who made them merely had a grudge against their neighbors and took this way of getting even.

In the course of all this airing of views, several seasons ago, the Young Women's Christian Association sent Miss Edith M. Dabb, representing its Indian Department, to investigate the secret dances. I have never been told that she personally viewed any of these ambiguous perform-

ances, but she heard enough to confirm the Y. W. C. A.'s worst suspicions. Upon learning of her report, several scholarly gentlemen in museums rushed into print denouncing it as a slander on a noble people. They themselves had been present at several Indian dances when on field trips, and could testify personally to their innocence and beauty. At about the same time a professional friend of the red man brought a delegation of Pueblos to New York and had them go through their familiar gyrations on the stage of the Town Hall, to demonstrate to the Eastern public that only an impure mind could see evil in such a performance.

ONE may venture to guess that where so much smoke about the secret dances exists there is probably a little fire. The American Indian would be unlike most other primitive peoples if he did not engage in some sort of phallic ritual, and it is conceivable, though hardly proved, that in some cases this may involve abuses. Some of the reformers are so swept away by enthusiasm, however, that they not only demand the extirpation of the secret rites — without saying how they would go about it — but they also want to ban the rather wearisome open-air exercises I have described.

This movement for suppression is tied up, as one would expect, with the religious bodies. Little, if any, of it originates on New Mexican soil. There are hardly any Protestant missionaries among the Pueblos, who were all duly converted by the Franciscan fathers in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, and who are still Catholic after a fashion. That is, they hold superbly pagan dances on some Christian saints' days, and they have colored prints of the Virgin in their houses. For the rest they are serenely and solidly heathen, and the Catholic priests are serene also. They do not care whether their charges dance or not.

WITH the Protestant missionaries, though, it is different. All up and down the West they have wrestled for years to curb the convivial disposition of their dark-skinned flocks, who are universally addicted to these all-day rowdydows in some form. Having failed to reform these heathen practices by persuasion, the religious gentry naturally expect the Government to do it for them by regulation. So some time ago — it was 1922, I believe — there was a missionary pow-wow in the Sioux country, at which the following recommendations were adopted and forwarded to Commissioner Burke:

1. That the Indian dances be limited to one in each month, in the daylight hours of one day in the mid week, and at one centre in each district; the months of March, April, June, July and August being excepted.

2. That none take part in the dances or be present who is under fifty years of age.

3. That a careful propaganda be undertaken to educate public opinion against the dance and to provide a healthy substitute.

For some time before receiving these recommendations the Commissioner had teetered successfully between one side and the other of the dance controversy. When the protests of the pious grew too loud, he would issue a circular bidding the Reservation superintendents take drastic steps to restrict the dances, adding hastily, "but only through

the exercise of thoughtful discretion and mature judgment, after patient advisory methods have been exhausted." Such a message had twofold advantages. Its stern tone would quiet the missionaries, while if any agent were rash enough actually to do anything on the strength of it, and a howl arose, the higher powers could say, "We never told him to."

AFTER the missionary recommendations I have quoted, however, the Commissioner teetered too far. In 1923 he dispatched a letter addressed "To All Indians," and as he maundered along in his characteristic literary style attentive readers were faintly shocked to perceive that Mr. Burke appeared to be saying something. This impression he subsequently corrected in haste, but what his letter contained was in part as follows.

> I could issue an order against these useless and harmful performances, but I would much rather have you give them up of your own free will, and therefore I ask you now in this letter to do so. . . . If at the end of one year . . . you are doing as requested, I shall be very glad . . . but if the reports show that you reject this plea, then some other course will have to be taken.

Certain internal evidence showed that this document was not really aimed at the Pueblos, but at their rowdy cousins of the plain tribes. who so greatly vexed the missionaries. Nevertheless, public opinion applied it to the Pueblos swiftly and specifically. The uproar which followed was whooped up by the American Indian Defense Association, of which the able and ubiquitous Dr. Haven Emerson is president — John Collier being its general factotum. It was not enough merely to state that the Queres Indian, commonly called Pueblo, is a decorative barbarian with a very interesting primitive culture. Instead, remote parts of the country learned that the artistic development of this remarkable people rivalled the Cinquecento, and that under its communal government of councillors and caciques existed a state of civic felicity and rugged personal virtue which could only be compared to the best days of the Roman republic.

Meanwhile someone discovered that the remarks of the Commissioner on the subject of Indian dances outraged the principle of religious liberty. Charles F. Lummis, the literary discoverer of the Southwest, made an address before a convention of the General Federation of Women's Clubs in which he actually compared the tactics of the Indian Bureau to the Spanish Inquisition, and likened Mr. Burke to Torquemada. He also revealed that the dance oppression was in reality a dark and devilish scheme to get hold of the Indians' land!

IN ALL this confusion of sound one strikingly lucid note was scarcely heard. It came from a white Government farmer attached to one of the pueblos, who expressed himself thus in pencil, on blue-lined paper:

> In reply to the letter of Commissioner Burke in the case of the dancing, the Indians are all working on their fields planting wheat, and what the Indians need the most is seed as they are very poor at present.

No one paid the slightest attention to him.

In the summer of 1924 the dance fracas was still popping when the powers in Washington blundered into

another hornets' nest. The Indians of Taos were withdrawing two boys from the Government school every year to be educated for the priesthood, in accordance with their ancient custom. The Interior Department now discovered that this was a violation of the compulsory school law, and decreed that the boys would have to stay in school and receive their sacerdotal training in vacation time. It was a typically wooden-headed bureaucratic gesture, no more. But it was naturally seized upon as further evidence of a sinister Governmental plot against the religious liberty of the Pueblos, and dozens of people wrote letters to the editor, asserting the right of the redskin to practise his ancient customs in his ancient way.

THEY were still thus engaged, when two young Indians of Taos were whipped by order of the Indian authorities of the pueblo for refusing to wear their trousers cut as tradition dictated. This brought in a chorus of new voices inquiring, not unreasonably, "Yes, but what do you mean by religious liberty?" The venerable Indian Rights Association, for one, was agitated because, it believed, when boys and girls went home to some of the pueblos from Government schools, they were persecuted by the tribal elders for declining to take part in certain ceremonies. The spokesman for this organization, Mr. Matthew K. Sniffen, may or may not have been right as to the nature of the ceremonies, but in any case his attitude shocked and hurt a member of the æsthetic faction, who wrote to him:

> The concept of religious liberty — toleration and live and let live — accepted by Christians with a good many mental reservations and qualifications, is an American concept which we have no right to force upon our wards. I want the Indians to preserve their fine old pagan religion, the faith of their ancestors, and a certain amount of persecution of renegades and apostates strikes me as probably necessary to that end.

DURING the last year or two the investigations of a Senate committee have been steadily building up an appalling picture of poverty, disease and neglect on many Indian reservations; conditions shockingly worse, in many cases, than the much-publicized Pueblo has suffered, though the latter are bad enough.

Let us prayerfully hope that public indignation will be aroused at last by all this to the point of overhauling the Indian service. Yet, regarding the Pueblos, it will help if public indignation stays this side of hysterics, for once, and focuses its rolling eye on some objective facts. If these interesting Indians are afflicted with tuberculosis, trachoma and other less mentionable diseases, who and what are responsible?

No one disputes the abysmal stupidity and incompetence displayed by the administration of Indian affairs, and it would be very convenient and simple if that were the whole story, but unfortunately it is not; not in New Mexico. The martyred Pueblos, for whom one has profound sympathy, are nevertheless "conservative," — that is, except for a few show Indians who are always trotted out to impress the innocent, they exhibit an obstinate preference for dying of their accustomed diseases, without any interference from anybody.

Now the United States Indian

Service is a multiple personality, and here and there among its subordinate members are devoted, able and courageous people who, amid all the wrangling about the Indian's morals and his æsthetic values, have tried to look after his prosaic material welfare. Among the more frenzied friends of the red man, however, the motto is, "The *only* good Indian agent is a dead Indian agent." These benefactors are interested in perpetuating his dances, his worship, his artistic self-expression. As one distinguished member of the Santa Fé colony put it, "We want to preserve the Indian like the geysers, the big trees and the buffalo." With marvelous aplomb they damn the Government for its failure to achieve asepsis in the pueblos, and in the next breath condemn it for trying to interfere with the fine old unsanitary customs of the aborigine. None of which would matter — except that it increases the difficulty of doing anything about the diseases. Into the willing ears of their Indian friends the benefactors buzz advice: that they must resist the brutal efforts of an unimaginative bureaucracy to force modern civilization on them, even if it is teaching them to use a toothbrush.

THE trouble is that Indian dances, religion and manner of living are all interwoven in a hopelessly tangled whole. Like other theologies, the Indian's is in many respects both beautiful and admirable, and it arouses literary ladies to flights of ecstasy. But in the interest of realism one must note that if an Indian girl wants a doctor when she has a baby, it is this same religion, in the person of the pueblo elders, which steps in and says, "No!" Again, when the Government digs wells in some of the more conservative pueblos, the inhabitants hurl refuse down them, break the pumping machinery and go on drinking ditch water in their quaint ancestral way. If the population gets typhoid that, too, is a by-product of religion — but the literary persons fail to see the connection.

ALL in all the Truth, always a skittish lady, is more than ordinarily coy where the Pueblos are concerned. This "picturesque and lovable race" is not altogether innocent of the art of politics; it uses its voluble sympathizers — but it does not accept them. Toward all, or practically all, white people the Pueblo erects a stone wall of reticence on every subject that concerns his Indian life, and the people who gush appreciation of its beauty are seldom rewarded with full information about it — or with invitations to the secret dances.

Consequently it is not surprising if archæologists, literary ladies and the Y. W. C. A. combined have learned only a meagre amount about the life of the Southwestern tribes and the details of their ceremonies. No one knows the whole pattern of their intricate social fabric, of which religion is the warp and tribal organization the woof. Occasionally a white visitor, on ethnology bent, has questioned an Indian too closely as to the traditions of his tribe, and the resourceful redskin has replied with a perfectly straight face by relating the traditions of a neighboring tribe.

It is these little things that make the truth about their dances elusive.

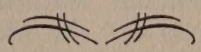
It is so elusive that authorities are still at variance over so apparently simple a question of fact as whether or not the poison apparatus of the rattlesnakes is tampered with in the Hopi snake dance. Mr. Leo Crane, the author, who was agent for eight years in the Hopi country, says he does not know.

However, the dance muddle, as I have already hinted, is only one facet of a vaster, a comprehensive muddle. The whole question of how far one should presume to interfere with the Indian for his own good is one of the most involved and delicate problems which ever split the head of an administrator. How shall we regard the claims of an ancient culture amid the pressure of modern conditions? For this, it may be, there is no perfect solution, nor one devoid of bitterness.

If that is true, perhaps the best thing is to face it. The writer wishes modestly to point out that, practically alone among her kind, she is not offering a solution of the larger Indian problem. It seems fairly clear, however, that in order to arrive at any solution at all it is first necessary to regard the Indian as an Indian, and not as a convenient proving ground for one's theories of life. Of all human perplexities this one, so old and so involved, calls most urgently for that rare and priceless thing, a sense of fact.

The appointment of Charles J. Rhoads of Philadelphia to the office of Indian Commissioner looks like better times ahead for the Indians — and a bad time for Mr. Rhoads. The new head of the Indian bureau is an officer of the Indian Rights Association, which for almost fifty years has shown vigilance and a bull-dog determination in defense of just what its name sets forth — Indian rights. It is more than likely that with Mr. Wilbur back of him he will wield a powerful new broom to clean out the disgraceful mess of dirt, disease and corruption which has been found on so many reservations.

But as soon as ever his material improvements run counter to the delicate claims of culture — and they will — his troubles will begin. May Commissioner Rhoads enjoy the judgment of Solomon! He will need it.



## Before the Tribal Shrine

By Caroline S. Shunk

God of the Igorrote!
Before the Tribal Shrine
I pour the wine of coconut,
I spread the blossom of the Bua tree,
I offer the blood of a white dove.
Give to my savage man
The head of his enemy;
To my first born son,
Give Love!

# Answer Yes or No

By John Holley Clark, Jr.

*The plight of the witness under cross examination, and some rules by which to minimize the ordeal*

We lawyers have been practising law for two thousand years and more. We practise on the unsuspecting layman.

We have more fun than the doctors. They practise on their own patients. We practise on our rivals' patients. They must treat their patients well or they lose them. We must treat our rivals' patients ill or we lose our own.

We go into court to establish as true a certain state of facts. We believe it to be true because our clients say it is true. The cynical say we believe it to be true because we are paid to believe it.

But "'What is truth?' said jesting Pilate, and did not stay for an answer."

At any rate we finally arrive in court only to find — as we have been duly informed for months — that our rivals' clients say the truth is something quite different.

And then we must so practise on those clients as to prove to twelve good men and true that they are not to be believed.

The methods of doing this are well established. They were succinctly stated nineteen hundred years ago by the Dean of the Roman Law School, Professor M. Fabius Quintillian, as follows:

"If (the witness) is timid he may be frightened; if foolish, misled; if irascible, provoked; if vain, flattered; if prolix, drawn from the point; if, on the contrary, a witness is sensible and self-possessed he may be hastily dismissed as malicious and obstinate or he may be put out of countenance by a jest, or if anything can be said against his moral character his conduct may be overthrown on infamous charges."

This about sums up what lawyers try to do today to witnesses who tell a story different from the one they are maintaining.

For numerous thousands of years the lawyers have been "practising" this art of cross examination. They have written books upon books about it. They gleefully recall instances where witnesses were confounded. They pride themselves on winning cases, and he is most sought after by clients who gets the most verdicts — whether with or against the evidence.

It all seems a delightful game as you read of it, and practise it. It is

big game hunting! Man hunting! Showing up the liar — doing justice!

I thought well of it, had some scalps at my belt, and was an enthusiast on the warpath until recently. But it so happened that I had to be a witness myself. I appeared before a political board which did not want to believe me. After a vigorous — even brutal — cross examination it succeeded in not believing me, though later events proved that I spoke nothing but the truth.

THEN it occurred to me that perhaps too little attention had been paid to the instruction of the cross examinee, the unwilling patient, the man in the street. Cross examination is a mental duel between witness and lawyer. The lawyer has been learning and practising for thousands of years. The witness is always a novice. His lawyer may instruct him but quite often he will not.

Usually witnesses march up to the stand as innocent of law or cross examination or what to do or what to look out for as they might have been the day they were born. And you may search the libraries in vain for any book telling of the art of being cross examined.

Yet it is as much an art to get a story over against cross examination as it is to break a story down by cross examination.

All of us are in imminent danger of cross examination. Particularly all laymen are constantly in peril. They ought to know what to do about it.

Most lawyers tell their clients to "Tell the truth and shame the devil". But that is by no means all of it. You may tell the truth ever so conscientiously. It will not avail you if the opposing lawyer is bent on making it appear false and you fall into his snare.

What to do about it?

The best thing is to remember Professor Quintillian. Do not be timid or you will be frightened. Do not be foolish or you will be misled. Do not be vain or fall for flattery; above all, do not be prolix or you will be drawn from the point — and say things that will sound foolish.

Timidity is hard to control. I have seen perfectly truthful witnesses give every appearance of lying. They move uneasily in the witness chair. They put hand to mouth. They let their eye wander. They are the picture of the caged animal.

Such an appearance is fresh meat to the cross examiner. If your story is important, opposing counsel will take it for granted you are lying and subject you to what Wellman calls "the particular form of torture in store for the perjurer".

NOT long ago one of my clients was complaining witness in an important criminal case. Although the story he told was true as the Gospel and although he had been in public life many years, he had never been on the witness stand. He was nervous and he showed it. The first question the cross examiner asked was about a letter my client had given the defendant and which described the defendant as his "chief investigator".

The examination went something like this:

Q. Was defendant your "chief investigator"?

A. Well at the time —

Q. Please answer yes or no.

A. No.
Q. Then the letter was false?
A. He told me it was.
Q. So you wrote a letter — "To whom it may concern" — that is to all the world — which was false, because the defendant told you to. Is that so or is it not?
A. Well the letter was written for a purpose —
Q. Please answer the question yes or no.
A. I cannot.
And then, after some sparring a reluctant "Yes."

Nothing could sound much more foolish. But the explanation — given on redirect — made it all plain. The defendant had been an investigator for my client's former attorney, and so indirectly for my client. He had wanted to investigate a mysterious murder and suggested that such a letter would give him an entrée he could not otherwise get.

MY CLIENT'S mistakes were first in not concealing his nervousness and second in answering either yes or no to a question which could not be answered yes or no.

No witness is required to do that. The reason cross examiners try to pin witnesses down is to avoid explanations. For, as Wellman says, "If you allow the witness a chance to give his reasons or explanations, you may be sure they will be damaging to you, not to him."

The witness' defense against this is to control himself. No matter how simple the question he is asked to answer "yes or no", if it cannot be so answered he should say so and keep on saying so until allowed to explain or until counsel goes on to another point.

Beside the classical question, "Have you stopped beating your wife?" there are many others much simpler which cannot be answered by yes or no. A witness often is badgered by an attorney to answer yes or no until he gives in when he should not. He thinks if he maintains that he cannot answer yes or no he will seem to be evasive.

DON'T worry about appearing evasive. It is better to appear evasive than to fall into a trap. You can always fall back on the effective retort of Henry Ward Beecher when his cross examiner in the Tilton case asked him why he was so evasive. "Because I am afraid of you," said Beecher simply.

Don't be afraid to be afraid of traps or to say so if necessary. Always remember that the jury is watching the duel. They know when you are being badgered. Also remember that after the cross examination is finished, your own counsel can take you in hand on redirect and let you explain your evasions, your inconsistencies and all your lapses. And remember further that both your own counsel and the judge are there to see that you are fairly treated.

But the first and greatest defense is to be no more nervous than nature demands and to do your best to conceal what nervousness you feel.

If the opposing counsel interrupts with a vigorous objection that the question is "irrelevant, incompetent and immaterial" and a lot more Choctaw, if he asks the judge to "Please caution the witness not to answer questions while I am objecting", don't think you are about to be committed for contempt. This is only part of the game. Keep your head, let your lawyer look out for the

objections, and answer the questions.

Don't be nervous, is first. Don't be foolish, explains itself. Don't be irascible, is the third maxim. "Hold your temper while you lead the witness to lose his", is the Golden Rule of cross examiners. It is even more important for witnesses. If you get angry you will say things you don't mean — or things you do mean and don't want known.

The fourth maxim is, don't be vain. The smoothest trick of the cross examiner is to get on your soft side — to lead you to admit you are quite a remarkable person. Then he traps you into showing that you are not. I have seen vast numbers of witnesses taken in by such obvious soft soap as "You have quite a remarkable memory, Mr. Jones;" "You are a very expert accountant, Mr. Brown;" "You have made a deep study of this subject, Mr. Smith?" etc. etc.

Every time the cross examiner gets oily, look out. Always remember he is your enemy. If he puffs you up it is only to explode you.

THERE was, for instance, the doctor called in a railroad accident case. He was an expert on nervous diseases, but vain. The cross examiner flattered him to death. He had read Smith on this, Jones on that, Gervais on the other and so on through a long list of authorities that never existed. The doctor fell. He had read them all. But toward the end he got suspicious. The names sounded plausible, but he began to doubt. Finally he was asked about Hall on Traumatic Neurosis, a *bona fide* authority. This was too much. "There is no such book," said he. He was ruined.

So don't be puffed up. Don't admit you are wonderful about anything.

And finally don't be prolix. Don't try to explain everything. It makes you appear nervous. If you are allowed to explain, either the cross examiner is asleep at the switch or he thinks you are the kind that will explain yourself into difficulties. If he is asleep make your explanation but do not overdo it.

ALL these don'ts, of course, have their limitations. The first and primary duty of the cross examiner is to know his witness. He should never cease to size him up. The witness' duty is the same. Know your adversary. He never knows what you know, but you can tell pretty well both what he knows and what he is.

If he is the kind that thinks cross examination consists in "repeating the direct examination in a very angry tone," let him rave. If he speaks quietly, watch him. He may be stupid and you can trap him. He may be smart and trying to trap you.

The day is gone when two or three great advocates try all the important cases. The man in the street today — particularly in America — is most apt to encounter the lawyer in the street.

There are many lawyers who seldom go to court. They have no more experience in cross examination than the witness in testifying. And it is my experience that the ordinary man is a match for the ordinary lawyer. The daily business contacts of the active man of affairs make his mind keener than that of the office lawyer

who spends his time with contracts, deeds, wills, and what not.

And even the best lawyers are often outwitted — and by ordinary men.

Quintillian says "All questions ought to be extremely circumspect because a witness often utters sharp repartees in answer to the advocate and is thus regarded with a highly favorable feeling by the audience in general."

I have seen this happen over and over. A bullied witness often wins a case. You will not find many instances in books. Lawyers do not boast of them. But the best lawyers have been put to rout by honest witnesses some time or other.

One instance of this was the doctor who had tried to qualify as an expert on a disease akin to nervousness but not quite that. The cross examiner asked him to answer yes or no whether he was not a "neurologist pure and simple". Quickly he answered "Moderately pure and absolutely simple." The laugh saved him.

Almost dramatic instance of a witness getting the best of counsel occurred in an important Prohibition conspiracy case which I prosecuted. One of my witnesses was a man who had had charge for twenty-six years of the indemnity department of a large fidelity company. One of the defendants in the case had gone to the man, had flattered him, deceived him, plied him with drink and finally persuaded him to sign a bond for $115,000 against the diversion of 5,000 cases of whiskey. The whiskey had already been diverted and the supposed principal on the bond did not exist. As a result the witness had lost his job; his wife and four children were starving and he had taken heavily to drink. He had gone to the defendants for $200 to help out, only to be refused.

The cross examiner started out:

Q. The real reason you are here is because you could not shake these defendants down for $200, is it not?

A. No it is not.

Q. You are angry with them, aren't you?

A. Yes, I am, and I have good reason to be and I will tell you why if you want. Ask me to tell you why.

Q. All right, tell me why.

The witness sat back in his chair. In a pathetic voice he began, "When I was sixteen years old I went to work for this company". He was starting to tell the ruin the defendants had worked.

In a moment counsel for some of the minor defendants were on their feet objecting. They could not stand the truth. Chief counsel had lost his head when he was provoked into asking "Why?" The judge finally protected defendants from the answer to their own question. But the jury got the point. Chief counsel slumped down in his seat, utterly routed.

Wellman gives another instance of a quieter sort.

He knew his witness had once been in an insane asylum on Ward's Island. Sneeringly he asked. "You were once on Ward's Island, weren't you?" He was quite put to rout by this reply:

"I was sent there because I was insane; you see my wife was very ill with locomotor ataxia. She had been ill a year. I was her only nurse. I

tended her day and night. We loved each other dearly. I was greatly worried over her long illness and frightful suffering. The result was I worried too deeply; she had been very good to me. I overstrained myself; my mind gave way. But I am better now, thank you."

So witnesses sometimes have their innings. Jove nods or the examiner is not as smart as the witness.

Every real opportunity to confound the examiner should be taken advantage of. But don't be anxious for it. Many witnesses, by trying to get the best of the cross examiner give an impression of forwardness and smartness that hurts their testimony. Don't be so anxious to score a hit that the jury may think you are trying to examine the attorney.

To most witnesses the supreme delight of laying the cross examiner flat is not granted.

The best they can do is remember the five don'ts. Don't be nervous, don't be foolish, don't be irascible, don't be vain, don't be prolix. Tell the truth and shame the devil — of a lawyer.

# Arias for Angels

By Tillman Breiseth

*Being a study of the business of the vocalists who thrive upon press-agentry with generous backing by wealthy patrons*

The tremendous national success of a prima donna at the age of nineteen was engrossing enough at a time when the average age of the reigning Metropolitan stars certainly was nearer to forty. Her announced retirement at twenty-three was even more astonishing to a public used to glorifying the musical rather than the agricultural life. And it suggests an interesting situation in the world of voice.

Encouraged by the somewhat doubtful acclamation of several of the younger vocalists in our major opera company, a crowd of protectors (of the vocalist, not the public) threaten to keep our operatic and concert stages continuously ringing with roulades. And the slightly tipsy brilliance of their cadenzas is apparently satisfying a public that never heard of Melba, unless it were in connection with a perfume or a cigar. Indeed, so many of these backers are pushing their protégés forward that we must soon be menaced by the terrifying circumstance of having more "angels" on earth than there will ever be in heaven.

Opera was once kept chiefly as a glittering symbol of social distinction, and no one minded if the performances *were* good. But with the vocalist coming into power there has been a series of débuts with a fixed routine. First the hint of a discovery, more hints until the début, the trainload of home-town applauders, their applause, next morning a front page story; the result is a box office name. The opera then prospers, for people are attracted by a dizzy overnight success. The dainty and precocious Marion Talley followed the routine and did well at $3,500 a performance in the hinterland. And Mary Lewis and Grace Moore had fireworks on the front page, but no fine frenzy from the critics.

Finding inspiration in the rewards of these fair maids, a multitude of vocal adventurers now enjoys the sport of patron-hunting. These vagabonds in music I prefer to call *vocalists* rather than singers, for they use their voices but they do not sing. With a portfolio of the right music, a hypercritical tongue for all established musical performers, a facility at vocalizing in an auspicious manner, a run of scandalous and fast professional gossip, a vocabulary of

convincing studio technicalities, and a sartorial appearance of rakish freedom — with these talents a considerable group of people are attempting to make their livings as singers.

Furthermore, they are succeeding in the attempt. They are presented with such a noise that those sometime estimable persons, the critics, are deafened. But that matters not, for the vocalist's money lender is more apt to read the front page news of a début than seek out the critical comment on an inside page. He feels he gets his money's worth from a front page hullabaloo.

At the risk of having my face slapped I must say that the patron's love of the singing art is not always platonic. Yet, there are other patrons who are burned by the desire to affiliate themselves with the magic of art, and others who find Career-Building the newest thing in self-advertising. "Art pays," is the slogan they have adopted.

Many of the blessed angels mean well; it is only that they confuse tinkling coins with musical values. And the standards that should be built by a young and expectant public are being threatened by the dry rot of ignorant affluence.

A fine voice is not necessarily accompanied by musicianship, but it too often spells CAREER when advertised extensively and backed by enough money. It is easier to exploit a vocalist than a pianist, for a pianist cannot so easily hide incompetent training. So much in singing is intangible, subjective, and personal that incompetence thrives. Teachers have made their rates ridiculously high; small-time patrons have cluttered up the profession with the most unworthy of aspirants; opera's susceptibility to newspaper fanfares has made débuts into silly farces. This threatens to drive out of existence the real artist — the singer.

* * *

When a prominent soprano was hit on the head with a golf ball and knocked unconscious, one New York critic rejoiced. "One less soprano," said he. But two days later she sang at a benefit. "Which," remarked the critic, "only proves my contention that sopranos don't need their heads to sing with." Substitute the word "vocalist" for "soprano" and the remark is apt.

The vocalist is the illegitimate child of the art of singing. If he has the necessary voice, he then has no interest in developing it. Symphony orchestra conductors explode at the mention of vocal soloists. "They are not musicians," they say. The whole singing profession gets this reputation from those vocalists who have made their names on a few songs a coach has taught them, but are dazed and lost within the confining boundaries of an orchestral score.

If art is not experimental, seeking to rise and soar, it is three-a-day vaudeville. And many of our older concert performers have fallen, with success, into the habits of the vocalist. Standardizing their programmes, they run across the country year after year with the same old songs — *On the Road to Mandalay*, for instance, and *Fuzzy Wuzzy*, *Danny Deever*, and *Duna*. No doubt they would say that the audiences demand these favorites, but I for one, after

hearing them, could find real comfort again in *Oh! Dry Those Tears.*

Real singers often receive financial aid, although I have never known such a singer who sought patronage as his life's purpose. But the vocalist *must* have a subsidy to maintain his prestige, to keep his flamboyant soul on the ascendency and his striking poses guarded from deterioration. Except for the sad fact that he discolors the singing profession we all must admit his high sybaritic worthiness . . . And, in our more kindly seconds we do realize that it does the Park Avenue ladies good to take their tenors and their libidos to the Continent for the summer, bad as it is for the Continent.

FEATURING and proud of its inexperienced vocalists one opera company brings to the scene many patron hunters. As though consciously attempting to be obliging, the management has conducted rehearsals at a fashionable hot weather colony, where several of the sentimental ladies entertained the vocalists. After that the competition became fierce. Everyone trotted out his prettiest ballads — and some soon learned that it was necessary only to inquire tenderly as to the state of health to win a lady's check-writing hand.

Touching tales of sacrifice are always whirling in those circles where the voice is eminent. One good woman told me she was canceling her steamship reservations in favor of cheaper accommodations. "The saving," she said, "will give Mr. Blank a season on the Continent." Mr. Blank is one of those vocalists who believe Italian food will develop a voice.

Although vocalists come in a never ending variety, the most common specimen is the studio singer. He always studies but never sings; he is never quite ready. I know one of these hardy perennials who has been troubling his voice for ten years. He is always taking vacations and changing teachers. He limits his "public appearances" to sickly tea parties given by ladies who like their entertainment sweet but gratis. Several socially prominent women, so he puts it, are dying to give him a spectacular début. But he is afraid there are strings attached that will entangle him!

By this time the question forms itself: should the student of singing need more financial aid during the period of training than other students in the arts? There is no reason to believe he should. In singing, with church work, chorus parts in musical shows, and the radio, there are many opportunities for self-support without the prerequisites of experience and much training.

OUR best singers have moved slowly, mastering a firm technique as they sought experience. Rosa Ponselle was long a vaudeville favorite before she met Giulio Gatti-Casazza; Amelita Galli-Curci had her round of the picture houses; Roland Hayes did his share of minor singing before recognition came. And when Feodor Chaliapin failed at the Metropolitan (a failure full of professional malice) it was twelve years before he could be persuaded to come back.

But the vocalist must move more quickly. And the flight he makes is flimsy. Although he may appear to

have some depth, he surrounds himself with so much light that he is like a petticoat-less lady in the sun. The musician can always see through him.

SINCE an operatic success is the easiest to achieve of any in serious music, we find the natural goal of the vocalist is opera. Through advertising and press agentry the American public has been led to believe that opera is the quintessence of the singing art. Operatic stars who dare to challenge critical attention in a recital of songs prove the posturing superficiality of opera.

Our rationalistic Nationalists have long discussed the logic of opera in English, with American singers. Now they can witness their logic. The American Opera Company has asked the public, in the name of the flag, to patronize performances sung in English that sounded less native than the prospectus. The company came to us from Rochester, New York. Then it was billed as "of New York." Last season Chicago sponsored it. How fortunate there are so many large cities in this country. It seems to have no trouble in finding patronage. Mrs. Eleanor Freer of Chicago has been interested in the cause, and was well repaid when they produced her lovely *Legend of the Piper* — quite as though it were Verdi or Flotow. And they were both patriotic and original when they devised a new combination and played Mr. Charles Wakefield Cadman's very thrilling *Sunset Trail* on the same programme with Pagliacci. In all their ventures, even though the translations are good and the staging novel, the singing of the vocalists is rarely adequate. The voices are generally light, unfinished, frail, and styleless. And if the musical performance of an opera is not competent there is nothing else for which to stay awake.

Opera originally written in English is a worthy hope for the future. Deems Taylor is our only significant pioneer. With the gestures of the vocalist as they are, and translated opera as it is, we must agree that opera remains, as ever, a brilliantly gilded institution where it is convenient and pleasant to meet your friends. And the operatic débutante is generally finding her second year the hardest. The critics about that time lose their gentility and find their ears.

BUT the vocalist *must* study. Sometimes it seems that New York is entirely populated by music students, especially those who are vocal. Call yourself Madame, or better, Maestro and you can get up to $30 the half-hour . . . or what have you? Chicago is afflicted as badly as New York. To be sure, the virus has attacked the entire country. Small conservatories have sprung up like weeds and are worth as much. Very often they are run by Europeans whose careers never developed, for this reason or that . . . believe it or not. Outside of New York they get $20 a lesson. And in one small Middle Western city a music school with an enrollment of 4,000 students struggles with competition. The vocalist starts young.

Vocal factories operate as efficiently as the Ford Motor plant. One of the best advertised in New York has a staff of secretaries to smile and speak softly to all who are drawn in. The little moth is first

"granted" an audition before she is burned for the audition fee. After the audition the Maestro meditates, then says: "Oh, your voice is charming. It is delightful. But you are not quite ready to study with *me*. Now I have an assistant who is just the person for you. Go with him until you learn my method. Then I will take you."

THE story goes that a young Southern vocalist (the young ladies are quite often from the South) studied with a certain teacher for a year. At the end of that time she had less voice than when she started. "See here," he said to her, "you have a very special kind of a vocal problem. But my wife is used to dealing with just that kind of thing, and can surely help you." The young lady made arrangements for an audition with the wife, but through an error got into a group of new students. Finally the wife heard her. She listened with a look of sadness on her face. "My dear," she said, "you have a lovely voice, but who in God's name ruined it?"

To ruin or not, these vampires of voice have a gang of assistants. One specializes in breath control, another in diction. Then there are always lessons in German, French, and Italian to be recommended, and only *one* teacher who is any good. As some teachers insist that strenuous exercise will ruin a voice and others know a dandy gymnasium where the diaphragm can be strengthened, it is necessary only to be convincing. The more recommendations the more revenue.

The vocal pedagogue loves the Master Class idea. Such classes are usually conducted by the more plutocratic teachers for periods of from two to six weeks. Many of them vaguely promise to deliver a complete technique within that time. However, their chief aim is to build from their summer students a winter clientèle. Coaching can be worthwhile for short periods, but when they promise to accomplish the work of years in six weeks their racket becomes a trifle noisy.

The vocal diagnostician (as he calls himself if he wants the protection of science) who has a fashionable studio must also have a European season. In June he sails with his coterie of favorites, who are the more materially endowed. There is an expensively temperamental old Madame who sails every summer. Since she began her career in Europe she returns each year to her old pupils there, pupils whom she embraces wholeheartedly, much to the sorrow of the proud American vocalist. For he often finds himself, after crossing the wide expanse of water, limited to one lesson a week in favor of some German tenor who has developed nodes on his vocal cords since Madame's last visit.

THERE is a well-known teacher who is supposed to have a never failing method. It seems, however, to be financial. She "accepted" a young baritone whom I know. Since the fee was too high for him she agreed to cut it in half. He was jubilant over this until he found out that she had made a similar cut for another pupil, only to send her a bill for $2,000 when she had achieved prosperity. It is interesting to note that this teacher mentions herself in the same breath with Patti.

The reason that poor teachers can have illustrious pupils is that some voices are *placed* (to use a technicality) by nature and cannot easily be harmed. Such voices need only exercise and discipline. In my opinion, Rosa Ponselle has a voice that is a striking example of natural placement. However, since she has distinguished herself, there are several teachers who claim to have "taught" her.

Of course, I do not say that all teachers are charlatans. But those who promise much in little time for more money are dangerous. There are many good teachers. Frederick Bristol, the Dean of New York singing teachers, is an instance of one who has had amazing results in his sixty years of teaching. Although one cannot judge by a teacher's artist list, it is of interest that he has had as pupils Lillian Nordica, Olive Fremstad, and Edmond Clement. His fee is not fancy; his studio is not fancy; he does not advertise; and he refuses more pupils than he accepts. Voice culture is like pediatrics, for in both diagnosis is made with difficulty. Mr. Bristol is able to associate with every tone produced the workings of the physical mechanism producing it. That is why he is said to "make" voices.

As a whole, however, it is a big business, and a grandly prosperous business. And the patron is the unconscious supporter of it all, the silent and stupid encourager. Teachers are often fond of patrons, and some of them make their studios brokerage offices where the sainted vocalists and the guardian angels are brought together.

And so the angels come . . . and don't imagine they are sexless. When a worthy brother of the congregation offers to pay for special Easter music, in honor of his dear dead wife, and then proceeds to specify that the Music Committee engage as soloist a certain twittering little blonde, you can be pretty sure you know a potential patron.

The vocalist knows what he wants. With a press agent, a voice, and a bag of tricks, he can buy recognition. The trouble with all this is that it has forced the real singer to resort to these same methods if he wants to get on. The excellence of his art will not be enough when there is competition with a vocalist who can force the attention of the public upon himself. And the real singer is often without a ballyhoo fund.

It is said that if a singer is a real artist, patronage will not spoil him. It may not spoil him, but by its very nature, it cannot help him. The viewpoint of the patron is strange. When he gives, he wants to do it in a large reckless way, with flourish and gesture. I know a woman who interests herself in music. (That is, she has not missed an opera in twenty years, so that her remarks on singers are statistical, the number of times they have sung their various rôles, *et cetera*.) She once offered a tenor $10,000 for European study. He refused it and has since achieved a good measure of acclaim. Although she offered him the $10,000 in one flash, she never thought of helping him in his more penurious days by paying him a professional fee when she asked him to sing for her guests.

A great physician, so the story

goes, was at a dinner party. When the lovely lady next to him discovered what his profession was, she began telling him the symptoms of her illness. "Now Doctor," said she, "what should I do for it?" To this the physician, with much sweetness and more light, responded, "I would suggest that you consult a physician." Yet singers are always being taken advantage of in this way; they are invited to dinner and then asked to pay for it.

THE large associations of music clubs also find it convenient to work on the same charity basis. But they make matters worse by adding talk about "the highest ideals of music." By an apparent elevation of their aims they feel that a singer should be more than glad to sing for them without fee.

Another feature, and practically a necessity, of the game of singing is the annual New York and Chicago recital. The audiences at these affairs especially at the smaller salons, are social friends and followers of the recitalist. And there is usually much applause, supposedly to beguile the critics.

The reviews of these critics are supposed to help "sell" the recitalist to rural managers. But a singer has seldom been sold to an outside manager on the strength of a New York recital, unless that recital had enough news value to make the front page and the Associated Press. As publicity, the New York recital is about as worthless as trade journal advertising.

There are about ten of these trade journals, and if a singer wants to keep up with a widely advertised vocalist he will have to take at least a page a year in each one of them. Since the rates go up to several hundred dollars a page, he will have to spend more for his advertising than does a fair-sized business, and get what? The big claim made by the journals is that their advertising keeps the singer's name before the managers, but it is certain that if a manager reads a trade journal at all he will bother only with those names he already knows.

PERHAPS our warblers are the most precious of artists, and deserve our utmost in care and consideration. But I doubt it. They are a hardy lot. Painters and sculptors often receive scholarships, but I know of none who has an endowment fund for his publicity. Many of them, quaintly enough, even seem to enjoy starving themselves a bit. And the more dispassionate critic of the singer will say that he, too, would do well by his figure to try for a time the dietary life. As for writers, they must bend over their desks and expect no Lady Bountiful to straighten them out.

Finally, the dependent parasites who cling to the singing art must be expected. The past decade has brought big business into singing. The press agents flourish, and send out their reams on the eccentric indolence of the prima donna. The vocalist is caught by this appeal. It is the life rather than the art of the singer that he wants. By means he knows best, he gets the money. And with money, he breaks first into the papers and then into song. And it seems that everyone is well done by — except, perhaps, the patient public.

# What's Wrong on Broadway?

By Henry Tetlow

*From a successful business man's point of view, the recent ebb in the show business results from disregard of every principle of sane business management*

The electric lights of Broadway shed their doubtful radiance far beyond the limits of Commissioner Whalen's traffic regulations. For New York is admittedly and naturally the theatrical capital of these United States, and theatre-goers everywhere are familiar with what goes on in the roaring Forties, and often more so than the subway dwellers of the city itself. They keep in touch on occasional visits, which are rarely so fraught with business as to allow no time and space for entertainment, and they form the biggest and most faithful audience for the numerous periodicals that reflect the tone and temper of smart amusement. Anything that deeply concerns Broadway arouses the interest, curiosity and opinion of the provinces.

Word has gone forth that the theatre has had another bad season. Specifically this means New York, though it may be as true elsewhere. But everywhere the question is, "What's the matter on Broadway?" The indifferent quality of the plays that reach other cities, the casualties which prevent many apparently promising productions from ever reaching them, the evident inroads that motion pictures are making on the prestige of the provincial theatre — all these are referred back to Broadway. And it is assumed that Broadway knows the answer.

There is no evidence that Broadway knows anything of the sort. If it did, something sensible might be done about it. As a matter of fact, New York is more hopelessly confused concerning the state of its own theatre than its critics elsewhere. The aftermath of the theatrical season of 1928–29 consists chiefly of a lot of wreckage and a babel of tongues. Some say it's been a terrible season. Others maintain it was as good as usual. A third group keeps pasted in its hirsute investiture the Chorus Lady's profound dictum to the effect that any season is a poor season for a bum show. A visiting critic, after withstanding the slings and arrows of the Copperheads and Know-nothings for some seven months, pauses on his departure at a point midway between Ambrose and Overall Lights to bite his thumb at

us and assure us we have no idea how good the American theatre is if we think this has been an off year.

They say the talkies are ruining the legitimate theatre. They say the talkies can have no effect at all on the theatre. Traffic congestion is responsible for bad business; traffic congestion doesn't keep people away from the sell-outs. Ticket brokers have ruined the show business; ticket brokers perform a genuine service. The road is dead; plenty of shows are making money on tour. Lots of stock companies cannot get along; stock is booming. Many men, an occasional mind, myriad opinions and pronouncements. You pay your money and you take your choice.

Show business, like every other business under the sun, looks all around it—never within—for the "causes" of bad business. Yet no more in show business than in any other can success or failure be wholly credited either to external causes or its own account. In one respect, however, show business — when and where it is bad — falls far below the lowest grade in other industries. It is utterly lacking in even the rudiments of good business technique. And this egregious failure has not been touched by the critics, quacks or constructivists: a fair indication that few people in or out of show business realize it exists. Into this uncharted region with compass chain and plane table I now purpose to venture. But before we start exploring and excavating there are certain gods to be appeased, certain ghosts to be laid.

For example, many unthinking people believe show business differs radically from all others because of the gamble inherent in picking the hits. Unquestionably there is no way to foretell or foresee a hit. But this fact does not put show business in a separate category all by itself. The idea that it differentiates show business from any other of the huge group of industries whose business depends on what our giant intellects of Advertisia call "consumer acceptance" is the feeblest kind of nonsense.

I, for instance, am by a strange combination of fortunes, a perfumer. I will cheerfully pay anyone, including the Schuberts, a million dollars, who can tell me in advance how to compound an odor that will enjoy huge popularity. Show business is just another "style" business. You doubt it? Compare the style in plays of 1929 and 1909. To anticipate a little: the chief difference between show business and any sane occupation in this respect lies in the proportion of the entrepreneur's total capital invested in any one risk. The showman puts all the capital he can beg and borrow into one piece, plays one week to twenty per cent of capacity in Wilkes-Barre and decides to come into New York. Now, whether or not you won my first million dollars, I will pay you a second million if you can find me a perfumer, or ready-to-wear, or hosiery, or millinery manufacturer, who will take *one* style into ONE town, sell to one-fifth the dealers and — on the strength of that — risk every cent he has or can get, in the marketing of that one style.

Secondly, those — including myself — who live outside New York City may take exception to the

emphasis I put on that city in this discussion. Well, let us be men — not showmen. Let us admit those facts that really are facts. Just as New England was once the textile industry so today New York is the theatrical industry. There are signs and portents pointing to a change; but signs and portents are to existing facts as salesmen's "weather reports" are to a factory in need of orders. The first fact is that New York is today the theatrical centre of the world. One might think, for instance, from the number of English actors and actresses playing in New York theatres that London was that centre, at least for the English speaking world. Well, if you think that, go to London and count the number of American "hams" playing there. There are many more Americans in London than Britishers in New York. There are about half as many theatres in London as in New York. In any year since the war I venture to guess that a majority of the genuine (*i.e.* financial) successes on the London stage has been imported from America.

WITHIN the last three years about fifteen new theatres have been built in New York. That is, there has been an increase of about twenty or twenty-five per cent in the local industry's capacity. Actually, the theatres of New York have only played to about eighty per cent of capacity this season. And it must be borne in mind that a large part of the bad-business howl has come from the theatre owners and lessees who have forgotten they are not entrepreneurs making ventures entitling them to long profits. Of course they are only investors in real estate, which is good if it yields three or four per cent.

The increase in New York's housing capacity has created a competitive situation as yet unapproached anywhere else in the country. Four or five years ago any house that did not hold a hit had four or five prospective customers hovering about the suburbs waiting to rush in the minute the current occupant died. In those days the fact that the Actors' Theatre opened one of its outstanding successes "cold" (*i.e.* without an out-of-town trial) created something of a sensation. Today the least of the producer's difficulties is to find a house for his play in New York. This inevitably means a big increase in the number of bad productions and shoe-string producers.

ALL of which raises that phase of the business I shall explore, to a degree of immediate importance not yet reached in the rest of the country. The provinces do, and may further, profit by New York's failures and errors and my masterly elucidation thereof. For the "road," "stock," even the "little" theatre — all of which flourish more lustily than they did a decade ago — enjoy a peculiar immunity (although they have their own troubles and sorrows) by reason of the proving ground, the field of trial and error, that is New York. Few New York failures are sold for stock, and still fewer stock managers run the risk of leasing those that are. The only failures that get on the road are those that have a few dollars of the backers' money left when their New York landlords evict them. And you can

guess how many such there are. Once in a blue moon a failure is bought by one of those quaintly optimistic Californians for presentation on the Pacific coast. But in all these cases the number of money-makers is so few as to form a group of rule proving exceptions. No. New York may blow up, or collide with a comet, or get run over by a taxi. But until she does we must suppress our prejudices, if any, and accept her as the one fixed star of first magnitude in the galaxy of the American theatre.

MEANTIME, what is going on in New York may well happen anywhere in the country where two or three legitimate houses are gathered together. And what, you ask impatiently — if you have struggled this far — may that be? Well, the trouble with our theatre, particularly in New York, is nothing more nor less than bad business management.

I can see no fundamental difference between the theatrical business and my own. Both employ capital, tied up in plant and equipment, laid out on material and labor. Both turn out a product bought by the consumer in very small units and in quantities ranging from one up to at most a dozen pieces at a time. As compared to the cosmetician the theatrical producer enjoys these inestimable advantages: his selling method is at once simpler, cheaper and more direct; and he issues no credit but gets cash in advance for his rights of admission, which are the product he manufactures and sells. Yet I venture to say that if there is such a thing as a producer who considers himself in any sense an industrial producer, then that one thinks of plays as his products. They are only indirectly so. The producer can no more hunt out a single spectator and say, "Here! Give me fifteen, twenty, fifty thousand dollars and you may have my play," than I can discover a woman who would listen if I said, "Buy so many tons of face powder, my total output for a day, a week, a season." It is not "plays" or "face powder" that we sell. We make those things. But it is individual sights of plays and individual boxes of powder that we sell. So, granting this analogy between the theatre and any other manufacturing enterprise, let us consider managerial procedure in the theatre and compare it with sound industrial practice.

HERE is a man who calls himself a producer. His case is typical. As a point of departure, he selects a play. Most producers — particularly the shoe-string variety — permit a certain amount of rainbow chasing in the exercise of their faculty of choice, allow themselves to be influenced more by the very much off-chance of a sensational success than by the prospect of moderate, solid but unexciting returns. Having found his play, the producer's first official act is to bind himself by contract to pay the author an extortionately high royalty out of the gross receipts. The author's share figured on a sliding scale will average on all but outstanding successes between seven and eight per cent of the total business. This may not appear excessive. I don't say it is — from the author's standpoint. But wait and see!

The producer's next business is to dig up the necessary money to cover

his pre-production costs. He may find it all himself, or in part himself; or he may get it all from outside sources. Other things being equal, this does not attract a good class of investors, but rather those who for a variety of reasons are willing to gamble a relatively small sum at almost hopeless odds on the prospect of a big, quick return. The producer forms a limited partnership with his backers, usually agreeing to divide the net profits — after the original capital has been paid back — on about a fifty-fifty basis. Again, if the producer has no money stake in the enterprise, or a very small one, there is every encouragement — especially if those furnishing the money are ignorant of the trade — to indulge not only in production extravagance but in an infinite variety of those sharp, if not downright dishonest, practices which have made show business a hissing and a by-word.

If he is affluent the producer has a director (a sort of chief-chemist or production manager in the theatre) already on his payroll. If not, he selects one and puts him there for the duration of the job; that is, generally, from the minute the hiring is finished until, say, two weeks after the première. These twain, then, with the help of the author and millions of cubic feet of free air, engage the actors; contract to have the scenery designed and built; equip the play with costumes and properties; rehearse and direct the actors — in short, build and supervise the building of the primary product. The actors are not paid during this preliminary period; they work for from two to eight weeks for nothing but the ill-advised hope of getting a job. In all other respects their interests are well protected by their powerful union.

As production goes forward the producer concerns himself with the search for a theatre in which to house his finished goods. Some, but by no means all producers own one or more theatres. Inevitably the shoestring operators, the heaviest contributors to the misfortunes of show business, do not. They and those who require additional space in which to house an excess of productions pay through the nose despite the large proportion of vacant houses. A representative arrangement with the theatre would be one that gave the house fifty per cent of the gross business with a minimum guarantee of $5,000 per week in a house of, say, $14,000 per week capacity. If the show will not pull $10,000 a week — out it goes. For this consideration the house is furnished complete with lights, ushers, tickets, stage crew, etc. (Stage hands by the way, thanks to their union, are the only really prosperous people in the theatre today.) Just as there are innumerable ways in which a tricky producer can wangle small graft out of his producing partnership, so there are infinite ways in which the theatre can bite into the producer's share, once the contract is signed, thus presenting additional reasons why capital looking for sound investment stays out of show business.

Having made his theatre contract, fixed his opening date and prepared his play, the producer seeks a try-out away from the metropolis, to round the show into shape and give the

scouts a chance to see it and decide if their ticket agencies will invest in its tickets.

Here let me digress to say that while the marketing of tickets is a vexed and serious problem I do not regard it — any more than "traffic congestion" or the talkies — as either of prime importance or an unmixed evil. These are merchandising problems, and it is a known fact that an otherwise sound business, producing an article of genuine merit, can and will survive the world's worst merchandising. In one respect the agency is a positive boon to the producer. I, for one — and there must be thousands like me — would never go to the theatre at all if faced with the prospect of shopping from door to door, in the present state of traffic.

So the producer brings his show into New York. Usually by the time Broadway is reached the bank balance is exhausted; the show must make or break from the very first night. Nine times out of ten it is foredoomed to immediate failure. The tenth time it languishes a few weeks, closes, and is sold for by-product: movie, talkie, touring, stock, musical and "coast production" rights, when, and if, there are any buyers. Only a big hit adds foreign royalties to this list — and there is not one big hit in a thousand tries. The sum of the by-product sales varies in proportion to the producer's selling ability and the money-pulling value of the show as indicated by its Broadway run. At present the by-product is an important part of the total revenues in show business. The returns from genuine hits will no doubt continue to wax fat and fatter. But there is so much "skullduggery" practised in the way of propping up a failure to make it look alive — clever sales talk plus a stern effort to keep running on Broadway long after the play has failed — that for all but the genuine hits the by-product is bound to diminish. In the long run, unless producers rouse themselves to the practical value of honest dealing even with movie magnates, it will come near to vanishing altogether.

Our producer is now back where he began, ready to repeat the process. While he is damning show business let us consider critically what he has done.

He is all wrong. Judged by the standards of the most hit-and-miss industry in the world, outside his own, he would not be held to have even an unreasonable chance of success. Reduce the formless chaos of his case to concrete dollars. Suppose he housed his production in a theatre with $14,000 per week capacity on a fifty-fifty basis; that his operating cost is $4,000 a week, and that his show lasted ten weeks — not a bad run. His share of the gross — at capacity — would be $70,000. Royalties to the author would be $11,000; operating cost, $40,000; net, to be divided between the producer and his money backers, $19,000. This is probably less than the original production cost. And it will be noted that no account has been taken of the possibility of playing to less than capacity. Actually in such a hypothetical instance as this, it would be improbable that the ten weeks would gross over $100,000. The author's royalties would be slightly smaller, but operating cost

would remain constant. The difference in the net is profound.

Once upon a time, someone in show business must have heard that it is a good thing to distribute your risk. Play producers have reduced this sound business principle to an absurdity. In the first place, they have distributed their risk all in the wrong direction, and have ignored the saving idea of "style variety," by which any sensible manufacturer protects himself against the perversity and absurdity of popular taste. Further, they seem to have no realization of the fact that any contingent basis of business must be reasonably mutual in its operation.

CONSIDER our hypothetical instance. The producer contracts to pay half the total income of the run as rent, regardless of whether he thereby has anything left for necessary maintenance or operating costs, much less profits. The houses continue to demand and get contracts of this sort, taking no risk for themselves except the probability that the show will die in their establishment and be kicked out to make room for another prospective casualty. No attempt has been made to weaken this autocracy nor to break the boom scale of rentals that has prevailed since the war, though everyone outside show business knows that five per cent is an excellent net return on real estate, in or out of New York. The simple truth is that the house owners, like everyone else in show business, are blinded by the hope of the occasional hit. They are willing to strangle the golden goose slowly to death, because occasionally she lays a nugget in their bank accounts. They fail to see that a better break for the producer ultimately means sounder and safer profits for themselves. The sooner they abandon hope of getting rich quick through a turn of the wheel and settle down to serious, if slower, money making, the better for show business.

HAVING signed away one-half his birthright for rent, the producer's next public-spirited act is to assume the entire burden for the author's royalties. Just why the house should not participate in this obligation is one of those questions that no one outside of show business could answer and no one on the inside has ever thought of asking. The accepted practice means that the average eight per cent of the gross which the author gets is really sixteen per cent of the producer's gross income on the play, which is why I have called the author's share extortionately high. As a consequence the royalties are too heavy a burden for any but an outstanding success to carry.

As if this were not enough of nonsensical optimism, the producer — especially if he is using other people's money — will cheerfully undertake to spend as much as seventy per cent of his best possible gross to put on the show. This is true of a large number of productions offered on Broadway; their production and operative costs are enormous and can only possibly be justified by a sure-fire hit, which is something nobody has the least right to count on in advance. Such a policy might be all right in manufacturing and marketing iron or timber or sugar, but it won't do in a luxury line. The prospective demand is so entirely

speculative that it is suicidal to put all the eggs in one basket and particularly in such an appallingly expensive basket.

The producer's answer is that he can't help it. He says he can do no better because of the high wages that must be paid to actors, which constitute the greater part of theatrical operating costs. In reply it may be argued that any producer who would so organize his programme as to be able to hold out a reasonable possibility of a full year's work should be able to cut his salary list to half or less. There are plenty of four hundred dollar a week actors who would be glad to get one hundred a week for fifty-two weeks' sure work in the year, whereby the principal operating cost would be spread sensibly over a real business output and assigned to each production in proportion to its business chances of success.

THIS is what the producer understands by distributing his risk. By such distribution he reduces his margin of safety to at best about ten per cent, a margin that any business budget maker considers suicidally narrow, as indeed it proves to be. But that is not all. The last thing — or rather the first thing — that the producer does is to contract to pay one-half his net profit, supposing there is any, for the use of capital with which to float his venture. The original capital sum is actually seldom in excess of $25,000. If the show miraculously turns out a success he may pay as much again or three times as much or five times or anything at all, for the use of the money. Certainly he will pay a rate which would make even the Federal Reserve banks gasp for breath and pray for courage. Yet with sensible management of an adequate initial capital, a producer should be able to fill all subsequent requirements at his bank at regular business rates, just as does any other legitimate business. With sensible forethought in management he would not even have any such subsequent requirements; he would have cash in hand for all contingencies.

THE average producer, in conclusion, fails to make any accurate financial estimate of what he is up against; he divides his forces and resources recklessly; and he is soundly thrashed in detail. What many producers fail to realize is that at the best their chances of success are infinitely remote unless they enjoy a thorough and intimate grounding not only in the commercial but also in the technical side of the business. I can think of no industry that demands more, on the technical side, from its leaders than show business. It is beyond my comprehension how in these days any theatrical manager can hope to succeed without the help of a broad and diversified education, plus wide reading and wide acquaintance outside the theatre, plus sufficient native intelligence to assimilate all this mental raw material and equipment without losing touch with humanity and reality. In short and in conclusion I suspect show business is suffering as per usual from an oversupply of native stupidity and ignorance. If there is a better explanation of the trouble, certainly nobody has yet mentioned it.

# A Dirge for Baseball

By Jack Kofoed

*How the National Game has begun to topple from its ancient pedestal, as the one-time fervid fans turn to new sports which they can play themselves*

Baseball, for fifty years America's National Game, is slowly dying.

High Commissioner Kenesaw Mountain Landis may wag his leonine head in denials, but the fact remains. Baseball, having reached the peak as a major attraction, is starting a journey down the sunset side of the hill.

The fault does not lie entirely within the game itself. America has become fed up with taking its exercise vicariously. Paying professional athletes to do the things one would like to do oneself brings no dividends in health; and Americans, lately realizing this, have started a vogue for games in which all can participate.

But, pronounced as this trend has become in recent years, it is not the chief cause of baseball's waning. To begin with, the owners are on the whole amazingly shortsighted. Any other big business — and baseball must be placed in that category since the major league franchises and property must represent a value of $30,000,000 — builds for the future. Does baseball? What have the magnates done toward insuring a following ten years from now? Nothing. As a matter of fact they have done as much as lies within their power to discourage potential baseball followers.

When I was a youngster, baseball was my deepest and most ecstatic love. Cy Young, Hans Wagner and the flamingly youthful Cobb were heroes, not out of a book, but living, breathing idols that I could devour with my eyes whenever I wheedled a quarter out of my mother. A bleacher seat cost two bits in all big league parks. Because of this reasonable fee I and a million urchins like me were developed into fans. Love of any sport is not an overnight passion. It achieves its peak through the years. Today's fans were the boys of the bleachers twenty summers ago.

What is happening now?

General admission in the major leagues costs fifty or seventy-five cents. The average boy cannot get a sum like that very often, and when he does, it doesn't give him so good a view of the game. Thus, instead of seeing him at the ball park, you'll

find he is caddying at the country club or playing tennis on the municipal courts. His hunger for baseball is not nourished when it is most important to the pocketbooks of the magnates that it be fed lavishly.

Not only is the spectator interest dropping off; there is also a condition approaching bankruptcy in player material. Take the American League as a very definite example. Babe Ruth is the only vital spirit left in that circuit — where once there were a score of colorful personalities.

Interest in Detroit faded with the passing of Cobb. Cleveland staggered under the loss of the Grey Eagle, Speaker. Washington has no dynamic player to replace Walter Johnson, and Chicago — crippled by the expulsion of eight stars after the crooked World Series of 1919 — has been further demoralized by the going of Eddie Collins and Ray Schalk. With such remaining aces as Harry Heilman, George Sisler and Ken Williams on the ragged edge of age, only the spindling legs of Ruth and rare youngsters like Lou Gehrig and Mickey Cochrane stand between the League and an absolute paucity of playing talent.

THIS condition grows more acute with the passing seasons. Our young men who dream of careers in professional athletics incline more toward the easier pathway of golf or the enormous purses of the prize-ring. Nowadays in the springtime you see boys playing in the vacant lots with mashies instead of bats.

This state of affairs is reflected accurately in New York scholastic circles, where interest in baseball has begun to falter. The high schools have as many tennis and golf teams now as diamond representatives. This augurs ill for the future, and any major league scout, scouring the country for young players, will tell you that his task becomes increasingly difficult.

The payment of $125,000 for an untried shortstop like Chalmers Cissel is not merely an indication that there is more money in the game than there used to be. It is proof beyond dispute that the bigger clubs are desperate in their search for talent. I see no reason to expect any change in this situation.

SIXTEEN years ago a boy of nineteen, Francis Ouimet, won the national open golf championship in a playoff with two famous British veterans. At that time the man in the street could not have named half a dozen golfers to save his life. Today Hagen, Jones and Farrell are given as much space on the sporting pages as Ruth, Hornsby and Vance. In those sixteen years golf has come up hand-over-hand to take the lead.

True, the impossibility of massing spectators in a stadium or grandstand, means that golf can never compete with baseball as a paying spectacle. The well-dressed, interested people who attend tournaments do not compare in numbers with those at the Polo Grounds. The difference, though, is simply this — and it is a difference that is cutting the ground out from under baseball's feet — the people who attend golf tournaments play their own game twenty times as much as they watch others. Furthermore, every year sees a large increase in their number, thanks in part to the

construction of public links for the benefit of those who cannot afford to belong to private clubs. No less than 225 of such courses, scattered over thirty-seven states, are now in operation, with greens fees that range from ten cents to a dollar. A majority have proved self-supporting, which makes the development of other municipal courses a certainty. During the past year approximately 10,500,000 rounds were played on public links. In addition there are, at the very lowest estimate, sixty semi-public courses, charging a three-dollar greens fee, but not requiring membership. Add a half million rounds to their account.

Of the private clubs, one thousand are members of the United States Golf Association. There are probably half again that number which have no such affiliation. These clubs make no report of rounds played, such as is required of the municipal layouts; but it is a safe estimate that the total rounds of the private clubs total more than twenty-two million annually. Within a few years these figures will double and treble. There can be no possible doubt on that score.

And thus one game alone is whittling the foundation out from under baseball. Your fat, short-winded executive who once spent warm Saturday afternoons in a box at the Polo Grounds is now viciously slashing a niblick in the bunkers at Hysteria Hollow.

Should Judge Landis turn his legal mind to refutation of this argument, he could marshal an array of figures to prove that baseball still holds its high place. He might point out, for instance, that while all other major league ball clubs lose money in no small amount during the spring training sessions, the Yankees will this year have shown a profit of $50,000 on that phase of their work. He might add that while less than half a million people witnessed the first five World Series, three times that number have seen the last five, and the receipts have jumped from approximately four hundred thousand dollars to nearly six million dollars. He might add that vast concrete stadia have replaced ramshackle wooden ones; that Babe Ruth receives $70,000 where Hans Wagner, as great in his day, was paid only $10,000. But I would remain unimpressed.

It seems to me to be quite as much a matter of spirit as of dollars, when you come to analyze this situation. The population has increased, transportation has become much more rapid, general interest in sports has grown tremendously. This accounts for a normal increase in attendence, while the multiplying cost of admission takes care of the apparently staggering receipts.

Despite all that any defender of the one-time National Game can say, baseball has not grown as fast proportionately as other games. I don't dispute actual figures. The organized game, with its twenty-eight leagues, to say nothing of countless semiprofessional, amateur and college nines, must play, altogether, to sixty or seventy million people in a season. But let us disinter certain other statistics which show that its growth does not compare with the forward movement in other

sports — that, indeed, it has already passed its meridian.

In 1906, the World Series between the White Sox and the Cubs drew a total attendance of 99,845. The big pugilistic event of the year was a fight between Joe Gans and Battling Nelson, which attracted 8,500 customers. In that year the Yale football team played to approximately 100,000 enthusiasts. The six-day bicycle race in New York totalled 18,000 spectators.

So far as money went, the World Series receipts were $106,550; the Nelson-Gans fight $40,000; the Yale football team $150,000 and the bike race $35,000 — a very sharp and definite edge in baseball's favor.

Let us move on a matter of twenty years or so. The World Series of 1926 set an attendance record of 326,051 with receipts of $1,207,864. The game had grown 330 per cent in attendance and 1130 per cent in financial value, if the figures can be accepted as a criterion, which seems reasonable. What have the other sports been doing? The Dempsey-Tunney fight in Chicago saw 145,000 spectators pay $2,658,660 — an increase of 1750 per cent in attendance and 6645 per cent in cash over the Gans-Nelson period. Notre Dame succeeded Yale as the great football drawing-card, playing to 495,000 people, with receipts of $1,400,000 in eight games, an increase of respectively 500 per cent and 1400 per cent. The bike races attracted 100,000 folk during the week, and took in $250,000. This shows improvement of 550 per cent and 710 per cent.

So for golf, to say that there are between eight and ten million people interested in golf in this country now, compared with a scant quarter of a million in 1906 would be no exaggeration.

Against growth like this we can hardly say that baseball has kept proper step. But these comparisons should be made with regard to spirit as well as cash. And the spirit of the baseball fans is flagging. There can be no question of that. When I was a lad in Philadelphia, we took the game with enormous seriousness. Hundreds of boys gathered outside the old ball park at Broad Street and Lehigh Avenue, particularly when the New York Giants came to town. John McGraw and his merry men were anathema to us. In those days the players dressed at their hotels, and rode to the scene of combat in busses. After a hot game the police often charged us when we hurled over-ripe tomatoes and rocks, along with bitter words, at the hated New Yorkers. Pop bottles were flung at umpires. Every afternoon was a fever of suspense until we learned the score.

It isn't that way now with the fans. It isn't that way with the ball players, either. They lived and ate and slept baseball in the old days. Now, when you hear them "fanning" in hotel lobbies they are quite as likely to be talking about golf, Wall Street or the theatres as they are about their profession.

But I am asked why boxing will not suffer as much as baseball has from the increasing desire of the American public to play its own games. The answer is simple. Boxing bouts, save in rare instances, are held at night, and when the sun goes down folks

are more willing to rest and be entertained by others. The vogue of the two million dollar gate, brought in by Jack Dempsey, may end with his passing as a fighting man, but even second raters can draw as much as four hundred thousand dollars, as Sharkey and Stribling showed at Miami Beach.

THAT bout, incidentally, focussed the spotlight on an amazing number of people who now spend winter vacations in the South. The number is increasing with each year. These vacationists do little to bolster attendance at the training camps of the major league ball clubs. They are more concerned with golf, tennis, swimming and fishing. The urge to *do* grows stronger. They carry it North with them, thus breaking down still more the fashion of spending summer afternoons in ball parks.

Tennis, though it has not experienced quite the amazing growth of golf, has attracted a tremendous number of votaries. Public courts from Boston to St. Petersburg, Florida, are continually jammed — particularly so in Philadelphia, where the influence of Bill Tilden has been potent. If ten million people, as statisticians estimate, play golf more or less regularly, at least half that number indulge in tennis.

Twenty years ago a man wearing knickers and carrying a golf bag was an object of derision. Tennis was a sissy's game. Baseball was king; it was one of the few available ways to spend a warm afternoon. Nowadays, countless afternoon sports compete with baseball. Of course, American people will always like the game. It will continue to play some part in the history of sport. But its day of domination is over, and golf is much more certainly the national game today.

The increasing interest of women in sport is another factor that must be considered. The fair sex has been notoriously obtuse to the charms and technique of the diamond. What proportion of females do you think make up the average baseball crowd? Less than one per cent. Since women must be considered more and more in sport, those contests in which they are interested will unquestionably grow most in the coming years. Baseball is not one of them.

IN other years the fans had always been complacent about the honesty of the game. Following the crooked World Series of 1919 the game lost something — and lost it forever. Baseball had been the only professional sport as clearly above suspicion as Cæsar's wife. Now, there's a wink. A thousand people have asked me whether or not the game is on the level. I am sure that it absolutely is, even though in every large group of humans there may be some dishonest men. The point is that the public has begun to doubt.

This helps to account for waning enthusiasm. Baseball has ceased to be a passion. The old fervor has died out. The ardent fans diminish and casual spectators take their places. Indeed, the great old game with all its lusty loyalties is gradually becoming little more than an idle spectacle — and the American people are finding so many games to play themselves that they have less time for the idle contemplation of other players.

# The Low Road to Europe

By Frank Schoonmaker

*Celebrating the refreshing adventure of travel along less familiar transatlantic routes and humbler byways of the continent*

It is quite natural, I suppose, that a business such as travel, which concerns itself largely with the highways of the world, should have its ruts. But it is a little astonishing that travel, the very essence of which is romance, should be for the most part so far from romantic. Yet it need not be. There is a saying among steamship men which runs "once an independent tourist, always an independent tourist." A person who has once broken from the traditional highways never returns to the fold. Taste the strong wine of the wanderer, and you will never again be satisfied with the pale diluted stuff that the conventional summer tourist drinks.

The tourist sees Provence; but does he ever talk, I wonder, with the cowboys that herd wild cattle on the desolate salt plains of the Camargue? Mr. Baedeker's legions go to Spain; but how many of them ever visit that far-off little port (I shall not tell you its name — only that it lies within twenty miles of the French border and cannot be reached except by a winding mule-path over the hills), where the vegetable man, dressed in a blue jacket and *espadrilles*, sells great golden oranges, measured out on home-made scales with round boulders for weights? Four hundred thousand Americans went to Europe during 1928 — scarcely one per cent of them, I should be willing to wager, ever found such hidden jewels as Dinkelsbuhl in Germany, Veere in Holland, Furnes in Belgium, Albi, Uzerche, La Rochelle in France, or lordly Montefalco of the Umbrian Hills.

The American traveller (and I am speaking now of the hundred thousands, not of the few) is essentially a tyro, a novice, an amateur. He is a child, content all summer long to play his game of follow-the-leader, wanting a European trip exactly like his friend's — just as little Johnny wants an electric train like little Willie's. He is haunted by a desire for something far-off and glamorous and strange; he wants the moon — but petulantly insists that it be served to him on a silver platter. Like some Don Juan of the tabloids, he proceeds to kill the real Europe "because he loves her so"; he goes

to romantic places and demands the prosaic comforts of his American home; he apparently expects in the Old World a curious mixture of ivy-hung castles and ice cream sodas, of ruined temples and tiled bathrooms. It is to be feared that the European, ever-obliging, will before long be able to give him what he wants: the moon, on a silver platter; glamour, from a rubberneck wagon.

DURING the past week I have read in the New York papers that the picturesque South American port of Cartagena is posting traffic policemen, "nattily dressed," on all its principal corners. (What of the little mules that used to plod so wearily over the dusty road to San Felipe?) I have read that the train service from Malaga to Seville is being "speeded up" and that a railway is under construction across Morocco. (I thought, a little sadly, of the pale transparent sunlight on the upland plains near Fez!) I have read that the head of one of this country's largest travel organizations has warned the *restaurateurs* of Europe that their food is not satisfactory to the American abroad. Shades of Brillat-Savarin and the Automat!

Assuredly these are trifles. They are, however, straws in the wind, slight indications of a great and growing tendency toward making travel "easy, comfortable, and safe." Every year the tourist's horizon widens a little: there are now daily busses to Aigues Mortes and The-Saint-Marys-of-the-Sea, big hotels are springing up all over Corsica, one by one the Italian Hill Towns are becoming tourist-conscious. This unpleasant process is fortunately a slow one — until the American tourist, like the leopard, changes his spots, we who prefer our Europe unspoiled will continue to cry "the slower the better."

Sooner or later (one can be sure of this) the American traveller is going to come of age. Having exhausted the possibilities of the highways of Europe, he will turn to the byways; having tried the high road, he will try the low. When he does this, he is bound to discover what a good many of us have known for a long, long time — that the color and charm of the real Europe is an unspoiled, an unrecorded charm. It is to be found in villages and along dusty roads, in little taverns, and upon the cobbled streets of brown, ancient, unfrequented towns. I could mention a hundred experiences to illustrate my point. I shall mention two.

WHEN I got on the train at Cadiz, one April morning, there was an old priest sitting in the corner of the third class compartment. He was a jolly, red-faced man, with an infinite good humor about the twinkle of his eyes. As the train swung round the great blue bay of Cadiz, we fell into conversation, and before we reached the vine covered slopes of Jerez I perceived that the old father was a poet, an epicure, and a man of taste. He talked of Spain as a lover might talk of the charms of his darling, with all the extravagant color of the Spanish tongue.

I shall never forget, I am sure, the Spain that I saw in his words. He told me that the wine of Jerez is tawny gold, like the hair of the beautiful women of Castile; that the oranges of Granada are round globes

of fire, that the Sierra Nevada is like a diamond necklace, worthy to hang on the shoulders of the Mother of God. He told me that the Guadalquivir is like a brown serpent, as indeed it is, that there is no song more beautiful than the *Malagueña*, heard at dusk from the lips of the peasant girls of the Andalusian plain; he talked of towns in the Southern mountains where the women are Christian, but still wear the veil of the Moors. Finally, before he left me at Utrera, he asked me if I had ever spent Easter at Seville. I told him that I had not, but that, God willing, I should. He smiled and nodded, got to his feet, took down a little oilcloth bag from the baggage rack, and turned.

"*Señor*," he said, "you must spend Easter at Seville. The women of Andalusia, God bless them — they have no equals in the world." He lifted his eyes to an imaginary *señorita* on the baggage rack and, with the quick gesture of a cavalier, threw her a kiss. "*Señor*, you are young. You must spend Easter at Seville." He smiled, and suddenly was gone. Behind him there lingered in the compartment the delicate aroma of Spain.

ANOTHER time I was wandering with a friend, and a burro who was more than a friend, across the desolate brown miles of the Northern Sahara. We had been entertained by sheiks and caïds in the oasis villages of that district called the Djerid. It was with reluctance that we at length forsook their hospitality, and struck off westward toward the Algerian frontier. We left the little town of Ferkhan one morning before dawn, our canteens filled to the brim, knowing that seventy miles across the desert the oasis of Khanga Sidi Nadji awaited us. That was a never to be forgotten day. From morning until dusk we could see, far to the northward, the great blue summits of the Aurès chain; like the implacable warders of this strange and yet so beautiful wasteland, they seemed to follow us — fifty long miles through the pitiless sunshine of the Sahara.

FINALLY the sun went down like a red plummet, leaving in the sky an architrave of gold. It was then that, topping a little hill, we came quite unexpectedly upon the *douar* of a Bedouin family. Never have I known a hospitality so warm, so gracious, so generous as theirs. We camped within a stone's throw of their tents, and the old *pater familias* came out with his wives and his children to do us honor. He gave us a straw mat to sit upon, and a thick camel's hair rug to cover us at night. He brought us coffee and sheep's milk and *couscous;* he brought us aromatic tea, with peanuts in it. After we had eaten he lit a fire of weeds, and he and his sons sat around and smoked our cigarettes until the fire died down and the desert moon came up like a great silver sun. Then we lay down on the sand and slept as only those can sleep who have done fifty miles in a day over rough ground. At dawn we awoke and could see, scattered over the plain, the twinkle of far-off camp-fires, like reflections of the dying stars. Again our host brought us coffee; we gave him a package of cigarettes, and just as the burnished rim of the sun cut the horizon, we shook hands

with him and left — "*Emchi besselama*, go in peace."

These, as I say, are merely two experiences out of hundreds that await one along every untravelled road in Europe. The memory of these two alone I would not exchange for all the Simplon Expresses and palace-hotels in the world — for it is through such things as these that the real Europe reveals herself to us.

If it can be said that the conventional transatlantic tourist misses completely the color and romance of the Old World, it can be said even more truthfully that he misses the flavor of the sea. To lounge on the decks of the latest palatial liner is indisputably a tempting luxury — but it is almost to forget the existence of the ocean. There are alternative routes to Europe which, at least once in a lifetime, the most experienced traveller may sample with delight.

Let him try the service of the cargo boats which alone preserve, in this mechanical and luxurious age, something of the briny atmosphere of old. The few passengers they carry do not lack comfort. I have seen freight boat cabins that would grace the Aquitania. But, besides comfort, the freight boat traveller, associating with the officers, living for ten days or a fortnight in close and friendly proximity to the sea, becomes in a sense part of it all, a temporary member of a mysterious brotherhood. The people who go down to the sea are the salt of the earth.

It was my good fortune some four years ago to cross on a freighter with a young captain whose heroism has since made his name famous in American homes. I think it will be a long time before I forget the stories that he told me. I have poked round the Mediterranean on many a rusty little cargo boat, and the experiences that I have had in this fashion I count among the most interesting of my life.

To cross the Atlantic by freight boat is to enjoy an unspoiled introduction to the Europe that is not yet spoiled. A leisurely fortnight in which one can savor to the full the true taste of the sea — and then one lands, quietly and without fanfare. There are no tourist agents at the pier, no boat train to whisk one off rudely to Paris or London; the low road to Europe is an unpretentious road, with adventures all its own, akin to the explorer's.

For this reason, many a traveller accustomed to luxuries and able to afford them, will still find the freight lines worth investigating. Every month thirty-two vessels of these lines, carrying from four to eighty passengers each, leave the harbor of New York alone. They offer many attractions.

"Once an independent tourist, always an independent tourist!" The person who has once known the quiet comfort, the good fellowship, the pleasant leisure and freedom from convention of a freight boat crossing, is a freight boat traveller for life. Then go, *Messieurs* and *Mesdames* of the tourist world — take your high road to Europe. We, the initiated, will take the low road. And we, in the words of the old song, will be, perhaps not in Scotland, but in the real Europe, before you.

# Doctors of Dullness

By H. W. Whicker

*Professional big-wigs to whom — and alas! to whose pupil-victims — the noblest literature consists of nothing but words, words, words, to which the football field is a spiritual relief*

Some divine unrest in the human heart drives our youth to college year after year. They don't know what they are ultimately going to do in life — that is impossible; it is enough that they have an honest urge to find a higher level.

A quarter, a semester, a year, passes. They have had their first dash up the slope. Their shins are bruised, their fire is gone; a last feeble spark of educational interest must then be fanned by social life, athletics, and a noisy round of activities.

At this turn of the road critics look upon the spectacle and wonder. Here is a lad washing dishes in a boarding club, doing a night shift in a mill, or any one of a hundred onerous jobs, to put himself through college — to get an education. Why, after a few months in this atmosphere of college life, is he more faithful to the grind of football practice than a composition course in the language he speaks? Why will a college woman show more enthusiasm over a round of sorority teas than a series of lectures in Sixteenth Century literature written into her programme by the dean's secretary's secretary?

These sorority teas are delightfully in pace with modern life; so is football; so are many other activities far removed from the academic halls. But the academic, barring its surface splashings, hasn't changed its methods or its courses in 700 years. It plods along in the dust of generations which have long since gone over the horizon line. Its face is turned to earth, fearful of present sunlight; its thoughts are not of future life, as were the ancient monk's, but of the dead, dead past.

Your son's football coach is an imposing physical man, and a practical master of the subject he teaches; your son's English dean is a little man with a big degree. He has set himself up as an authority on some ancient field of learning; he is to Wordsworth, or Milton, or Shakespeare, as the Pope to God. He does not practise his subject, he never will; when he takes his pen in hand, he carries his chaff to the Modern Language Association, and the so-called learned journals. He is thoroughly acclimated to the life of the Middle Ages, thoroughly steeped in its traditions and conventions, but

woefully confused at a modern street intersection, and entirely lost when a Twentieth Century rain makes it necessary for him to seek shelter. At best he is but a plodding stage hand kicking up dust behind the scenes and imagining for himself the crowd's applause of Hamlet. He is a scholar, and as such an interesting study; but he can mean little to healthy young men and women arrived at the mating stage in the year one thousand nine hundred and twenty-nine.

Athletic games are after all a combination of art and craft in the final analysis; so are such academic subjects as English, journalism, music, painting, and many other subjects generally considered the foundation of education in its true sense. But where the athletic coach is hired for his practical knowledge, the academic professor is considered only for his degrees; personality, experience, manhood, health — all are waived for the Doctorate. As a consequence, the student is compelled for credit to listen to the spiritless, colorless talk of professors of journalism who could not live through a week before a newspaper desk, professors of painting who cannot paint, professors of music who have never composed the simplest melody, and professors of English who cannot write, who are not interested in writing, and who have never had enough contact with life to know even the modern idioms and figures of their trade.

And our college youth are not long in discovering that a wordy, meaningless abstraction is the substance of every lecture, and the content of any course from the arts to the sciences. In no subject is this more true than in English, which has had a Siamese Twin birth of composition and literature in every college curriculum. "All literature," says Stevenson, "from Job and Omar Khayyam to Thomas Carlyle or Walt Whitman, is but an attempt to look upon the human state with such largeness of view as shall enable us to rise from the consideration of living to the Definition of Life." Stevenson's definition, however, was made long after he had outgrown his academic clothes; and the literature to which he refers is unfortunately not the literature of college English.

Stevenson, alive today, could no more identify literature in the English of a typical graduate seminar than Sir Danvers Carewe could recognize Dr. Jekyll in the dwarfed personage of Edward Hyde. The study of that which deals with the Definition of Life is so mired in the bog of scholasticism that to know Chaucer the student reads not *Troilus and Criseyde*, or *The Canterbury Tales*, but the thinly drawn abstractions of Professor Tweezer and the recognized authorities; to know Shakespeare he browses not in the fields of *Hamlet*, or *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, but he goes to the stanchion where he listlessly devours the critical chaff of Professor Tweezer and the recognized authorities; and so with Milton, so with Wordsworth, and every great literary artist and craftsman down to Stevenson and Hardy.

The useful little insect that gathers pollen from the flower is no longer a bee under the microscope; he is a monstrosity to set children screaming; and to bring him beneath the glass it is necessary to murder him. Carry the figure into English scholarship, and

out on one of the more remote hairs near the tip of a leg, now magnified 500 times, Professor Tweezer is uttering vain knowledge over the Bard of Avon's signature, and his belly is filled with the east wind; the recognized authorities are lost somewhere in the anatomical jungle, wrestling mightily over the weighty question of whether the youthful Chaucer was fined for fighting in the Inns of Court.

As the microscope is a mighty superstructure over the organism it investigates, so is scholarship out of all proportion to that which it studies. Volumes without number have been written upon a few pages of Shakespeare, Milton, or Johnson, to the burying of these pearls beneath a pedantic chaff which wholly obscures their true light. No one is concerned with Chaucer's philosophical purpose in *Truth;* no one may speculate on why Troilus, having arrived in heaven, looked back at the little world below and laughed; it matters not that Antonio's body was saved by Portia's wit while Shylock's soul fell a victim of circumstances; but no one may boast of even the rudiments of scholarship before he has weighed and balanced every metrical beat and every rhymed ending which could possibly prove a source for the style in which these things are written. Indeed, he must have turned them over a hundred times or more with the eye-tweezers of scepticism, chased a host of obscure phrases from *Beowulf* through the centuries to *Macbeth*, and wrought a conclusion of *ifs* and *shoulds* and *woulds* — a mere bedraggled feather floating on thin air, but falling, nevertheless, like a bomb in the halls of scholarship — before recognition is his. And to do this even ineffectually, the budding scholar must spend half the years leading to his intellectual prime in the mastery of Old French, Old Icelandic, Old Latin, and Old English, not to mention the living Romance languages; but in reality, he has no time in which to master the English of his own day. Years of such study: then if there is enough of his intellectual self left to determine the difference between a strong and weak verb, he is branded a Doctor and given a position teaching young men and women doomed to the Twentieth Century by some whim of the gods.

As an outgrowth of such a system, the tables of our university seminars are surrounded by monkish groups mulling lifelessly over stacks of hastily scribbled library cards and chanting, "Professor Tweezer and the recognized authorities say". Pathetic little figures they are, wearing the funereal black of these bigger and worse sinners like so many artful dodgers. It is deadening at best: here and there one simulates conviction, and a few flourishes of notes are scrawled down to perfect the deception. No human being can long endure a discussion made up of "he says", or "they say", unless the subject is sex; ten minutes of such talk, and the liveliest symposium is an asinarium.

These deepest scholars, these weightiest authorities, it should be noted, themselves have perched like vultures upon the living organism to rend and tear at the surface without considering that a heart is beating within; and the more they glut themselves, the more the lesser buzzards around the tables beat their

wings and cry applause. Yet for all their method, for all their skepticism, and for all their exactitude in weighing and balancing evidence, these ruthless pedants charge at the windmills and read themselves into the lines like the veriest amateurs. "The Wife of Bath," says one critic, "was a woman striving for ideals, and sad because she could not realize them." This good lady, as a matter of fact, was a superior huntress possessing enough charm still to be dangerous in the chase. Her sixth husband had either escaped or died, and she was casting about with good prospects of a quarry. In the meantime she was delighting herself by a brazen discussion of the most forbidden things in sex, and to the confusion of the churchmen on the Canterbury pilgrimage. No woman can concern herself with ideals, or be sad, under such highly favorable circumstances. The inexperienced reader may draw any rough conclusion, hold any impossible opinion on anything from Homer to Sinclair Lewis, and he will find an ivy-grown scholarship at his back. There is less agreement among these critics than among the followers of Duns Scotus; nor is consideration allowed the fact that the test of any artist in any art is his ability to make himself understood; if all the criticism of scholarship is needed to clarify Shakespeare, then Shakespeare is not an artist; if he is an artist, then most scholarship is purposeless.

As a consequence, Literature, which more than any other combination of art and craft embraces and woos the beautiful, sits in dejection among her ashes. When a robust soul enters the field of architecture, it is with the hope of creating something; when a manly man turns to the noble art and craft of engineering, if he has the engineer's true poetic spirit, his goal is ultimately to perfect an engine, build a better bridge, syphon the clear cold water of some hidden lake over a mountain ridge to the parched throats of a lowland city, or wing his way to the stars. Creation is the life and spirit of all art and craft; nor will the worker under her urge be patient with the talker and the unpractised theorist — his deepest instincts drive him to constructing, not to idle exposition of how another worker has long since built. Even the untutored mob sneers at the weakling demonstrating the various blows and shifts of a champion pugilist.

Yet scholarship, which toils not nor spins, and is an arch enemy of the loom, has propounded the most elaborate theories disclosing exactly how the weavers of literature have toiled with a warp and woof of life. Lancelot's squire has persuaded himself that he is Lancelot, and is making a display before posterity. For what Stevenson calls Literature, the world can no longer depend upon its school men, but it turns to those who have never entered the seminar, or, if so, have speedily escaped. The student who enters this literary cloister must sacrifice his soul's mistress for the cloth; and if he still cherishes the creative impulse, he is a damaged soul for whom there is no reward of pedantry. Occasionally, when the creative impulse flickers for an instant in the smothered embers of a scholar's heart, the effect is ludicrous; he is as a bumpkin with a belle much courted in another world.

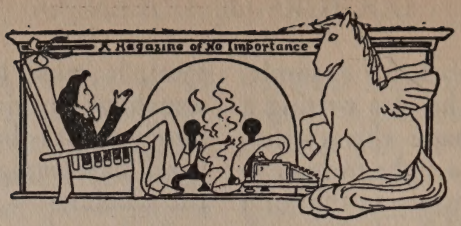
One of my professors, for example, confided to me that he was writing a book; and as he made this confession there was such a light in his eye as one might expect to see in that of a respectable deacon philandering with a forbidden mistress. When the book was subsequently published, I found that the little man was not in reality writing, but compiling, that secret vice of the scholar: he had culled something from Lamb, stolen from the storehouse of Swift, borrowed from Carlyle, ransacked Arnold, and pillaged Ruskin, to make a great pot of literary hash. His own original contribution to the volume was a most elaborate *errata!*

But fortunately, out in the byways of life, roses still bloom, and lilies are fresh in the dew of the meadow: living words come from the pen of the engineer, of the manual vulgarians, and from the lips of sons and daughters of Southern slaves. In the next half century, when the clouds of scholastic criticism lift from the horizon, if they ever do, it is not improbable that we shall discover a literature interpretive of our age. These hard-headed practical workers have accomplished wonders in other fields: the world is housed in better buildings; it drives better cars into bigger traffic jams; and it digs deeper ditches from ocean to ocean than fifty years before this present day. The Bible, and St. Paul, it must be remembered, have somehow survived the churchmen. Surely what is beautiful in the written word has enough vitality to outlive the scholars.

At least let us hope so. For it is indeed certain that few teachers trained in this stagnant scholasticism now ruling academic life can have anything to offer healthy college men and women. The subject, in such hands, has no connection with the life they lead, cultural, social, athletic, or otherwise. Their interest in the language they speak, the most important single factor in true education, has fallen into a natural decline: English, composition or literature, is something to be avoided.

It is a tribute to our present college people that they still view it tolerantly. College men and women speak notoriously bad English — there is more vividness in the speech of an Alabama negro, or a Puget Sound longshoreman — they write worse English, and they will continue to do so as long as scholasticism is permitted its present roost undisturbed.

The fruits of the academic tree are shrivelled and dry on the pit. Contrast them with the plums to be had from the athletic, social, or activity branches. No wonder a manly lad turns to football, and a womanly woman to sorority teas. Under present conditions their choice is wisdom itself.




# Stuff and Nonsense

By Donald Rose

*A Monthly Magazine of No Importance, Dealing Lightly with Matters Pertinent and Profound, and Weightily with Those of No Consequence Whatever*

JULY, 1929 VOL. 5, NUMBER 7

## THE INTELLIGENCE OF PARENTS

We have been parents for only fourteen years, in two genders, and to the tune of ten children, so we don't profess to know a thing about it. My esteemed wife and I look at each other across the ten-cylinder problem which is our family, and blush furiously for each other's ignorance. To any one who offers us real aid and comfort in living up to our parental obligations we therefore turn a willing and attentive ear, even though we have known so many disappointments and so much disillusion. Sometimes we begin to think, indeed, that nobody knows anything about bringing up children. But that, of course, would be absurd, for maiden aunts and experts in Child Psychology must have some mysterious function in the scheme of creation, even though it is so hard to prove.

In our more pessimistic periods of parental frustration, we succumb rather readily to the blandishments of the publishers, who offer — at a price — the quintessence of current educational wisdom boiled down and out for the benefit of our fearsome family. If we could learn thereby to perform one small miracle, we should be content. To discover, for example, how to keep jam and butter and spilled milk from the seats of the dining room chairs would repay me in a single week the price of a year's subscription to some magazine for parents. To learn how to make a small child go happily to bed by Daylight Saving when it wants to raise whoopee by Eastern Standard Time, would be worth anything it might cost. To know how to wash a boy's face with some degree of permanence would justify a life's subscription to any periodical that revealed the formula.

So we fall heavily and often for the sales literature that promises such wisdom. We are now getting several magazines which seek to train parents to train their children scientifically. So far they haven't done us any real harm nor have they much upset the children. But over and above the monthly visitation of these magazines, we received from one publisher a questionnaire or intelligence test for parents which has cost us no little concern, and left me, in particular, a moral and spiritual wreck.

This intelligence test is done in the best fashion of those curious inquisitions whereby American universities are kept safe for Nordic supremacy. It contains a lot of deceitful questions, and when you have struggled painfully through them, a perfect stranger comes along and classifies you thereby. If you rate below ninety per cent you are probably a well-meaning but ignorant parent and should buy the publisher's magazine and read it religiously every morning before breakfast. If you rate above ninety per cent, you are probably cheating or just plain lucky.

The questions are laid out with disarming simplicity, and their form indicates that the authors thereof don't expect a whole lot from this alleged parental intelligence. Most of them can be answered in a monosyllable; some of them simply by placing an X where the accident occurred. They are just like those intelligence test questions which present some such problem as this: "Mr. Gann is (a) a temperance reformer, (b) a movie actor, (c) the Prince of Wales, (d) the husband of Mrs. Gann, (e) a presidential possibility. Answer yes or no." Anybody can answer yes or no, and in this fashion the experts can discover at a glance the specific gravity and par value of your personal intelligence.

It is unnecessary to recapitulate the questions in the Parental Intelligence Test. There are thirty-three of them, and for each correct answer you score three, with an extra point for neatness, good grammar and no blots. This permits a total score of one hundred, though anyone scoring a century would be at once disqualified on the presumption that no one could have even one child without at least an irreducible minimum of latent ignorance. Of these questions I shall discuss just a few, taken at random from the cross examination.

The first is an easy one, but it has a snare in it. *An underweight child should have* (*a*) *More activity;* (b) *More sleep;* (*c*) *More stimulation.* We puzzled over this for quite a while, feeling a little discouraged at meeting our Waterloo on the very doorstep of the inquisition, until like a flash it dawned upon me that what an underweight child needs more than anything else is more weight. So we ignored (a) and (b) and (c) and inserted our answer.

Everything now goes smoothly until you reach question 9. *First permanent molars should be expected at the age of* (*a*) *Two years;* (*b*) *Four years;* (*c*) *Six years;* (*d*) *Eight years.*

The question is incomplete. Suppose, for example, that you decide to expect the permanent molars at the age of four years, and the whole family sits around expecting and expecting — and then nothing happens. What should you do about it? Or suppose that father expects the permanent molars at the age of two years, while mother expects them at the age of eight. Who is going to keep peace in the family? Suppose the child himself expects his permanents at the age of six. Are we to disappoint his little trustful mind and deny him such a simple pleasure, or outrage his sense of justice by insisting on molars on his eighth birthday or not at all? You can see for yourself that the question doesn't cover the subject.

Number 12. *The average 12-year-old boy may reasonably be expected to engage in physical work each day after school for about* (*a*) *One hour;* (*b*) *Three hours;* (*c*) *Five hours;* (*d*) *Not at all.*

The sensible answer is (d). But we felt pretty sure that the magazine's experts had something else in mind. So we concentrated as best we could and tried expecting one hour and three hours and five hours in turn, doing so as reasonably as we knew how. Nothing came of it. None of the alternatives fitted any one of our average 12-year-old boys. With the best intentions in the world, we could not decide that any one of the answers was less improbable than another.

So we put the problem to a laboratory test. For a week we kept watch and ward over the son's physical labors after school hours. On Monday afternoon the boy cut the grass, here and there, for two hours, and I finished it in three. On Tuesday he vanished into thin air at one-thirty and came home with his hair wet, exactly as though he had been swimming. On Wednesday he carried the tin cans and rubbish from the back of the house to the front, where the rubbish representative of the local government could collect them. This took him two hours, since he found an old alarm clock in the pile and endeavored to convert it into an airplane. On Thursday he worked seven hours on his circus. On Friday he dug a hole, intending to discover oil, and the milkman fell into it the next morning. On Saturday I took him firmly by the ear and led him to the garden, where it was resolved that he should dig a corn patch under my direct supervision. Unfortunately, we found a lot of worms, so we both went fishing.

Thus we don't know the answer to number twelve.

Number 18. *If a child scribbles on a wall* (*a*) *Punish him;* (*b*) *Take away his crayons;* (*c*) *Give him paper;* (*d*) *Do nothing because he may never do it again.*

This question doesn't fit our family. Nobody ever scribbles on the wall. As far as we can make out, the wall does its own

scribbling. There are all sorts of scribbles on it, but none of the ten children ever did it. They have told us so.

We must jump along to Number 24. *To establish a new habit and break down an old one the best procedure is* (*a*) *Remove all temptations to the old habit;* (*b*) *Make the old habit very unpleasant;* (*c*) *Make the new habit pleasant;* (*d*) *Combine "b" and "c".*

The saving clause in this problem is (d). You are allowed, you see, to arrange all sorts of combinations to cover any special condition. Sometimes, for example, we take (a) straight or with just a flavor of (c). Occasionally we cross-breed (a) with (b). In extremely difficult cases we take about three fingers of (c), fill up with (a), add a dash of (b) to give sparkle, and serve with ice cubes.

For our last question let us take number 25. *To make punishment helpful it must be* (*a*) *Painful;* (*b*) *Occasional;* (*c*) *Logical;* (*d*) *Light.*

The question as to whether our punishments are strictly intended to be helpful, we shall avoid. But we have studied our own technique and come to the conclusion that in our household punishments are painfully occasional and only lightly logical. So the answer is (a), (b), (c) and (d).

We have struggled through to the end and are now awaiting a rating of approximately forty-seven per cent. Our parental intelligence, we conclude, is even worse than we had suspected. We have highly resolved to quit inflicting it upon the children, and devote all our time for the next ten years to the study of magazines devoted to the training of parents, by which time the youngsters will have solved all our problems by growing up and leaving us. By and large, we haven't much enjoyed this scientific attempt to evaluate our parental intelligence, even though it is sponsored by Teachers College at Columbia University. But we suppose that we should at least appreciate the compliment.

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## A DRAMATIC CRITICISM

A young playwright observed, with some vanity,
"I shall never use slang or profanity
In my plays. So I guess
I am bound for success,"
Then they took him away, for insanity.

A. DORANT.

## PARABLES OF THE NEW SOCIAL VALUES

1.

"Mother dear," said little Augustus, "may I go and play across the railroad tracks?"

His mother was deeply shocked and terrified, but with maternal wisdom she shut her fears away from her child. "I don't think you should, my darling," said she. "The people who live across the railroad tracks are not very nice people. You ought to be very happy with your nice playmates up here on the hill. Don't you like your playmates?"

"Oh, yes," said Augustus. "But it would be nice to go across the tracks. What's the matter with the little boys who live across the tracks?"

"Well, my dear," said his mother, "it's a little difficult to explain, but your daddy and I have tried to bring you up with the right instincts and in the right sort of company. The people who live on the other side of the tracks aren't our sort of people. They have different ideas and different ideals — if indeed they have any at all. I don't want to put sectarian ideas into your head too soon, but you ought to know, now that you are getting to be a little man, that you belong to a Book-of-the-Month family, and so do all your little friends. The people who live across the tracks are all Literary Guilders."

"I see," said Augustus carefully. "I won't play with them. But how about the family that moved into the apartment downstairs? They don't swear or anything? Are they Book-of-the-Month people, and can I play with them?"

"Perhaps you had better not," said his mother. "I'm not sure, but I think they must be Book Leaguers. You can make faces at them once in a while, but please don't play with them."

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2.

"My son," said Peter Carrington Girdlestone to the fine young lad who stood before him, "I have felt for some time that I should have a talk with you about the serious facts of life. Now that your sixteenth birthday is approaching, you will need to be armed and prepared to meet temptation and even spurn it, for which knowledge is essential. You understand that I have your welfare at heart, so I shall speak frankly."

The boy sat down, his heart faint with the fears of youth. He knew, indeed, that there was no Santa Claus, but this was something more serious. Perhaps it related to the anxious doubts and shapeless stirrings that had lately so much disturbed him. He gathered his courage and faced his father attentively.

"My son," said Peter Girdlestone, "you will soon be going to college. Already you are in the Junior Class at high school. I know, from bitter experience, that in our schools and universities there are books — many books. You will be tempted to read them. You will be tempted by light and trashy books, by unworthy books, by books that pander to curiosity and uncultured passions. I want you to give me your word, here and now, that you will pledge yourself to remember how carefully we have guarded you, here in our happy home, against all such temptations. I want you to promise that you will follow the leadership we have chosen for you, with the wisdom of our greater experience and mature judgment, and beware of books that do not bear the Sign and Seal. Will you promise me and your mother to keep up your membership in the Book-of-the-Month Club, which we established in your name before you were born? Will you swear to be faithful?"

So the boy placed one hand on *Elmer Gantry* and the other on *Billy, the Kid*, and swore.

3.

There were Five High Priests of Culture who sat on gilt-edged thrones. Just how they got there the world knew not, and scarcely they themselves, save that it was skeptically suspected here and there that whole oceans of publicity will sometimes throw strange fish on the shore. But there they sat on their thrones, and expounded the law and the prophets, loving only sweetness and light and content with a modest sustenance from the freewill offerings of the faithful.

It befell that as they sat there, there were heard rumblings and catcalls. There was a crowd without, and occasionally a raucous voice cried "What is the law and where are the prophets?" And of the High Priests a little thin one cowered and ran to cover, while a big fat one swaggered and roared, and all five prayed secretly to the great god of Libels to deliver them. At last one with great courage went to the window and harangued the crowd, and in no time at all the crowd was very deeply bored and went away.

Breathing heavily, the council resumed its meditations. One at last broke silence. "There is also," he said, "a rebellion among the lesser clergy. Some begin to doubt our doctrine, and the offerings and incense decrease. They also ask what is the law and where are the prophets. What should be done?"

The Highest Priest of all snorted in contempt. "It means nothing," he said. "The people are fat and prosperous, and no well-fed goose will follow a discontented duck for long. The rebellion will die down. It is nothing."

After a silence, a lesser priest whispered a question. "Could it be told," he asked timidly, "what *is* the law and where *are* the prophets?"

There was consternation, but the Highest Priest of all sternly silenced it. "Here it can be told," he said. "But it is a secret thing, and not even a book reviewer dare utter it lest the axe descend. The Law — the law is the law of supply and demand, and there is none greater. The Profits — the profits are in the Second National Bank, and in safe keeping. These are the secret mysteries, and all else is in our wisdom and authority. While the Law and Profits endure, so also shall we."

So the meeting adjourned.

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## Our Centre of Gravity

*"For to err in opinion, though it be not the part of wise men, is at least human."*

PLUTARCH

Optimism is the hall-mark of a disposition which regards the future without fear and the past without undue regret. It is a potent password to peace of mind and a formula for the defiance of fate. It is the small end of a telescope through which all things look promising.

No one is so abysmally sunk in gloom and adversity that he can find no compensations, unless he has lost hold forever on his sense of humor. There are those who believe that for a

man to be cheerful in the face of calamity is in some way the sign of a depraved disposition, but on the whole the world loves the cheerful heart and habit. The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune are no more menacing than modern artillery, in that most of them miss their targets, for which reason we need not spend all our time in dug-outs of depression.

Adversity may be considered at choice an invitation to take a new course or to persevere courageously in an old one. It sometimes appears that we are kicked in the neck with unnecessary severity, but it may well be that this is the only sort of hint that we are willing to take. It is noteworthy that a man will credit misfortune to the operations of unkind Providence, but his prosperity he is willing to blame on himself.

The company of friends in adversity is by all means desirable, but their advice is as a rule no great bargain. Adversity's worst offense is that it brings the necessity for dangerous decisions, in which others are no wiser than ourselves as to which way the cat will jump. There will be plenty of uplifting remarks available as to the beneficial effects of pain, labor and deprival, but it will be found that these chiefly originate from people in very comfortable circumstances. And it is always easier to give sympathy than groceries.

The uses of adversity are said to be sweet, but the abuse of it is more satisfying. Yet it brings its own advantages, chief of which is that rare pleasures are sweeter than those grown cheap and common. To get, for example, the maximum enjoyment out of good meals it is better not to eat too many of them, and the sharp appetite of poverty may stir the envy of those too well-fed. The difference between a casual incident and a monumental event will often be no more than a matter of income, and the rich man's daily boredom will serve for the poor man's occasional feast.

If there be rhyme or reason to the disposition of this world's goods, neither scientist nor philosopher has yet been able to discover it. The poor man thinks, of course, that if he were rich he would be perfectly happy. Yet it is common knowledge that no rich man is perfectly happy. All men aspire to happiness but differ in the place where they expect to find it. He who has the wit to place happiness somewhere within his reach is most likely to attain to it.

It is the easiest thing in the world for the poor man to tell the rich man how he should spend his money. For the rich man to tell the poor man is unnecessary, since the poor man needs rather to know how not to spend it.

It is a favorite fable that men must be tried and tempered by the fires of adversity. This might be true if men were made of pig-iron, but since they are fashioned of frail flesh and spirit, adversity will make some and break others. There are obviously many who can survive adversity better than prosperity, for which reason, perhaps, so few are tried by the harder temptation.

The honest man who is down on his luck weeps more bitterly for his creditors than himself. From him who has nothing, nothing can be taken away, since he is reduced to the least common denominator of humanity, by which all men are made equal. He who has possessions must lock his doors at night; he who has nothing can practise the complete gesture of hospitality. The man of property must practise the habit of suspicion; the hermit, the hobo and the beggar can afford to treat all men as above suspicion.

Chaucer pointed out that "of fortunes sharpe adversite" the worst is to remember good times when they are gone. He who has not yet arrived at success, has at least no reason to dread losing it. In the meantime he may work for it, with ambition at his elbow and hope for his star. Since nobody can tell what tomorrow will be worth, we may well make the best of today, which is the only day that is well within our reach and all others are dead or doubtful.

This is a sort of philosophy that butters no parsnips. But on the other hand, it is demonstrable that nobody was ever hung for optimism.

## BULLETIN BOARD of the S. & N. Heterogenius Club

*Editorial Note:* The Heterogenius Club is a new organization which we are now organizing as chief organizers. It is unique in that it has no officers, dues, meetings or purposes. Membership is conferred solely by the publication on the monthly Bulletin Board of one or more masterpieces acceptable to the high standards — moral and otherwise — of the Club. These may be in prose or verse and on any conceivable subject, provided it is quite unimportant.

There are no dues for membership in the Heterogenius Club. By the same token no financial inducements are offered to prospective members.

### New Game Laws Needed

*By* GAY JORDAN

Husbands ought to be protected. No shooting allowed. We'll suppose that two hunters chase out a ring-neck pheasant. They both shoot, but one shoots a little ahead of the other. Always the one that shot first gets him.

I bag Horace out in the open before everybody. I shoot him first. I take him home and put his nose to the grindstone, wear down his egotism by half, endowing him with all the beautiful qualities of self-sacrifice, humility. . . . I carefully sort out a balanced ration of vitamines, proteins, carbohydrates, and feed them to him until his streamline is just so.

Then along comes one of these little blonds. She has just enough intelligence to see that the nicest men are those some woman has worked on. At this late date, she prepares to take my ring-neck away from me!

Is that fair? Is it sporting?

There ought to be a law! I have her number, her license number, and I should call up the Game Commissioner and tell him the bare facts; he should arrest her for trespassing, for shooting within one hundred fifty yards of a building, for wearing her heart on her sleeve instead of vice-versa, and for hunting in season and out. And he should lead her off to the alderman's office! The alderman should fine her heavily, and turn the money over to me! When I'm elected to the legislature, I'm going to see about it.

### *Our Bedtime Story*

(*Continued from the April issue*)

It looks as though we have entirely lost track of Algernon, the little hot dog who put ideas into Mr. Henry Ford's head and thereby almost upset the Beef Trust and sent Upton Sinclair off in another spell. But as it happened, Mr. Ford got an idea for a book at almost the same moment, and one idea at a time is enough when you are an important person. So he laid Algernon down, and the man from the lunch counter picked him up and put him back into circulation.

The reason that Maud and Milton were riding in Milton's roadster that day was that they had discovered at last that there is really no place in New York to sit down. It is all very well to be terribly in love and all that sort of thing, but there's no nourishment in it unless you can sit down to it. In another and less progressive period they might have sat on the parlor sofa, but the last parlor and almost the last sofa disappeared from New York during the Wilson administration, at which time both Maud and Milton had other things to think about. And now that they were in love, inevitably and forever, they needed a place to sit down. There was, of course, Central Park and its benches. But there is no real privacy in Central Park, as even the monkeys in the Park zoo will tell you. There were also the Fifth Avenue busses, but their upper decks were invariably crowded on spring evenings with couples in the clinch of unworthy emotions, and their love was different, as Milton often pointed out. They had done their best with the movies, but now the movies talked too much and out of turn, so that — as Maud pointed out — one might as well sit at home in the kitchen in the company of the cook and the iceman. They had even walked the streets together, taking refuge occasionally in apartment house hallways, until one evening Milton leaned too heavily against all the bell buttons at once and practically brought down the house. So at last he gave up his correspondence school course in journalism and bought a second-hand coupé, and they drove out of the city to look for a buttercup.

Milton's purchase of Algernon was little more than a gesture since he was not really hungry, which made it nice for Algernon.

But he lathered the hot doggie with mustard while Maud hunted for the innards of a chocolate eclair, and talked — as young men in love will — of his most innermost ambitions.

"I'm writing a novel," he said.

"Ain't that nice," said Maud, wondering whether she ought to eat the hide as well as the stuffing.

"It's my first novel," explained Milton. "When I get it published we can get married."

"When will it be published?" asked Maud, sitting up and taking notice.

"Sometime next fall," said Milton. "You see, it isn't written yet. You have to write it before anybody will publish it." He hadn't taken the first three lessons in journalism for nothing.

"What's it about?" asked Maud, wishing she had ordered an ice cream sundae.

Milton blushed slightly. "It's about love," he said. "It's got a lot of new ideas in it. The hero is an aviator, and because he loves his airplane so much he doesn't realize until the fifteenth chapter — which is too late — that the little girl who sells the tickets is in love with him, and would give up everything, including a chance to go to Atlantic City as Miss Brooklyn, if he would marry her. But she doesn't know, of course, that he's married already, only his wife left him years ago to go to Hollywood, and she's starving out there because she stutters, and at last the aviator finds her while he's out there doing stunts for a war movie, only it's too late because she has just decided to end it all by taking chloride of lime or something. Not that he really cares, you see, for he's really in love with the ticket girl but don't know it, but he thinks he can never marry again with his wife dead and everything. Afterward it turns out she didn't die anyway but went away with a press agent — the same one who enticed her out to Hollywood but has gone broke and repented — so he divorces her and comes back to Mamie — that's the ticket girl — and she has married an assistant mechanic because she wants to have a home and babies and everything. So he says good-bye to her, which makes a good chapter with him sacrificing his own happiness for the sake of a mechanic, and hooks a plane and flies off to Mexico and is practically killed by the rebels through getting mixed up as to which side he was supposed to be fighting for. But he gets back to the good old U. S. A. and opens a tobacco shop in El Paso and sits there all the time — he's a cripple, you see — and thinks of Mamie. And Mamie has her troubles too, her mechanic going bad on her and leaving her with her baby while he runs off to Singapore or somewhere and goes native. And it ends with Mamie sitting alone rocking the cradle with one foot and wiping away the tears with the other while she thinks of her hero, not knowing he's doing the same in Texas. It's tragic, you see, like Shakespeare.'".

"It's lovely," said Maud. "Tell me some more."

He told her a lot more until he saw she wasn't listening. He told her she wasn't. She said she was. He told her a lot more, until he saw she was looking at the big car across the road, so he stopped. She turned suddenly to him with one of those smiles that women use in emergencies — a yard wide and a sixteenth of an inch deep — and for a terrible moment he wanted to hit her.

"Do go on," she said.

"That's all," he said. "And I don't think I'll write it."

"Why, Milton," she said, "I thought you said you were writing it."

"I am," he said, "beginning this week-end. But I've changed my mind. I'll write a play." He picked up Algernon and threw him at a sparrow. "Come on," he said. "Let's go home."

He was silent as he drove desperately homeward. At last she spoke. "What's the matter, Milton?" she asked, unable to bear the suspense any longer.

"Nothing," he said grimly. "Just that the old boiler's full of carbon. Reckon I'll sell her and take a course in playwriting."

There was nothing more to say. All was over. She knew it. He knew it. Everybody knew it.

(*To be continued*)

## The Difficulty of Not Drinking

There are numerous and excellent reasons for refraining from even a casual opinion concerning prohibition. This is not to say that I have no such opinions. I am, to be sure, like the rest of society, shot through and

through with opinions about prohibition, most of them of infinitesimal importance and all of them frightfully shopworn by being overlong bandied and bruited abroad. But there is a powerful inducement to silence in the hideous clamor that just now besets the subject, and it seems likely that he who keeps his mouth shut concerning it will thereby acquire a reputation for profundity and special knowledge.

So I have nothing to say concerning prohibition, for to write kindly concerning it would be unfashionable and to write unkindly concerning it would be brutal. The poor thing looks like a stale cabbage on a withered stalk anyway, and I will strike no blow at a bowed and broken head. Certainly I shall not swat it while the swatting is so well in hand elsewhere. But a serious and personal problem has arisen, which is the difficulty of not drinking.

I have never been a passionate devotee of the brimming bowl. In the quaint, queer days before the big drought, I could pass a pair of swinging doors without turning aside to drown my sorrows and pay envelope in beer. I could and did, of course, manage an occasional snifter, with or without soda, but was not thereby customarily compelled to stagger home and beat the bosom of the family into maudlin misery. Even after a wedding feast or on the Fourth of July, I did not beat my wife. Nobody beats my wife unless after drinking nitro-glycerine, and even then he doesn't really enjoy it.

Nor have I any profound passion for the modern variations on the Dionysian theme. For instance, I find no joy in gin. As has been said elsewhere, I hate the stuff and I'm glad I hate it, for if I didn't hate it I'd drink it, and I hate it. I don't care for young beer, and I don't like wine that has not made up its mind just where it is going. I like rare vintages, ripe ale, and spirits and liqueurs of delicacy and refinement. But I don't like the grab-bag, wild-cat method of getting them, and there doesn't seem to be any other.

But the real difficulty is that of not drinking. In days gone by, nobody expected me to drink unless I was thirsty or in real need of resurrection from some sort of mental or physical profundity. I could safely visit my friends or enemies, my barber or my spiritual adviser, my lawyer or the justice of the peace, without being driven to drink. But no more!

One likes to visit around, but it has become a hazardous business. I can't come in sight or hearing of a whiskey bottle without the cork flying out. I drop in on a friend and come away feeling like a sample case. I dine downtown and a waiter intones a wine list in my ear. I admit a prosperous and promising looking individual to my office and he turns out to be a bootlegger or grapejuice salesman. I am "shanghaied" into a bridge game and must later pay the price by inhaling my host's noxious experiments with malt extract and hops.

I tried to hire an Italian gardener to dig my garden. During the negotiations he irrigated me so completely with *Vin Italien* that I went home and dug the garden myself. I went down cellar to marvel at a friend's oil-burner, and found it invisible by reason of beer bottles. I called on a sick lodge brother, and with his last spark of energy he waved me to the buffet. I daren't go out of an evening for a breath of air for fear I may come home with just that — a breath. It's a difficult world!

Nothing and nowhere is safe today for a man whose thirst knows its time and season. I have foresworn funerals, weddings and other social functions, and I don't admit friends, relatives, bond salesmen or insurance agents to my office until the small boy at the front gate has sounded their hip pockets with a hammer. Lately I shared in the appraisal of the effects of a deceased philanthropist, and was not safe even in an empty house recently overcast with the shadow of mortality. Among the effects was a bottle. We couldn't appraise it; we couldn't remove it. We had to drink it.

## *Evensong*

The shades of night are falling fast,
And will not be ignored;
The ploughman homeward whizzes past
Astride his faithful Ford.
The sinking sun is setting soon
On desert, ditch and dale;
The owl is moping at the moon,
But still I'm out of jail.

The day is full of vows forgot,
And moments wrongly spent;
Of good intentions gone to pot,
And others bruised and bent.
I think of all my purple sins;
Their image makes me quail.
But day is done and night begins,
And still I'm out of jail.

I wade among a flood of laws
Of veto and command,
Whose reason, consequence and cause
I do not understand.
In fear and trembling I explore
This lachrymosal vale;
But yet another day is o'er
And still I'm out of jail.

I don't know what the morrow brings
Of fortune, foul or fair;
Of profit, loss, and other things;
Nor do I greatly care.
To look ahead a month or year
May leave us cold and pale.
But yet, today is gone, old dear,
And still we're out of jail.

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## The S. and N. Alphabetical Education

### No. 14. Chemistry

You should catch a chemist young in order to teach him anything, for an old chemist knows everything and is not unwilling to admit it. So watch your children carefully. If the boy drops mother's celluloid hairbrush on the gas stove to see if anything happens, he is already on his way to becoming a chemist, and should be gently encouraged. Give him the comb and pin tray and a box of matches. Let him play with the contents of the bathroom cabinet. Then label him "Poison" and send him to college. When he graduates he will be able to drink anything.

To learn chemistry one must endure a systematic course of experiments, explosions and odors. An experiment is to put something where it has no business to be, as, for instance a humorist in the House of Representatives or a Kansas lady into Washington society. Usually the result is an explosion, and may be followed by an unpleasant smell.

A chemist has a varied and interesting life, even though it doesn't last long. He knows one hundred and three ways of disposing of a harmless unnecessary cat, he can analyze whiskey, he knows all the elements by their first names, and he can segregate a vitamine, chase it into a corner, and hang his hat on it. If a chemist — by which we mean a real chemist and not merely a boy in a white coat behind a cigar counter selling electric curling irons in a drug dispensary — if a chemist were completely shipwrecked on a desert island he would remain uncomfortable for practically no time at all. In a week or so he would have rediscovered soup and soap and starch and sealing wax, and *The Literary Digest* would be coming every week-end as usual. All of which shows how useful it is to be a chemist.

The fundamental difference between Physics and Chemistry can best be illustrated by opening a can of sauerkraut. The can and the opener are Physics. The contents are chemistry.

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### No. 15. Civilization

I read that in the golden days which ancient history portrays, a single man might contemplate the blessings of the married state, without investing overmuch in household furniture and such. A little house, a little land, a horse or cow or so on hand, and whether yeoman, serf or earl, he only needed then the girl.

But as conditions stand today, a comprehensive résumé of what is needed, more or less, to enter wedded blessedness, and make a modest habitat, will leave a Morgan bankroll flat. A twenty-thousand dollar house is fitting setting for a spouse; five suites of furniture or so; piano, phone and radio; a sewing and a wash-machine, a motor car and gasoline; a phonograph and two trousseaus — two thousand dollars worth of clothes. A ring, some bracelets and a brooch, and later on a baby coach; insurance on my house and life — and *still* I have to find a wife.

# The Safety Valve

## *Otherwise Than Highbrow*

SIR:

Permit me to tell you that I have lately become quite attracted to THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. I had always entertained the impression, dating from my days at Cambridge that it was "highbrow," and I fought shy of it. I am now sorry I waited so long before reading it. Your articles are certainly most timely and I get a great deal of enjoyment from them.

ROBERT M. BARKER

Fayetteville, N. Y.

SIR:

Lincoln Steffens is teaching his boy to defy him. Well, let us hope the penalty falls alone on Lincoln Steffens. It does not usually work out that way. Society shares the suffering. The jails of these United States are full of defiance. It is all very flamboyant to deride authority, but the world has become too crowded with people to give each one the liberty to defy. Only wide-open spaces are suited to unstinted liberty. The defiance of authority is as potent a cause of juvenile delinquency as any. It is unnecessary to teach it. It is inherited.

I fancy if Steffens Jr. stood defiantly on a track with a fast train roaring toward him, Steffens Sr. would scarcely wait to play a game or even request politely. He would shout his sternest command and, if the child has been thoroughly grounded in defiance, father would be at the expense of a funeral. How could so able a man write such drivel and THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW publish it as a leading article?

M. L. SIMPSON

Rochester, N. Y.

(Editor's Note: Mr. Steffens himself wrote to us, moderately remarking that the title *I'm Teaching My Boy to Defy Me*, seemed to him a bit too spectacular, since his effort to build up Pete's will power was only one item in his article. Perhaps the writer of the above letter was led by the article's title to give undue weight to the matter of defiance. At any rate, we protest the characterization of the entire article as "drivel". A grandmother who is also a noted writer on problems of domestic relations and family psychology tells us she "wept with appreciation of the sane humanity of Mr. Steffen's methods, which show a scientific understanding of the child mind and a mutual sympathy that younger parents rarely have.")

## *A Literary Pangloss*

SIR:

When reading a magazine progressive enough to print Margaret Sanger's succinct article on *Women and Birth Control*, one naturally feels surprised to meet in the same issue so facetious and shallow a review of the book, *Sex in Civilization*, as your Literary Landscaper, Herschel Brickell, has submitted.

Landscapers usually, do they not, plow deep? In fact, turn over both new and old soil to be sweetened and invigorated by the sun? They also keep posted on newly discovered and more scientific modes of fertilization. To say, as this reviewer does, "the subject itself is so old", that he "doubts if any book on Sex can be very original", is a good deal like saying that Burbank's work in improving upon the vegetable and flower creations was nil. Or that Mendel's intensive experiments with peas that had been in existence since the dawn of vegetable life could not be very original.

Your literary landscaper seems to have proven himself a literary Pangloss, but as a landscaper would do well, as Margaret Sanger suggests, to mimic Candide, and "cultivate his garden". To "snigger" at those who are seriously trying to get themselves and others out of the wilderness seems a bit "weedy".

BERTE C. BAKER

Denver, Colo.

## *Wraith of Business Idealism*

SIR:

The article in the May number by H. Parker Willis on *The Failure of the Federal Reserve* leaves one with the impression that though the Federal Reserve Act was conceived to operate along the pattern of American business idealism it has for the most part been accepted by the practical

American business world and is operating successfully in accordance with American business ideas. As the Doctor tacitly admits, it has been a success in the opinion of the mass of the people. If we are to agree with some of the greatest minds of our Republic in the idea that the people are always right, the terrible failure of the Federal Reserve Act may not be as bad as the Doctor would have us believe. The matter presented as facts cannot be the basis of disagreement, but the conclusions drawn by the writer are those of a theorist and one whose feet have never felt the paths of actual banking business in this country.

The Federal Reserve Act was enacted, as stated in the preamble, for four major purposes: (1) To provide for the establishment of the Federal Reserve banks. (2) To furnish an elastic currency. (3) To afford a means of re-discounting commercial paper, and (4) To establish a more effective supervision of banking in the United States.

As to the success of the first three purposes, the results speak for themselves and it seems to be the last of these which is responsible for the mental writhings of Dr. Willis.

During the years of 1921 to 1928 inclusive there have been 5,004 bank suspensions in the United States. Of the banks which failed 80 per cent were not members of the Federal Reserve System and as was pointed out in the article, these banks were not subjected to Federal Reserve control nor the skilful guidance and support of the Federal Reserve Board. Why? For the very good reason that these individual banks did not choose to become members of the Federal Reserve System and receive the guidance and support offered by the Federal Reserve Act. The fact that the preponderance of bank failures has been among the non-member banks indicates that even the fourth purpose of the Act has been fairly successful.

As for the idealism which seems sadly missing in the administration of the Federal Reserve System, it is well known to anyone who has had any practical experience in trying to save an unfortunate bank from failure that at such a time a bag of cash is worth several tons of idealism. The typical business man for some reason has preferred idealism in his religion and realism in his business. Banks especially have a characteristic habit of going out of business when they leave the reality of every day cash for the idealism which fails to pay their creditors.

Any legislation which is as successful in the accomplishment of its purposes as the writer admits the Federal Reserve Act is, can hardly be called a failure because it has not cast its anchor to the wraith of American business idealism.

ELBERT A. CARTER

Lakewood, Ohio.

## *Big Business Defeats the Donkey*

SIR:

Struthers Burt has expressed himself well in *Democracy and the Broken South*, but for some reason, he has overlooked one important fact.

That fact is the invisible government, or great third party. In plain words, the Lobby. Even the Senator who has the bill before Congress for the regulation of the lobbies at Washington, admits that many of the lobbies are indispensable, that the Congress could not possibly make progress without them. We have the spectacle of a government represented by public servants who act as "spokesmen" or "runners" for the interests that furnish the lobbyists. In actual truth, government by proxy and the representatives of the electorate are the proxies. It is admitted by other members of the Congress, and by many members of every Legislature in the land, that the lobby is the all-powerful third party. This being so, what would a rejuvenated Democratic Party amount to if it got back into power? Would it be able to abolish the powerful lobby? Would it want to do so? Would it be able to do so even if it wished, which I do not believe.

The Federal Reserve System gave government through politics its death blow. Today politics is the smoke screen behind which the real motive power, the third party, the lobby — does its work. Big Business, and most of our business is just that — is organized outside of politics. It cannot take any chance of politics interfering or disorganizing this great system. It therefore has built up such a complicated machinery of bureaucratic administration, that no president, cabinet, or Congress could possibly make the thing go without the highly intelligent help of the agents of the interests. We have the thing right here at home in our own State. Our legislature at Lincoln is lobby-ridden, and most of us know it.

I can't see the Democratic Party ever being anything than just what it is. The Republican Party is a decrepit, doddering old hulk, but it answers the purpose admirably. The third party can handle it easily. The Donkey is an also-ran, and I am sure Alfred E. Smith knows it now. It appears that when a man or a woman gets on a hobby, no matter what it may be — something takes place in the mind that causes it to lose its mental equilibrium. The mind becomes a little top-heavy, it leans toward the hobby. Smith's hobby was "the common people." He gave the masses credit for more common sense than they have. He thought they would be glad to take a chance on a raffle in politics. He should have come out in the open and said: "If I am elected, or if Herbert Hoover is elected, neither he nor I will be presi-

dent in reality any more than is Mr. Coolidge. I will be the pilot of the craft but the captain will give the orders. I will be president, but big business will give the orders. So will any man who is president."

The day has passed when business is at the mercy of politics. Politics is now doing the trailing. Big Business got its idea when Teddy and his Big Stick got busy. Business saw then that it must either have the control or stop trying to be "Big." We know the result only too well. It is sheer nonsense to believe that the orders for administration do not come from headquarters of the business interests. What would happen, if business weren't safely fortified and in control — in case the Socialist Party became strong enough to get in power? The worst panic the world ever knew.

But there is no danger of any political, men's party, women's party, religious, Dry, or what have you party, ever getting control which is not eating out of the Big Business nosebag. I smile when I read articles and editorials by the women's magazines on what the women did and what they are going to do. We shall have political parties just for the looks of the thing, but government — city, county, state and national — will be more and more conducted by what we are pleased to call the "interests." And, to my way of thinking, that is the proper caper.

C. F. D.

Omaha, Nebr.

## *Tosh — or Logic?*

SIR:

For the sake of righteousness and the continued success of your magazine, why not give us some facts more convincing than those just recently published by Mrs. Sanger in her reply to Mrs. Marjorie Wells's publication of March twenty-nine!

HARRY J. CARLISLE

(A heretofore enthusiastic subscriber.)

Santa Barbara, Cal.

SIR:

As an example of polite but effective logical annihilation, it would be difficult to find anything better in the field of current controversy than Margaret Sanger's reply to Mrs. Marjorie Wells on the birth control issue. Mrs. Sanger digs up all the suppressed premises that Mrs. Wells based her argument upon and exposes them to the sunlight, with the result that we cannot help but see what squirming, wriggling little darkness-bred insects they were. The inconsistent short-sightedness of Mrs. Wells ought now to be evident to every thinking reader of your magazine.

H. C. DEKKER

Portland, Oregon.

## *Defense of the Navy*

SIR:

With three thousand words in your May issue, Mr. Frank A. Tichenor, contrives to establish the absolute obsolescence of the surface warship. He even goes beneath the surface in comparing the weapon fabricated by the interest he represents with floating contraptions turned out by the iniquitous "steel mills." Mr. Tichenor assures us that even the submarines, "which are not fighting craft at all but murderous devices," will in all probability succumb in the next war to the puissant thrust of the airplane.

After sketchily discussing the well-known combat between the *Monitor* and *Merrimac*, and the inevitable doom of the wooden ship, Mr. Tichenor draws a delightful parallel between the airplane and the surface warship. He dooms the water borne navies of the world in one paragraph of one single, scintillant sentence:

"Now the airplane similarly has rendered steel ships obsolete."

One could not expect a more glittering generalization from the facile pen of the illustrious Mr. Arthur Brisbane, another of the present day school of abstruse thinkers. While lesser equipped minds spend lifetimes in laborious research and experiment, these gifted gentlemen require but a moment to approve or disapprove theories, beliefs, conclusions or other weighty matters.

It is when Mr. Tichenor dissects the Battle of Jutland that his premise attains proportions of magnitude. We read in *Wings for the Nation* that this epic struggle, in its relation to the Great War, did "nothing whatsoever toward the solution of the problem as to which side would gain the final victory." This is indeed interesting. The field is now open for some bright mind to prove that Waterloo had nothing to do with Napoleon's sojourn on St. Helena.

Mr. Tichenor evidently knows nothing of the British Admiralty's instructions to Admiral Jellicoe, with regard to maintaining supremacy of the seas. It is customary for the average mind to contemplate Naval force and mastery in terms of actual battles won, ships destroyed and ports bombarded. The more salient factor of control is lost sight of. Once the British fleet had impressed its overwhelming strength upon the German sea force, the destruction of the enemy ships was not at all necessary. History will show Mr. Tichenor that the German fleet spent the balance of the war in port. Nevertheless, instead of emphasizing the safety of the British Isles, instead of rendering abortive any future attempt upon the part of Germany to gain access to the sea, the Jutland affair meant nothing at all. Mr. Tichenor states:

"Then (Jutland), after destruction of properties which had cost enormous sums and the loss of multitudes of lives, nobody on earth could tell and nobody on earth can tell today which side had been victorious. The incredible affair had no effect whatever, one way or the other, on the winning of the war by the Allies. Both in Germany and in England the people were utterly appalled. . . ."

Yes, "the people were appalled," but only in Germany! They experienced the same feelings as were felt previously by the people of France, by the people of Spain, by the people of these United States, when confronted by the superior tonnage and armament of the British fleet.

As a proponent of the airplane, a most valuable arm of the Naval service, Mr. Tichenor might do better were he to confine himself to a presentation of the technical virtues of the craft. We certainly are unwilling to believe that the intelligent class of men and women constituting the great mass of your readers, subscribe to such historical inaccuracies as are contained in *Wings for the Nation*. There is no immediate danger of the airplane replacing surface ships. This is the settled opinion of men, equally as well learned as editors of trade magazines, who have devoted their lives to a study of every phase of modern warfare. As an auxiliary arm the airplane's position is quite definitely assured. Despite the ill-formed opinions of many, aircraft have come in for more attention and development in the United States Navy than in any other sea force in the world. In the estimation of English, French and Japanese critics, men who actually know what they are talking about, the position attained by the United States is highly enviable.

There is never any disposition on the part of the United States Navy to resent criticism or advice tendered by those who have the best interests of the nation at heart. For, in the final analysis, the only mission of our Navy is to defend the shores of this country. Constructive criticism always inures to the general good, and the men who are devoting their time and effort toward the protection of their nationals are glad to welcome suggestions tending toward greater efficiency. It would be well for those having a special cause to plead to take a perspective that envisages the whole plan, rather than one restricted to a single idea.

LIEUT.-COMDR. LOUIS J. HENNESSEY, U. S. N. R.
Covington, La.


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# The Financial Outlook

By Alan H. Temple

## *Fundamentalists in Finance*

"INSTEAD of talking about bulls and bears," says a business man whose observation of the markets has covered nearly fifty years, "we should bring our terminology up to date and talk about fundamentalists and modernists. Scratch a bear and you find a business fundamentalist who clings to the philosophy of thrift, who believes that saving should precede spending. Scratch a bull and you find a modernist, who believes that expenditure makes the business wheels go round, that the greatest service a man can do for his family is to go into debt to purchase for them what they otherwise would probably not be able to obtain, and that he is wise who buys his securities before he has saved enough to pay for them."

Throughout the business and investment discussion of today this cleavage of opinion seems to exist. The believer in the "new era" of business stability and ever-increasing prosperity, in which common stocks are more desirable for investment than bonds, is the modernist; his neighbor over the fence, who points out that there have been other "new eras" in the past which ended in over-expansion and inflation, is the fundamentalist. The "easy money" advocate who assails the Reserve authorities for their efforts to reduce the amount of Reserve Bank credit used in security speculation is the modernist; his vigorous opponent who asserts that, far from doing too much toward that end, the authorities have actually done too little, is the fundamentalist. And, to carry the classification down to the dollars and cents of security prices, the modernist believes that the advance in stocks, to prices at which literally hundreds pay less in dividends than United States Government bonds yield in interest, will be justified by steadily increasing earnings; while the fundamentalist considers the price level the offspring of an undiscerning speculation and an inflation of credit.

## *Modernists in the Lead*

THE argument is endless and much of the discussion prejudiced. Yet it is obvious that every investor must take a position on the questions in dispute each time he revises his list of security holdings. Thus far the laurels rest with the modernists. Their victory shows up in the stock price averages, which during the month that has elapsed since the last of these articles was written have risen to new heights. One can imagine with what gusto the president of the New York Stock Exchange, in a recent notable address, said: "However irrational and incorrect our stock market prices may have seemed over the past few years, I would like to ask if they have not all along been in closer accord with the swiftly developing economic realities of our national prosperity than the predictions of most of our leading economists, students and financial experts."

Yet it remains to be seen whether — selecting admittedly extreme examples — a copper stock selling at forty-eight times its last year's earnings, shares of a steamship company at forty-six times earnings, of an aviation corporation at forty-two times, of a dairy products company at forty-five times, and of a paper and power company at forty times, are in very close accord with economic realities. Obviously if these companies paid out in dividends every cent that they earned last year they would yield only 2 to 2½ per cent; and if this year they would allot a third of their earnings to surplus they must more than double their profits in order to yield the buyer at present prices as much income as Government bonds, or about 3.6 per cent.

To change the illustration from extremes to averages, a compilation by a Cleveland and New York investment firm showed as long ago as March that fifty leading industrial stocks, including neither the greatest speculative favorites nor the obviously depressed, were selling at an average of eighteen times their 1928 earnings. Therefore they were earning 5.6 per cent on their selling price, and two-thirds disbursed as dividends would represent 3.7 per cent. If they were discounting an increase of 25 per cent in profits in 1929 the buyers would be looking forward to a yield of 4.6 per cent, which is less than the return from good bonds.

To the modernist these are the new economic realities; the old formula that a common stock is worth ten times its earnings is obsolete. It will be remembered that John J. Raskob disposed of this old formula a year or more ago in an interview which had immediate and widespread influence, in which he set twelve to fifteen times earnings as

a better measure of "new era" values than the old standard. Yet before even Mr. Raskob's formula has undergone the test of time the higher figure that he named has become the minimum, not the maximum, at which the shares of a healthy and reasonably growing company are expected to sell.

This may be economic reality, according to the modernist, or economic fairyland, according to the fundamentalist; or it may be between the two, representing merely too early anticipation of values which eventually will be established. If the latter is true, the fundamentalist can point out that the buyer is paying heavily for the privilege of anticipation, accepting dividends of nothing up to 4 per cent in contrast with call money rates at 10 to 20 per cent and time money at 8½ and 9.

## *Credit Policy*

But it is in discussion of credit policy that the divergence of opinion between the business fundamentalists and the business modernists is now most clearly marked. The constituted authorities of the Reserve System have fallen from grace in the eyes of both. In the speech previously referred to, which was given before the Chicago Stock Exchange on the subject of "Stock Market Loans," and which so accurately expressed the modernists' opinions that it is likely hereafter to serve as their creed, Mr. E. H. H. Simmons, president of the New York Stock Exchange, took the Reserve officials to task in no uncertain terms for "especially discriminating against" stock market loans and "singling them out for persecution." He declared that the high reserve ratio of the twelve banks combined, "with additional hidden gold assets sterilized in the form of gold certificates", suggests no necessity for such rigid hoarding of credit. He said, "It is highly doubtful whether American business is really sick at all, and therefore whether any particular remedy for stock market loans or anything else is really needed. American business as a whole seems in superb condition, judged by all reliable economic indices except perhaps that of the high money rates which the Reserve System has elected to inaugurate." With that statement Mr. Simmons opens the heart of the modernist philosophy, of that indestructible belief in the new stability of American business and its continuing expansion and prosperity which makes stock buying not a dangerous speculation, but an investment which the authorities ought to foster.

Nevertheless the Reserve Board sees things differently, and it has, as Mr. Simmons says, been engaged in an effort to reduce stock market loans. In that, he points out, it has failed, as since the spring of 1928 these loans have risen considerably. The reason why it has failed is that individuals and corporations and foreign banks have lent an additional one and one half billions of dollars to the stock market during the past twelve months. And they have made these loans, he says, in the first place because by their "fear propaganda, warnings and vague threats" the authorities have frightened owners of capital into placing it in the safest form of loan which they could obtain, which is the call loan; and in the second place because the banks have driven the call rate so high that it has attracted all the loose capital everywhere. The really important point, declares Mr. Simmons, is that these loans "are to a large extent not credit manufactured by banks but rather capital saved by individuals and business firms. A money market technique devised for the control of credit does not and cannot apply with equal force to loans which represent capital savings."

## *The Fundamentalist Answer*

To this the fundamentalist has an immediate and conclusive reply, which is that the expansion of bank credit in the past year has outrun to a considerable degree the expansion of commerce and industry, despite the fact that corporations are getting along with less direct banking accommodation than formerly by reason of their success in selling stock to the public. The excess of credit is being used of course to carry the undistributed securities which the stock sales create. It is well enough to point out the "legitimacy" of business financing through stock market loans, but that has little bearing upon the formulation of an investment policy to fit the present occasion, which is our concern; the practically important matter is the existence of a large body of undistributed or undigested securities which are being carried in last analysis with borrowed money. Some of them are for sale whenever money becomes too expensive, or so tight that the loans obtained upon them cannot be renewed; and still more will be put upon the market if and when the confidence of the holders that they will be salable at higher prices shall be shaken.

There is a curious contradiction in many of the "easy money" arguments with respect to brokers' loans. It is held that the high rates established through the influence of the Reserve Banks keep loans at a high figure by attracting a large supply, yet at the same time the banks are denounced for making it artificially difficult for borrowers upon collateral to obtain accommodation. It is argued that the volume of loans would be smaller if money rates were lower because lenders would withdraw their funds, while in the same breath

those who want more accommodation ask the banks to make money easier. It is obvious that the wish behind these arguments, which are parroted through Wall Street and the newspapers to an amazing degree, is for both larger loans and lower rates, or a repeal of the law of supply and demand. Everything said above of the effect of rates refers to the supply of loans only, but what the demand for them would be in the present public temper if call money were still available at 3 to 5 per cent can only be left to the imagination. At any rate it makes the fundamentalists shudder.

The fundamentalists are likewise displeased with the actions of the Reserve authorities, for the reason that rediscount rates have not been advanced (up to this writing) except in the case of the three Western banks which since last summer had maintained a 4½ per cent rate in the face of the advance to 5 elsewhere in the system. It is understood that the New York, Chicago and other Reserve Banks have sought the permission of the Reserve Board to raise their rate to 6 per cent, but with one eye on the condition of System and the other on business the Board has heretofore declined to do so. The weekly statements of the twelve banks, in fact, read as if the country were enjoying quite easy money. Gold holdings are only about $300,000,000 less than the all-time peak reached four or five years ago; the reserve ratio at around 75 per cent is five or six points higher than at this time in 1928; the total volume of Reserve credit, extended to the member banks through rediscounts and open market operations, is nearly $200,000,000 less than a year ago; and rediscounts themselves are still around $900,000,000, whereas a well-known economist a year or two ago, arriving at his conclusion by methods aloof from Wall Street's, argued that the authorities should maintain a volume of rediscounts around $1,500,000,000 before feeling any concern to be expressed through advances in money rates. And these figures would lean even more toward easy money if all the gold certificates in circulation were called in and replaced by Reserve Bank notes, and the gold held against them transferred to reserves.

## *Middle Ground Policy*

THE Reserve Board may believe that such a financial condition is an argument against an advance in rates because it indicates such reserve strength that there can be no justification for penalizing business further. It undoubtedly believes that business, remarkably active and prosperous though it presently is, nevertheless is threatened by high money rates, which have prostrated the bond market and eventually must have an effect upon our export trade and upon new construction and other enterprise in which the cost of capital is an important item. And finally it is fairly well satisfied with the success to date of the middle ground policy that it has been following. The Board's efforts have not been able to reduce brokers' loans much, but they have at least checked their expansion, and the member banks' loans themselves have been so much decreased that the Board is gratified by the noteworthy coöperation it has received. The stock market has been distinctly less feverish, and the Board doubtless feels that if it can hold its present position until autumn it will then be able safely to supply the necessary credits to keep up our agricultural export trade without too much fear that the stock market will sop up the increase for itself.

The fundamentalists have as little use for this middle ground policy as they have for the easy money propaganda. They declare that with a stagnant bond market and with such a pronounced strain on the foreign exchanges, even at this dull season when Europe normally is accumulating exchange against her fall needs, the future of business is imperilled; that the cause of the danger is in the volume of brokers' loans, and that they must therefore be reduced at any cost, and the earlier the better. They ask for a jump in rediscount rates to 6 per cent at once, and to 7 if necessary, in order that the business body may be purged of its trouble quickly and a sound foundation for fall grade established. The key to the situation as they see it is not the amplitude of the reserves, but the raging demands that are being made upon them; and Colonel Ayres points out that the gold base of the inverted pyramid which is the total volume of credit, including brokers' loans by "all others", is the smallest in our history. Admitting that the country's reserve position is sound, the fundamentalists argue that it must not only be defended behind intrenchments, but that the defenders must take the offensive in the open against their attackers.

The choice of policy for the Reserve Board lies among easier money, *status quo*, and dearer money. That it should take the easier money course is unthinkable, and both the others spell firm money. And firm money, in its present day meaning and the present constitution of the stock market, spells call loans and bonds to most investors.

The business news suggests the approach of a peak in activity, as usual at this season of the year, but whether the decline will be more or less than seasonal remains a subject of dispute among the forecasters. The automobile and tire industries, and iron and steel, have set a production pace thus far this year which cannot possibly be kept up, but they have already done so well that

they can rest upon their laurels, and building early in the spring was making a much better showing than in the late winter. On the whole, however, the signs favor a considerably slower second-half year in these major industries, and one which will supply to the stock market no reason for another bull conflagration.

## *Bank Stocks*

One of the striking expressions of the speculative urge is the public interest in the shares of banks and insurance companies, which until the "Coolidge boom" was well under way, had appealed to a relatively limited group of investors. Bank shares were formerly called "rich men's stocks" and bought mostly by the affluent at prices which returned a low current yield; they were carried for their slow but fairly certain appreciation, while the average investor preferred stocks of a higher yield. But since an investment theory has come to the front which subordinates yield to appreciation, or hope of appreciation, bank stocks have found a wider market. The story of their sensational gains need not be repeated here, except that it may surprise some to know that even shares of new banks, organized in many cases within the twelvemonth, have risen to double, triple, and in one case almost quadruple their original offering prices.

But some consideration of the investment characteristics of bank stocks may not be amiss. Over a long term they are likely to prove both safer and more profitable than average industrial common stocks. This is particularly true of the larger New York City banks, which have a diversified business including commercial banking, investment banking and savings department trust service, to say nothing of such sidelines as industrial loan departments, travel bureaus, etc. In fact several states have made New York bank stocks legal investments for their savings banks. The safety of bank stocks is of course added to by national or state supervision of banks.

The selection of a bank stock for investment offers essentially the same problem that an industrial share involves; in last analysis its virtues are those of its management, which is best revealed by the trend of earnings and by an intelligent study of its condition reports, consulting some one "in the know" for hidden assets such as the $5,000,000 building which one bank carries at $1 in its statement. The purchaser of bank stocks must expect wide fluctuations in price; the floating supply is always small and the market consequently sensitive. The impelling forces behind the present interest in these shares are of course the publicity that has attended the many mergers, the creation of "two billion dollar" banks, the tendency to expand through branch and chain banking and to create investment subsidiaries, and the large profits made at high interest rates. And it has been true for some time past and doubtless will be for some time to come that bank stock prices have discounted future appreciation to an extraordinary degree.

## *Insurance Stocks*

Insurance stocks likewise present individual characteristics. Inasmuch as the insurance companies, particularly the fire companies, rarely if ever earn an underwriting profit, they depend for their earnings upon the investment of their vast reserves and of the premiums which are continually flowing in from policy holders. Therefore the insurance companies are essentially investment trusts, and the name fits them more accurately than it does many of the "trusts" organized recently. This analogy has been recognized and proclaimed by the stock dealers, and the resulting publicity has been partly the cause of the new investment interest in these shares.

Insurance companies, like banks, are carefully supervised, giving their stocks an added factor of safety. They furnish voluminous reports showing their investments in detail, a point which has its attractiveness for buyers of shares. And of course their investments are conservatively chosen, even when they are falling into line with the reigning preference for stocks instead of bonds, as many of them are. Bank stocks are favorites with them, and they also know the call loan. In diversification they find safety; in skill of investment management, profit. Insurance companies, like banks and industries, have their merger movement, which has attracted the speculator; and some of them, like some banks, have split up their stocks into smaller par values to encourage more widespread holding of them. The risk of loss to insurance companies through a national calamity is of course always present, but diversification can escape much of it; there is an almost unlimited variety of risks among which to divide their business, they can diversify geographically, and they can reinsure. A wealth of analytical information about insurance stocks (and bank stocks) is available from the many dealers who specialize in those securities, and undoubtedly they are destined to continue popular. It only remains to add that they are high, that the degree to which they have anticipated the future leaves them as susceptible to reaction as intrinsically inferior stocks, and that while they have been bonanzas to many a five-share speculator during the boom they will bear their full share of grief during its liquidation — if indeed that oft-predicted dénouement ever comes.

RUMFORD PRESS
CONCORD

# North American Review

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Rec'd
JUL 27 1929
B. P. L.

August

## Henry Ford *on* Prosperity

*An Interview by Samuel Crowther*

The Poor Man in Politics
*By Oliver McKee, Jr.*

Monogamy and the Motor Car
*By Albert Russel Erskine*

Has America a Sense of Humor? . . . . . Thomas L. Masson
The Stock Superiority Complex . . . . . Lewis H. Haney
A Tarheel Looks at Virginia . . . . . Gerald W. Johnson
The Sheep Decide . . . . . Marian Hertha Clarke
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The Turkish Woman of Today . . . . . Harold Armstrong
The South Is Rebuilding . . . . . Charles E. Raynal
Under the Walls of Chochow . . . . . Ariel L. Varges
Our Vanishing Farm Lands . . . . . Hugh H. Bennett

*Also* Herschel Brickell, Donald F. Rose,
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GOODYEAR

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# The North American Review

ONE-HUNDRED-FIFTEENTH YEAR

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Published monthly by the North American Review Corporation
PUBLICATION OFFICE, RUMFORD BUILDING, CONCORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE
Editorial and Executive Office, 9 East 37th Street, New York, N. Y.
WALTER BUTLER MAHONY, *President;* CHARLES BATES DANA, *Secretary*
ERNEST FISHER, *Business Manager*
The price of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, published monthly, is forty cents a single copy, or four dollars a year, in the United States, Porto Rico, and the Philippine Islands. Subscribers in Canada should add to the yearly subscription price, 50 cents for postage, and those in foreign countries one dollar. THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is on file in public libraries and is fully indexed in *The Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature.*

*Entered as second class matter December 18, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, New Hampshire under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Title registered U. S. Patent Office*

# By Way of

HENRY FORD, in collaboration with SAMUEL CROWTHER, explains this month his distinctive wage policy through which, though it is still misunderstood at home and even less appreciated abroad, he sees the only possible path to a world-wide increase of purchasing power and the international expansion of American prosperity.

ARIEL L. VARGES (*Under the Wall of Chochow*), Far Eastern correspondent for Hearst Metrotone News, is one of the most venturesome photographers in the field. He entered the work after service as a British army officer. He has taken motion pictures of all the larger conflicts that followed the World War, and has encountered dramatic adventures in Russia, India, Afghanistan, Mongolia, and Abyssinia.

ALBERT RUSSEL ERSKINE (*Monogamy and the Motor Car*), president of the Studebaker Company, has been a director of the Federal Reserve Bank of Chicago, and recently united Pierce Arrow with Studebaker. He is also president of the Board of Lay Trustees of Notre Dame, and one of the leading spirits of the Boy Scout movement in Indiana. Personally he is a modest, unassuming man of few words, who studies deeply into anything which interests him.

CHARLES E. RAYNAL (*The South is Building*) is pastor of an historic old Carolina church. Along with certain religious trends of thought, his mind runs to the charm of old books, the everlasting wonder of the forest and the sea, the value of all beautiful things and the notion that men and dogs are likable.

LEWIS H. HANEY (*The Stock Superiority Complex*) is a Dartmouth graduate who is director of the Bureau of Business Research of New York University. His chief contributions, some of which have hitherto appeared in the REVIEW, bear upon economic and statistical topics.

ARTHUR STYRON (*Alms of Obligation*) is an Episcopal clergyman, formerly of The Little Church Around the Corner in New York. He was born in North Carolina thirty-seven years ago; educated a civil engineer; served three years as an officer in the Navy, and afterwards worked with the Peace Commission in Paris. His favorite is the mystery story, preferably with a foreign setting; his hobbies writing, music and cooking. He confesses to a liking for the French and hatred of Puritans.

HUGH H. BENNETT (*Our Vanishing Farm Lands*) writes with the authority of an expert scientist in charge of soil and water conservation investigations in the United States Department of Agriculture. He has penetrated to Alaska, the West Indies, Central and South America, on his missions for the Government. On one trip he is reputed to have lost forty pounds in weight and seven holes in the belt!

CHARLES WHARTON STORK (*Leaf Mold*) is an author and critic, Philadelphian by birth, who married an Austrian artist. Besides holding the presidency of The Poetry Society of America, he has been connected with many literary organizations, has published numerous original and translated works, and been the winner in various poetic contests. His home is at Chestnut Hill, Pa.

THOMAS L. MASSON (*Has America a Sense of Humor?*) is the author of *Our American Humorists*, *That Silver Lining*, *The City of Perfection* and many other volumes. He is a book reviewer of note, and his broadcasts of books are listened to by a large audience. For twenty-eight years he was editor of *Life*, and is now associate editor of *The Saturday Evening Post*.

# Introduction

OLIVER MCKEE, JR. (*The Poor Man in Politics*) will be remembered by REVIEW readers as the author of *Lobbying for Good or Evil*, which appeared in these pages.

R. P. HARRISS (*Foot-tracks of a Hedge Priest*) resides in the Cape Fear country of the Carolina lowlands, and is on the editorial staff of *The Baltimore Sun*. He has shot at, and hit, many a literary target. His score includes stories, verse, nature essays, and an anthology of modern poetry.

HARRY LEE (*Gypsy Fires*) was born in Canton, Ohio; his father, an actor, having played with Booth, was "on the road" when his wife died leaving their three year old son to be brought up by a Quaker grandmother, devoted to books. After reaching manhood Lee wrote *The Little Poor Man*, which won The Poetry Society prize, and which was produced at the Princess Theatre in New York City.

HAROLD ARMSTRONG (*The Turkish Woman of Today*) was assistant and acting military attaché to the High Commissioner in Constantinople; was also special service officer in the British War Office and on the headquarters staff of the Allied Army of Occupation. In addition to all this he has been supervisor of the Turkish police force. His book *Turkey in Travail* was brought out in London.

JOSEPHINE MCGILL (*Sing All a Green Willow*) was the author of that quaint song, *Duna*, which Reinald Werrenrath's singing has made so popular. An untimely death cut off the further work of this lovely Kentucky girl whose *Folk Songs of the Kentucky Mountains* had already attested to her industry and love of research.

SELDEN P. DELANY (*Liberals and the Church*) is associate rector of the Church of St. Mary the Virgin in New York, and editor of *The American Church Monthly*. His birthplace was in Wisconsin, his early charges in that part of the country; Harvard was his Alma Mater and "high church" is his doctrinal predilection.

PHYLLIS BOTTOME (*The Invasion*) is an American writer now English by marriage, whose numerous short stories have made her well known and endeared her to an international public.

T. GILBERT PEARSON (*Bird Sanctuaries*), besides being president of the National Association of Audubon Societies, is chairman of the Committee on Wild Life Legislation that was very active in securing the enactment of the recent bill in Congress, authorizing $8,000,000 for the purchase of Government areas for wild life sanctuaries.

KARL W. DETZER (*Confessions of a Fire Fan*) lives near a fishing village in North Michigan, where he devotes himself chiefly to the writing of fiction. His third and fourth books make their appearance this year.

MARIAN HERTHA CLARKE (*The Sheep Decide*) is an advertising agency executive and merchandise counsellor. For many years she followed the profession of advertising in this country and Canada, supplemented with free lance journalism for "frills on her food."

GERALD W. JOHNSON (*A Tarheel Looks at Virginia*) is an author who has been connected with journalism nineteen of his thirty-nine years. Born in the South, he was educated at the University of Toulouse, France; married a New Yorker, and has written several books.

DON GORDON (*College — Five Years Later*) is the son of a cultivated Russian who immigrated to this country. He has a poetic gift and in spite of promising business interests on the Pacific Coast, finds time to contribute to Eastern magazines.

# The Literary Landscape

By Herschel Brickell

*SKYSCRAPER'S TOP*

*Clean bricks*
*Give no curves like a swallow's breast,*
*Nothing like a wing distorts*
*Their geometric clay.*
*Yet, mad as birds that fling*
*Their swift heart-beats*
*Into a city's sky,*
*These tear the blue morning.*
*They soar*
*In an angled flock, close-pressed —*
*Three hundred thousand bricks like swallows*
*In a wind-locked flight.*

— From *Machinery* by MacKnight Black.

Home again after his ramblings in Europe, which were completed with a journey through Spain, including visits to the Expositions now going on there, and capped with two days in Paris that were indescribably beautiful, with Paris at its Spring loveliest and every horse chestnut tree alight with blossom, the Landscaper sets down a poem about skyscrapers from a collection of admirable verse about machinery and our modern world. Mr. Black has felt and has expressed the cool and rhythmic beauty of Corliss engines, of our great lifting masses of steel and stone, as well as, if not better than, anyone else the Landscaper can recall. He is able to do this because he accepts the machine and, viewing it calmly, absorbs its own peculiar beauty. His poems are simple and unpretentious, and without eccentricity of structure or verbiage.

Naturally one cannot think of skyscrapers without thinking of New York, or for that matter of our own United States, since tall buildings have come to be regarded as the symbol of greatness in cities, and every large town in America hopes for the day when it may have a few high towers, be they ever so ugly architecturally, or ever so unnecessary from any point of view. We are not alone, however, in the matter of tall buildings. As a whole Europe has resisted the new American architecture; London's few structures that are more than the usual six stories in height are not really tall by our standards, Paris has no tall buildings, contenting itself with the steel skeleton of Monsieur Eiffel's renowned tower, but Madrid has three skyscrapers finished, and at least two more under construction. None of the buildings already completed is particularly good, and none is marked by any originality. But the craze has definitely begun in a city that was once regarded as hopelessly behind the times, and it seems strange enough that within the next fifteen or twenty years, the European skyline most resembling that of an American city will in all probability be that of the Spanish capital.

## *Queen of the Mediterranean*

It would be less surprising to find such goings-on in Barcelona, which is by all odds one of the finest cities in Europe, modern, progressive, rich, and at the same time beautiful and charming. It is, indeed, a good example of what a city of a million people can be, in that it is clean and well-regulated, busy, industrious, and forward-looking, and at the same time, comfortable. Past the connecting Ramblas that make up its Main Street flows a stream of traffic as dense as in any American city of the same size — and as well regulated — while along both sides of the centre of the Ramblas, where the people walk, are rows of wicker armchairs where one may sit and read or smoke or talk or drink. But Barcelona is less subject to foreign influences than Madrid, perhaps because it is older and has deeper roots; perhaps too, the sturdy independence of the Catalan population has something to do with it. At any event there are no skyscrapers in Barcelona as yet. A good long distance from the centre of the city the

curious towers of the new cathedral, La Sagrada Familia, Neo-Catalan in architecture, rear themselves from among the surrounding roofs, and the city is rimmed around with tall mountains, but even the wide new streets are lined with buildings of no more than ten or fifteen stories in height.

This may seem to have little enough to do with literary landscapes, although the Landscaper feels a connection somewhere underneath the surface. That is to say, architecture is an expression of a people's culture quite as much as books, and if there were time to develop the theme, something might be made of Spanish literary fashions and the influence of skyscrapers. On the purely literary side there is not much to be said for the present situation in Spain, as the current production is confined very largely to poetry, plays and essays, a large part of which cannot be successfully translated, and much more of which is of such a local and ephemeral nature that it would not be worth bringing over into another language. There are few promising young novelists in the country at present; most of the important fiction still comes from the members of the famous group of '98, among them Valle-Inclán, Ayala, Baroja, and Miro, or from such well-established authors as Concha Espina, who is at present visiting this country. The intellectual life of the country is suffering from the Dictatorship; following the abortive revolt of last spring Primo de Rivera has laid down rigid new laws that make free speech dangerous for anyone, the strictest possible censorship over newspapers and magazines is observed, most of the universities in the country have been closed, and sentences of exile are put into effect for the slightest offense. It may be well to add, for the sake of prospective visitors to the country during the duration of the two Expositions that thus far, at any rate, these restrictions upon the activities of the Spanish people themselves have not appreciably affected the ordinary currents of life in the country.

## *Books Shown at Expositions*

As for the literary side of the two Expositions, a few sentences will suffice, although it would require a good deal of space to discuss all the illuminated books, old manuscripts and books in fine bindings that may be seen if the visitor has the time and patience. The United States' building in Seville has a display of recent books published in this country that is not particularly impressive — that is, it can hardly be called a representative exhibit of what we are doing in the way of making books — and some of the buildings of the other countries have large or small displays of books. Barcelona features an exhibition of the graphic arts, which was not in place when the Landscaper was there — neither exhibition was anywhere near finished on its opening day — but which looked quite promising, and which will wear an international aspect when it is completed.

The first thing the Landscaper heard after he set foot on home shores, and before the memory of those two divine days in Paris had quite lost its poignancy, was that Americans had pretty well stopped buying books during the past three or four months. This was a continuation of the complaint heard in England; there the quietness of the season was comfortably explained by the fact that the election had taken people's minds off literature, at least temporarily. The reasons on this side of the water are not quite so satisfactory, nor so easy to understand. There have been some intimations that the disgust of the public with the Joan Lowell scandal might have had something to do with its reluctance to buy books, but this seems hardly probable. The book clubs are coming in for their share of condemnation as a menace to the business of retail bookstores, also, and altogether the problem seems to be complicated enough to justify Mr. Hoover's attention, now that he and Congress have made the farmers happy. A publishers', booksellers', and authors' relief measure would undoubtedly have the enthusiastic support of the persons most concerned, however apathetic the rest of the country may be to their plight. A Congressional guaranty that every first novel published would sell 3,000 copies might do as a starter. Serials in *The Congressional Record* would make a new market, and together with the earlier suggestion that comic strips be added to that publication, might easily give it a popularity among the masses of voters that it will never attain with its present backward editorial policies.

## *Some of Them Sell*

With this depression in mind, it is all the more interesting to find that such books as Erich Maria Remarque's *All Quiet on the Western Front* have reached enormous figures and threaten to go on selling for months to come. The Landscaper's opinion of this particular volume has been expressed already; apparently there are not many critics who disagree very violently, although there are some who think *The Case of Sergeant Grischa* a better novel. Perhaps this is true from a technical point of view, but the Remarque book seems to this reader a more powerful and a more important piece of work than the earlier Zweig success. Both are sound enough arguments against war, to be sure, although the Landscaper is not very hopeful that arguments of this kind can avail anything. The horror of such a picture of modern war as is drawn by Remarque strikes deep into the emotions, but it can be wiped out by a

few well-directed pieces of propaganda; let "national honor" be mentioned a few times and we'll be making bonfires of the pacifist volumes that are so popular at the present time. It must be remembered that many of these books on the World War have been read by hundreds of thousands of Europeans without exercising any particular check upon the size of armies and navies. . . . They have at least let us know what we shall be in for, however, when we step into another war.

## *Books on World Peace*

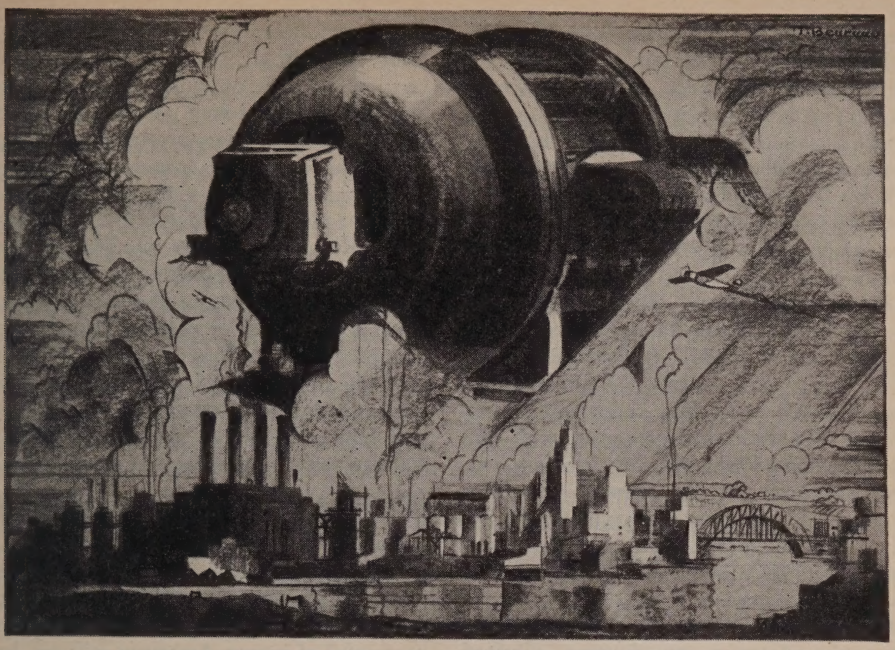
SPEAKING of such matters as the prevention of war and of international amity, a number of books have appeared on the general subject within the past few weeks, some at least of which deserve to be added to the shelves of those who are trying to keep track of the recent growth of this type of literature. Three have been published by the Stanford University Press in its series on World Politics; all are good looking, well-made books. Jackson H. Ralston's *International Arbitration from Athens to Locarno* ($5), which tells the complete story of man's efforts to substitute tribunals for battlefields, with especial emphasis upon recent treaties and the establishment of such important institutions as the Permanent Court of International Justice, is one of the three; the others are Charles E. Martin's *The Politics of Peace*, ($4) which analyzes existing governments of the world-powers and suggests changes in their attitudes that might make for peace, and *The Public International Conference* by Norman L. Hill, ($3) which sets forth the history of the public meetings of the peoples of different countries to consider the solution of their mutual problems. In this same series is a short study of *The Governance of Hawaii* by Robert Littler ($2.75), which is an optimistic survey, apparently justified, of the working out of a difficult problem of colonial administration. The United States seems to have got around many barriers to the successful government of a highly mixed population in the islands, and the book should give pleasure to even the most bilious anti-imperialist.

Much less cheerful is Harold Norman Denny's *Dollars for Bullets* (Lincoln MacVeagh — the Dial Press, $4), which is a study of the operations of the United States in Nicaragua. Mr. Denny has seen all parts of Nicaragua while covering the story of the present occupation of the country for a great American newspaper. His title is clear enough evidence that he shares the doubt of the justice of our present invasion of the Central American country, a doubt that will not down in the minds of many thinking Americans. The occupation is to our financial advantage, however, so no great wave of moral indignation may be expected to be aroused. Other recent books that touch upon vital problems in many parts of the world — some of them very close at home — are *The Western Way* by Frederick J. Stimson (Scribner, $3.50), which has a subtitle, "The Accomplishment and Future of Democracy" that gives the necessary key to its contents; its author is hopeful of the form of government to which we have committed ourselves; *Versailles* by Karl Frederick Nowak (Payson and Clarke, $5), which is an ironical and dramatic story of the Peace Treaty from the end of the fighting to the signing; and *The Mexican Agrarian Revolution* by Frank Tannenbaum (Macmillan, $2.50), published under the auspices of the Institute of Economics of the Brookings Institute, and covering the whole story of Mexico's attempt to readjust the land situation. Dr. Nowak, the author of *Versailles*, is one of the leading historians in contemporary Europe, and was literary adviser to the Austrian Chief Command during the War.

## *Hope for the Jews*

DR. HORACE M. KALLEN'S *Frontiers of Hope* (Liveright, $2.50) is the story of the present situation among the Jews of several countries in Europe and also in Palestine. It is only in the new Russia and in the Holy Land that Dr. Kallen is able to find real hope for the future of the Jews; elsewhere they are still suffering severely from handicaps and persecutions. Dr. Kallen's book is the result of a long journey he made some months ago, and is written with sympathy, but with the necessary detachment at the same time. It contains excellent pictures of the countries and cities visited, and is a philosopher's interpretation of the problems faced by the Jews under post-war conditions. Other books of interest to the internationally-minded are *Canada in the Commonwealth*, *From Conflict to Coöperation* by the Right Honorable Sir Robert Borden (Oxford University Press, American Branch, $3.75), which is made up of material used in the Rhodes Memorial Lectures, and which is a succinct history of the Dominion and its growth; and *The Era of the French Revolution* by Louis R. Gottschalk (Houghton Mifflin, $4), which, on the basis of much recently discovered material, part of it found by American scholars, retells the story of the Revolution and of the days of Napoleon. It is intended as an introduction to the history of the period and may be read with pleasure, as it is not at all burdened with pedantry, either in the writing or the arrangement of the material.

Two more volumes of essays belong in this group, although there is a temptation to leave one of them out and devote a good deal of space to discussing it somewhere else. The Landscaper refers



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# GENERAL ELECTRIC

to *Adam, The Baby and The Man from Mars*, by Irwin Edman, (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50) which is a delightful book, urbanely and thoughtfully done, and provocative in nearly every page. Mr. Edman has a civilized mind, and while he practises philosophy to the extent, at least, of teaching it at Columbia University he has not allowed its vocabulary to spoil his lucid style, which is one of the principal pleasures of reading him, although not the only one by a good deal. He discusses such topics as American Leisure, Meeting Americans Abroad, We Superstitious Moderns, and John Dewey, American, all these under the general heading of "On American Life." Another group of essays is called "Antidotes," another "Speculations" and two are joined together with the heading, "Toward a Philosophy of Criticism." In all, there is criticism of the common American attitude toward life in many of its phases, but the writer is never in the least ill-tempered, and never hopelessly pessimistic. A fine book, and one that deserves to be widely read.

The other volume of essays mentioned is Alfred Zimmermann's *America or Europe* (Oxford University Press, American Branch, $3) which contains essays on such vital subjects as Can Democracy Survive?, Is International Peace Possible?, The American College, etc. Mr. Zimmermann is another who does not come to us as a prophet of doom, and who tries to offer constructive suggestions when he thinks changes need to be made in existing institutions.

## *Some Fiction for Summer*

To swing from the weightier affairs of the world into territory more suited, perhaps, to the season, there are a number of recent novels that should repay a reading, be the weather ever so hot. The Landscaper is, because of his recent absence from this part of the world, somewhat behind in these matters, but he has read and skimmed a number of pieces of fiction lately that have appealed. One of these is W. R. Burnett's *Little Cæsar* (Lincoln MacVeagh — The Dial Press, $2), which is the story of the world of crime in that fair city of the Middle West, Chicago. Mr. Burnett writes bare and unadorned prose, and strips his story to the bone, but he has got into it a reality that would be hard to deny. He is by no means the first novelist to undertake to put present-day conditions in Chicago into a book, but he is certainly one of the most successful. There are some other books on the same general subject about, or so the Landscaper seems to have heard. Here at home, the situation in Chicago seems distressing, but understandable; far enough away it seems incredible and ridiculous that conditions such as have existed in that city for months and even years should be allowed to continue. In Europe, there would have been intervention from the outside long ago. Of course, we must have our freedom, but what a few troops of national constabulary, properly equipped and ordered to shoot as fast and as often as shooting seemed indicated, could do to stop the making of such histories as is set down in *Little Cæsar* would be worth writing one or two stories about, also. The Landscaper recognizes the fact that Chicagoans are a little sensitive about such matters, and there are a few other places in this broad land of ours that cannot afford to mention crime statistics in public, but we can hardly blame cynical Europeans for emitting occasional snickers when they hear how great and prosperous and happy we are and then read of Scarface Al's exploits.

## *More New Publishing Houses*

The new publishing firm of Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith, made up, respectively, of one of the most successful of the present generation of English publishers, and one of the most successful of young American editors, has for its first offering Evelyn Scott's *The Wave* ($2.50), which is a story of the Civil War, a long novel, which has been chosen by the Literary Guild. The Landscaper has not had time to read the book, which, as has been suggested, is quite long, but Joseph Wood Krutch, among other critics, suggests that it is a novel of first importance, and adds that Miss Scott has given the Civil War "The largest subject which the history of our country affords . . . the most adequate treatment it has ever received in fiction." This is praise of no small importance coming from Mr. Krutch. The same firm is also bringing out a new edition of Miss Scott's *Escapade*, a really remarkable piece of work that one is glad to hear is being revived. Their list in general, publication of which begins in July, is a most promising one. Even newer in the publishing field is the firm of Farrar and Rinehart, made up of John Farrar and Stanley Rinehart, both late of the Doubleday, Doran organization and before that of the old George H. Doran firm. Mr. Rinehart is president and Mr. Farrar vice-president and editor. Both are men of experience and sound training.

Lovers of light fiction may turn with profit to Alice Grant Rosman's new novel, *Visitors to Hugo* (Minton, Balch, $2). Miss Rosman won a wide public with her entertaining story, *The Window*, upon which she has improved with the new book. The plot has sufficient originality, and the writing is good, altogether a well-done and charming volume. Maurice Bedel's *Molinoff or the Count in the Kitchen* (Viking, $2.50), is also entertaining, although it is not so good a book as M.

Bedel's *Jerome, or the Latitude of Love*. The new book relates the adventures of a Russian count who is a pastry cook among a group of upper French bourgeoisie; it has some excellent satire on the provincial aristocracy. *Vivandière!* by Phoebe Fenwick Gaye (Liveright, $2.50), is also good summer reading, belonging to the romantic school, and covering the period of the Napoleonic invasion of Russia and the Great Retreat. Its story turns around the love of a young and aristocratic French officer for the *vivandière*, Julie. There is a great deal of vivid writing in the book, and the story-interest never flags. R. L. Duffus's colorful and swiftly-moving story of an imaginary Latin-American republic, Santa Eulalia, *Tomorrow Never Comes* (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50), is another entertaining novel that should not be overlooked when lists for summer reading are being compiled. It covers a period of one week, but there are sufficient adventure and excitement in it to fill several volumes, and the tone of irony in which it is written is well sustained. This is another A-1 piece of light fiction.

## *Some More Serious Novels*

Of a more serious nature are several other recent novels, one or two of them not so recent, perhaps, but recent enough. *Stone Daugherty* by John P. Fort (Dodd, Mead, $2.50) is the story of a hard-boiled Tennessee frontiersman, drawn to the life and with unsparing realism. This is one of the best of recent American historical novels, and brings to our attention a young writer whose first novel of a year or so ago was hardly any better or any more promising than dozens of other first novels. The new book is a mature effort, however, and if Mr. Fort chooses to push on in this field he should very quickly achieve fame and a following. Another thoroughly hard-boiled book that might well be read along with Mr. Burnett's *Little Cæsar* as a commentary upon American civilization, is *Hardware* by Edward L. McKenna (McBride, $2.50) which is the story of several generations of an Irish family, settled in the Red Hook section of Brooklyn. The family fortune is founded upon the saloon business; the book closes with the son and heir a successful bootlegger, and about to marry a show girl, who is tough, but straight. The story moves swiftly enough, and has the ring of truth. It shows, too, what so often happens among our immigrants, who live side by side with us for generations without ever being touched by what is really good in our civilization.

Paul Morand's book of short stories, *Black Magic*, with illustrations by Aaron Douglas (Viking, $2.50), has a good deal in it about America. It is made up of tales about negroes, and atavism is the theme of very nearly all. M. Morand writes good short stories; in fact, some of the best of the modern crop are to be found in *Open All Night and Closed All Night*. There are some well-done stories in *Black Magic*, but on the whole the book is of little importance. It resulted from a long, long journey, during which the author spent a few weeks, or a few days, or a few hours, in various parts of the world where there are black folk, collecting his materials, or, better say, his impressions. One does not grasp anything of significance by this journalistic method, and M. Morand might have saved his time and money so far as there being anything of any value or truth in his book. Certainly there is a good deal of what is vulgarly known as bunk in the stories that pertain to our own Southern States. Nor is the Landscaper at all willing to believe that negroes revert to type in such numbers as to justify almost an entire book being based upon the theme.

## *A Good Historical Novel*

A semi-historical novel of the most genuine distinction is *The Lady of Laws* by Susanne Trautwein (Elliott Holt, $2.50), another of the recent translations from the German that indicate the healthy state of fiction writing in the Reich. This is the story of Bologna in the Middle Ages, with a woman instructor in law at the University as the principal character. Early in the story she is ravished by some one of whose identity she has no suspicion; the arrival of her son is like a virgin birth, and in time she takes on the proportions of a goddess to the local population. Through changes of governments, bloodshed, plague, poverty, and all the other violences of the period, she moves serenely and bravely, a wholly admirable and real figure. Miss Trautwein has not attempted to build up a period, as Feuchtwanger does, for example; her backgrounds are lightly sketched in and are of importance only as they affect the fates of her characters. She has succeeded, however, in evoking an atmosphere; the book has the air of an ancient legend. It is particularly well written, and for the most part the translation preserves the beauty of style of the original.

Other recent novels from England and elsewhere abroad of some consequence are Margaret Steen's *Dark Duel* (Stokes, $2.50), the story of a girl brought up in Bohemian London by an actress-grandmother, and the working out of her unconventional life; *Through the Lattice* by Evelyne Close (Henkle, $2.50), which concerns itself with the relations of four families in a small English village, the entire action covering eight hours of dense fog, and pivoting on the ancient conflict between youth and age; *A Man Scans His Past* by M. Constantin-Weyer (Macaulay,

$2.50), an autobiographical narrative of the Canadian country by a Frenchman, who won the Prix Goncourt with it for this year, and also the acclaim of many European critics; and *A Young People* by Hans E. Kinck (Dutton, $2.50), this latter the first translation into English of the work of a novelist highly praised by Georg Brandes. It is a story of a Norwegian small town in the 'Eighties, during the period of revolt against the Swedes.

## *Biographies In Abundance*

THREE important recent biographies have almost as much to do with the World War, now so popular in the field of fiction, as they have with their subjects. Two, *Field Marshal Earl Haig*, by Brigadier General John Charteris (Scribner, $6) and *Foch Talks* by Major Bugnet (Lincoln Mac Veagh, The Dial Press, $3), deal directly with two of the heroes of the War, and both, as it happens, are by men who were with the two Allied leaders intimately for many years. General Charteris has shown how Earl Haig, somewhat like Grant, accomplished little enough and seemed to be at loose ends until he began his military career; from that time on he moved steadily forward until it came his time to command the British Armies, with what success has already become familiar to every one. This is a full-length, generously documented biography, and will probably stand for a long time as the definitive study of its subject. The book on Foch is another matter, since it is made up of innumerable talks which Bugnet, Foch's aide, had with his superior. In it Foch paints his portrait in his own words, showing him to have been first of all a direct and simple person. At least two or three other books on Foch are in the offing, most of them already published in French and probably to be translated a little later, but the Bugnet volume will stand a good deal of competition in its particular corner of the field. The third book mentioned at the beginning of the paragraph is not a biography of an individual, but a study of a famous family, the Hohenzollerns. It is called *The Hohenzollerns* and is by Herbert Eulenberg (Century, $4). It is a complete gallery of portraits, beginning with Frederick I, Elector and Margrave of Brandenburg, who founded the line in the Fourteenth Century, and closing of course, with Wilhelm II. They are all portrayed as enemies of Germany, and there is nothing in the book to make the surviving members of the family very proud of their ancestors. However, the ancestors have very little to be proud of in their living descendants, so the scales balance.

In the field of American biography, one of the most interesting of recent books — to the Landscaper, at any rate — is John K. Winkler's *John D., A Portrait in Oils* (Vanguard Press, $2.25). This is a frank life-story of the gentleman who still holds the title of "richest man in the world"; Mr. Winkler has tried to be fair, but it is easy to see that he is not exactly overwhelmed with admiration for the Rockefeller tribe. The family fortune, he tells us, was founded by a doctor who advertised a sure cure for cancer, and who cheated his own children at every opportunity so as to make them cautious when they got out into the world. The general outlines of the elder Rockefeller's portrait are probably already familiar to most people; that is, his religious orthodoxy, which was never shaken during the early years of the founding of the Standard Oil Company, his Puritanism, his penuriousness in small matters, such as sending old shoes to people down on their luck with the advice that the shoes will last another year, if properly repaired, and so on. Mr. Winkler tells all this and a good deal more. The book seems to this reader better — and certainly franker — than Mr. Winkler's preceding volume on his former employer, William Randolph Hearst; it is not in the least a great piece of biography, but it is thoroughly interesting. It should find many readers abroad, where American millionaires and their ways are of more interest than they are to those of us who live somewhere close to them.

## *Making Lincoln a Myth*

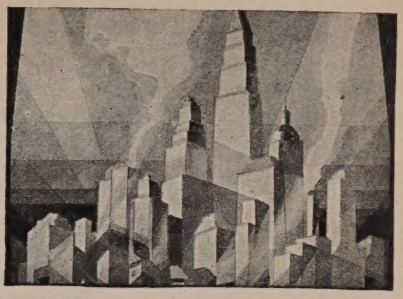
LLOYD LEWIS has written one more book about Lincoln but his is an unconventional biographical study, in which he attempts to prove that Lincoln has been made a god by a perfectly familiar and easily recognized process of myth-making. The book is called *Myths After Lincoln* (Harcourt, Brace, $3.50). It presents a full-length study of John Wilkes Booth, the Judas, of course, of the drama, and contains, among other matters, an analysis of the sermons preached upon the death of Lincoln, in which phrases occurred that indicated the man was becoming god again as rapidly as he could be elevated. Mr. Lewis has done an interesting thing in this book, and whether he has fully proved his theory or not, there can be little doubt that our heroes do become demigods now just as much as ever before, and the greater the hero, the higher the place he wins in the upper realms and the more secure his position there. Other recent American biography includes *Patrick Henry* by George Morgan (Lippincott, $3.50), which is an attempted rehabilitation of the fiery Virginian, a full-length, carefully documented volume, with a thoroughly painted background of the times; *Emma Willard, Daughter of Democracy* by Alma Lutz (Houghton

Mifflin, $4), the life of a pioneer in the field of equal educational opportunities for women, which includes much about her friends, De Witt Clinton, Lafayette, James Fenimore Cooper, Maria Edgeworth, Mrs. Sigourney, and others; *Sarah Orne Jewett* by Francis O. H. Matthiessen (Houghton Mifflin, $3), an excellent biographical study of the New England short story writer; and *Thomas Sergeant Perry* by John T. Morse, Jr. (Houghton Mifflin, $3.50), the life-story of a Harvard Professor, who also taught English literature in Japan, who numbered among his friends Lowell, Henry James, and almost all the other literary figures of the period, and who had a bitter wit, of which there are some fine specimens in Mr. Morse's work. Perry did not like Woodrow Wilson and the Wilsonian style, which had so many admirers, and this fact provoked him to one of his most delightful outbursts. The book is a valuable bit of literary history, in addition to being good reading.

## *Bill Hart's Life-Story*

ANOTHER recent American biography that will surprise most people, as it did the Landscaper, by its merit, is *My Life — East and West* by William S. Hart (Houghton Mifflin, $4). Any one looking for movie-bunk will be disappointed in Mr. Hart's straightforward story of his career as cowboy, actor, and star of the cinema. Not many of his admirers on the screen know, one may be sure, that he once played Romeo before the movies came along. He has many good stories of these early days, and never loses his modesty in telling them. While we are in the middle of this field of Americana — certainly a life of Bill Hart comes under this heading, since he was for a good many years the idol of the younger generation — let us glance at Don Seitz's recent compilation from our history, which he calls *Famous American Duels* (Crowell, $3.50), and which contains many rich chapters of the days when insults were quickly avenged. The really prominent American of those days who avoided at least one duel deserves a book by himself as a reward for his diplomacy; there were many who had several duels, and a few, it will be recalled, who pursued their public careers after having shot holes through opponents.

Still another important addition to recent American biography is *Colonel William Smith and Lady*, which is the "Romance of Washington's Aide and Young Abigail Adams" by Katherine Metcalf Roof (Houghton Mifflin, $5). The hero of this book was an aide to George Washington and won the reputation of being one of the bravest American officers in the Revolutionary forces. It was in London that he married Abigail Adams, the beautiful daughter of John and Abigail



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Adams, and there the two met most of the people of importance. In Paris, Abigail met Jefferson, Franklin, and the Lafayettes; John Paul Jones was a dinner guest. There are many intimate letters in the biography, and it presents an altogether charming picture of life on two continents, during the infancy of the American republic. There are many illustrations.

## *A Great Chinese Queen*

A FICTIONIZED biography of recent weeks that should find many readers is Charles Pettit's *The Woman Who Commanded 500,000,000 Men* (Liveright, $2.50), which is, as might be guessed, the life-story of that most extraordinary woman, the Dowager-Empress of China. M. Pettit will be remembered as the author of two delightful novels of Chinese life, *The Son of the Grand Eunuch* and *The Elegant Infidelities of Mme. Li Pei Fou*. How the woman who became ruler of China and held tightly to her throne through so many stormy years, fairly earning the nickname of "Old Buddha", won her way upward from nowhere, against the keenest kind of competition, has been made into a story of rare interest. Like the two novels mentioned, it is written with a Gallic touch, and would hardly do for Sunday School libraries. In outline it is no doubt true as well, which gives it additional interest. Its subject belongs easily with Elizabeth, Catherine of Russia, and Isabella, as among the greatest queens ever to rule nations.

To most people the name of Leopold of Belgium is associated with only one thing, the horrible brutalities practised on the natives of the Belgian Congo by their masters. In *Leopold of the Belgians* by Comte Louis de Lichtervelde (Century, $4), the King is presented as the founder of a great colonial empire, and one of the shrewdest of European monarchs of the period. The author was in Leopold's court and knew all the principal actors in the story. He has written an unusual bit of history, and has not tried to whitewash the King, only to present him with the proper emphasis upon his strong points.

## *The Romance of Flying*

A RECENT book that does something for flying never before undertaken is Bruce Gould's *Skylarking* (Liveright, $2.50). Mr. Gould has undertaken to present the sheer romance of flight, the thrill of handling a plane up among the clouds. An aviator himself during the war, he has made many flights since, and coupled with this experience, he has the necessary imagination and vocabulary to bring off the task he has appointed himself with a great deal of credit. In addition to the chapters that have to do with the delights of aviation, Mr. Gould writes of recent epochal flights, sketches some of the men who have made them, discusses the necessity for a separate department of aviation in the government, and furnishes other facts and statistics of interest to all who follow flying. There are some fine illustrations in the volume, although the artist's name seems to have been forgotten. It is altogether a delightful work, well calculated to help bring traffic problems to the skies.

Another book hard to classify, but deserving the most careful attention is Walter Lippman's *A Preface to Morals* (Macmillan, $2.50), which has been a best-seller for some weeks. Mr. Lippman combines one of the best styles in America with the capacity for sound thinking, and what he has to say in the new volume is altogether admirable.

## *Some Gardens in Spain*

IT WAS natural enough for the Landscaper to make for all the books on foreign countries he could find on the shelves after his return, and among the lot was one that brought back almost too vividly the beauty of Spain. It is called *Patio Gardens*, and is by Helen M. Fox (Macmillan, $6). Miss Fox is less interested in the gardens from a purely æsthetic point of view than she is as inspiration for American gardenmakers, and her large volume is well filled with designs and with lists of the flowers used by the Spaniards to get the lovely effects for which their gardens are noted. The reproductions are in black and white and one very naturally misses the colors, not only of the flowers, but of the tiles, the polychrome fountains, and the statuary. It was the Moors who taught the Spaniards the delight of gardens, and lest someone rise to smite the Landscaper for that statement, let him hasten to say that he is basing it upon the fact that the patio itself is distinctly Moorish, and that wherever the Moors were, there also were fairy gardens, as in the Alhambra, and the Generalife. But whatever the origin, there are no gardens more delightful; behind high walls in Madrid are places of incredible charm, as Miss Fox has discovered, and the same might be said of any Spanish city. Her book should help the spread of the Spanish garden in this country, which would be a distinct contribution to our civilization. One wonders why the patio, with its garden, has never been popular in the Southern United States since it is so perfectly adapted to warm climates. New Orleans has patios, of course, but they have never been really common in the South.

Other recent books about far-off countries are *A Wayfarer in the Pyrenees* by E. I. Robson (Houghton Mifflin, $3.50), which is an excellent volume in a good series, with some attention de-

voted to the Basque country which so completely won the Landscaper's susceptible heart during a recent visit to Irun, Fuenterrebia, and San Sebastian; Douglas Golding's *People and Places* (Houghton Mifflin, $3), which deals with many parts of the world, including the United States; *Half Hours in Old London* by Harry Prince (Dutton, $2.50), which is an unusual guide book, with suggestions that will interest even the most case-hardened traveller, and with illustrations in pencil by F. W. Knight; and *The Road to France* by Gordon S. Maxwell, with drawings by Gordon Maxwell (Dutton, $2.50), which is not, as one might suppose, a booklet on the French or Cunard Lines, but a guide book to the old King's Highway, which runs from London to Dover, by way of Canterbury, and which cuts across some of the most interesting country in all of England.

## *The Joys of Architecture*

ANOTHER excellent book for travellers — excellent because it will open to many the delights of architecture — is *Sounding Stones of Architecture* by Philip N. Youtz (Norton, $2.50), a refreshingly informal history of the science, or the art, which Mr. Youtz characterizes as visual history. It is his contention that the spiritual history of any people may be read in the buildings they erect, and while this theory is not entirely novel, he has developed it well. His is a simple, easily understood philosophy of architecture that may be read by profit by anyone with even the most rudimentary understanding of or enthusiasm for building.

Chauncey Brewster Tinker's *The Good Estate of Poetry* (Little, Brown, $2.50), a collection of literary essays almost any one of which would make an excellent starting point for a good controversy, is one of the most appealing books the Landscaper has seen lately in the bookish field. J. A. Chapman's *Papers on Shelley, Wordsworth and Others* (Oxford University Press, $2.25) is another volume of charming essays and literary studies. Houghton Mifflin have recently added to their "Hearts of Journals" series *The Heart of Hawthorne's Journals*, edited by Newton Arvin; others available are The Heart of Emerson's, Burroughs's, and Thoreau's Journals, all of them splendid books, and the latest addition no exception. Many of Hawthorne's letters are included in the new volume and some further expurgations have been restored. Of specialized interest, to be sure, but much more readable than the titles might indicate, are two volumes of literary and publishing history recently issued by Dutton, *Authorship in the Days of Johnson, 1726–1780*, and *The Relation of Author to Patron, Publisher and Public, 1780–1832*. A. S. Collins is the author, and the general title of the two books is "The Profession of Letters." A new and up-to-date history of American Literature, called *American Literature, an Interpretative Study* by Ernest Erwin Leisy (Crowell, $2.50), is an attempt to tell the story of the development of American letters from a new point of view. The author runs into the usual difficulties in the latter chapters, where the scene is changing every day, but on the whole the book is sound.

One book of a general nature overlooked in its proper place, if it had one, is Tom Eadie's *I Like Diving* (Houghton Mifflin, $3.50), which is written by the chap who won a Congressional Medal for his work in connection with the Submarine *S-4's* disaster, and who was also present during the work on the *S-51*. There are many illustrations and the narrative itself is full of excitement.

## OTHER NEW BOOKS

*Reviewed in Brief*

By B. S. STANOYEVICH

### BIOGRAPHY

**Andrew Johnson: A Study in Courage.** By *Lloyd Paul Stryker*. New York: The Macmillan Company. $6.00.

A complete and documented attempt to restore an American President to his rightful place in our history.

**Swinburne.** By *Samuel C. Chew*. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $3.50.

A comprehensive volume on the life of a man whose poetry has affected the creative vein in many writers. The author of this biography has contributed to the REVIEW in years past.

**Daisy, Princess of Pless.** By *Herself*. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $5.00.

The autobiography of a delightful Irish-Englishwoman who married a German and lived in Germany during the World War, where she and Wilhelm II were good friends.

**Life and Works of Alexandre Dumas.** By *H. H. Sparr*. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.00.

A new edition of the standard life, with new line cuts and half tone illustrations.

### FICTION

**Five Women on a Galley.** By *Suzanne Normand*. New York: The Vanguard Press. $2.00.

In which the theory and practice of feminism are upset by the actual performance of lives without marriage, which are entered upon by five young French women.

**Tides.** By *Count Edouard von Keyserling.* New York: The Macaulay Company. $2.50.

An artistically done story of life in a fishing village of the Baltic Sea, in which the descriptions of the sea with its sunrise and sunsets are worth remembering.

**The Broken Marriage.** By *Sinclair Murray.* New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

The romantic story of a young Englishman, most of the action laid in North Africa among the Berbers; by the author of *Sands of Fortune*, etc.

**Dancing Beggars.** By *Eric Brett Young.* Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Company. $2.50.

A well-done mystery story, with the plot laid in a small sea coast colony, by the brother of Francis Brett Young.

**The Green Toad.** By *W. S. Masterman.* New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.00.

Another mystery story of London and Scotland Yard.

**The King Murder.** By *Charles Reed Jones.* New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.00.

A Leighton Swift detective story based on an actual New York murder case.

**Kif.** By *Gordon Daviot.* New York: D. Appleton and Company. $2.50.

"There is irresistible appeal in the boy Kif, a wholeness and reality that make his story an artistic success of the first rank," according to the opinion of one critic.

**The Fierce Dispute.** By *Helen Hooven Santmyer.* Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

Here is concerned the child of an Italo-American marriage, who on the death of her musician father, is brought up by the American side of her parentage — a New England grandmother who detests art, and a saddened mother who ever longs for Italy.

**Detective Duff Unravels It.** By *Harvey O'Higgins.* New York: Horace Liveright. $2.00.

Duff discovered the guilty one by unraveling the key to his personality.

**The Boroughmonger.** By *R. H. Mottram.* Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

The author is well known through his *The Spanish Farm* trilogy.

## FOREIGN OFFERINGS

**The Next Rung.** By *K. S. Venkataramani.* Madras, India: $1.00.

This book by an Indian, who writes with rare charm and sympathy about his own people, may be ordered through the Theosophical Press at Wheaton, Illinois. Other publications which have reached us from India include *Rajani* by *Bankim Chandra Chatterji*, and *Swaraj* by *P. Majumdar*, published by The Book Company, Ltd.

**Physiology of Love.** By *G. M. Katsainos, Ph.D.* Boston, Mass. $4.00.

A scientific work concerning the tender passion, which has a universal appeal.

**Histoire de Russie.** By *N. Brian-Chaninov.* Paris: Arthême Fayard and Company. 15 frs.

The author was born in Russia in 1874, and has travelled extensively in Egypt, Palestine and Syria. His other books concern these travels and affairs of the East and the West in general.

## JUVENILE

**Three Boy Scouts in Africa.** By *R. D. Douglas, Jr., D. R. Martin, Jr.,* and *D. L. Oliver.* New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The boys' own story of camping, photographing and hunting in the heart of the world's greatest big game country.

**The Box Book.** By *Hazel F. Showalter.* New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

A collection of ideas and directions how to carry them out: sure to please any boy who has a hankering for making handy things.

**Children, Meet the Birds.** By *Mary Kendall Hyde.* Boston: The Stratford Company. $2.00.

The book has been written to amuse, instruct, and interest children, and to inspire them to study for themselves the commonest birds.

**Facing Life.** By *W. H. P. Faunce.* New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

Sensible talks to young men, given to the student body at Brown University.

## PLAYS, POEMS AND ESSAYS

**Journey's End.** By *R. C. Sheriff.* New York: Brentano's. $2.00.

This is the book which this publishing house brought out in such haste when the play scored a deserved hit in New York.

**Golden Falcon.** By *Robert P. Tristram Coffin.* New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

These verses are written by one who has frequently contributed to the pages of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW some admirable essays and sketches.

**The Cycle of Modern Poetry.** By *G. R. Elliott.* Princeton: The University Press. $2.50.

A series of essays turned toward clearing up our present poetic dilemma.

**Mr. Gay.** By *Oscar Sherwin.* New York: The John Day Company. $2.50.

Being a picture of the life and times of the author of *The Beggar's Opera.*

**That Capri Air.** By *Francis Brett Young.* New York: Harper and Brothers. $3.50.

Essays on people and happenings on the island of Capri — slightly bitter and satirical.

**My Favourite Passage from Dante.** Edited by *John T. Slattery, Ph.D.* New York: The Devin-Adair Company. $3.75.

This book is the result of answers received from more than three hundred questionnaires, showing how important a part Dante plays in the life and thought of the world.

# Providence Beckons the President

No statesman has seen more of the atrocious consequences of war than came within Mr. Hoover's ken during the days of Belgian Relief and of his post-war ministrations to Europe's starving people.

No statesman has had greater opportunity to work for world peace than has Herbert Hoover today.

Providence, which somehow shapes the course of men ever upward through the fog of their own folly, would seem to have called forth again a potential leader for the task of his time, and to have so ordered events as to perfect his opportunity.

Alone among the heads of the great nations, President Hoover is not overburdened by domestic problems. He has the friendly support of the vast majority of his countrymen, who are prosperous, contented, undivided by serious internal dissensions and awakening to the larger importance of America's foreign relationships.

At home, Congress has already done what Congress can for the farmer; Congress is preparing to make its usual botch of the tariff, but our economic structure will survive. Prohibition, though it may some day become an issue of utmost gravity, is not yet a problem clearly enough defined in public opinion to warrant more than the shelving it is now receiving.

Mr. Hoover's rôle, then, is greater than the one upon which he laid such emphasis in his pardonable campaign speeches. It is not to the preservation of material prosperity in a sublimely self-centered nation that Destiny beckons him. If he is to surpass in the Presidency the fame which was his before he won that office, he must do so upon the international stage of humanitarian service where he first gained the plaudits of the world.

No previous occupant of his position has been thus called upon, or free and qualified, to focus America's attention outward toward a more cordial and open share in the common task of an organized mankind. Wilson had the vision, but his efforts came to grief upon the rocks of partisan politics at home and of wartime animosities abroad. President Hoover, sharing a similar vision, has the support of a more nearly united electorate, and one less intolerant of the thought of the interdependence of nations. Furthermore, he confronts an older world which no longer reckons war a paying business.

Time was, indeed, when war seemed to pay; Germany appeared to profit financially by it in 1864, in 1866, in 1870. But in the train of these dates came 1914 and 1918 — and the realization that modern war is disaster to victor and vanquished alike.

Hence the manifold current efforts to ensure orderly progress on our earth, unhampered by the waste of warfare. They emanate from deeper strata than politics. They are inspired by a profound if inarticulate yearning of the masses. And, with the Kellogg peace pacts negotiated, with the lingering reparations problem allayed, with America's tentative approach to the World Court made easier by Elihu Root's endeavors, with armament limitation the topic of the hour, and with spokesmen for the great powers in almost continual conference for pacific ends, it would be stupid cynicism to question the historic significance of this era.

Progress toward a world organized for peace is within the range of possibility. But American participation is essential — participation neither overweening nor yet timid and "unofficial" as hitherto it has been. Herein lies President Hoover's opportunity.

He may go down in history either as a good President, or as one of our greater Presidents. He will rank among the latter if he dedicates his Presidency not simply to the administration of domestic matters, but, beyond that, to a much more courageous American leadership in the councils of a world that is striving for permanent peace.

— K. W. P.

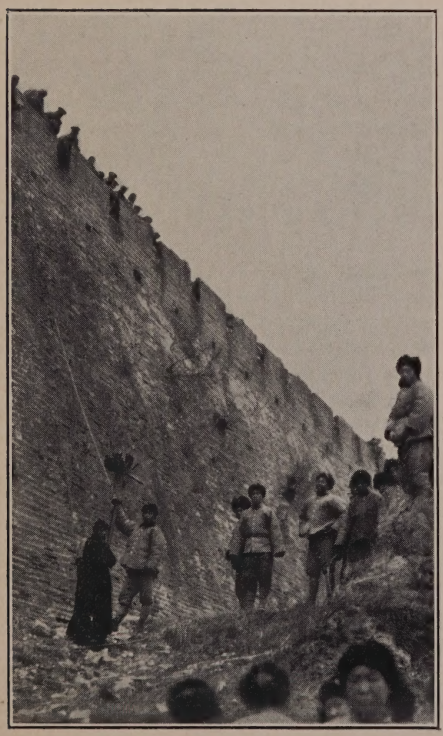
# *A Cameraman Goes to the War in China*

(*See page 138*)

*The besieging army's engineers stringing barbed wire under fire*

*Women and children quit hunger-ridden city of Chochow*

*Photos by Ariel Varges for International Newsreel*



*Soldiers of both armies fraternizing under the great wall of Chockow*

*Cameraman Varges and his Chinese assistant going into action*

*Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur*

# The North American Review

VOLUME 228 AUGUST, 1929 NUMBER 2

# Foundations of Prosperity

*An Interview by Samuel Crowther with*

HENRY FORD

WE DO not concern ourselves in the least with the cost of living. We have no data on the cost of living among our employees in this country and we do not want any. We only hope that the standards are high and growing higher. The wages that we pay are not based on cost of living but on value of production. There is no other basis for wages. Cost of living is a phrase which means nothing unless it is understood as relating to the standard of living. If the standard is high the cost is high. But before either standard or cost can go up, wages must go up. Your standard of living is fixed by your wages. Living does not go up and pull wages after it. Wages go up and pull living up. We are often asked if we will pay the American standard of wages in our European industries. If our foreign business can grow as rapidly as our domestic — and there are no good reasons why it should not — then we may pay as high or higher wages abroad than we do here. Wages are not in the discretion of the employer, but in the productivity of the business.

Our standards of wages and hours are not at all fixed upon the performance in the United States but upon the performance where the wages are paid. We are committed to a policy of high wages and low prices. We raise wages in order to get lower costs and hence to be able to sell at lower prices. We never lower wages in order to sell at lower prices, just as we never raise prices in order to raise wages.

ALL of this is directly contrary to the old thought on wages. That thought takes for granted that wages are a cost of production in the same manner as a pound of steel — and that therefore low wages result in low costs and high wages result in high costs. We have found that low

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wages not only result in expensive goods but also, both directly and indirectly, so limit the purchasing power of the public that really large sales are out of the question. Our wage policy has nothing to do with charity; it is wholly an affair of what good management plus good workmanship makes possible.

A GREAT deal of confusion has crept into the whole subject of wages, hours of work, profits and prices. Most of this confusion grows out of the notion that since there is only so much to go around, there ought to be a big bookkeeper somewhere to determine who is to get what. The various Socialistic programmes are nothing more than attempts to set up a public bookkeeper to keep everybody's accounts and determine everybody's share. They go somewhat farther and attempt to promise a life in which work will be only an incident. We are, as a matter of policy, against hard work — we will not put on a man what we can put on a machine. But here again is a confusion. There is a difference between a man working hard and just having hard work. Hard work is not productive. A coolie porter carrying a great load on his back undoubtedly has hard work, but most of his energy is wasted, for even a small motor truck will take the place of a whole squad of coolies. It is not possible, except in the crafts which approach the arts, for a man in these days to earn a really good living with his hands.

The management that simply hires labor is not management at all. It is the first duty of management so to arrange the work that it can be productive of high wages. But management cannot do this unless the men themselves are willing to work. Most men are willing to work if thereby they can get good wages. But when management organizes on the theory that the lowest wage is the best wage, then the workmen also are driven to organize in an effort to prevent the plans to pay the lowest wages.

The old theory, which still persists in business, is that the rate of wages depends on the bargaining power of the worker as against the monopoly of the employer. Under that theory, both sides lost. Under that theory, labor unions rose and organized war began, with boycott and lockout as the weapons. Nothing more is needed than the results to prove the theory false. Yet it is clung to by old-line management and by old-line labor with equal tenacity. They both are wrong.

IT NEEDS to be driven home to men's minds that such a theory represents nothing but the accommodation of their logic to their errors. The theory of wages in the past has been merely a description of the predatory spirit that once actuated money-making. There is no standard wage except that set by the energy, ability, and character of all who are engaged in the business. The basic fact is that the standard wage is what management and industry can make it. Upon managers more than upon political economists rests the responsibility of furnishing data for the new theory of wages.

There is nothing to running a business by custom. When an employer says, "I pay the going rate of wages," he says in effect that he has quit

managing his affairs and is letting them drift. No manufacturer would seriously contend that the way to make the best article was to buy only the cheapest materials. And yet we hear of industries seriously declaring that they cannot become prosperous until they cut wages. These are always backward industries in which the employers are trying to effect low wages regardless of work and the employees are trying to effect high wages regardless of work.

THE largest single factor in the prosperity which has grown throughout this country since the war has been due to the maintenance of a high standard of wages — even through the short period of depression that followed the general deflation. Immediately after the war wages rose under the old system of public auction in which the workers permitted themselves to be bid for regardless of what they could or would do and employers, abandoning the idea of work, bid against one another — also without regard to the work that was to be performed for the wages. This raised the prices of all manufactured goods and at the same time lowered their quality. Quite soon the public realized that it was not getting its money's worth and quit buying. Plants everywhere shut down and then went up the cry for the liquidation of labor — the same cry that is now going up from every backward industry everywhere in the world. Very fortunately the employers did not have a chance to carry out their plans for the liquidation of labor, else they would have made depression permanent. A few wide awake concerns saw that before getting around to the liquidation of labor it might be advisable to liquidate management. They put their own houses in order and devised ways and means to pay first-class wages for real work that turned out first-class goods at low prices. These companies so very quickly sold their output that the other companies — which up to then had been engaged solely in talking about the price of labor — had to make a quick turn about and liquidate their own managements, or go entirely out of business. As a result we never did have a liquidation of labor but took the prosperity-making course of transforming high wages into low labor costs per unit of production. That is the foundation of American prosperity.

LOOK at the basic relationships. It is not usual to speak of an employee as a partner, and yet what else is he? Whenever a man finds the management of a business too much for his own time or strength, he calls in assistants to share the management with him. Why, then, if a man finds the production part of a business too much for his own two hands should he deny the title of "partner" to those who come in and help him produce? Every business that employs more than one man is a kind of partnership. The moment a man calls for assistance in his business — even though the assistant be but a boy — that moment he has taken a partner. He may himself be sole owner of the resources of the business and sole director of its operations, but only while he remains sole manager and sole producer can he claim complete independence. No man is inde-

pendent as long as he has to depend on another man to help him. It is a reciprocal relation — the boss is the partner of his worker, the worker is partner of his boss. And such being the case, it is useless for one group or the other to assume that it is the one indispensable unit. Both are indispensable. The one can become unduly assertive only at the expense of the other — and eventually at its own expense as well. It is utterly foolish for Capital or for Labor to separate into groups. They are partners. When they pull and haul against each other they simply injure the organization in which they are partners and from which both draw support.

IT OUGHT to be the employer's ambition, as leader, to pay better wages than any similar line of business, and it ought to be the workman's ambition to make this possible. Of course there are men in all shops who seem to believe that if they do their best, it will be only for the employer's benefit and not at all for their own. It is a pity that such a feeling should exist. But it does exist and perhaps it has some justification. If an employer urges men to do their best, and the men learn after a while that their best does not bring any reward, then they naturally drop back into "getting by." But if they see the fruits of hard work in their pay envelope — proof that better work means higher pay — then they begin to learn that they also are a part of the business and that its success depends on them and their success depends on it.

"What ought the employer to pay?" "What ought the employee to receive?" These are but minor questions. The basic question is "What can the business stand?" Certainly no business can stand outgo that exceeds its income. When you pump water out of a well at a faster rate than the water flows in, the well goes dry. And when the well runs dry, those who depend on it go thirsty. And if, perchance, they imagine they can pump one well dry and then jump to some other well, it is only a matter of time when all the wells will be dry. There is now a widespread demand for more justly divided rewards, but it must be recognized that there are limits to rewards. The business itself sets the limits. You cannot distribute $150,000 out of a business that brings in only $100,000. The business limits the wages, but does anything limit the business? The business limits itself by following bad precedents.

IF MEN, instead of saying "the employer ought to do thus-and-so," would say, "the business ought to be stimulated and managed so that it can do thus-and-so," they would get somewhere. Because only the business can pay wages. Certainly the employer cannot, unless the business warrants. But if that business does warrant higher wages and the employer refuses, what is to be done? As a rule a business means the livelihood of too many men to be tampered with. It is criminal to assassinate a business to which large numbers of men have given their labors and to which they have learned to look as their field of usefulness and their source of livelihood. Killing the business by a strike or a lockout does not help. The employer can gain nothing by looking over the

employees and asking himself, "How little can I get them to take?" Nor the employee by glaring back and asking, "How much can I force him to give?" Eventually both will have to turn to the business and ask, "How can this industry be made safe and profitable, so that it will be able to provide a sure and comfortable living for all of us?"

But by no means all employers or all employees will think straight. The habit of acting shortsightedly is a hard one to break. What can be done? Nothing. No rules or laws will effect the changes. But enlightened self-interest will. It takes a little while for enlightenment to spread. But spread it must, for the concern in which both employer and employees work to the same end of service is bound to forge ahead in business.

What do we mean by high wages, anyway?

We mean a higher wage than was paid ten months or ten years ago. We do not mean a higher wage than ought to be paid. Our high wages of today may be low wages ten years from now.

IF IT is right for the manager of a business to try to make it pay larger dividends, it is quite as right that he should try to make it pay higher wages. But it is not the manager of the business who pays the high wages. Of course, if he can and will not, then the blame is on him. But he alone can never make high wages possible. High wages cannot be paid unless the workmen earn them. Their labor is the productive factor. It is not the only productive factor — poor management can waste labor and material and nullify the efforts of labor. Labor can nullify the results of good management. But it is a partnership of skilled management and honest labor that makes high wages possible.

THERE will never be a system invented which will do away with the necessity of work. Nature has seen to that. Idle hands and minds were never intended for any one of us. Work is our sanity, our self-respect, our salvation. So far from being a curse, work is the greatest blessing. Exact social justice flows only out of honest work. The man who contributes much should take away much. Therefore no element of charity is present in the paying of wages. The kind of workman who gives the business the best that is in him is the best kind of workman a business can have. And he cannot be expected to do this indefinitely without proper recognition of his contribution. The man who comes to the day's job feeling that, no matter how much he may give, it will not yield him enough of a return to keep him beyond want, is not in shape to do his day's work. He is anxious and worried, and it all reacts to the detriment of his work.

But if a man feels that his day's work is not only supplying his basic need, but is also giving him a margin of comfort and enabling him to give his boys and girls their opportunity and his wife some pleasure in life, then his job looks good to him and he is free to give it of his best. This is a good thing for him and a good thing for the business. The man who does not get a certain satisfaction out of his day's work is losing the best part of his pay.

For the day's work is a great thing — a very great thing! It is at the very foundation of the world; it is the basis of our self-respect.

The rate of wages that may be paid is not fixed by the machinery and power that are employed. It goes back farther than that to the very inception of the article that is to be made. The decision of the employer as to what he shall make determines the wage that he can pay. If he tries to make something that will help people, then there will be no eventual limit to the wages that he can pay, for there will be no limit to the eventual size of his business. But if the owner starts out only with the thought of making something that he can sell to people, then he is sure to have trouble with wages. This applies only to articles in the nature of commodities. The rule is different with luxuries, for with them price does not matter and the wages may be added to the price; this is not to say that anyone can definitely class all articles as commodities or as luxuries, for the luxuries are constantly entering the commodity class.

PLANNING an article for universal consumption is a slow process in which one goes forward step by step, trying as he goes. For every theory must have the test of actual performance. When finally one has the best design that one knows, then comes the task of learning to make it in the best possible fashion and also in the cheapest. The making brings in machinery, the arrangement of work, the cutting out of waste and steering the whole of business to the end that all the labor goes into the product.

The design of the article is never finished and neither is the job of making it; as one goes on, improvements suggest themselves in the design and likewise improvements in the making.

WE TAKE it as a matter of course that we are never making anything as cheaply or as well as it may be made and so we consider every piece of machinery in our plants as well as the plants themselves as only tentative and to be replaced, regardless of their cost, as soon as something better can be devised. We fix our sales prices and our wages regardless of costs, for out of our experience we have discovered that it is necessary always to have something to shoot at and that if we make the mark very difficult to hit we shall have everyone up on his toes trying to hit it.

The right price is not what the traffic will bear. The right wage is not the lowest sum a man will work for. The right price is the lowest price an article can steadily be sold for. The right wage is the highest wage the employer can steadily pay. That is where the ingenuity of the employer comes in. He has to create customers, and if he is making a commodity, then his own workers are among his best customers. We have several hundred thousand first-class customers in our own company, in the people to whom we directly pay wages. And we are creating more customers every day in the workmen of the people from whom we buy. For every dollar we pay in wages, we pay at least two for materials and parts made on the outside. It is an ever-widening circle of buying — paying a high wage has the same effect as

throwing a stone into a still pond. In all some six or seven million people gain their livelihood from our operations.

THERE can be no true prosperity until the worker upon an ordinary commodity can buy what he makes. Your own employees are part of your public. The same ought to be true everywhere, but the difficulty in some countries is that the workman is not expected to buy what he makes. A part of Europe's trouble is that so much of its goods has gone abroad in the past that there is little thought of really having a home market.

If you cut wages, you just cut the number of your own customers. If an employer does not share prosperity with those who make him prosperous, then pretty soon there will be no prosperity to share. That is why we think it is good business always to raise wages and never to lower them. We like to have plenty of customers.

Buying labor is just like buying anything else — you have to make sure that you get your money's worth. Every time you let a man give you less than full value for the wage you pay him, you help to lower his wage and to make it harder for him to earn a living. You can do a man no greater injury than to allow him to "soldier" on his job. The reason ought to be plain. The less work a man does, the less purchasing power he creates, which means a lessened number of people to ask for his services.

Thus there can be no "standard wage." A wage based on a standard of living is destructive, for it implies that all men are alike and can agree on how they want to live. Fortunately, all men are not alike, and fortunately all of them do not care to live this year the way they did last year. Any attempt to fix a "living wage" is an insult to the intelligence of both managers and workers. We do not know what the right wage is, and perhaps we shall never know. But certainly it only clogs progress to try to fix wages without the facts. The world has never approached industry with the wage motive — from the angle of seeing how high wages may be — and until we have had some experience in that line we shall not know much about wages.

Trade union limitations on production can never come up in a well-managed business. They are an answer to bad management. If an employer sells his product at too high a price, with his eye on profits instead of on costs, he will pay low wages, for he will not know what kind of men he needs. He limits his market by his price and there is no reason why the men who work for him should not also limit their output. Why should men work for an employer who will not so manage his business as to pay proper wages?

Our company's wage policy has been of slow growth. In the beginning we paid the going rate of wages.

IT IS from the five dollar a day wage payment that our real business dates. Not long after the minimum was raised to six dollars a day. We think a minimum is safer than a maximum. It prevents any possibility of slipping back, while it does not hinder us going forward. I regard the

six dollar minimum as certain to give way to a higher figure at no very distant time.

WE HAVE no crafts in our shops—that is, we do not have tinsmiths, machinists or any men at all with trade denominations. We merely hire men and they learn with us to do the jobs to which they are assigned. The ordinary craft organization would hinder our work and prevent the payment of the highest wages. A manager should be able so to organize the work and the machines that especial skill is not necessary. Many of our operations require the employment of the highest skill, but it is not the skill of a single craft so much as the skill of many crafts. The craft organization of industry is quite out of date. Modern machinery has devised thousands of jobs which were unknown when men organized into crafts, and nowadays the insistence upon crafts only throws men out of jobs when they might be working.

And finally we always strive to cut down the number of men employed upon any operation by improving the method used. Not otherwise can wages be increased and prices lowered. This process does not make for unemployment. On the contrary, it makes for employment because by lowering prices and increasing wages it stimulates production. For more than twenty years we have been taking off men whenever and wherever we could. But other jobs have at the same time appeared for them, so that today we are employing more men than at any time in our history.

THE theory that machinery and good methods make for unemployment should be laid away in the same grave as the theory that low wages make for low priced goods.

# The Last Man

## By John Cowper Powys

The Last Man stood erect
On the edge of immensity.
"Down on your knees!" the Sphinx did cry,
As she droned like a monstrous beetle by,
"And worship cause and effect!
Your philosophy is pitched too high!"
And she drummed at his ears like a mammoth fly;
But the Last Man stood erect.

And the Last Man saw in his mind
The old familiar sights.
He saw the herds thro' the pastures wind,
He saw the swallows' flights,
He saw the rooks in the elms collect,
He saw the holes by the yaffles pecked.
He saw the village-lights.
He saw young forms at the gate entwined.
He saw old forms at shutter and blind.
And the Last Man stood erect.

And the Last Man heard in his ears
The old familiar sounds.
He heard the clipping of shepherds' shears
He heard the Blackmore hounds.
He heard the giggling on Kiss-me Down-Lea
He heard the panting and "can't-catch-me!"
Of his girl for fairing decked.
He heard the cuckoo from tree to tree
Cry his old sweet human obscenity.
And the Last Man stood erect.

"Oh, bat-like Sphinx, you may drone and drum!"
And he faced immensity.
"Let nothingness and destruction come!
These things have been," said he.
"Down on your knees!" the Sphinx did cry,
As she boomed like a monstrous buzzard by,
"And worship cause and effect!
These things have been: and they are not!"
And she sank into space like a vulture shot.
But the Last Man stood erect.

# Under the Wall of Chochow

By Ariel L. Varges

*Beneath it, amid hunger, tragedy and bloody justice, boy soldiers were incredibly brave, but impressive above all was the Wall, ancient, impregnable*

A few months ago, during the siege of the ancient Chinese city of Chochow, I was attached to the attacking forces under General Tsur, to take moving pictures for an American newsreel company. One morning I was having breakfast on the train that served as headquarters for General Tsur. Suddenly, in the next car, there was a great commotion. Wailing voices besought the attention of the soldier on guard at the door. With "Newsreel" Wong, my Chinese assistant and interpreter, I went to investigate and arrived just as General Tsur himself put in appearance. An old man and young girl, both weeping and hysterical, were making excited gestures toward a soldier who was standing surrounded by a guard. General Tsur silenced the confusion and sat down to hear the complaint.

There was no quibbling and no delay. The old man and his daughter made their accusation and, with seeming indifference, the accused soldier admitted having attacked the girl. That settled the matter as far as General Tsur was concerned. He gave orders that the culprit be beheaded on the spot.

Neither the prisoner nor those who heard the sentence seemed surprised or horrified. A friend of the unfortunate girl, wishing to hasten the execution, brought forward a *kaoling* cutter. This is a big knife operating on a hinge, the whole apparatus being set up on a large block of wood. In times of peace it is unused to the taste of blood, its function being, as its name implies, the cutting of *kaoling* (straw).

The prisoner was inhumanly quiet, apparently indifferent to his imminent doom. He glanced at the waiting knife; speaking calmly, he asked for a match to light a cigarette; then he asked for a drink of Chinese wine. Both requests were granted. A guard stepped up and removed his hat and tucked in his collar so that the knife would have free play. The prisoner was pushed to his knees and a bundle of cornstalks was placed around his neck to give the knife a grip.

As these preliminaries were being completed, the proceedings were suddenly interrupted by the excited

jabbering of the doomed soldier's comrades, who had hurriedly assembled to witness the affair. They were squabbling loudly over the gold-plated collar button (acquired God knows where) which protruded from the back of the prisoner's shirt. They all wanted it. Suddenly three of them ran forward, pushed their former comrade flat on his face and tussled over him until, with a cry, one of them made off with the prize, holding it aloft.

THE man who was about to die had made no struggle, and his guards had done nothing in his behalf. Now they got him on his knees again and motioned to the volunteer executioner, another of the doomed man's comrades, who was to receive three dollars for acting in this capacity. He was handling the *kaoling* cutter rather uncertainly and noticing this, General Tsur made inquiry and discovered that he had had no previous experience as executioner. Before the General could speak further, however, the volunteer broke into a torrent of pleading. Only a boy in years, he was yet keen for the job, and begged to be allowed to prove his skill on an armful of straw. The General acceded, and the boy looked around in pride while the straw was laid on the block. The prisoner, lifted to his feet, watched the keen blade descending swiftly. The sight seemed to take some of his courage away, but his voice was controlled as he asked that his end be hastened.

Once more, then, he was shoved to his knees. There was to be one more interruption, however, for at this point Wong broke in to ask if the prisoner did not desire to write a letter home. The condemned man thought a moment and then nodded. It was a brief letter merely stating that he would never return home and that his parents were not to worry. The letter had been dictated before another bystander thought to ask him his parents' address. Then the prisoner asked again that the execution proceed.

This time he was not kept waiting. His head was pressed down on an upturned nail on the execution block. He gave a little sigh, like a moan from an empty bellows. Like a flash the cutter knife came down. There was a spurt of blood which made the spectators jump back. The eyes in the severed head rolled a bit, the lips seemed to make an effort to move. Then there was a cheer from the dead man's former comrades, who seemed to have enjoyed the horrible spectacle. And it was all over. The whole incident takes some time to relate, but actually, within a few minutes, I returned to my breakfast and found it still warm. My appetite, however, was gone.

EXECUTION or not, the besiegers' guns trained on Chochow never halted their roaring and inside the wall of the city the artillery of the defenders roared back. Chochow's wall is hundreds of years old. As high as the average three story city house, and as thick as it is high, it has saved the city from destruction on so many occasions during its historic career, that legendary qualities not inherent in any masonry have come to be attributed to it. It was the real hero of the siege, resisting to the end the buffeting of shells and the explosion of mines.

I had ample opportunity to look at the Wall of Chochow. For eighty-six days it was the first thing I saw in the morning and the last thing I saw before the sun went down. During all this time the city was besieged by Ankuochun forces under General Tsur Tso-hua. Its defender, General Fu Tso-yi, with his Shansi troops, was greatly outnumbered. But he had the Wall fighting for him, and the city could not be taken by storm.

THE Ankuochun front-line trenches approached to within fifty feet of the Wall. I was free to move about at will, and one day this freedom almost put an end to my picture-taking career. I wanted to get some close-up pictures of the Wall, and with Wong I moved forward through communicating trenches. The Ankuochun soldiers watched us curiously but finally we left the last of them behind and reached the farthest outpost. We could see no one patrolling the Wall. With a feeling of security, therefore, we set up the camera and began to grind away.

We had scarcely started when two of the Shansi defenders appeared on top of the Wall, one of them with a hand grenade of the potato-masher type ready to fling at us. Grabbing the camera we pressed ourselves against the forward face of the trench, desperately hoping that the fellow's aim would be poor. The tremendous explosion which we expected never came. Instead we heard two staccato reports, and looked over the trench top just in time to see our assailants crumple and fall writhing.

We looked back down the trench and saw standing there, grinning, the man who had saved us. He was one of General Tsur's bodyguard who had followed us, hoping to be able to render just such a service. It seemed that in photographing certain members of the bodyguard a few days before, we had missed him. He had been disappointed, but thought that we might be willing to take his picture if he did something for us in return. We turned the crank on him to his heart's content.

After this experience we were content to film the Wall from a little longer range. But not too long, for after all a cameraman taking war pictures must take them in the thick of things, or not at all. Once a great mine was laid under the Wall. The shaft was sunk inside the Ankuochun lines behind a shell shattered ruin on a sunken road. The digging had to be done at night, and the excavated dirt was spread over the sunken road for a mile to camouflage the work. It was absolutely essential that the work be done quietly, since the head of the mine shaft was only nine hundred feet from the Wall.

NIGHT after night the digging went forward. As the tunnel came near to the Wall the excitement among the Ankuochun engineers was intense. The engineers took great pride in their mine, and were very anxious that I get a good picture when the great moment of the explosion came. Deep down in a dugout we used to sit and plan. The explosion charge was to be three tons of T.N.T. Troops who could not be protected from falling débris were to be sent back to the sunken road for

protection. Following the explosion, they would join in an attack.

The great day approached and minor attacks were made elsewhere along the Wall to distract the defenders. Meantime, for ten nights previous a roof of heavy iron rails was built over our dugout. Before sundown on the last day before the mine was to be exploded, we placed the camera in position inside a concrete pill-box, registered it, and attached the electric drive. I sprayed oil around the loop-hole through which the explosion was to be filmed. This was to lay the dust from the first concussion. With everything in readiness, I went back to the steel roofed dugout to wait the night out. The realization of a cameraman's life dream of action was at hand.

ZERO hour was seven in the morning. In the dugout I sat with the Ankuochun engineers around an improvised table. Our eyes were fastened on two electric switches. One was to start my camera; the other would set off the mine. As time grew short we speculated on the astonishment of the Shansi when their Wall crumbled under them. The engineers were frightfully anxious that everything should go right. Once before, one of their mines had exploded prematurely.

At one minute to seven I went over to my switch. One of the engineers, tense, stood beside the mine switch. Fifteen seconds before zero I pressed down on the camera switch to give my film a lead of clear sky until the time of the explosion. Our eyes were glued on the second hands of our watches. Suddenly the Ankuochun engineers made a movement. The earth shook. We choked from dust. Tons of rock were heard dropping overhead — our post was only ninety yards from the Wall. There was a great shout, and we peered out in time to see the infantry advancing.

THERE was a great rent in the Wall where the mine had exploded. But there was no clean opening and the Shansi defenders, rallying from other points, poured a withering enfilading fire into the advancing Ankuochuns and repulsed the attack. The sturdy old Wall had been again victorious, and my engineer friends were naturally greatly disappointed. But in spite of this, they were keen to have a copy of my picture. I promised to do my best for them, and then, suddenly relaxed, we all laughed at the realization of the danger risked to film thrills for an American newsreel.

For a while after this there was no more infantry action, although the ceaseless artillery bombardment never slackened. Once, during a bombardment by trench mortars, Wong and I sought shelter in a dugout with several Ankuochun soldiers. I spoke to them about the war with the idea of discovering what was in their minds. Each one of them had his own explanation. One youth, who had been influenced by the propaganda pamphlets he had read, spoke up in all seriousness and told me he was fighting to kill the Reds.

Through Wong I asked him, "What are Reds?". He answered, "Men who take your wife." That was all he could tell me for that was all he knew.

Another lad, an orphan, made no

secret of the fact that he was fighting in return for the clothes on his back and something to put in his stomach.

More than half of the soldiers in both armies were under the age of fifteen, and some of them were as young as twelve. Both Generals seemed to take the youth of their followers quite as a matter of course. To each of them the important thing was to have the largest army possible.

YOUNG as the troops were, they made good fighters. They were not old enough to know fear and they were always willing to obey commands of their officers. They were good humored too, and at the beginning of the siege they entered into it with the same enthusiasm that American boys of their age bring to their athletic contests. Despite the diet of cabbage soup and millet mush they never complained. Without whimpering they slept through the cold nights in damp trenches with only a thin blanket to serve as a shelter for two and sometimes for three men. If they wanted a pillow they could use a trench mortar bomb. They had only coarse cotton clothing to wear.

There were hardships within the Wall of Chochow, too. The civilian population suffered most since all available supplies and foodstuffs were commandeered at the beginning of the siege for the defending soldiers. All houses were wrecked by gun-fire in the first few days and the wretched civilians lived for the remainder of the siege in dugouts, cellars or any shelter they could find. At first the military authorities doled out food to the civilians, but soon there was not enough to go around, and the soldiers had to be fed first.

After the siege had lasted a month those of the inhabitants who had not been killed or maimed skulked through the streets at night to steal even a bit of garbage from the soldiers' mess. If they were fortunate enough to find it unguarded, then they had to fight with wolf-like mongrel dogs for the pitiful sustenance it afforded. Toward the end of the siege the inhabitants were reduced to *kaoliang* or poor donkey food and a few beans. Even the bones of pigs and cattle which had been eaten during the first days of the siege were ground for such nourishment as they afforded.

NEWS of the desperate plight of the beleaguered city reached Peking. The Swastika Society, the Chinese Red Cross, communicated with General Tsur, and besought him to permit the helpless women and children to leave the city. General Tsur was willing. General Fu of the defenders was then approached under a flag of truce and he also agreed to let them go. He stipulated, however, that the boys over fifteen years of age must remain, as they were needed in his ranks.

When the gates of the city were opened the most starved specimens of humanity that I have ever seen straggled out. The women were blindfolded to prevent them from spying in case they had been sent out for that purpose. The bandages over their eyes only made the scene more pitiful when I reflected what small chance there was of any of them wanting to return to the scene of such suffering. Once outside the restricted

area the eye coverings were removed. Then the members of the Swastika Society divided the mass into sections and gave them the first real food they had had in weeks. The women and children burst into tears of joy and more often hysteria. At first they could not believe that it was true. Then they seemed to regard it as a miracle. They ate like animals, poor things.

Suddenly, without warning, the bombardment was resumed. A gun near-by fired its opening shot, and with a bound the refugees leaped to their feet and looked around with a hunted air, whimpering. As soon as it was explained that there was little danger they clutched for the food again.

I PHOTOGRAPHED many of them and my heart ached as I did so. Mothers with wan faces and sunken eyes hugged mere skeletons of babies to their emaciated breasts. One young mother asked Wong what the war was all about. Wong turned to me, but I could only shake my head helplessly. Another mother came over to where I was grinding the crank and held her little baby girl out to me. Wong told me that she was offering me the child as a gift. I took it as a compliment and nodded smilingly. Then I saw that she was serious. She hadn't long to live she said, but I had to tell her that my own existence was precarious also.

After their taste of food the refugees were strong enough to start out for Peking over the first stone bridge on the old Imperial Peking highway. Previous evacuations of Ankuochun wounded soldiers that very day had left a sinister trail of blood on the marble roadway. Fifty open carts were waiting to transport the refugees and they rumbled off in the most dismal procession I have ever seen.

AFTER the evacuation of the women and children the intensity of the siege was redoubled. Once the Ankuochun forces attempted to storm the city. They planted a large quantity of explosives under the protecting Wall and shelled the city relentlessly in preparation for the attack. But once again the mine failed to break down the gallant old Wall. Nevertheless, at the appointed time the Ankuochun troops leaped from the trenches and charged. The machine gun fire of the defenders raked them mercilessly. No attack could stand before it. In spite of this about three hundred brave youths managed to reach the Wall. With no support from their fellows, who had been forced back into their dugouts, this gallant little band tried to scale the Wall. They were annihilated, of course. I thought as I watched them that I had never seen a greater exhibition of dauntless courage in the face of overwhelming odds.

At about this time, there were persistent rumors that the rival commanders were negotiating for the surrender of the city. The men in the ranks got wind of it, but were not in the least excited about it. To my surprise, they seemed not to care whether the rumors were true or false.

The shelling continued regularly, and talk of its surrender was forgotten. Then, without warning, peace came one day, eighty-six days after the beginning of hostilities.

General Fu came out of the South Gate, accompanied by his staff. He signalled across No Man's Land at a time when the Gate was being shelled. It was the signal of surrender.

Fu was a man who inspired courage in his own troops and admiration in the enemy. He had long ago conquered his own fears, and his whole bearing was that of a man who meets his destiny confidently. As he came through the Gate, it was seen that he was dressed in a gorgeous long black robe with flowing sleeves. Contrasted with the drab service uniforms of his staff, this costume produced a striking effect, and undoubtedly he was not unaware of it.

I POINTED my camera at Fu as he came toward the Ankuochun lines. He was surprised to see a foreigner in the Ankuochun trenches. Fu, by the way, had been a schoolmate of Tsur's. I asked Fu if he would permit me to photograph his defenses before the Shansi troops evacuated their positions. The idea seemed to amuse him, and he detailed a member of his staff and three of his bodyguard to escort me into the city.

Inside the Wall, I was astonished to see the terrible havoc wrought by the bombardment which I had only been able to imagine before. The city looked as if it had been rocked by an earthquake. Buildings, ancient monuments, all were in ruins. A few shells were still falling, as the surrender had been so sudden that some of the Ankuochun batteries in the rear had not yet been notified to cease firing.

I kept grinding my camera in the exposed area, to the amusement of the watching troops. They were more amused when I told them, through Wong, that earlier in the day I had been working with the Ankuochun batteries which were still firing. One young trooper laughingly remarked, "You should now be hit and your work would be complete."

FINALLY the firing ceased and a bugle call sounded. Their officers told the troops that the war was over. They did not cheer or leap with joy. They simply stood still and waited. I was surprised. But I was completely astounded at what happened next. The Shansi troops were told that they were to be enrolled in General Tsur's Ankuochun army; and they grinned a little and relaxed.

I suppose that I should not have been taken aback quite so much. It was not the first time in history that soldiers had gone over to the side of their former foes. But I had been so close to this conflict that the attitude of the Shansi was incomprehensible to me. I had seen the soldiers of both armies fighting with the hatred that the fear of death engenders. I had seen them suffer. And that the common soldiers could put all this behind them, seemingly without effort, without a thought, was beyond my understanding.

When I finally got back to Peking, I described the siege to an old Chinese whom I knew. I told him of the misery, the awful bloodshed I had witnessed. It had seemed so purposeless, just wanton killing. He listened to me with a queer expression in his eyes. I finished, and then he answered.

"Plenty Chinese die," he said, "But plenty Chinese left."

# Monogamy and the Motor Car

By Albert Russel Erskine

*To those who picture the automobile as wrecking the American home a leading maker replies that it is actually producing evolutionary progress*

The automobile industry has almost been overwhelmed in the last three or four years by the testimony of outside students and economists as to its decisive rôle in the creation of the new type of civilization which has grown up in America. We are beginning to talk of the Americanization of the world which is following a new industrial revolution in this country, comparable to that of the Eighteenth Century in England. Mr. Clifford Raymond, in commenting on the birth of this civilization, has said that we have effected in recent years what the human race has done only once or twice in the past five thousand. We have created new folk ways, and for the first time in the history of the world we have achieved a culture based upon the dissemination to the common man of nearly all the benefits which have come from the increased productive capacity and wealth of this civilization. It is now generally recognized that the motor industry was the greatest of three new technical and industrial movements which brought this about.

To my mind the motor industry has begun something which cannot be measured either in engineering or monetary units. I think it is contributing to the biological progress of the American people, and to a great rejuvenation and renaissance of that monogamic family life which is recognized by anthropologists and by students of the social sciences as the primary requisite for any enduring progress.

Past civilizations have all, in some measure, lifted mankind above the physical limitations of its environment, but almost invariably they have caused such a violent divorce between the civilized modes of life and the biological roots of humanity that racial degeneration has resulted. Modern industrialism has from the first been criticized because it was believed to be doing the same thing. The critics of modern America have been prompt and eager to point out certain changes in popular manners and customs which they have assumed were the dominant trends of our time. Those who recall the "good old times" have viewed this from a pessimistic angle, while the

sophisticate and degenerate schools have been unable to conceal their delight at what they assumed was a dissolution of old social units and moral standards.

We are told that the basis of our morals has been changed. This is said to be a result of urbanization. And urbanization is assumed to be an inevitable consequence of this machine age into which we have moved. I quote a typical observation from Dr. Will Durant: "The passage from tillage to industry began to affect the moral behavior of mankind. Economic maturity came almost as late as mental maturity; only in the manual working class was a lad self-supporting and ready to marry at the age of twenty-one. Above those ranks the age of self-sufficiency rose higher with every rise in luxury and place — in the professions, above all. And man, burdened as never before, saw woman shorn of her old functions by the development of factories and machines. In a home now denuded of significance and work, she was a beautiful parasite, an animated piece of interior decoration, and nothing more."

We are all familiar with superficial observations of this kind. The home is supposed to be dissolving. Girls are supposed to marry later in life. Babies are out of date. And all these calamities are promptly chalked up to the discredit of the machine age, of which the automobile industry is a most important and responsible factor.

Another type of criticism has warned us that the plenty and security which characterize modern life, as a result of the increased productive power of modern industry, have suspended the law of natural selection and therefore caused a multiplication and preservation of vast numbers of weaklings and incompetents who would have been ruthlessly exterminated in sterner and poorer times.

It seems to me that critics of both these schools have ignored facts which were readily available to conscientious research.

The conventional picture of a decaying family life is very largely based upon statistics of the divorce courts. These statistics are well nigh worthless. The divorce rate in any American state is very largely a social function or consequence of the divorce laws of that state, and they range all the way from South Carolina with no divorces, to Nevada with her exotic divorce industry. Because of historical reasons, the statutes governing divorce vary with geography, but no competent observer of American life would for one instant say that domestic infelicity increases with the distance from the Atlantic seaboard. The number of divorces per thousand marriages is not now, and never was, an indication of the volume of matrimonial failures.

The next most popular theme has been a supposed exodus of women from the home. A comparison of our occupational censuses will show that, since the advent of the automobile and the electric motor, both of which began to exercise a powerful economic influence around 1912, the percentage of all women over ten years of age engaged in work outside the home declined between 1910 and 1920.

Further analysis reveals an even more interesting trend in that period. Despite the great expansion of our manufacturing industry in respect to the percentage of gainfully employed women in factory work, manufacturing just barely held its own. The only notable increase was in clerical and office work. As is well known, these occupations are very largely temporary for women. In some respects they are preparatory to home-building because a large number of modern marriages originate from acquaintances and courtships begun in commercial and clerical life. And a considerable number of married women occupied outside the home remain in such light occupations, temporarily, while the couple are establishing themselves on a firm economic base.

THE truth of the matter is that modern industrialism, instead of creating work which drags women from the home, is troubled with a tendency to create leisure so rapidly that its problem of readjusting the workers as to new jobs has become one of its main concerns. And in the meantime, the percentage of all the population engaged in any work at all has declined, and the enrollment in high schools, secondary schools and colleges has been swelled by hundreds of thousands. Only one in six women engaged in work outside the home is over 44 years of age, while one man of every three at work is over that age. More than one of every five women at work outside the home is between the ages of 20 and 24, but only one out of every eight men. This indicates clearly enough that the economic independence of women, which has excited so much approbation and alarm, is under modern conditions very largely a preparation for a career of homemaking.

IT IS an unfortunate incident of our civilization that modern business makes so heavy a draft upon the stock of first rate brains and ability of the country, that a large part of the writing and artistic activity of our time is done by second-raters, who are always in danger of developing an inferiority complex which leads them to a hostile attitude. Hundreds of novels have been written in the last twenty-five years based more or less on the theme that modern life denies men and women the benefits of matrimony and home life by delaying the age of marriage. Mark how plain a tale shall put them down. All we need is the census reports.

There was a greater proportion of married women in 1920 than in 1910 for women of every age between fourteen and forty-five, and the increase was the most marked for the women of younger years. Nine and eight-tenths per cent of all girls of seventeen were married in 1920, but only 8.7 per cent in 1910. For the following ages the percentages for the two census years were as shown in this table:

| *Years* | *Per Cent Married 1910* | *Per Cent Married 1920* |
|---|---|---|
| 18 | 17.0 | 19.2 |
| 19 | 25.7 | 28.6 |
| 20 | 36.2 | 38.4 |
| 21 | 43.5 | 45.8 |
| 22 | 50.7 | 52.9 |
| 23 | 57.2 | 59.2 |
| 24 | 62.0 | 64.2 |
| 25 | 65.7 | 67.8 |

An examination of the census tables of birth by occupation of the fathers will also reassure the student of American social trends. We may not be breeding a race of sophisticates, but we are certainly producing a sturdy and virile stock in this country. The world has always had to rely on the sporadic production of geniuses, and no way has ever been found to assure the perpetuation of such aptitudes. As a matter of fact, the production of geniuses and lunatics seems to be a similar and related process, so that as far as social organization and human foresight can control the situation, we are entitled to an optimistic view of the biological consequences of the industrial civilization for which the automobile industry must assume — and does cheerfully assume — such a great share of responsibility. The conventional idea that industrial capitalism sacrifices its human seed to pile up profits for Mammon and votive offerings for the golden calf, will be difficult to eradicate because so many people want to believe it.

LET us take note of what has really been happening in America in recent years. I think we will find that the American home is flourishing as never before.

In 1921 there were 10,463,295 automobiles registered in the United States, and in 1927 the number had risen to 23,226,191. It has been calculated that the registration of seven automobiles automatically creates a new job for some man outside of the manufacturing division of the automobile industry. So the registration of this number of cars can be assumed to have given economic support to at least a million and one-half potential heads of families. Now it is interesting indeed to note that in the same period approximately 1,300,000 new single family dwellings were erected in 302 cities of the United States having a population of 25,000 or over. There is in that fact no indication of the decline of the American home.

EVIDENCE of how the home is being improved, even as it is being multiplied, is found in the fact that the number of domestic electric light and power customers in the United States in 1921 was only 9,430,000, and in 1927 it had grown to 17,860,288. The average monthly number of enamel porcelain bathroom sets installed in the United States in 1913 was 39,831, and it has been around 100,000 ever since the automobile industry began to increase the registration of cars by millions a year.

The modern American home has more than ten times as much invested in mechanical contributions to comfort and luxury as had the same home of 1900, declares Eunice Fuller Barnard, social economist, in *Survey Graphic*.

The extraordinary increase in the use of mechanical aids to living is indicated in the following comparative lists prepared by Mrs. Barnard. In 1900, she says, the up-to-date home used the following:

| | |
|---|---|
| Wringer and washboard | $5.00 |
| Brushes and brooms | 5.00 |
| Sewing machine | 25.00 |
| 2 Bicycles | 70.00 |
| | $105.00 |

Today, the home in similar circumstances uses:

| | |
|---|---|
| 1 Washing machine | $150.00 |
| 1 Sewing machine (Electric) | 60.00 |
| 1 Vacuum cleaner | 50.00 |
| Other electrical equipment | 25.00 |
| 1 Phonograph | 50.00 |
| 1 Radio | 75.00 |
| 1 Telephone (per year) | 35.00 |
| 1 Automobile | 700.00 |
| | $1,145.00 |

OF COURSE it may be argued that I am relying on facts about material objects to prove that an intangible thing like family life is flourishing; but to my mind the fact that the American people are not only spending millions of dollars in the establishment of new homes, but are also at the same time increasing their provision for the future welfare of their families in the form of insurance, savings, and security investment by many billions of dollars per year, is indicative of a moral determination and foresight which can only exist among a virile and healthy people.

In a little more than twelve years we witnessed the following remarkable increase in financial power and activities which are principally motivated by the desire to stabilize and secure the future of the American home. Savings bank deposits increased from $4,726,472,768 to $24,096,000,000; building and loan association assets from $1,137,600,648 to $6,334,000,000; life insurance in force, ordinary and industrial, $20,520,598,000 to $78,492,000,000.

It is interesting that the tremendous increase in home-building has been accomplished despite a great increase in the cost of building. The average price of a single family dwelling rose from $3,972 in 1921 to $4,830 in 1927. There is one very significant fact in regard to these building figures. They refer to building within the larger incorporated cities and towns. As is well known, the most marked population movement today is toward the suburbs of cities, and this movement produces a vast amount of home-building which does not come within these totals. Census figures covering the growth of the larger cities in the United States, and the growth of those metropolitan districts which embrace the suburbs show that the rate of growth in population is much higher on the outside of the cities.

| *Metropolitan Area of* | *Percentage of Population in Suburbs 1910* | *Percentage of Population in Suburbs 1920* |
|---|---|---|
| Boston | 55 " | 58 " |
| Chicago | 11 " | 15 " |
| Detroit | 9 " | 15 " |
| New York | 27 " | 29 " |
| Philadelphia | 22 " | 27 " |
| Pittsburgh | 48 " | 51 " |
| St. Louis | 17 " | 18 " |
| San Francisco and Oakland | 17 " | 19 " |

JOHN C. LONG, in *The Journal of Land and Public Utility Economics*, has said: "In ten years the counties of Long Island suburban to New York City have increased their population from 180,068 to 236,361. Ten years ago most of the land in this area which was within walking or horse-driving distance of the railway stations was already occupied. Today homes are being built along routes that are ten miles and more from the railway station."

The automobile industry has been given credit by all observers for this decentralization of population. Complete concrete roads increased from 15,991 miles in 1921 to 50,521 in 1927. And a very considerable part of this mileage threaded suburban districts, which have been centres of intense home-building. Within the cities the percentage of families provided for in apartment houses relative to those constructing single family dwellings has steadily increased since 1921.

In this connection, I quote a most interesting observation by our Department of Commerce at Washington. The following Associated Press dispatch tells its own story:

> The modern demand for greater outdoor recreational facilities, together with the safety that comes with less travelled streets and highways, is bringing about a constantly growing migration of families with children to the suburbs, while families without children are moving into the cities, where they may enjoy the greater convenience of apartment house life.
>
> These trends in American home life are shown in surveys conducted under the direction of Dr. John M. Gries, chief of the division of building and housing of the Department of Commerce, a synopsis of which was made public here today. Dr. Gries's survey constitutes part of the studies now being brought to a close by the committee on recent economic changes of the President's unemployment conference.

Perhaps it is unnecessary for me to note that increasing hospitalization of maternity cases is another evidence of the advancing standards of home life in America and the greater conveniences of suburban and rural living which have been conferred by the automobile and the improved highway. The extent of the selective population process which is now in progress is indicated by the following news story from *The Chicago Herald and Examiner:*

> Tabulation of figures completed yesterday by Dr. Arnold H. Kegel, Commissioner of Health, shows an average decline of births of 3.3 per cent in all but two American cities over 500,000 population during the months between January and April, 1927, and the corresponding months of 1928.
>
> The tabulation was ordered by the Commissioner after the Chicago decline of 4.5 per cent was called to his attention two weeks ago. He wished to know if the decline was peculiar to Chicago.
>
> Los Angeles and Milwaukee are the only two cities with more than 500,000 population that show an increase.
>
> The average decline in the large cities contrasts oddly with an average increase of 6.2 per cent in smaller Illinois cities.

And now consider the reverse side of this situation. One of the most remarkable statistical phenomena of our age is the exceedingly high birth rates of suburban communities. Evanston and Oak Park, Illinois, for instance, just outside of Chicago, have birth rates which top the tremendous birth rate of the Japanese Empire, which has been the theme of so many alarming treatises upon the yellow peril, or the rising tide of color. My attention has been called to the fact that the extraordinary birth rates of these two Chicago suburbs may be due in part to the fact that both of them happen to contain very large maternity hospitals. The suggestion is made that the birth rates are unduly expanded relative to that of the City of Chicago because children of mothers ordinarily resident in Chicago give birth to the infants in these hospitals. In view of the fact that the City of Chicago is so

amply equipped with such hospitals, presumption on the contrary is that the extraordinarily large birth rates of Evanston and Oak Park may be due to births which ought to be credited to adjacent suburban territory, but in this case our original thesis is well sustained.

This view is confirmed by a study of "The Accuracy of the Recorded Birth Statistics in Urban and Rural Areas" by Jean Downes, in the March, 1929, number of *The Journal of the American Statistical Association*. This very careful and interesting work, which deals with Cattaraugus County, New York, and adjacent areas, shows conclusively that our birth statistics today are largely distorted so that they show a false urban birth rate and that when they are corrected by taking account of the real residence of the mother, the relatively greater birth rate of suburban and rural areas are made more significant.

These facts accord with other statistics and they all, it seems to me, disprove the allegation that natural selection has ceased in modern society. Although we have to a very large extent done away with the crude natural selection of barbaric warfare, our economic system now leads to a new form of natural selection by which that part of the population which is naturally inclined to domestic life and the rearing of children is being segregated from that part which is not possessed of this social and racial urge. The result can clearly be foreseen. Within a few generations, the American people will be a conspicuously monogamic, domestic and child-bearing population. And far from hampering the nation's advance, the machine age and the automobile, which pessimists condemn as causing degenerative materialism, will in actuality prove a virtual guaranty of the American people's biological progress.

# The South Is Building

By Charles E. Raynal

*But what of the styles in which it builds? An essayist considers the ecology of Southern architecture*

The South is building. Cities, factories, banks, of course — but what is more serious, the South is building homes. By the magic of wealth, under the exuberance of a new found power, a great activity has succeeded a long coma. Not now in isolated groves on old plantations or in little crossroads towns, but everywhere in developments and quarter sections by the square mile. Architects of both the house and garden varieties are features of the landscape. Every other citizen has a blue print in his hand and construction companies and nurserymen are as thick as thieves. It may not be amiss to take a look at what the South is building.

It does not matter about the cities because they are all growing up into skyscrapers and no one can restrain a little town's ambition to be like New York. The factories seem headed toward a good architecture of their own for they are being designed for what they are to do. The banks are the temples of our gods and, with the conservatism of all authentic religions, have gone back to classic models. They have towers — as if towers were really needed — that surpass the cathedrals of an older faith or porticoes that Phidias might have dreamed for Olympian Zeus. These all seem provided with plans and specifications and committed to a definite programme. But what about the homes?

Huxley once said that the pretense of a superior knowledge not based on good hard facts — fossil, vital or documentary — is "not only misleading but immoral." What was Sheraton straight and what Hepplewhite neat, only a connoisseur will say and he will be wrong, for it was all so largely a blend. Darwin and his followers, however, developed their theories of natural selection and survival on what they considered sufficient evidence.

While good architecture may be rather difficult to define and its principles of procedure not easy to determine, there are some survivals that are fit and we know them when we see them. One of the marks by which we recognize that sort of architecture is that it suits the purpose for which it was designed. Another is that ecologically and artistically, it is so adapted to

its environment that it belongs there.

It is bad enough when a house is out of focus with the scene, but when it is out of focus with the climate, with the social customs of the people, with history itself and common sense, the situation becomes uncomfortable. This little New Hampshire house is lovely at home, embowered with elms and nestling into its native scene, but it is alien and incongruous in this landscape. It is so obviously homesick. This bungalow belongs in Bengal where it could merge with the tall grass and be lost in the jungle. In a crowded development it looks like a fungus. And this confection with a supposedly Queen Anne front, that is so Mary Ann behind, belongs to no country, age or race, and should have no issue. Their offense is both in form and fitness but the thing that renders them impossible in this habitat is the architectural ecology of the Southern States.

For instance, the Mediterranean countries, with a climate quite like our own, developed house types that were not alone the creations of art. It was largely a matter of nature. The Greek tradition dominated the northern shores and islands while the Arabic moved westward along the African littoral. The two met in Spain. In artistic form they were poles apart, but in essential conception they were strangely similar. The explanation, of course, is climate. No one can understand Mediterranean life — its history, literature or art — until he grasps the truth that it is life in the open air. So their architecture, gracious and beautiful as it was, at the same time was intensely practical. It was adapted to a region that made life out of doors desirable for nine months of the year.

The South's inheritance was so largely English that it was naturally from this source the people got their houses as well as their habits. And as England was then under the sway of the Georgian period, the South built in that character. England is in the geographic latitude of Labrador but its southern counties have, except for moisture, very much the same climate as coastal South Carolina. The same tender plants grow in the open gardens of both countries and the same architecture is appropriate.

The Georgian was a period of great artistic merit. It combined some of the most potent vitalizing forces of European culture. No one can trace all the sources of its inspiration or determine the exact phases of its development. It was Romano-Greek in origin, French in interpretation and thoroughly English in its final achievement. To its service, the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes sent the Huguenots, and certain Royal predilections brought the Dutch. Sir Christopher Wren was there to give the new impulse direction and the Adelphi were there at the end. From Grinling Gibbons to Chippendale, Hepplewhite, and Sheraton, its decorative details were served by some of the greatest workmen that ever lived. And the South inherited this tradition, liked it, imported its furniture, workmen and even some of Wren's original plans, and so built.

Then for a hundred years the world had no great creative motive in architecture. The Georgian in-

spiration crystallized a half century before our Civil War and came to a belated end in the South with that tragedy. A period of bad taste descended on all peoples and what followed, not America alone but England and the world would like to forget. But now a new activity has begun. It is formless and without a controlling or unifying principle. Perhaps it might best be called catholic for, lacking any single inspiration, it has adopted everything in the universe. Nothing is too exquisitely refined for it and nothing too impossibly vulgar. Its most astonishing characteristic is its enormous vigor. Until some authentic creative principle arrives, however, it is our only hope — for the alternative is modernism, vorticism and Billingsgate.

Aside from money and exuberance, Southern architecture has other manifestations. It, on occasion, produces wonderfully good things. In almost every little town and even in the fashionable residence parks, there are houses that lift the despondent to new faith. Here and there can be found a house so fit and good that not England, France, or any Greek could find fault with it. May these with time increase! It is interesting that so many of these are Georgian, for the other forms have not yet been so carefully studied that their adaptation is complete. But they will be studied and their virtues composed with our needs, conditions, climate and heart's desire. The prospect from this point of view is so alluring that we want a hundred years of youth to see it all worked out. The same climate that excludes subarctic forms makes terraces and gardens possible. We can grow the Cedar of Lebanon, the Myrtle of Tempe, the olive, cypress and laurel. Azaleas, camellias and crêpe myrtles thrive in their appropriate soils and settings. Live oaks, magnolias and rhododendrons mark the stages from sea level to mountain top. Out of twenty-seven thousand cultivated plants listed by Bailey, all but a negligible minimum will grow here, and not boastfully but humbly and gratefully. It is said that no soil or climate on earth can supply a better setting for a home.

Of course, the South is also building schools and churches, and sometimes queer things happen. The colleges know better, but they need the money and are often forced to believe that art is what the donor thinks it is. Their traditions are so splendid that even this and their own Babylonian captivity to efficiency and standardization cannot spoil them altogether. The churches are in a worse case. No one seems to know what they are for and without vision there can be neither reverence nor beauty.

The homes are our immediate concern, however; and what about some of these abortions and obscenities? How did they get here? Who is responsible for them? Well, the man — or rather the woman that God gave him — who lives in them. All things considered, however, the situation is promising. Two great laws are at work though their power is not fully apprehended. The one is survival, with its merciless elimination of the unfit. The other is still more merciless, for it is education.

# The Stock Superiority Complex

By Lewis H. Haney

*The follies of our recent speculative mania analyzed by a prominent economist who asks whether bonds will again come into their own*

A marked characteristic of the day is the prevalence of the notion that "stocks are better than bonds." Much as the French became a nation of *rentes* holders, Americans are fairly in the way of becoming a nation of stockholders. There is a veritable psychological complex abroad in the land, a stock superiority complex! We desire to get rich quicker than we can by saving; we desire to speculate. This desire we have repressed; but now we are yielding to it, calling our speculations "investment," thus going through the familiar process of rationalization.

At once, we should note that common stocks may be very desirable and sound investments. Unquestionably, in times past, we went too far in glorifying the bond. As corporation managements have become more efficient and honest, and more information concerning corporation operations has been made available, equities in corporation assets and earnings have become sounder and have gained in investment merit. Profits appear to have become more stable, and certainly dividends are backed by larger surpluses. No one will deny a great change in these respects.

But any good idea can be overworked. It is one thing to recognize the investment merits of stocks, and another thing to buy them without regard to price or yield. It is possible to overdiscount the prospects of the best of stocks, and to attribute to all stocks merits that belong to only a few. Because some common stocks have given larger returns than bonds, it does not follow that all bonds are to be avoided.

The fundamental error, I think, lies in jumbling the two distinct factors, "capital" and "business enterprise." Capital represents investment. Invested capital is found in plant, equipment and inventories. Business enterprise, however, lies in the organization and direction of the operations of the corporation and finds expression in policies concerning purchases and sales.

Capital, as such, runs no business risks. It has a prior claim recognized in contracts and mortgages. But the essence of enterprise is risk-taking.

It gets only what is left after the wages of labor and interest on capital are paid.

Accordingly, invested capital, because of the nature of its function, expects and receives a relatively fixed return, called interest. This, in recent years, has run from 4½ per cent to 5½ per cent. On the other hand, business enterprise, or "management," gets "profits," which vary with the success of the management. For successful concerns, profits have perhaps averaged around ten per cent. Other concerns show losses.

THE old-line corporation was wont to issue bonds in amounts roughly corresponding to the value of its secure, invested capital, and to sell common stocks on the basis of earning power. Thus, bond interest was largely "interest" on invested capital, and dividends on stocks were largely the "profits" of business enterprise.

Now suppose that such a corporation were to retire its bonds and issue stock in their place. Stock would then represent both invested capital and enterprise. The dividends on the stock would be composed of two parts, one the return on capital, or interest, and the other, the profits of enterprise.

The point is that, while the stockholder would then receive in dividends that part of the corporation's earnings which had formerly gone to bonds, and which was relatively secure, he would still run the enterpriser's risks as to the remainder. He would be part investor and part speculator.

It is characteristic of the stock superiority complex that the stockholder has come to believe that his dividends are as safe as interest on bonds, and that they may accordingly be capitalized at as low a rate as bonds yield. Thus we find stocks selling at prices such that their dividends give an average yield of only 3.7 per cent, while high grade bonds actually yield over 4.5 per cent.

Already the reader is objecting that this is not the point, but that the advantage of "investing" in stocks is that they will so rise in price that the increase in their value will make the current dividend yield of minor importance.

This brings us to the heart of the matter. To forego a fair normal current return for the sake of hoped-for enhancement of principal, is speculation pure and simple. It is not investment, for it takes a chance on the future at the expense of safety in the present.

WE of the present generation need to be reminded that even in our own day stocks do not always rise. At the end of 1928, well over one-third of all stocks traded in during the year were lower than at the beginning. Even today, many stocks are considerably below the levels reached in early 1928, including many oil, leather, paper, equipment, railway, motor, department store, and sulphur company stocks. To say that these movements were foreseen is a sort of "rationalization" — what of those who bought?

One aspect of the complex is the unwillingness to see that if a continuous long-term enhancement were really a certainty, it would promptly be discounted in the market. If the

amount of enhancement were known, it would be regarded as a part of the certain income over the period involved, and the price of the stock would become the discounted value of that income.

To the extent that the enhancement is probable, it is true that the stock becomes desirable as an investment, but to the same extent it ceases to be available at a price that will allow the purchaser to secure the gain from this source.

Put in another way, the amount of the rise in a stock (excluding manipulation) measures the extent to which its future had not been foreseen, and when the future is not foreseen it is uncertain.

CLEARLY, the matter remains one of risk taking. No one knows, but it is my impression that during the past six months for every "investor" in common stocks who has done better than receive bond interest, there is at least one who has done worse. This would be the more true if due allowance were made for management charges — time, worry, skill, etc.

Anyone who suggests that the present attitude towards stocks, considered as a whole, is unsound and abnormal, is told that times have changed. So persistent has the rising trend of the stock market been, that we have had the spectacle of a recantation of the "old barometers" by a prominent forecaster. This is a new era!

But it is as true as ever that business profits by their very nature can not have the certainty and security of interest on invested capital. The essence of enterprise is risk taking. And it follows that the application of a lower capitalization rate to stock dividends than exists for bond interest, can not persist. In some ways, a good many stocks may be better than bonds, but, even granting that, it does not follow that their value can normally be based on as low a rate.

THREE points are stressed by those who favor stocks for investment; "careful selection", "soundly managed companies", and "diversification". Stripped of confusion, this means that if one is able to determine what companies are honestly and efficiently managed, and if one is able to buy their stocks when they are cheap, one can, by purchasing a sufficient number, count on holding a winner. Even so, however, it is admitted to be highly desirable to pay for the services of "investment counsel" or to resort to some investment trust, whose management (for a charge) will wisely shift from the less profitable issues to the more profitable ones.

In short, even the devotees admit that successful stock market operations require a good deal of skill in risk taking. The idea really comes to this: we now know how to beat the game — we can win in the stock market.

We find a well known professor of economics writing that stock risks may be "partly" neutralized by buying ten different stocks, so that if the buyer loses on one or two, he may offset his losses by gains on one or two others. Of course, the need of such "diversification" is in itself an admission of the difficulty of forecasting price movements. But, aside from that, what particular attraction

lies in merely offsetting losses with gains?

The basic notion is that stocks appreciate in value. No matter how low the current dividend yield, the thought runs, the stockholder will gain enough through advancing prices to compensate him. But a little analysis shows that there are two alternative assumptions involved in all this: (1) either we must assume that the "investor" buys the stock "right" (at some low point), or (2) we must assume that stocks in general will advance *ad infinitum*. If we do not make the latter assumption, we must at least believe that some stocks will always rise and that stockholders have at last become so omniscient that they can adroitly shift from stocks that reach their maximum levels to others that are cheap.

But, if the first assumption applies, it is obvious that the goodness of stocks depends upon their cheapness, and upon success in a speculative operation. It implies that stocks may not be "a good buy" at times. Incidentally, too, it implies that for everyone who is right in buying a stock, someone may have been wrong in selling it.

The second assumption can hardly be confronted squarely. No one would claim that all stocks will advance indefinitely, though even now many issues selling at from twenty to thirty times their earnings are said to be "due for much higher levels".

No, we must sell stocks when they get too high, and buy others. Any experienced trader knows that much risk is involved in attempting to pick the tops and the bottoms in the stock market. But, aside from that, the question to be emphasized is, who is going to buy those too high stocks? Surely not any other astute "investor" of the new school! Surely it is not possible for "investment counsel" to err! Evidently, then, the new safe-as-bonds régime involves the existence of a convenient reserve supply of gullible, uninitiated persons who, when a shift is to be made, come to the rescue as shiftees.

The scheme can not be generalized.

The horrors of gambling on changes in commodity prices are described to the prospective buyer of bonds. The common argument runs to the effect that rising commodity prices mean a lower purchasing power for fixed money incomes such as bonds give. But why assume rising prices? Prices are not rising now and have not been rising for at least three years. Why not think of the time when falling prices will increase the buying power of the bondholder's dollar, and at the same time, perhaps decrease the stockholder's dividends? Must we repress this idea as a "negative suggestion"?

It is perhaps worthy of note that the discovery that stocks are better investments than bonds was made during the period of post-war inflation, when most stocks were increasing in price. It is easy enough to bring "statistical proof", based on experience in such a period, that stocks bring better results than bonds.

A consideration that should drive home the point that the stocks of most companies are speculations, while the bonds of the same companies are often investments, is this:

If the present and prospective dividends on any stock were to become as certain as bond interest, the stock would soon be bid up to such a price that the yield would be as low as the bond yield, and the stock's price would be governed by interest rates, as are investment bond prices. The stockholder's income would then be just as subject to the effect of commodity prices.

To the extent that stocks become investments, strictly speaking, they become like bonds.

I wonder how much of the stock-superiority complex is a sort of "escape" for those who really want to speculate — those who have become tired of saving and investing. The pertinence of this query is suggested by the frequency with which, of late, prominent persons have attacked the old-fashioned virtue of saving.

OF COURSE, all this suggests the "times have changed" retort — the same retort that we elders hear when we point out the eternal verities to our children. Particularly, the creditor-nation notion should receive analysis. This would require more space than is now available. It may be pointed out, however, that our conditions are now very different from those that surrounded England when she became a creditor nation in the early part of the Nineteenth Century. England was then the only machine nation, and she had a virtual monopoly of coal and iron. She was the sea carrier for the world. She had extensive colonies. She adopted free trade!

It may well be maintained that our position as a creditor nation is an incidental result of our prosperity, and that our prosperity itself would be more solidly founded were less credit involved. Anyhow, a creditor who must continually extend credit in order to support his debtors is in no very happy condition, particularly when he will not accept payment in goods and services. In the second half of 1928, as the speculative craze grew and money rates rose, our foreign loans fell off sharply and new foreign loans are now few. It is yet to be seen whether this development will not reduce our exports. Certainly the trend was downward in April and May.

WE FORGET that mergers may mean more stock, and not more productivity. We have confused the expansions of a few large companies with the total or general situation. Also we have confused expansion of sales with expansion of profits. It remains to be seen whether the growth of certain chain store organizations will bring proportionate net earnings. It does not follow, because the trend of business is upward, that the trend of earnings per share will be likewise.

Over against the mergers increased exports, growing population, and multiplication of new products, which the prophets of the new era visualize, we must set the possibility of anti-trust law enforcement, increased European competition, retaliation to tariff measures, high money, declining price levels, and limited purchasing power. Already we read of the newer competition, which seeks to induce the consumer to use cigarettes in place of candy, or brass instead of steel.

We can no more count upon an indefinite expansion of profits than upon an indefinite rise in stock prices. In fact, we can not count on the one *because* the other is not a certainty.

This is not pessimism, though the golden mean always seems displeasing to those at either extreme.

ONE result of the stock era has been the development of huge loans to stock brokers, notably from non-bank sources. This volume of loans exists because money rates are temptingly high, while the return on invested capital is very low. This means that the call loan market pays better than does capital invested in plant, equipment, and inventories. The situation exists because, for the time, more money can be made by speculating in stocks of corporations than by investing in stocks of goods. It will exist only as long as it is more profitable to employ funds in anticipating future business expansion than to employ them in expanding the businesses in the present.

Corporations are able to sell stocks and "rights" at such high prices (and such low yields) that it pays them to increase their capitalization, but not their invested capital. They get money in this way at from two per cent to four per cent and then lend it out at seven per cent to fifteen per cent. It does not pay to put it into plants that may already represent over-capacity, and that return less than four per cent *on the invested capital* at the present basis of valuation.

And then the surplus funds thus raised are used to finance speculation — to carry stock prices still higher and yields lower. Truly a vicious circle.

Such is the situation today. Something like this, probably, has occurred in most periods of prolonged stock market inflation.

FINALLY, yields become so low (say 3½ per cent) and the cost of money for speculation so high (say 10 per cent) that a readjustment is necessary. Then credit strain causes the calling of loans, and stock prices collapse. Money becomes cheaper and yields rise, till equilibrium is restored. Of course, the ultimate decline in money rates leads to the withdrawal of funds from the market. Business recession and declining profits usually accompany the process, so that finally the funds contributed by stock purchasers are drawn upon to pay dividends and to meet current operating expenses. Thus the overgrown surpluses and the stockholders' equities are reduced.

As the call loan market loses its attractiveness and the yields on stocks increase, the time comes when the surplus funds of corporations are used to purchase securities. (Corporations may even buy in their own securities — or those of subsidiaries — at reduced prices, thus returning to "investors" a part of the money they lent at 3½ per cent!) But that time may be postponed much longer than is commonly supposed, for investors have a way of waiting until after the bottom of a declining market has been pretty definitely established.

Then the bond comes back into its own. Investment motives replace speculation. A catharsis breaks the stock superiority complex.

All this, however, is as it may be, — it is "if, as and when". My point is that it is high time to call a halt on the process of breaking down the distinction between speculation and investment; for, in breaking down this distinction, we are forgetting not only an important difference between bonds and stocks, but even the difference between investment stocks and speculative stocks.

THERE are stocks that are true investments. Also there are bonds that are true speculations. All depends on the safety of the principal and the certainty of the income. The stock of a firmly established, conservatively capitalized, and well managed company that is in a strong financial position, and well entrenched competitively in a stable or growing industry, may have an excellent investment rating. The bonds of a company that confronts compulsory reorganization may be highly speculative. But the bonds of the first company are probably more truly investments than its stocks. And the stocks of the second company are probably more highly speculative than its bonds.

So the questions are: (1) What stocks are investment stocks? (2) Are investment stocks better than investment bonds?

As to the first question, if the stock is the issue of a profitable company having the qualifications just mentioned, and is available at a price such that its earnings (and surplus) allow the conservative payment of a dividend that yields as much as the average return on invested capital, it is an investment stock. To the extent that its price is higher or lower than this with relation to earnings (and surplus), it is speculative. No matter how sound the company, its stock may be forced so high that it reaches a level from which a large decline is easily possible, if not probable. The stock is then in a speculative position, a position that it would never have reached but for preceding speculation. One phenomenon characteristic of the past year is found in the number of corporation presidents who felt compelled to issue statements designed to warn investors that their stocks were not worth the prices to which they had been forced by speculative rumors and manipulation.

THE answer to the second question depends upon circumstances. Goodness is relative. In periods of inflation or rising commodity prices, investment stocks are apt to do better than investment bonds. In periods of deflation or falling commodity prices, however, investment bonds are just as apt to do better than investment stocks. There is no eternal rule. All depends upon the time, the place, and the stock.

# Alms of Obligation

By Arthur Styron

It was late in the afternoon when we reached the crest of the hill. To the east was Konia, the ancient capital of the Turkish Empire to the end of the Seljuk dynasty. It lay in the valley, dingy and sun-baked. We were tired, for we had travelled far that hot and trying day.

"We shall rest on the slope tonight," decided Mohammed, my guide and travelling companion. "I know a monastery close by where the good dervishes will welcome us. Konia" — indicating the white city in the valley — "is not so near as it seems, and furthermore there is no hotel there."

He led the way through a thick olive orchard, and in a few minutes we came in sight of the monastery whose roof, and that of an adjoining mosque, could barely be seen above the enclosing stone walls.

We were at once admitted into the courtyard. In the centre stood a fountain around which fluttered hundreds of pigeons. Beautiful mastic trees gave forth a resinous odor and their branches, in the dying twilight, threw dancing shadows on the white-washed walls. The small mosque, built of gaily colored tiles, faced the fountain, and behind it stretched the monastery, ugly and squat. On either side of the fountain was a tall staff, tipped with a brass ball surmounted by star and crescent, from which fluttered the holy banners.

We had hardly time to examine our surroundings before the father superior came to greet us — a tall, white-haired, dignified old man, who made as if to cup the dust from the ground and place it on his head in abject humility before his so-distinguished guests. (The Turk has beautiful manners!) In a few words we explained our situation, and just as briefly the old man bade us welcome.

"We are but poor dervishes," he said in the beautiful, liquid dialect of the region, "but to such as we have, be you welcome."

He bade us be seated by the playing fountain in the shade of a mastic tree, whilst he brewed coffee over a handful of charcoal in an ancient and battered brazier. When we had drunk our coffee I begged to be allowed to see the monastery.

"Soon it will be dark," I apologized, "and tomorrow we must leave at sunrise."

As I anticipated, there was little of interest to see. The Turk is not imaginative, and the traces of the past are largely those left by the practice of the economic arts. In the mosque were the *turbehs*, or tombs, of the patriarchs, the stones covered

with gold plates and the turbans of the departed. On each stood a lamp, ready filled with oil, for use on the Day of Resurrection.

Between the mosque and the monastery, and connecting the two, was a narrow room, a sort of enclosed court. It was entirely bare save for many fantastic draperies embroidered in the beautifully accurate calligraphy common in the Orient, which hung on the walls. This room, the superior explained, was the dancing court of the dervishes, the place where for many centuries they had done their whirling.

"And when they die they are buried here," he added. "See!" He lifted one of the heavy draperies and showed us where the stones had been reset in the wall.

We entered the monastery through a door on the opposite side of the room and the old man pointed out the quarters we should occupy that night. The building was mean and bare, and of no particular interest, and I indicated that I was ready to return to the courtyard.

We were proceeding down the passageway when suddenly one of the cell doors was thrown violently open. I caught a fleeting glance of a young man, clothed in the loose robe of the order, and of wild, terror-stricken eyes, when he was quickly seized from behind and jerked back, and the door slammed.

"Who was that?" I asked the superior.

"He was one of our number," said the old man gently.

"He looks ill. Is anything the matter?"

The father superior hesitated a moment. Then, "He is not ill. He is *dead*," he said.

I should have said no more, but my inordinate curiosity got the better of me. "I do not understand," I pursued. "Why do you say he is dead?"

"He was a wild boy," said the old man in the same gentle voice. "He defied authority and blasphemed the Holy Book. Now he is . . . dead."

The sun was sinking. The sweet, plaintive voice of the hodja was calling from the minaret the hour of prayer. The dervishes hurriedly finished their ablutions and went into the mosque. Mohammed deserted me to join his brethren, and I sat alone under the mastic tree listening to the drone of their voices and watching, through the open doorway, the rhythmic swaying of their bodies as they bowed towards Mecca.

After prayers a boy came bearing a tray of supper — boiled eggs, curdled milk, dried curd cheese, thin unleavened barley cakes, fruit. I ate alone, Mohammed having joined the dervishes at their meal. It was quite dark when at length he came to me.

"It is time for bed, Pasha," he said.

"I have been thinking of that young man who is . . . dead. What did the father superior mean, Mohammed?"

"What he told us, Pasha," said Mohammed stolidly. "The Mevlevi are very strict. There is only the spirit, they say. When that is dead, all is finished."

"What will they do with him?"

"How can we know, Pasha?" said Mohammed indifferently. "We

are not Mevlevi." I smiled, for Mohammed was rebuking my curiosity. "It is time for bed, Pasha," he repeated.

"Very well," I said, "go to bed. I shall take a walk."

Mohammed shrugged his shoulders and disappeared. For a while longer I sat silent, then rose and wandered through the gate, out among the olive trees.

"What have you not seen, you wise old trees?" I thought. "You are probably old enough to remember when the Roman soldiers tramped beneath you."

I MADE my way to the crest of the hill overlooking Konia. In the moonlight the bleak, stratified hills were bathed in quicksilver. The sky, always marvellously clear in this locality, was fretted with golden fire. No wonder this was a fatalistic race; here one could feel the tragedy of "worlds rushing on to decay."

How long I remained on the crest, gazing down upon the ancient city of Konia, I do not know, but it must have been hours. For when at last I tore myself away from the witchery of the spot and returned to the monastery, I found the gate locked! The dervishes must have thought I had gone to bed.

What should I do? Sleep in the orchard? I remembered the snakes and poisonous insects, and decided that would be unwise. Sit up all night on the crest? Without a coat I should have frozen — for it gets very cold here in the mountains of central Turkey. Besides, I needed sleep if I was to journey on at sunrise. Ring the bell? I did not like to awaken the tired dervishes, and besides they probably would not hear. . . .

For a few moments I debated with myself. Then I circled the high walls until I came to the mosque. Here the wall ended, the side of the mosque serving as a barrier. And I was rewarded! One of the small windows was ajar. I could just reach the ledge with my fingers. By springing I finally got a grasp and drew myself up. In another moment I was in the mosque, congratulating myself upon my good fortune. Thin fingers of moonlight stretched across the floor. I quickly oriented myself and made for the dervishes' dancing court. The door was open and I passed in.

But there a disappointment awaited me. When I tried the door leading into the monastery it was locked! I returned to the mosque and tried the entrance, but that too was barred. There was no choice left. Sleeping on the hard floor of the mosque was not especially appealing, but at any rate it was preferable to the cold and the snakes and the insects. Fortunately there were plenty of prayer-rugs, and rolled in these I soon fell fast asleep. . . .

I DO not know how long I slept before I was awakened by a harsh, grating sound. I sat up. Again the sound came to me, and this time I traced it to the door between the monastery and dancing court. The bolt was slowly and cautiously being raised. Someone was coming into the court. But why the stealth?

Rising, I crept to the door between the mosque and the court. In the moonlight I could faintly make out the door across the room. I waited breathlessly.

The grating sound continued, and in a few moments I heard the door creak as it swung slowly open. The next instant a dark figure stepped into the court and glanced cautiously around. Then he advanced, motioning to someone behind. Another figure entered, then another; and soon, to my amazement, a procession of dervishes was advancing into the room. There were ten, fifteen, of them. The leading figure began to chant something from the Koran; I recognized the voice of the father superior.

"God is God. . . . Go straight to Him and implore His pardon. . . . And woe to those who join gods with God. . . . Who pay not the alms of obligation, and in the life to come believe not. . . ."

As they advanced into the room I saw that six men were bearing some sort of burden, which almost immediately I discovered was a human body. A burial! And at midnight!

THE procession passed through an arm of moonlight within a few yards of where I was standing, hidden by a pillar, and in that brief interval I caught a glimpse of the corpse. What strange freak of fancy possessed me? Could those wild, frightened, rolling eyes belong to a dead man? Why the bandage across his mouth? Any why those heavy cords upon his arms and ankles? . . . There was something strangely familiar about him . . . the waving, glossy hair. . . .

In another moment the procession had passed on to the end of the court, and I saw the dervishes removing one of the heavy draperies. Behind it was a yawning hole . . . the grave already prepared.

The chanting ceased, and I heard the low voice of the hodja in prayer. He ceased; the body was lifted to be put in the grave. I leant forward to see better.

COULD I believe my eyes? The corpse was struggling violently! To my horrified mind the struggle seemed all the more terrible in that dreadful darkness and stillness, for from his tightly bandaged mouth no sound came. . . . Then I recognized him . . . the young man who was — dead!

Trembling in every limb, with cold sweat pouring down my back, I staggered to my prayer-rug in the mosque and dropped down. . . . I must have swooned. . . .

When I recovered Mohammed was shaking me. "Was it a dream?" I cried.

"Were you dreaming, Pasha?" said Mohammed. "We must hurry. Soon the sun will rise, and they will be coming for prayer."

"It must have been a dream," I shuddered. In a few words I described how I had been locked out, and what I had seen, or dreamed, in the mosque.

Mohammed stood, quiet and grim, gazing at me. His face was very grave. "We must hurry, Pasha," he said again. "It would not be good to have them know you slept here."

"My God!" I cried. "You do not — cannot — think it was more than a dream?"

Mohammed shrugged his shoulders. "How do I know? But remember, Pasha, this is not Europe but a very old, very primitive part of Turkey. People are — as they were. . . . We must leave at once."

I reflected that Mohammed was right. In this wild, deserted region, up in these desolate hills, it was not for a Westerner to question the customs of centuries. "Very well," I told him, "get the things ready. I will join you immediately in the olive orchard." Without another word Mohammed left.

I was alone in the mosque. At any moment the hodja's voice might start calling the dervishes in. . . . Swiftly I made my way to the dancing court. The heavy draperies hung on the walls, as if they had been undisturbed throughout the centuries. I located the one that I thought had been removed the night before. I approached it. I was so near I could have touched it.

Cautiously I stole a look around. No one was in the mosque. I hastily ran my hand beneath the drapery and felt the wall. . . . The plaster there was wet and cold! It had been placed there only a few hours before!

I turned and fled blindly from the mosque, through the courtyard, into the orchard where Mohammed was waiting . . . just as the hodja's thin cry came floating from the minaret, calling the hour of prayer.

# Our Vanishing Farm Lands

By Hugh Hammond Bennett

*"At least 17,500,000 acres of farm land have been destroyed by erosion in this country and the present annual loss to farmers is more than $200,000,000"*

Again wrathful waters have marched down the streams of America. Again, lives have been lost and property has been damaged or destroyed to the extent of millions of dollars. Houses have been swept at midnight down flooded valleys, livestock drowned, and watersheds stripped of productive soil.

Floods in Alabama, the Carolinas, Georgia and Florida; floods in the Mohawk Valley of New York; floods in Tennessee, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Texas, Oklahoma, Kentucky and Wisconsin; and again the Father of Waters has piled converging torrents dangerously high within his banks, with no one knowing how high the threatening rise would be nor what damage it might spread across the great valley. Millions have read for the first time the names of inconsequential streamlets: Tight Eye Creek, Murder Creek and Persimmon Creek in southern Alabama; White's Creek, Little Duck River and Emery River in Tennessee — streams that recently have taken the lives of many people and wrought vast damage to property.

Tomorrow we shall have forgotten, as most of us have now forgotten the essential facts of the great flood that swept down the Mississippi two years ago, when that mighty stream carried the greatest volume of flood water of which we have reliable record, took the lives of 231 human beings and caused a property loss estimated at more than $350,000,000. Nevertheless, this havoc may recur at any time.

Floods belong to the natural order of things. From the remotest days of recorded history, mankind the world over has stood in awe of the sweeping fury and ruthless destructiveness of angry waters. In America, floods are becoming more frequent, and this phenomenon is not difficult to understand when we look carefully into the causes.

A contributing cause to the greater frequency of floods, and one that weighs heavily upon American agriculture, is the unrestrained erosion of the land by abrasive rainwater. The damage which has been done by this agency is so enormous that the mind is incapable of comprehending its significance. With our vast area of

farm land and our rapidly expanding industrial life we have not concerned ourselves about the situation; have not recognized it nor thought of it. We have felt perfectly safe, not only about our agricultural lands but about our timber supply. Already the folly of our complacency in considering the supply of wood inexhaustible is giving serious concern to those who are looking ahead. We still have among us buoyant optimists who think, or profess to think, and vociferously assert that we have a lasting supply of timber. They undertake to console us with the comforting references to a recent timber harvest that has actually exceeded the demand and then, to brim the cup of comfort, they inform us that the vast forests of the Pacific Northwest have scarcely been touched.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago that same false picture was painted with reference to the great yellow pine belt of the South. Now, with the exception of a few isolated tracts, that vast forest is gone. Where formerly were magnificent stands of longleaf pine, millions of denuded acres lie idle and subject to wasteful fires. Reforestation is checked or prevented entirely on millions of acres and the humus layer that would protect the sloping areas from excessive rainwash is destroyed or prevented from forming.

It has been much the same with the white pine of the New England and Lake States, and the hardwoods of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Maryland. Now the cutting has been completed over large portions of the southern Appalachians. It was practically completed in the foothills to the east and west long ago. That we are cutting our remaining stands four times faster than timber is growing, that we are still using wood in our daily life for a thousand purposes, are importing lumber from the tropics for our furniture factories, and are procuring 41 per cent of our annual supply of wood pulp, and wood pulp equivalent, from Canada and another 14 per cent from other countries, evidently means little to those cheerful optimists who see no danger to our timber supply.

WHAT about the even more dangerous erosion of farm and grazing lands of the nation? Not so many years ago we were told with gleeful assurance that the soil was our one immutable, inexhaustible resource. When we have studied the situation with open eyes it becomes painfully apparent that the soundest part of this gem of intended wisdom is the rhythm of its meter.

The facts are that all the soil we cultivate and graze is susceptible to change by erosion and that much of it is susceptible, not only to rapid exhaustion, but to absolute destruction. Erosion affects the physical character of the earth's surface more than the activities of all other natural and artificial agencies combined — more than volcanoes, earthquakes, tornadoes, tidal waves and the excavations of burrowing animals and trench-digging human beings. More than eight-tenths of the surface of this country is underlaid by sedimentary rocks that extend in many places to depths exceeding ten thousand feet. It is not uncommon to drill into these beds of water-formed materials more than four thousand

feet in search of oil. It was erosion that whittled out the valleys of the country and trenched their slopes with picturesque glens and canyons. It was the same process that carved the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, Bryce Canyon and the pinnacles of the Bad Lands. Thus, while the ancients were building temples to the sun, Mother Nature was erecting some elaborately magnificent structures in her own style of architecture.

Immeasurable as has been the work of abrading water through the countless ages of geologic time, however, it is not this slower type of soil removal that appals those who observe and understand conditions on our farms and ranges. It is the accentuated soil washing following the destruction of forests and their soil-saving leaf-mold, the removal of herbaceous and shrub growths, the breaking of the matted prairie grasses, and the loosening of the soil by farming implements and by domestic animals that give us greatest concern.

BAD as the situation is, the country, nevertheless, is not on the verge of a land shortage. We are still producing surpluses of some crops in years of favorable seasons. Probably we shall be able to produce ample food to meet the requirements of an increasing population for a considerable time to come, even with the wasting of farm and grazing lands continuing.

It is not the threat of a land shortage that we are most concerned with at the moment, although the available estimates of soil losses are discouraging. It is, rather, the necessity of discovering ways and means for recovery from existing unhealthy conditions. A forerunner of what may be done is the appropriation made by the last Congress through an amendment offered to the Agriculture Bill by Representative Buchanan of Texas, providing $160,000 for studying, devising and installing effective methods of erosion control in the various vulnerable parts of the country. This was the first important step the Government has taken to put chains on the giant that is devastating our agricultural lands.

SAYS Representative Buchanan, in this connection:

"We have in our midst a master criminal, a gigantic thief, a highwayman. I want you to act as a jury, listen to the evidence, render a righteous verdict upon the destructive depredations of this, the master criminal of our age, and by your verdict not only find this criminal guilty, but condemn the inaction and neglect of the governments of States and Nation in not sooner apprehending and condemning to eternal confinement this master criminal, thereby stopping his depredation. The name of this master criminal is soil erosion.

"If the priceless heritage transmitted to us by our forefathers is to be preserved unmarred, and by us transmitted to our children, we must control our surface water and conserve our soil. The three most valuable gifts of God to man are soil, sunshine and rain. They constitute the earthly trinity, absolutely essential to the existence of man. If any one is destroyed, then our civilization and our people will perish from the earth."

It is incontestably true that land impoverishment, chiefly by erosion, has caused the downfall of nations and probably the disappearance of some civilizations. What has happened to much of China is a record of terrifying import, told in terms of destroyed land, famines and millions stricken with dire poverty. Until recently many historians have explained that exhaustion of man power in wars of conquest caused the decadence of the Roman Empire. But a factor of equal or even greater importance was a terrific decline in the productivity of her agricultural lands. Excepting the fertile lowlands of the Po and the strip of coastal plain on the west, most of the land is now thin and poor and has been for many centuries. Every vestige of soil has been swept from numerous areas. The treeless and rocky lands that were clothed with forests centuries before Christ are so parched in summer that crops have insufficient moisture for growth. Approximately the same situation has existed since Roman times.

THE consequence of this waste of a natural resource — of soil lost by unrestrained erosion, of devastated forests, of streams run dry or choked with silt — is so clearly revealed in the impoverished lands throughout the world that no American, comprehending the danger, will refuse to join in national combat against the evil that lowered the Roman standard from its high place, brought depopulation to Asia Minor, afflicted much of China with indescribable poverty, and is now adding rapidly to our already large area of abandoned farm land and devegetated ranges.

Although we still are in no immediate danger, we actually have arrived very near the limit of supply with respect to good farm land. Our better agricultural lands have been in use for some time. Future expansion must be, for the greater part, on poorer soil — the kind economists designate marginal and submarginal lands. Yet, present practices on most farms are encouraging rather than discouraging impairment of the soil by slow surface washing and rapid gullying. This wastage is proceeding in some degree on practically all lands steep enough for water to run downhill. Run-off water from fields and closely grazed pastures and ranges is always discolored with soil material picked up from the surface, the richest part of the land.

IN SUB-HUMID Texas, on some of our best cotton land, it was found by measurement that in one year 40 tons of soil matter were actually washed from an acre of unprotected ground having a slope of only two feet in a hundred. Also, approximately one-fourth of the rainfall ran off the land. The seriousness of such losses becomes the more apparent when it is considered that the average precipitation in the region is only 21 inches and there is an additional loss of about 25 per cent of the rainfall by evaporation of light showers. More than 75 per cent of the crop land of the United States is steeper than this Texas slope which lost so much of its soil and water into the drainage system of the Gulf of Mexico. Although all lands are not so erosive as this Texas area, some, on the other hand, are even more vulnerable. For example, a single rainy

period in the fall of 1927 swept out of thousands of fields in northeastern Kansas more than 40 tons of soil per acre, along with most of the young grain that was growing on the land. The wastage was repeated in the fall of 1928. A decade of crop rotation would not correct the damage which was done these splendid grain lands by a few days of heavy rainfall.

A SURVEY has shown that not less than half of the land now in cultivation in this country is subject to damaging rainwash. Half of this area, or more, is being washed so destructively that farms are being abandoned every year because the soil has been made too thin by erosion or gullying to warrant further cultivation. The damage is taking place so gradually in many sections, each rain sweeping a film of soil from the surface of entire fields, that farmers frequently are unconscious of the process, ascribing their diminishing yields to soil impoverishment by the crops removed. When unproductive clay spots and even bare rock appear here and there over the slopes, it is too late in many instances to remedy the situation. Consequently the land is abandoned to pasture, weeds, brush or whatever trees will grow on it. Some of these worn areas have been so dissected with gullies which divide like the ribs of a leaf that the land not only can not be tilled but can not be reclaimed.

In a single county of the southern Piedmont region, the rolling plateau country lying east of the Blue Ridge Mountains, 91,000 acres of land formerly cultivated and considered good soil have been classed and mapped by a Federal survey as rough gullied land without agricultural value. Centuries of rock decay would be required to restore this devastated area to arability.

In another county not far from this one 73,000 acres, once farmed, now have no agricultural value. Much of this land has but little value even for growing pine trees. About forty years ago a schoolhouse stood where now chasms a hundred feet deep ramify the countryside.

A recent survey has shown that 86 per cent of the upland in a former fertile valley tributary to the Missouri River, in northeastern Kansas, has lost from 8 to 40 inches of soil since it was cleared forty-two years ago. Among a few clumps of trees left standing by the axemen the original deep, rich, humus-filled soil is still preserved. It was the depth of this virgin woodland that furnished the standard for measuring the wastage that has taken place over all the cleared areas, now an ugly spectacle of impoverished fields and devastated orchards in a valley once charmingly beautiful and as productive as any part of the nation.

DURING the past decade valuable dairy farms in southwestern Wisconsin have been gullied beyond any possibility of reclamation. Sixty per cent of the farms in one large county of this section have suffered severely as a consequence of uncontrolled gullies and surface wasting. If the wastage were confined to the one county, we might forget it, perhaps, as an unfortunate instance; but the same thing, or an approximation of it, pertains to fourteen other counties in the southwestern part of that

State, and to still other counties to the south in Illinois and across the Mississippi River in Minnesota.

Fully 75 per cent of our vast western grazing lands are undergoing the same kind of depreciation, following excessive grazing. The region so affected extends from the Pecos River in Texas to California, and from Mexico into Wyoming, Idaho and Oregon. Entire valleys which, when the country was settled, were richly carpeted with grama and other valuable grazing plants, have been so ripped to pieces, so ruthlessly despoiled, that not a sprig of vegetation can be found over acres of ground. Only in old graveyards and other protected spots can one find anything like virgin conditions of plant life and soil cover.

W. R. CHAPLINE, the range expert of the United States Forest Service, says of the situation:

"Following 1870 there was a rapid expansion of the range livestock industry in the West, especially in sheep raising. By the late 'Seventies the expansion in cattle was in full swing and pressed on with prospects for a rich harvest. As numbers of livestock increased the palatable forage plants were grazed closer and closer, and their vigor was sapped. Instead of thick grass knee deep, of which the early stockmen speak, there were shorter and sparser grass blades and stems; finally many of the plants gave up the struggle, and the stand was thinned. The less valuable plants were then grazed more severely, until they too were practically eliminated. The hungry animals in their search for feed trampled the range, destroying plant roots and packing the soil. The ranges became dust beds. Residents of Utah tell of being able to count the herds of sheep on the mountains by the dust clouds rising as the sheep trailed through the country. Under such conditions there was nothing to check the rain as it fell; the more compact soil could not absorb the water, which ran off and was quickly converted to a slimy mass of flowing mud. Shoe-string gullies started and speedily gained depth, while the main drainage channels became raging torrents. The rich friable surface soil was washed away and the heavy clay subsoil exposed.

"THE regulation of grazing within the national forests and the consolidation of private holdings have greatly reduced the area of range overgrazed, but extensive areas throughout the West are still deteriorating through excessive or otherwise improper grazing use. The most serious situation at present exists on the 196,000,000 acres of unappropriated and unreserved Federal lands with their unfenced, intermingled State and private lands, where grazing can not now be legally controlled. Much of this public domain lies in the foothills and should furnish the abundant spring and fall feed essential to profitable livestock production. Drought and overgrazing, however, are seriously impairing the feed and watershed values of large expanses of these important Federal lands by robbing them, through erosion, of the soil material necessary to maintain a productive covering."

The best estimates show that at least 17,500,000 acres of land for-

merly cultivated in this country have been permanently destroyed or so damaged that farmers, working alone, are unable to restore them to agricultural use. This permanently devastated area exceeds the total extent of arable land in Japan. Unfortunately it dwindles to insignificance in comparison with the enormous area of our lands which has been reduced by surface washing to a condition of comparative infertility or advanced poverty.

AT LEAST 126,000,000,000 pounds of potential plant food are being washed out of our fields every year. This loss exceeds the net loss in the crops removed by twenty-one times. Furthermore, the plant food taken by crops can be restored in the form of fertilizers; that taken by running water can not be restored, for water takes not only the plant food but the soil that contains it.

The value of the loss in potential plant food alone amounts to $2,000,000,000 annually. Of this there is practically conclusive evidence that at least $200,000,000 is an actual, tangible yearly loss to the farmer. Part of this washed soil is spread over alluvial plains, where it is generally not needed and frequently damages the land while vast amounts pass out to tidewater. The Mississippi alone handles every year 428,000,000 tons of this traffic in wastage. But this is only part of the story.

When the topsoil, the rich surface layer formed by the slow processes of Nature, is washed off, comparatively infertile subsoil takes its place. This the farmer must now till or abandon. Not only is the exposed material less productive, but it is stiffer, more expensive to plow, and requires heavier implements and stronger draft for tillage operations. This subsoil is less retentive of moisture, and crops suffer on it more during dry seasons. Also, water flows across the denuded slopes faster, and erosion is more rapid than when the spongy topsoil was present. This washing adds silt and sand to the floods of swollen streams, and valuable alluvial plains and lower slopes are buried beneath unproductive sand, gravel, and cobbles, or finer material that is not needed.

In one place 40 acres of highly productive Missouri River bottom land were covered 8 feet deep in ten years with silt pouring out of small streams from the neighboring uplands. The farmer had built an 8-foot dyke to hold the débris out of his productive corn fields. The entire area back of the dyke was filled level with its top. Deposition had taken place at the rate of 1,200 tons per acre per year.

ALONG Buffalo River in west-central Wisconsin a gully leading down from an erstwhile good farm, now dissected beyond the point of usefulness, recently laid down over the bottom lands of an adjacent valley farm 8 feet of unproductive, loose sand during a single heavy rain. Fifty acres of rich soil were covered, as well as an excellent highway with its culverts, and a tractor, a mowing machine, hay rake and wagon.

Irrigation ditches, reservoirs and stream channels are being filled with mud, gravel and silt. As a consequence navigation is impeded or along many streams is prevented.

Large expenditures are necessary to remove the deposits from rivers, harbors and irrigation ditches. As yet, no method has been devised for clearing reservoirs of the solid débris, which takes up the space intended for water.

FORTY years ago Coldwater River, in the lower Mississippi Valley, was a navigable stream. Cotton was loaded on riverboats which steamed up to the town of Coldwater. Following the wholesale clearing and cultivation of the regional uplands, including much soil of high susceptibility to erosion, increased floods gradually caused the river channel to choke with sand and silt. Today no boats of any description can ascend this stream, so filled it is with the products of erosion, and numerous valuable plantations along it have been partly or wholly converted into useless swampland. The same thing has happened to the Tallahatchie River and other streams regularly plied by boats only a few years ago.

Blue River in southeastern Nebraska and northwestern Kansas, so named because of the crystal clearness of its waters in the days of timbered slopes and unplowed prairie sod, has not been clear for many years.

During the last twenty-five years a farmer in the bottoms of the Brazos River, Texas, reports that he has suffered from fifteen floods, as against only three floods experienced by his father, who previously operated the same farm for thirty years.

From 400 to 600 pounds of commercial fertilizer are required to grow as much cotton per acre in thousands of washed fields through the Old Cotton Belt of southeastern United States as was produced formerly with only 200 pounds of fertilizer or with no manurial treatment whatever. In the Corn Belt, the Wheat Belt and other regions the soil-improving crops must be resorted to in order to maintain the productivity of the land. And so it goes with countless fields and expansive ranges throughout the entire nation, on public lands as well as those in private ownership.

IF so much land has been impoverished or made worthless, how then are we to explain the crop surpluses so much discussed recently in connection with the Farm Problem? is a pertinent question often asked.

The explanation is simple. In the first place we still have a very large area of good farm land. Much of this is subject to precisely the same process of wastage that has brought impoverishment or ruin to so many acres; but it will be a long time before the deeper soil and the comparatively flat and porous absorptive lands have lost all of their topsoil. In the meantime, a large total area, enfeebled to varying degrees, ranging from soil that produces only fair or mediocre crops to that which is practically worthless for crops, is still being farmed. Although most of this acreage gives yields too low to enable a comfortable standard of living, the aggregate production is large. Every year farms are being abandoned throughout these waning areas. Some of the operators turn to other lands, hopeful of finding better soil; others give up farming and move to cities or go into factories.

These poor-land farmers and

others operating in dry regions where good crops are dependent on good rains, contribute largely to the problem of crop surpluses. Few of them gain more than a bare living from their efforts; many of them sink deeper and a little more hopelessly into debt each year. But, by enlarging the national surplus, their aggregate production adds to the difficulties of those who farm on the more favorable lands.

EROSION is a cumulative evil which, if not obstructed, will sooner or later painfully affect the majority of our agriculturists. Farmers generally have little to say about the subject, at least to the general public. When, however, one meets them along the highways and field sides pungent expressions relating to the agricultural situation are often heard. Recently a farmer of good education, an industrious worker, a good citizen and the owner of considerable farm land, said to the writer:

"In my section the average farmer is paying taxes on land worn-out by washing and long cropping, under tax laws that were passed a hundred years ago, in order that they may lose more money. Such farmers are going backward not forward."

"What can be done about it?" he was asked.

"Quit farming," was the quick reply.

"Would it be possible for the farmer to better his situation by improving his fields — prevent washing by terracing and add to the fertility of his land by growing soil-improving crops in rotation with his staple crops?"

"Doubtless. If he knows how to build terraces, he can save much of his land. Growing soil-improving crops is an excellent way to build up the land; but you must remember these crops are grown, not for sale, but solely to improve the soil. A good farmer can arrange for this in his cropping plans. But when yields are increased, what happens? Why you simply get back to the starting point. There's no money in farming under existing conditions, and the farmer has no control over these conditions."

"Yes, but when prices improve the farmer with land in good, productive conditions is the one who will be in the most advantageous position."

"That's true," said my farmer acquaintance, "but many things can happen on the farm while waiting for the hoped-for improved conditions."

CULTIVATION of marginal land, whether it be eroded land or land that is too wet or too dry for safe farming, is not, of course, the sole cause of surpluses; but it is a contributing cause of major importance. Take out of cultivation the severely eroded areas and the steeper sloping lands, plant them to trees on an extensive scale, and a long step will be made toward farm relief. Also, this would save much land, keep much silt out of stream channels and reservoirs, and protect much rich alluvium in the stream bottoms. On much of this land the trees will grow up without any planting, if fires are prevented.

Apart from these benefits, the turning of these lands to better uses would be in line with a sound national land policy. Only the Federal

and State Governments can undertake a programme of this kind on a sufficiently large scale to have a real effect on the crop surplus situation. This is precisely what the Government and States should do, if for no other purpose than to save the soil now wasting so rapidly. Foresters tell us that the growing of trees on these areas would prove a good investment, one that would yield 4 or 5 per cent annually. The tree planting could be done on a large scale without any cramping of local agricultural operations. Indeed, it would vastly improve the situation by encouraging better cultivation and better care of the better lands, besides establishing farm woodlots and, in some sections, fairly large privately owned tracts of timber.

WHEN one views the perfectly terraced slopes of the Rhine and the Mediterranean Basin, and sees grapes, olive trees and even bananas growing on walled benches, some of which were built two thousand years ago, one wonders why we of America, who are wasting our lands faster than any other people of the world, have not learned more from these conspicuous examples of land conservation. The answer comes back again to the vast expanses of good land we once had and should have preserved, the large area we still have; and, of course, to our characteristic indifference to conservation in general.

In the United States we have not been entirely negligent of our farm lands, though we have closely approximated that situation. In the older South, field terraces, which really are plowed embankments adjusted to the slope in such a way as to impede the flow of run-off water, sink part of it into the ground and pass part slowly out of the fields, have been used effectively for seventy-five years in conserving the soil. The use of these structures did not spread rapidly beyond the Southern States. Only recently terracing, as an important farm practice, crossed the Mississippi into Texas and Oklahoma. The Federal Land Bank at Houston now carries a clause in its contracts on land loans requiring the owner to protect his fields by terracing, if the soil needs protection. In case the farmer does not know how to do this, the bank sends out an expert to show him how.

This great bank looks upon the surface *six inches* of soil as the principal substance of the land, from the standpoint of productivity. When that is gone the average type of agricultural land, according to the bank's calculations, is too severely impoverished to lend money on. Accordingly, if it is found that a farmer is permitting his fields to wash at a rate greater than six inches in 35 years, where a farm loan is made for this length of time, the bank forecloses on him. It is significant and highly encouraging that, with thousands of loans outstanding, the Houston bank has found it necessary thus far to foreclose on but one or two farms.

THAT the farmers of that great cotton and grain region are applying the teaching of these significant experiments to their fields as rapidly as possible is sufficient proof that we can save much of the erosive lands throughout the country and that,

while saving it, much better use can be made of the rains that fall on the land.

The Federal Government, coöperating with the States, is now putting in soil and rainfall conservation experimental and demonstrational stations in all the major soil regions of the country where losses of soil and water are excessive. Every effort will be made to show the farmers and ranchmen of the Nation how menacing are the wasting effects of erosion, and also how the evil may be controlled. Much research and experimental work remains to be carried out, but this will be attacked vigorously and persistently.

It is expected that the remedies which will be employed in this fight against erosion will pay their way many times over. Whatever benefits may accrue in addition to holding the soil and more of the rainfall in the fields where they belong, such as water and silt kept out of streams and out of reservoirs and irrigation ditches and erosional débris kept off valuable valley lands, will be by-products that cost nothing.

# Leaf Mold

By Charles Wharton Stork

What's the chief charm of woods — beside mere trees?
Not tang of balsam; not the gray voiced croon
Of pine harps, with a bird call flashing bold
Against it; nor the fingered light on moss
And flowers that play "I spy", courted in turn
By bourgeois bees and foppish butterflies;
Not rabbits dodging with their fluffy tails,
Or the striped chipmunks either, jauntily
Rehearsing family secrets. No, I think
It's leaf mold. Only fancy if the trail
Were asphalt, or macadam! Leaf mold gives
The heartbeat of the mystery, all the sap
And vigor of centuries underneath your soles
At every buoyant motion. Stretch your thighs
And run your bravest, leaping root and stone,
Rising and plunging on the mounded trail
To float as on delicious tropic waves.
So will the leaf mold be transformed again
To living rapture. Leaf mold, damp and dark,
The wreck of woodland life — you vent a sigh,
For the lost green and gold, the frail slain flowers,
For balm dispersed, for happy songsters dumb
With unrecorded fame; but from this mold
Is born new wonder: fragrance, color, song,
All freshly woven by the patient years.
When I tread leaf mold, a dark thrill of strength
And awe speaks through me like a tactile voice:
"Here is a perennial joy fed rich on death."

# Has America a Sense of Humor?

By Thomas L. Masson

*A veteran in motley says soberly that America has not, that she has only a myth tricked out in shoes and jowls and other essential shameless scenery*

The myth called Humor is one of those agreeable abstractions with which we continually fortify our national self-consciousness. A long line of so-termed native humorists — all of whom have been completely forgotten except the poor devils immediately alive — fairly satisfy our vanity, just as our Hall of Fame — the membership of which is practically unknown to anyone — helps us to think we have a literature.

The fact that Humor is a myth is well known to those practical people who would deal with it as a commodity like art or religion, if it had any existence. For example, it is never mentioned in publishers' catalogues. In the classified analysis of books published in 1928 (altogether 14,399 volumes) there are twenty-five groups, such as Philosophy, Religion, Biography, Fiction, etc., but no Humor. In a classified list prepared by Downing Palmer O'Hara for the University of Illinois, books of humor are recorded from 1880 to 1910 and then — probably in despair — are dropped. It appears thus that the low watermark in these alleged works of humor was in 1890, when eleven volumes were issued, and the high watermark in 1907, when one hundred and four were recorded. As this was the year of the panic in Wall Street, it is possible that the induced melancholia led grasping writers to attempt antidotes. Since 1910 the record shows nothing. That is to say, in a period of twenty years, works of humor in the records have lapsed, as Grover Cleveland used to say, into innocuous desuetude.

Yet since that fateful year there have certainly come into public notice people known as humorists: George Ade, Peter Dunne, Wallace Irwin, Ring Lardner, Irvin Cobb, Don Marquis, Christopher Morley, Robert Benchley, Will Rogers and some others. But the moment we begin the attempt to find out what it is that makes them humorists we are confronted by the myth. George Ade's fables were amusing character satires, attracting deserved attention by their original treatment of slang. Peter Dunne's Dooley was a character sketch, cloaking worthy truths in Irish brogue. Ring Lardner, whose

capacity for making us laugh is undeniable, is a short story writer and a great one. Irvin Cobb is another, and a story teller whose banquet vulgarities evoke occasional convulsions. And so on.

But the thing common enough to them all to give them the classification of humorists, is nothing stable in itself. It has no reality. It is a personal attachment, varying widely in individuals, which creates laughter or amusement. It is not like love or justice, for, if these be debatable, at least they furnish us with a permanent ideal, detached from the personal. The dullest books in the world (not even excepting the works of so many of the humorists themselves) by Cicero, Schopenhauer, Freud, Max Eastman and so on, have been written to explain what humor is, and none of them has ever remotely defined it.

There is comedy, about which George Meredith has written a cryptic but highly intelligent essay. The comic spirit, a definite thing, is a by-product of the mind, but distinct. It sprang undoubtedly from the Greek religious festivals and processions. It was the safety valve through which the actors got their release from the banalities of ritual. But, while they did cut up, it was not horse-play, because the Greeks had taste and instinctive understanding of beauty in form, and therefore their antics were comic, not simply vulgar. The same spirit of comedy is all through life. We see it expressed in the comic reliefs and gargoyles in architecture — especially in the churches. It was what led Fielding to say, in effect, that if you paint human beings as they are, they are certain to be laughable.

The comic artist must be an anatomist. If I give two artists the same idea for a "humorous" cartoon, the same figures, the same explanatory text beneath — one of the resultant cartoons will have comedy, the other will not. What makes the difference? Well, for one thing, the exaggerations in the comic one (they may be extreme or very slight, according to the temperament of the artist) will be true to form. They will only make plainer those defects in the characters which would not be evident to a casual eye. They will be accurate exaggerations. This means that the comic spirit is just, it penetrates back of the human screen. It does not take crude liberties with the subject it portrays; it makes them act for themselves by bringing out their topography — so to speak — into bold relief. You may ask at once, "Is this what makes us laugh?" Always. And if you turn to the other artist's cartoon which gives the identical situation, you will see at once why it does not make you laugh. The figures may be wooden, stilted or exaggerated in the wrong places. They really make us feel pity. We say of them that they have no life. There is no joy in them; for in the last analysis, comedy is the joy in life. Possibly that is why it is so rare.

The difference between comedy and humor is that the first, being real, is readily understood by anyone, learned or unlearned. A. B. Frost, one of our greatest comic artists, used to draw calves cavorting in fields, that were exactly like calves we see in fields, and therefore exhaled

the spirit of comedy; and you did not have to acquire a college education to have them make you laugh. The same thing is true of *Alice in Wonderland*, where with words, the exaggerations and grotesques are symbolically true to the sources; or, to give a more recent instance, of A. A. Milne's verses in *When We Were Very Young*. The comic spirit being universal, is everywhere comprehended, and this immediately. We all feel a sense of joy at times, and that is it. In these, our joyous moments, we cavort with Frost's calves; the spirit of comedy enters into us like a control, as the spiritualists say. It is a living thing.

Not so with humor. Those who have a reputation for it are always on the defensive. It frequently happens that, like Congressmen or evangelists, they have no other way of making a living. And we who are compelled to listen to or read them are so secretly sorry for them that we are always investing them with higher attributes. We cannot reform them, but at least we can think of them as better than they really are. Thus we say of a humorist who is fatally involved in a nation-wide reputation as a "wisecracker" that he hits the nail on the head. We magnanimously credit him with deep thinking when he utters the most commonplace truths in a cracked voice, or attended by some individual mannerisms.

These rare figures are of course exceptions. Generally speaking, the danger of being thought the possessor of a sense of humor is so well known that those unfortunates who have it carefully conceal it. The mere parading of it is a recognizable form of unintelligence, and rarely obtruded except — as I have intimated — in the case of professionals who are without other means of support.

You doubt this? Then where, pray, do you find this humor displayed? Where are the recognized humorists in the House and Senate, in the churches, the law, business, banking, on farms, in universities or anywhere else where respectability is reverenced?

Some time ago, Don Marquis, himself rated as an excellent humorist, revealed the fatal truth in his exposure of the conversation at the Players' Club — that congeries of loudly acclaimed wits. The most side-splitting sally was on the level of, "It looks like rain." In literary table talk and reminiscence, we are constantly referred to past periods, where super-humorists sat in coffee houses and exchanged sallies of superhuman brilliance. Yet examination of the most celebrated *bon mots* shows that the best of men were generally the dullest. Oliver Wendell Holmes's sage line, "Since then I've never dared to write as funny as I can," is symbolic of human nature everywhere.

Lincoln's real greatness is shown by the fact that in the entire history of this country, he is the only leader who dared. If anyone wishes to be convinced that popular humor is a thing of the moment, let him read the extract from the writings of one Artemus Ward, which Lincoln read to his Cabinet when he introduced the draft of his Emancipation Proclamation. It is called *High Handed Outrage at Utica*. Charnwood remarks that it is "less amusing than most of

Artemus Ward; but it had just appeared; it pleased all the Ministers except Stanton, to whom the frivolous reading he sometimes had to hear from Lincoln was a standing vexation."

AN EXTRACT from A. Ward which evidently pleased Charnwood more, because he quotes it, is a fictitious interview with Jefferson Davis and reads (in part) as follows:

"Even now," said Davis, "we have many frens in the North."

"J. Davis," is the reply, "there's your grate mistake. Many of us was your sincere frens and thought certain parties amung us was fussin' about you and meddlin' with your consarns intirely too much. But, J. Davis, the minit you fire a gun at the piece of dry goods called The Star-Spangled Banner, the North gets up and rises en massy, in defence of that banner. Not agin you as individooals — not agin the South even — but to save the flag. . . ."

Does this make you hold your sides? And is it not perfectly plain why this combination of degraded spelling and vulgar images should evoke roars of laughter from plain Union patriots, just as today the crowd laughs at thrown custard pies or the sallies of Will Rogers? Not only is there no objection to this sort of thing, but in any period of our national life it is finely antiseptic and may be very useful. But it is not humor, as we vaguely think of humor.

If you still differ with me, please note that I am not trying to prove there is no such thing as laughter, that the world is not truly amusing, or that the ephemeral is not important. I am only trying to show that what we term Humor is a myth and what we think is a sense of it is mostly no sense at all.

True, when I state that all of our native humorists have been forgotten, the figure of Mark Twain seems to rise up to confute me; especially when I am told that the royalties on his works still run up to some fifty thousand a year. Nevertheless, the popular humorist in Mark Twain is as dead as a door nail. He is read because he was a great interpreter of the American character, especially boy character, a traveller who gave to our pioneer country, to the Orient, Australia and all points east, the glamour and fascination of his own peculiar American personality. Go through his entire works, extract from them all the "humor," reprint it in a book, and it would be as popular as an almanac. This has been done in a minor way, and who hears about it? Van Wyck Brooks has shown very well in his *Ordeal of Mark Twain* how a popular humorist may become disintegrated by his own methods of defense.

ONLY one other thing than public banquets is needed to illustrate the universal absence among us of what we like to think of as humor. At these melancholy affairs the so-called wittiest speeches of the evening almost invariably consist of archive stories about "colo'd gemmen" or, if they call forth laughter in other ways, it is due to personal sallies or simple images of current affairs such as A. Ward invented.

The other thing I refer to is the radio. For here we see, in its grim horror, the fatal effects of trying to be funny in one medium — the voice — without the accompanying stage business of personality. Furthermore,

we see at once the mythical character of the thing we call Humor, and that it is largely scenery: chewing gum, lariats, tortoise shell glasses, facial contortions, innumerably repeated facial gestures. For, much as we may resent it, "humor," like the best advertising or the best theology, consists of repetition. Mark Twain had his drawl, Charlie Chaplin has his shoes, Irvin Cobb his jowl. It is a very curious and indeed startling paradox that, although to make people laugh we must surprise them by sudden shifts, yet this is apparently accomplished by constant repetition. The *base* is always the same, and it is so familiar to us that we don't have to think about it. Thus in the movies, water is a base: it is the way it is squirted that counts — through bottles, through hose, through walls and by means of interior floods. One of the most successful vaudeville character-sketch actors I know told me he got all of his original material out of the district school he attended as a boy.

SINCE first started in 1841, London *Punch* has depended almost solely upon repetition to create and carry on its reputation. The elements consist of twenty-five jokes, constantly repeated with variations. Some years ago *Punch* issued the best of these jokes in twenty-five volumes, each devoted to its elemental subject: the law, society, children, golf, riding to hounds and so on. Thus *Punch*, with its great reputation, is the most conservative journal and goes on year after year doing the same thing over and over again, precisely as Charlie Chaplin does in his individual manner.

And among individuals the reason why it takes power of endurance to sustain a reputation for being a popular humorist is this: In any kind of successive activity, ultimate or transient, shamelessness is essential.

SHAMELESSNESS, in the sense I write of, is of course a kind of courage. It means that when a man starts out to achieve anything, he must be prepared to submit to all sorts of obloquy. Every great and successful man has thus endured. It is the price one pays for o'ertopping others, and he must therefore cultivate shamelessness as a necessary part of his equipment. But in the case of the popular humorist, he is his own target. His success depends largely upon how much of a fool he can make of himself, and this in the most public manner. For publicity is the corner stone of his career. Thus the popular humorist tricks out his personality with all sorts of devices if he is an actor, or if he is a writer he hires comic artists to draw caricatures of him. A prominent nose is a real asset. Marshall P. Wilder, who was a hunchback, owed a large part of stock in trade to this fact. Even Bernard Shaw has not been able to resist the hideous impulse to have himself taken (practically) in the nude, thus lending to his sense of comedy a touch of realism.

So far as results are concerned, it is perfectly easy with moderate training and a good memory, to acquire a reputation as a humorist. All one needs to do is to dress up the old jokes in modern clothes. If anyone doubts this, let him compare Mr. Dooley with the characters of Theophrastus or, later, Robert Benchley with John

Phœnix. Not at all that Benchley is a plagiarist; only that he is prompted to display his gift as Phœnix did his in a similar reaction to his environment. I know several men who have — in their own obscure circles — acquired several reputations for writing humorous editorials, merely by making an intensive study of the works of Bill Nye. One of the best after-dinner speakers this country has produced (his name is Murphy) never made but one speech. Doubtless he hit upon it by accident; all of his later successful speeches only rang the changes on this one. No wonder so many clowns have committed suicide; the deadly monotony finally breaks them. The marked increase in our length of life is altogether among that dignified majority who take themselves seriously.

My own unfortunate experience — if the reader will permit me to be shameless for a moment — is a case in point. Having acquired a wholly undeserved and purely mythical reputation for being a humorist, I was at once forced into the repugnant position of being a hypocrite — something which, in common with all men whose forefathers wore red flannel underwear — I had always secretly despised.

Upon one occasion I became president of a board of education, by one of those mysterious political flukes which hung upon the disposition of three votes. Quite naturally, all of the other members of the board, when they did not regard me as a calamity, did regard me as a joke. Being cursed with a New England conscience, I applied my moderate intelligence, with mistaken zeal, to the problems of education, until it suddenly dawned upon me that every effort I made to be serious or — as we were fond of saying, "constructive" — only gave me a worse name. I had never actually said or done anything funny in my life, my feeble efforts in this direction being confined entirely to type. But that did not matter; the report had gotten about.

And being quite serious, it was natural for me to say what I had come to think, namely, that bond issues were a stupid makeshift, and when one was proposed, I asked quite seriously, and I know now rightly (for the thing was being done in England and also here in part, as the start of a sound economic principle) why not get everybody to club together and buy the proposed school outright?

That of course, settled me at once. Such a suggestion was much worse than impossible. It wasn't done. It never could be done. It was simply idiotic. But my fellow members did not call me crazy. They only referred to it as my little joke. One of them, a former president, was quite tolerant about it. He defended me. He said that in other respects I was a good fellow. He said that, or implied that, if they all had as keen a sense of humor as he had, they should understand that I was just a humorist — nothing more, nothing less.

After this nothing I said or did mattered, except as a means of doubtful entertainment, until a woman got on the board. Being all for the under dog, she was at first inclined to credit me, out of pure good will, with some intelligence. It

took the united efforts of all the other members to convince her to the contrary. They even dug up some of the old jokes I had written and got her to read them, and when she said she didn't see anything funny in them they intimated that she had no sense of humor.

But one day a brilliant idea occurred to me. It was during a crisis in local affairs and, as everybody was against me in the fool programme I had invented, I suddenly exclaimed:

"Well, gentlemen, this is too funny for words. I am going to write something humorous about it."

"But if you do that," said one of the former presidents, turning deathly pale — he was also a lawyer — "you'll make us all ridiculous."

"Well," I replied recklessly, "that's the idea. It won't make any difference to me; they all know what *I* am," I added with a cheap grin.

They called a special meeting at once, and I got what I wanted.

And so I was launched upon my career as a hypocrite. Beneath a casual and shameless exterior, I concealed a real purpose so effectually that nobody even suspected I had any constructive ability. When I wanted to carry my point I intimated that I would have to write something funny about it. Panic ensued.

It must now be evident that if America, as a whole, really has a sense of humor — which is more than doubtful — our main concern should be to keep it concealed from the world at large. We have a bad enough name as it is, as a Shylock and a yokel.

One reason why Russian literature is apotheosized by the highbrows is because it has an inexhaustible lack of a sense of humor. Similarly, the extraordinary stupidity of the British mind, occasionally and always reverently referred to as conservatism, is one of its most conspicuous glories. The French sense of comedy — that airy, graceful and beautiful directness and joy without which the world of nations we live in would be unendurable — has actually made France a subject for mild contempt, until each successive war demonstrates that Frenchmen have powers of persistence, stability and adaptability unapproached by any other people.

With our private talk crowded with clichés, with our oratory pulsating with platitudes and our fiction afflicted so often with a virtually maniacal depression, is it any wonder that humor — whatever it may seem to be — is, among us, in reality nothing but a myth of somewhat doubtful respectability, to be boasted about discreetly and kept in the background?

# The Poor Man in Politics

By Oliver McKee, Jr.

*His chances are like his purse, says this observer, who contends that only the rich can afford to hold high office in these United States*

The late Henry P. Davison, partner in J. P. Morgan and Company and Titan of finance, had two sons. One wanted a public career. A good and farsighted father, Mr. Davison so arranged his affairs that the son who aspired to public life received from the estate a million or two dollars more than his brother. With his keen knowledge of this world, Mr. Davison knew that if a young man was ambitious to make his star shine in the political firmament, a private income sufficient to cover his household and personal expenses was almost a necessity.

After serving in the New York Assembly for several years F. Trubee Davison became Assistant Secretary of War for Aviation at the age of thirty, the head of an Army Service with a thousand officers and ten thousand men under his orders. President Hoover has reappointed him to the same post. Trubee Davison has many other qualifications for executive office than the possession of an ample private fortune. But can a young man of equally great ability hope to reach similar political distinction at the age of thirty, if he has to earn his own living from the day he leaves college? The question is a pertinent one.

As another summer approaches, a hundred thousand young Americans are preparing to leave the campus elms and, in the stock phrase of the commencement orator, enter the battle of life. Born with the proverbial golden spoon in their mouths, a few may feel free to enter the State Department, go big game hunting in Africa, try for the international polo teams, or join the colonies of American emigrés in Europe. Nine out of ten, however, must earn their daily bread; and public service, now as in the past, strongly appeals to the college senior, for academic innocence invests public life with a glamour and a romance which the world of business is not supposed to have.

But does politics offer a promising career to these ambitious youths who are casting about for their life work? "No," and emphatically so, must be the answer unless they are willing to clip the wings of ambition and content themselves with remaining in

that army, unsung and unhonored, of minor Government bureaucrats, clerks, scientists at $3,000 a year, and the like. Business and the professions offer more than minor officialdom. But in such a job as the Federal bureaucracy offers, there is little enough of glory, small opportunity for a reputation, and little, if any, future.

THE band plays, the crowds shout, stirred by a great emotion, as the statesman from North Carolina or Kansas takes the platform, and Democracy sounds its siren call. What nobler career than that of political leadership? What greater calling than to be shepherd of one of the flocks of Democracy? A private soldier in Napoleon's army, we are told, carried the baton of a field marshal in his knapsack, and by the same token, a farm boy in America can reach the White House, the Cabinet, or achieve a seat in the Senate. So he can, and now and then one does. But he is the exception. For men of wealth, by and large, dominate our public life and occupy a share of the seats of power far out of proportion to the numerical strength of this group as compared to our total population. Money opens the door to political preference; money provides the motive power by which a young man can hope to rise eventually above the lowest rungs of the ladder. The late Henry P. Davison recognized this clearly. He knew what lay behind the façade. Democratic America has a political aristocracy, an aristocracy of wealth. Wealth may be inherited, or it may be earned. In either case, a substantial private income — something rather better than a Grand Army pension — is the key which unlocks the door to public life. The cards are stacked against those who do not pay taxes on a private income in the upper brackets.

HERBERT HOOVER, son of a Quaker blacksmith, had to make his way in the world with no heritage of stocks and bonds. At thirty-five, his biographers tell us, the young mining engineer from California had set by a sufficient store of this world's goods to emancipate him the rest of his life from dependence on the weekly pay check. For close to two decades Herbert Hoover toiled so effectively in the broad fields of humanity that he became a world figure, and now fills the world's greatest elective office. A man with his ability, energy and skill would have made money in any calling; but it was his emancipation from financial worries that left him free, as Food Administrator, head of War Relief organizations, and as Secretary of Commerce, to render so great public service. Mr. Hoover, we are told, never had any difficulty in making money. And it was precisely because he had accumulated a comfortable private fortune that he was able to release those special talents that have made him one of the greatest administrators in American political history. A poor man could never have accepted the Commerce portfolio, and it was his years as Secretary of Commerce that brought him within striking distance of the nomination at Kansas City.

In American public life today, William E. Borah of Idaho occupies

an eminence both special and unique. He is the Knight-Errant of Politics, an oracle of the Senate, one of the formulators of our foreign policies, and the leader *par excellence* of lost or unpopular causes. Borah has two reasons at least for giving praise to Allah. For one thing Idaho is so small and his towering figure gives this State of a few hundred thousands population so much glory and free advertising that he never has to give a thought to mending his political fences at home. He is as much an Idaho institution as its famous potatoes. No one at home can turn Borah's flank, and the Goliath of Idaho is free therefore to devote all his energies and all his attention to the national and international arenas. But Borah is fortunate also for another reason. He is not wholly dependent upon politics for his bread and butter. As a young man, he had the natural leanings of youth to a public career, but he did not yield to the tempter. Facing the facts and realities of the America of our day he buckled down instead to the law, made himself one of the leaders of the bar in his home State, and accumulated a small competence of his own. Then, and not till then, did he yield to his first love and turn toward politics.

BORAH was first elected to the Senate in 1907. If he had failed in public life, he could have continued as a brilliant lawyer. Back of him lay twenty-seven years of the practice of law. For twenty-two years, he has been a member of the Senate, and during the last decade at least, not only one of the leading men in that body, but one of the half-dozen or so outstanding national personalities. Borah's place in public life rests four square on the sure foundations of financial independence and professional eminence.

LIKE his predecessor, Calvin Coolidge, the Vermonter, President Hoover has selected rich men as his Cabinet officers. Wealth after all is a relative term. It may not be a multi-millionaire Cabinet, but few members of the President's official family, it is safe to say, are entirely dependent upon their $15,000 salary. Andrew Mellon leads the list, a multi-millionaire many times over. Whether Mr. Mellon has one hundred or three hundred million dollars, makes little difference. He has served in the Cabinets of three Presidents, and the fact that he possessed one of the great American fortunes did not prevent him from being chosen by Chief Executives so different in their background, their philosophy of life and their training as Warren G. Harding, Calvin Coolidge and Herbert C. Hoover.

New members of the Cabinet include several men of wealth. For his Secretary of the Navy, President Hoover selected Charles Francis Adams of Boston, direct descendant of two Presidents, for thirty years treasurer of Harvard College, and director or trustee of half-a-hundred corporations or fiduciary institutions. Harvard men say of Adams that as treasurer he never lost a dollar of their alma mater's money. Whether this be true or not, the fact remains that under his treasurership the funds of Harvard increased from about $13,000,000 to $90,000,000. As one of the leading business men

and financial leaders in Massachusetts, Mr. Adams has a large enough private fortune to enable him, in the meridian of life, to accept public office without any apprehensions for the future. For his Secretary of Commerce, Mr. Hoover chose Thomas Patterson Lamont, one of the best known figures in the Chicago business world. Lamont, too, is a wealthy man, and can well afford now to enter public life.

SECRETARY of State Stimson was a member of Elihu Root's law firm in New York City and, if not a multimillionaire, has enough to answer the call to public service. Even James J. Davis, Secretary of Labor, is well fixed financially. Coming to this country at the age of eight, Davis became a puddler's assistant at eleven. Later, he turned his hand to building up fraternal organizations, and under his personal direction the membership of the Loyal Order of the Moose jumped from a few hundred to 600,000. Davis received a certain percentage of the payments made by each new member, and the revenue thus received is credited with being the basis of his present fortune. It may be doubted indeed whether any poor man can really afford any better to accept a place in the Cabinet than as Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. Those who do come into the Cabinet as poor men are not to be envied.

The Presidency is one of the few jobs a "poor" man could afford to take, for the salary and allowances are those of big business. Mr. Hoover is credited with being one of the richest men in recent years to hold the office. Roosevelt was moderately well to do, but Taft and Wilson entered the White House comparatively poor men, as did, we are told, McKinley and Harding. George Washington, our first President, was rated as one of the wealthiest men of his generation, but the Presidency has not carried on the aristocratic tradition. Though poor men have reached the White House in the past, it may not be so easy for them to do so in the future. President Hoover has selected a number of comparatively rich men for his Cabinet, but for a generation or so back, Cabinets have had a full quota of "men of property." Weeks, Bacon, Knox, Straus, Dwight Davis, McAdoo and many others may be cited. If rich men continue pretty largely to fill the Cabinet, it is because politics is a calling for the well-to-do. Had William M. Butler been a professor of government at $6,000 a year, could he have afforded to manage the Presidential campaign of Calvin Coolidge?

ONCE it was the fashion to dub the Senate the millionaire's club. It still is. Rich men are there out of all proportion to their numbers outside. The direct primary has brought about no democratization of its membership, for under the direct primary only a man with money can hope, in most States, to finance the pre-nomination campaign. Or if an aspirant has no funds of his own to draw upon, he must seek the support of groups willing to finance his campaign for him. Gifford Pinchot, of Pennsylvania, spent tens of thousands of dollars from his own private fortune in the unsuccessful attempt

to secure the Republican Senatorial nomination in the three-cornered primary fight in 1926. Poor men have won seats in the Senate, and there are a few Senators who have little beyond their $10,000 a year. So too there are members of the Somerset Club in Boston who are not able to boast a B.A. degree from Harvard University.

A SEAT in the Senate is nevertheless a rich man's plaything. Senator Couzens of Michigan, who just gave $10,000,000 for child welfare work, is one of the richest men in the country. Couzens came to the United States as a poor boy from Canada, and it was only after he had made millions as a partner of Henry Ford that he appeared on the stage of national politics. Take a few other names: Edge of New Jersey; Bingham of Connecticut (son of a Hawaiian missionary whose wife is a Tiffany); Reed of Pennsylvania; Kean of New Jersey; Phipps of Colorado, and so on down the line. Perhaps twenty of the ninety-six Senators could be classed as millionaires. Most of the rest are in comfortable circumstances. Fifteen or twenty might be classed as "poor," with little if anything else than their salaries.

The House of Representatives, proportionately, has probably more poor men than the Senate. Even here, however, the man who has to depend on his Congressional pay check is the exception rather than the rule. Congressmen of long experience will tell you that probably three out of four of their colleagues have a sizeable private income, and they will tell you also that they don't see how a man can stay in the House without at least $5,000 a year of his own. Nearly every State delegation has its quota of millionaires. Many members of the House have businesses of their own at home which run through the year. Allen Treadway, of Massachusetts, for example, is one of the best known hotel proprieters in the western part of the State. Nicholas Longworth, the genial Speaker of the House, is a very rich man. With money behind him, and with the daughter of Theodore Roosevelt as his wife, he has all the backing for a political career that any man could wish for. One conspicuous exception, however, must be noted. John Q. Tilson, the popular and effective Republican floor leader, has little if anything beyond his salary. His richer colleagues indeed feel a bit sorry for the Republican leader. Working his way through college, a farm boy from Tennessee who came East for his education, Tilson has been in public life of State or Nation most of his working days.

A TERM or two in the House has financially wrecked many a man who came to Capitol Hill with an abundance of enthusiasm, but an inadequate gold reserve. When his Congressional career is ended, either by defeat or otherwise, he goes back home to find his law practice or business in ruin, and to find himself, on analysis, little better than a financial wreck. If a man is popular, and has rendered service to the party, the leaders are apt to find for him a judgeship or a place on a Federal commission. Not all, however, can hope to be so lucky. Most have to pay the piper out of their own pockets.

Eight women hold seats in the present House. All have something more substantial back of them than the expectancy of the next month's check. Four, at least, are women of wealth. These are Mrs. Ruth Pratt, credited with being a multi-millionaire; Mrs. Medill McCormick, who shares the Hanna and McCormick fortunes; Edith Nourse Rogers of Massachusetts, and Ruth Bryan Owen, daughter of the peerless Commoner. Women are finding too that national politics, like polo, is a game for the rich.

It is impossible, of course, to state specifically the wealth of either the Senate or the House. The income tax returns are not public property, and even if available might not tell the whole story, for many people hold tax exempt securities. The question of a man's income is, after all, a pretty personal affair, as is the question of his expenditures. Only rarely do we come down to dollars and cents, as when for example, John W. Davis told a Congressional committee that he had to spend sixty or seventy thousand dollars a year out of his own pocket to represent this country at the Court of St. James's. And even such unusual admissions never come from Congressmen. The Senate and the House investigations have shown little inclination to inquire closely into the affairs of fellow members. But diligent inquiry will bring plenty of evidence that poor men are not numerous in the national legislature. Congressman after Congressman has told newspaper correspondents, of whom the writer is one, that "most of my colleagues have money and a man who has not ought not to be here."

For political activity costs money. Like the feudal lords of yore, a political chieftain, even those of lesser stature, must dispense hospitably with a lavish hand. If Jones, who helped in the campaign which put you in office, drops in town with some friends, you must ask them to lunch or dinner, and somewhere else than at a cafeteria. A budget cut too close allows little margin for these expenditures, so important in keeping party workers on your side. Charity subscription lists demand your attention to some degree; if you have an eye to the future, it is well that your name appear on some of them. Furthermore, you must attend State and national political conventions; otherwise you lose contact with the key men who run the machine. At five cents a mile, a trip to Houston or Kansas City runs into a pretty penny. And even if you vote dry, the liquor with which you treat your friends costs you as much as it does your wet colleagues. Bootleggers have no cut rates for their dry Congressmen customers.

If his public career lands a man in Washington, the social life of the Capital, unless he is a hopeless nonconformist, places a heavy burden upon the family exchequer of one who has no means to supplement Uncle Sam's pay check. It is not so bad if a man is a bachelor, for the Government pays enough to keep his evening clothes in good shape. With married men the case is different. An Assistant Secretary of Commerce, at $7,500 a year, or a member of the House, at $10,000 a year, has to live in a respectable part of Washington. Dinners two or three times a week

will be the rule during the season, and entertaining must be reciprocal. With boys and girls in school and college, and sharing in the social activities of the Capital during vacation, it is easy to see that *pater familias* may have troubles at home when the month's bills come in. Uncle Sam of course can hardly be blamed for not paying big enough salaries to cover the so-called extra-curriculum activities. Take, for example, a single case. As Chief of the Division of Western Europe, William R. Castle, Jr., now Assistant Secretary of State, was drawing the munificent salary of $4,500 a year. Custom, in social usage stronger than the Constitution, imposed upon him the duty of giving a dinner annually in honor of the heads of each diplomatic mission from Western Europe, fifteen to twenty in all. Castle, no doubt, did his duty, but needless to say, $4,500 a year did not measure the full count of his income. Many an official goes back to private life broke, and a bit disillusioned, finding years of savings wiped out as a result of his Government service.

A PRIVATE income is almost a *sine qua non* for a diplomatic career. Only men of wealth, like Charles G. Dawes, can fill the blue ribbon posts at Paris and London. For either post a private income of $50,000 is almost essential. In the professional foreign service, pretty much the same situation prevails now as in the past; a man without a supplementary private income usually runs into difficulties if he has a family. A few without private means may struggle along in an inconspicuous consular post, but here again we may ask, "What price glory?" Their wealthier associates, and that means nine foreign service officers out of ten, survey these struggling unfortunates with pity. "Poor Jones, he has a salary of only $3,000 a year, and nothing else, and he has two children. He lives out in the country, and comes into the State Department every morning in a bus. Even then I don't see how he manages to scrape along."

A PUBLIC career may occasionally offer great opportunities, of a certain sort. Crokers and Murphys have many counterparts in the annals of American public life. Money making has gone hand in hand with politics, as the grafter and the fraudulent contractor have split their profits with the ward bosses and the legislative leaders who granted favors. Crooked men can win a fortune in politics as they have in business, or the professions. But in attempting to answer the question "Is politics a career for a poor boy," we assume that those who ask the question mean politics as an honest profession.

Calvin Coolidge, it is true, demonstrated that a man could rise to the highest elective office in our country without the backing of a large fortune. Let us, however, remember this. Mr. Coolidge saved money from the day he graduated from Amherst. He too had the goal of financial independence in view, and being thriftier than most men he is now, after seven years in the White House, able to enjoy that ease of mind which financial independence gives. He could afford now to run for the Senate. In Massa-

chusetts we may note that Alvan Fuller, former Governor, and possible Senatorial candidate, started in life as a poor boy, and amassed a fortune of many millions in the automobile business. He then entered politics, proving one of the most popular Governors the Bay State ever had. Franklin D. Roosevelt, the one Democrat of national proportions, was the only son of wealthy parents. A family fortune gave him the initial freedom which enabled him to indulge the ambition of public life, so natural to any youth of education. Money too opened up to Theodore Roosevelt the opportunities for making a name for himself in politics while still a young man. The three leading candidates for the Republican presidential nomination at Kansas City — Hoover, Lowden, and Dawes — were all men of wealth.

A hundred thousand families or so run the British Empire and run it well. Back of them are great traditions, and what is no less important, fortunes built up through generations of saving. A private income is almost taken for granted in British official, Army and Navy circles. The same aristocratic rule extends to other parts of Europe; the reins of government for the most part are in the hands of those with money. The democratic ideal still persists in the United States, but the facts are a long way from the ideal. The wealthy and the well-to-do exercise a control over our public life, and its machinery, far out of proportion to their numbers. Politics may be the avocation for the rich, but it is hardly a calling that can be recommended to a boy fresh from college, whose only inheritance is a healthy body and a patriotic American spirit. Like Borah, his best chance to scale the heights of political eminence is to spend twenty-five years in building up a small private fortune, and in establishing a professional reputation which he can always capitalize, if the need arises. Then if the lightning strikes, he can feel free to run for the Senate, go as Ambassador to Peru, or take a place in the Cabinet. Until then politics is a luxury he can ill afford.

# Foot-tracks of a Hedge-Priest

By R. P. Harriss

*"Jamais je n'ai tant pensé, tant existé, tant vécu, tant été moi, si j'ose ainsi dire, que dans ceux [voyages] que j'ai faits seul et à pied."* — Rousseau's *Confessions*

About the time William Shakespeare was getting in all kinds of Dutch with Anne Hathaway's kinsmen and with the gamekeepers of the Avon gentry (for poaching, in both cases), the term *hedge-priest* was the word regularly applied to the poacher and skulker-in-the-byways. Then it was that the sulky peasant whose belly was tired of rough fare slipped forth of an evening with his big mongrel lurcher-dog to steal the squire's hares and pheasants; or the more adventurous young bloods to bring down a deer, and perhaps the honor of the squire's kitchen-maid as well.

At the present time the term may be assumed by those more or less respectable men who generally conduct themselves so discreetly as to have the charge of poaching softened to one of harmless trespassing. In this era of gas-buggies and petrol smoke, the number of hedge-priests ought steadily to increase. For the modern hedge-priest is merely the decent man who finds it well for his immortal soul to stretch his town legs above real grass, and traipse across country without even so much as a golf bag to excuse his rough clothes and carefree manner. A hedge-priest or a Walker is really without shame in the matter of enjoying himself, and doesn't care who observes it.

"The motor car," writes Mr. J. Brooks Atkinson, "has completely separated the walkers from the riders. It is a salutary thing thus to distinguish virtue from vice for all time; but it lays a new responsibility upon the walkers to conduct themselves nobly in God's light lest even a suspicion of vice foul their reputations. They cannot be road-walkers now, like Stevenson, since roads have become arteries — hardened arteries — of traffic. They are pushed willy-nilly into the hills, meadows and woods, beyond the clatter and evil fumes of the highway. It behooves them, therefore, to assert their virtue more then ever. . . . When I see walking-clubs of a Sunday tearing fiercely across the landscape, consulting watches and schedules, wrenching lilacs and pussy-willows, feeding grossly and blowing guttural notes on

the bugle, I cannot help thinking that they are instinctively riders. Their walking is a bastard form of motoring."

It may be well here and now to make yet another very important distinction, namely: the separation of the Walkers from the Hikers, the latter being purely a juvenile group composed of Boy Scouts and some few adults who never pass beyond mental adolescence. These persons, if not always guilty of all the sins enumerated above (and they generally are) are bad enough. They wear high boots and tie red handerkerchiefs about their necks; and they probably sweat too much. The Walkers, on the other hand, know "a land of many paths and no paths, where every one goes his own way and is right."

Your true Walker would make a poor Prohibition enforcement officer; and as a book censor he would be a complete failure.

THE very nature of a hedge-priest's avocation, too, tends to make him a solitary man or one who will permit only the most select company to follow him in his excursions afield. His object is to get away, not only from the gasoline fumes and the hideousness of roadside churches and filling-stations, but from excessive and tiresome people as well. Sometimes it is only for a Sunday, when the human machine, fagged with a week of clock-punching and watching the boss's liver, recovers momentarily and becomes once again personable, no longer automaton. And while a Walker may not cure his renal calculus and gastritis with one fell swoop some Sunday morning, or rid his system of a brace of gall-stones merely by hoofing it through somebody's woodlot, he may do much toward gathering himself together and priming his system for one more gorgeous gin party. The hedge-priest of old was ever a ruddy-faced, lusty gentleman — or oaf, according to one's lights.

STEVENSON, who may be said to have belonged to the later hedge-priesthood, preferred a donkey as companion, and Hazlitt liked a solitary ramble. George Macaulay Trevelyan, the eminent English historian, is, though few know it, a most excellent member of the order, and he is a Walker who advises solitude — except in those rare instances where the perfect companion is to be had. Carlyle, on the other hand, was not averse to a listener's tagging along and is said to have discoursed at his best under such conditions. And even Wordsworth, lover of solitude if there ever was one, traversed in the company with friends, between 175,000 and 180,000 English miles, if we may credit De-Quincey. Keats, Matthew Arnold and Meredith were also "mixed" walkers.

And here the question of mixed *versus* solitary walkers brings up the question of the Loiterers. The Loiterer is that *rara avis* who has the time to linger about the docks in seaport towns, to drift into out-of-the-way corners, to traverse interesting city alleys and perchance pick up a backyard acquaintanceship with a tattoo artist, or a hotel chef, or a pretty hairdresser, or some other great personage. And surely the Loiterer's time is better spent in company with another of his tribe,

since every item of an afternoon's loitering (such as the broad humor of a seaman's Rabelaisian yarn or the sizzling repartee of the backstairs maid-of-all-work) is doubly enjoyed and appreciated if there be two congenial spirits present to hear it, the good humor of each fellow Loiterer heightening that of the other until simultaneously it crackles out into wit itself.

The Loiterer, however, is a frequenter of city streets and as such must be ruled out of the fraternity of hedge-priests and Walkers. And yet — who that ever visited an old city, like Charleston, with its cowled doorways and liveoak trees, moss-hung, and its strange dialect (the worst in the world, yet considered the accent of the angels by the Charlestonians), without finding pleasure in walking the ancient thoroughfares? Or in the streets and by-ways of old Richmond and older Williamsburg? Or Annapolis, Maryland's antique State capital? Or even Baltimore, and Philadelphia, and Boston? And New York — I can scarcely recall a more diverting walk than one taken several years ago when Greenwich Village had not quite been swallowed up. With a friend from our little quarters at 30 Bank Street, we took a route through Chinatown and along the Bowery, and thence to the Battery, where whom should we meet but an old crony we had but a few minutes before been wondering about and had thought was in San Francisco! They say "it could have happened only in New York". . . . At any rate, the three of us trooped down to the Aquarium and, watching the fishes, abandoned ourselves to an orgy of loitering.

No, the hedge-priest may be permitted to brave the petrol smoke and roam the city streets on such occasions as his soul cries out for that exercise, without relinquishing his title of Walker.

It was in a none-too-urban Carolina town that I began, at a tender age (i.e., that age when boys are tough, and glory in it) my ministrations. In those halcyon days, with a boon companion, I was poacher in actual fact, with a smart and criminal little lurcher-dog of my own, a cross between fox-terrier and beagle. In winter it was partridges killed on the Gun Club's property and wild turkeys poached on a great plantation. In summer it was the whopping big black bass, caught with forbidden rod and reel in the town's reservoir of drinking water, where the fish were protected by State and local laws. They *were* the halcyon days. . . .

Since then, I have been but a Walker, in many States along the Atlantic Seaboard. And of all States, Maryland, with its indescribably green hills set in such close proximity to the sea and themselves holding many inland lakes and streams, calls forth my highest praise as a member of the priesthood which holds communion with shadowy paths and sun-filled meadows: Maryland, feathery green and blossomy in spring; Maryland in the red and gold glory of autumn. Even mid-summer and the dead of winter have their charm for the man who walks abroad, casually, in the land of the Calverts, the Free State. Seeing its mellow old stone houses with their

handcut slate roofs and low doorstoops; the trim white fences and velvety downs and sheep; the manor houses with their owners who ride, red-coated, to hounds as their forefathers have done for two centuries. Walter de la Mare, the English poet, compared it with Sussex, adding that even Sussex could not claim hills more green nor an area so graciously extensive. Lizette Woodworth Reese, the Maryland poet, who first introduced Mr. de la Mare to the Maryland terrain, has given a picture of the Old York Road in the first two stanzas of a poem about an old town:

The old thorn-trees of Huntingdon,
Oh, white they blow again!
Oh, white they blow in Huntingdon,
Down an old crooked lane!

In Huntingdon, in Huntingdon!
I swear, by high and low,
That you will find their lovely like
None other place you go.

It is necessary that your companion be a fully-qualified member of the clan of Walkers on such a day in spring. For a dull fellow will be at pains to comment brightly upon "the view", and being dull, will deal only in banalities.

THE question of whether or not to take your dog depends entirely upon the dog, and whether he cares to accompany you. If he is the right kind of a dog, he will. Once and for all, however, the Walker should put behind him all hunting dogs — except possibly a very old and sagacious setter. Young and vigorous bird dogs will naturally hunt, and it would be a crime to put them on leash. A wise old foxhound or a bright little beagle may make a pleasant companion for a time, but here again instincts are at variance with a pleasant ramble. The riot of smells in a woodland will soon carry a trailing dog away — the beagle will go bawling after the first rabbit that bobs up.

And beware, O my Walker, the headstrong, self-assertive tyke that will not come to heel on call, but keeps (with malice prepense) just out of sight behind yonder hedge, the while you yell your lungs raw and whistle until the very crows caw at you in derision! Finally, having started home with the feeling that the beast will surely be killed by a motor car and your walk ruined, you suddenly recover your poise as the "lost" culprit joins you quietly from his resting place a few yards away.

WHEN you select your canine friend, let it rather be a small terrier of some reasonable and true-and-tried strain. They are a companionable race of dogs, sporting-looking enough, yet so purely amateur, so non-professional, that their masters need never fear to be abandoned for the first trace of wild game which crosses the path. Your terrier will evince vast interest in a ground-squirrel's den and will dig furiously, if encouraged. But he will also be with you when you sit quietly upon some old gray stone to rest and meditate, and he will not (if he is the gentleman he ought to be) annoy you by requiring too many attentions of you.

The question of feminine companionship? It should never be an issue to trouble the Walker. And yet, such is the lamentable change in our concepts and attitudes, it needs must be.

Time was when a man would have as soon invited a lady of his acquaintance to go jump in the river as ask her to take a walk from one village to the next. Her menfolk, if she had any, would likely hear about such a proposal — for it would be a proposal, in the lady's mind — and would shoot the bold offender full of holes. But now, it is even said that our modern amazons have so far put off womanly restraint as to suggest hiking with men as a polite and desirable form of recreation, and at outrageous distances! Is there no holding them? It seems immoral. In the old days, ladies did not walk, they took a stroll in the garden. Fancy a gentleman's suggesting to milady that they lose themselves in the fastnesses of a public park or walk away together into yonder secluded (and hence, ungenteel) hills! The imagination falters.

And your woman hiker, God forbid that we should come to this! But we have. And she is the very epitome of *it* with a lower-case *i*, the Simonpure and unadulterated lady-wowser. Is there anything in the heavens above or the earth below or the waters under the earth more fearsomely unattractive than a fat girl in knickers? Or a lean girl? Or a bandy-legged girl? Or — but here I stop. Paraphrasing Izaak Walton's Dr. Boteler, whose classic pronouncement concerning the strawberry is essentially sound, I say: Doubtless God could have made a more distressing sight, but doubtless He never did. Amen. Let no near-sighted Walker mistake a pariah of a female hiker for an honest hedge-wench, well-met. There is a difference.

Walking with a poor companion becomes rapidly a dogged kind of toil — practically hiking. Yet he who walks alone or with the perfect comradeship which the heart could desire must be prepared to meet with fortitude certain annoyances which are to be found even in the almost perfect Maryland Free State.

He may come to the close of a soul-satisfying day, only to find that he has lost his favorite pipe. And to a Walker (who is always a Pipe-Smoker, of course) the loss of a sweetly-seasoned and carbonized briar is great indeed. So he will turn back, even though dusk be falling and lights are beginning to glimmer in the valley below. And in a vain search for it along the path, he is sure to contract a grand case of ivy poisoning — the sinister, three-leaved plant being exceedingly rank in its growth along the woodland ways, placed there, quite likely, by the Hikers' personal devil, but trapping honest Walkers as well.

Then it is that the Walker's forebearance is tested as never before. For when he goes down to the office on Monday, his hands and possibly his neck and face swathed in bandages to prevent the irritation from spreading, he will meet with small sympathy. It is not enough that he should endure the smarting and stinging which the countless little blisters provoke; he must listen all day long to the jibes of his office associates. "Hmmm," the office smart-cracker will say, with a leer at the boss's stenographer, "hmmm! Jim's got poison ivy! Jim's got poison ivy!"

But even in such an extremity,

the Walker can turn discomfiture to good account. Is he not, by the very circumstances of his misfortune, shown to be a man of the fields and woods, a Nimrod, a mighty hunter? Does he not commune with Nature, at one with God's great out-of-doors? And if the low jests continue, may he not pardonably accept *that* too, with the air of one who knows? Assuredly. For, as of old, sweet dalliance was ever one of the chief attributes of the Green Guild, the Walkers, those intimate associates of hedge and by-path, who, as we know, were ever ready to take the protected hare and to pluck the forbidden cherry.

## Gypsy Fires

By Harry Lee

The gypsy folk are weird, wild folk,
The wide, wide world their home,
And they are kin to imp and elf,
To goblin and to gnome.

By blackthorn hedge and heathered hill,
By ruined brig and cairn,
A trundling, toppling caravan
From grand-dam to the bairn.

They go, they go, through wind and rain,
Like brawling, burly bees,
At dusk they halt their mangy nags
Among the wayside trees.

They build a fire by the road,
And while the gray owls hoot,
And while the blue smoke hovers,
They count their ill-got loot.

Clad in the garish light they dance
With crashing tambourine,
With jangling bangles, wrist and arm,
In rags of red and green.

The gypsy folk are weird, wild folk,
And they must wander on,
The nomadie is over them
Ere ever breaks the dawn.

And though I go the ordered way,
And seek the common goal,
The glamour of the gypsy fires
Is dancing in my soul.

# The Turkish Woman of Today

By Harold Armstrong

*Bewilderingly, after a brief taste of independence, she is, says a recent traveller, again accepting the veil held out by jealous males*

The Near East has been a turmoil of revolutions during the last ten years. Chance has allowed me to study many of these, and the part played by women in them, at close quarters; in Russia; in North Italy, where the Communists seized the Piedmont, and in the subsequent reaction to Fascism; in Albania; in Greece, where in the space of ten years they ejected a king, recalled him, proclaimed a republic to find it an autocracy, and revolted again and again — fickle and unstable as the Athenian character, which is always unfaithful to every allegiance.

But of all, the Turkish revolution has been the most dramatic and the most arresting.

Thirty years ago the Ottoman Empire was dead, a corpse kept artificially alive by the Great Powers. The Great War broke up the body, but out of the fragments has sprung a new Turkish nation with the will to live. Its future, in face of immense difficulties, is still problematic, and the least known quantity in it is the Turkish woman.

Before the war the Turks shut their women away. In their villages I have sat the live-long day basking in the sun with the men on the village green or outside the café. Round us the houses, as all Turkish houses, would be silent, characterless, the doors closed, the windows barred and latticed. There would be no sound of laughter, nor of woman calling to woman, nor even talk, except where we sat sedate and polite, smoking leisurely, occasionally exchanging polite remarks. Now and again a woman would pass to fetch water from the well, like a ghost in the sunlight, dressed either in black with a thick veil, or in the peasant dress of colored bloomers, blouse and brocaded coat, and over her head a white towel which she would draw across her face, leaving only one eye exposed.

If I stayed in the headman's home as his guest, I might hear his women whispering in the passage as they brought up the food, but I never met or spoke to them.

In the towns I saw the women only as hooded shapes, dressed in

unwieldy black clothes and closely veiled, featureless, cut off from life. They lived in seclusion, speaking to no one except their husbands or their close relations, and occasionally meeting other women for a gossip. Their only functions were to breed, to work, to amuse their men at home. They took no part in the daily affairs of life. And this made all Turkish life for a foreigner dull, insipid, flat with that dreariness that would come of living always in a men's club.

At home the women lazed, smoked a little, talked a little, did a little house-work, bore and nursed children. The few who could, read French novels, which, written for the cold, logical French mind, had an erotic effect on the hot-blooded Turks.

They were all religious, even fanatical, but Islam did not give them the same scope as Christianity. Islam is essentially a man-made religion for men. It has no human appeal to correspond to that of the Virgin Mary or of Mary Magdalene.

Women in all spheres, material and mental, were mere adjuncts to their men, and the attitude of the Turk was that women were the weaker vessels morally as well as physically. He must protect them and guard them. Eaten up by a fierce jealousy, he tried to lock them securely away.

A Turkish woman told me that she was veiled at nine years of age. At fourteen she was married to a husband she had never seen before. After that, she went out of her house not more than once a month, and always with her husband or mother. For that outing she prepared for days beforehand, and talked of for days afterward. I once had in my office in Constantinople a grandmother of thirty. Her daughter was seventeen and her grandson three.

Another Turkish woman, Fatmah Hanum, told me a story that paints the secluded life of her sex more vividly than pages of description. Just before the war a few Turkish women were making a bid for more freedom. One or two of these used to visit Fatmah Hanum when her husband was away at his office. One day they teased her, saying that her husband was old-fashioned and prim because he gave her no liberty. Fatmah loved her husband; she resented what they said and boasted that she could come and go as she liked. Whereupon her friends invited her to tea at their flat the next day.

Now she was in a quandary. Her husband was the strictest of the strict, and even if he agreed that she should go out it would be only with him or her mother. She thought out a plan. She told her husband that she must make an urgent purchase at the dressmaker's next day. After some discussion, he agreed somewhat grumpily, and against his wishes. They set out walking, as they always did, the husband in front and Fatmah behind, heavily veiled and dressed in the formless bundle of clothes that hid all signs of her sex.

At the dressmaker's her husband waited at the door as usual. Fatmah Hanum had arranged her plan with a girl friend who had more liberty than herself, and who was in the shop to meet her. This girl, as soon as Fatmah Hanum arrived, dropped her own veil and walked out to the

waiting husband. Imitating Fatmah's voice through the thick, concealing cloth, she told him that her purchase would not be ready for half an hour, and they must walk a little. He agreed and set off, thinking his wife was behind him. Meanwhile Fatmah Hanum hurried out of the shop to the flat where her friends were waiting expectant, but not believing that she could carry out her promise.

"THERE!" she exclaimed, dashing in. "You see that my husband is not so stiff and old-fashioned as you said. He has let me come and I am here alone. But I'm busy and cannot wait;" and she hurried back to the shop with honor satisfied. In due course the husband, walking stiff and sedate, returned with his changeling wife behind him. The two girls changed places in the shop and Fatmah Hanum returned home behind her husband without his guessing what had happened.

To anyone who has not seen Turkish life under the old conditions this story may seem incredible, and also that it should be possible to shut away the whole woman population. This, however, can still be seen today in the British governed island of Cyprus.

The results were bad. The women were ignorant and uneducated — the Turks had never considered the educational value of mothers. They were unable to hold or amuse their men, who lived loosely and unrestrainedly. The children grew up ignorant and spoilt, as might be expected with such mothers.

Seclusion did not prevent intrigue. The Turkish woman thought of it always. It was the theme of half her conversations. She had little else to think of, and the Turks are naturally hot-blooded. The veil often helped her. A husband might meet his own wife in the street and have no idea that it was she. There were cases where a husband, under the impression that he had started a new and pleasant intrigue, followed his own wife to their mutual discomfort. Dressmakers, street-vendors, servants, made a trade of carrying illicit messages and arranging lovers' meetings. The whole life was intensely artificial, intensely sexual and vicious, and the thrill of secrecy, of the forbidden and of the dangerous, acted as a spur. In judging modern Turkish women it must be remembered that it is less than ten years since this was their normal life.

THE Great War had little apparent effect. A few women did some civilian work, and some were employed as nurses. The wives of the German officers in Constantinople brought in a few new ideas. But as late as 1917 when I was in a hospital ward with a number of Turkish officers, a Turkish nurse, with a doctor, came to take a temperature, and the officers ordered her out of the room. Later they sent a protest to the hospital authorities against women being allowed uncovered in the hospital, and especially before a foreigner.

Change, however, was on the way. Polygamy and the harems, though still lawful, were dead. Polygamy was a relic of nomad days when the Turks lived the primitive life of wanderers, in tents, searching for grass for their flocks. Under primitive conditions each wife and child

is an asset. The wife works for her husband; a daughter can be sold to link the family with a rich neighbor; sons are the natural and the best form of insurance, for they look after their parents. But under settled, and even more under town conditions, each wife becomes an expense and the children eat more than they can ever make. It was always a recognized convention among the Turks that a man must keep all his wives in equal luxury, and if one took more wives than he could afford, it was a shameful thing and a scandal. In 1918 a Turk was entitled to have four wives, but, except for the Sultan and a rich man or two, few Turks had more than one wife. Economic conditions had made polygamy impossible.

So, too, with harems; the days of palaces and great country houses were gone. The Turks had become poor. When Suleiman the Magnificent ruled and Turkey was great there were palaces within which fountains played into pools where lazy goldfish swam, and drowsy eunuchs sat gossiping on marble steps, and ladies might loll on silk-covered divans eating sweetmeats that slaves brought them, or wander in rose gardens. By 1918 these were things of the past and, as a Turkish woman said to me, "How can my husband expect to shut me up in a two-room flat?" Economic conditions had destroyed the harem. The men as a whole were against the freedom of women, but stern facts were defeating them.

With the Armistice, the Ottoman Empire and all the Turkish life was smashed to pieces. The Allies respected the conventions, but in 1919 the Greeks came to Smyrna and at once swept into Anatolia, murdering, raping, destroying, right into the heart of Turkey. The old conventions, ideas, systems were swept away. The Turks were fighting for life, home, existence.

The Turkish women have always been fiercely patriotic and, when roused, full of hatreds and enthusiasms. They blazed up magnificently. They stumped the villages, raising the peasants, collecting recruits. They swung into the front line. It was pathetic to hear them, when they were fighting for existence, swear that they would bear a child each year until Turkey should be great and the country full of men to chase out the foreigners. In that promise they have failed.

Some fought as men. Others collected intelligence. Others carried stores and ammunition to the fighting troops. When victory came, the statue to commemorate it in Angora consisted of four figures, one of which was rightly a woman carrying ammunition into action.

Victory was followed by revolution. The Ottoman Empire was declared dead; all trace of it was rooted out; the Sultan was ejected; the Khalifate destroyed. Angora, an Anatolian village, replaced as capital the old imperial city, Constantinople. The Ottoman Empire, the head of Islam, became a secular republic, and religion was actively discouraged. The rulers came down to details of the lives of the people; polygamy was made illegal; the fez was replaced by a peaked hat; women were encouraged to unveil,

come out of their seclusion and take up life on equal terms with men. There was an attempt to make a clean break with the past. These events I watched at close quarters from 1918 on for several years. And I have recently returned from an extensive tour of the interior of Turkey.

A great deal of nonsense has been written about the present position, mainly by newspaper correspondents who have visited Constantinople, perhaps got as far as Angora and talked to a few advanced Turkish ladies and Government officials. Not one has penetrated into the villages of the interior or off the railway line.

THE mass of the Turkish women were little affected by the revolution. They live again much the same secluded lives as they did before. Men are forced by law to wear peaked hats instead of fezzes, but the veil for women is optional. In Constantinople perhaps 90 per cent of the women go unveiled; in Smyrna perhaps 60 per cent, and in Adalia perhaps 40 per cent. The rest, and in all the towns and villages of the interior, are strictly veiled. In Cæsarea I saw only one woman unveiled, and she was no better than she ought to be. In Adana few walk about uncovered.

I have watched the women at the money-changers', converting into gold the paper money which they suspect. They fingered the gold, then cautiously and awkwardly held up a corner of a veil to inspect it, taking good care all the time that neither I nor the money-changer should see their faces.

Even in Angora itself the majority were veiled, or at least wore the old costume of *charchaff* with the veil thrown back over the head. And in the old town inside the castle walls on the hill above Angora, where live most of the minor Government officials, the women all went veiled.

THE practice is a curious and very ancient survival. It is not laid down in the Koran, nor did the Prophet order it, though he had little belief in the virtue of women. The Byzantines at one time veiled their women. Some Christian sects in the Lebanon do so today. Its origin lies away back in the dim twilight of history. There was a tradition as old as time that the devil could whisper in the ears of a woman and produce abortion. Women covered their ears and so their hair. St. Paul, looking at it from another angle, orders that women have their hair covered when they enter the house of worship. From such sources and out of the passionate male jealousy of Arabs and Turks, has grown the veiling of women.

The veil is a true symbol of the fact that the vast mass of Turkish women live in the old bondage, untouched by modern reforms. The Turkish Government is carrying out an extensive educational scheme which will undoubtedly vitally change the outlook of the next generation. But this generation of women has failed to grasp the great opportunities given them. In more speeches than one Mustapha Kemal has expressed his disapproval of the retrograde outlook of the Turkish women of the interior of Turkey.

There is, however, a small section of the Turkish women who are advanced. They are usually well educated and speak several languages.

Many have been trained at Robert College, the American University on the Bosphorus, and know English well, and it is possible to get into touch with them and their ideas at once.

These ladies have discarded the veil and flung away all the distinctive Turkish dress. From the old seclusion they have swept to the other extreme. They have become more European than the European, more extravagant in dress, in dancing, in talking, in outlook and manner of life. As one said to me, "We have become more infidel than the infidel."

THE physical result is disappointing. Here and there one sees a girl of Circassian blood who is exquisitely beautiful, but as a whole the Turkish women are unlovely. Their ancestors have mixed their blood with every race in the Ottoman Empire, Arabs, Egyptians, Syrians, Armenians, Greeks, Circassians, Albanians, Jews. They admired fat women. The results today are ungainly figures and legs and sallow complexions. The old Turkish dress was capable of making a plain woman look attractive. It gave an air of simplicity, of mystery and charm. European clothes do not suit as well. I have been at tea-parties in the suburbs of Constantinople to which the women came in the old dress and then took off the *charchaff* cloak and the head-dress, and the result was to destroy the illusion of their good looks.

In 1922 it seemed as if this section of Turkish women were going to take an active and important part in the reconstruction of Turkey; many held important posts. They were patriotic, religious, fired with enthusiasm; I believed then that they would make a good show. Today they have little influence. They do not fill business or the professions as in England and America. They confine themselves to the lesser educational posts and to their family and social affairs.

THE majority of Turks dislike the liberty of women, and they hate the idea of their women meeting face to face and talking with foreigners. I have tested it in many places by asking Turks what they would think if they saw me talking to a Turkish woman. One and all they expressed their dislike, ranging from intense hatred to courteous disapproval. They are as they have always been, intensely jealous, a jealousy that has nothing to do with their religion, but is male and animal, and increased by their dislike of foreigners. Even the handful who rule Turkey, who are very advanced in their views, who are encouraging the women to discard the veil and take up civilian work, cannot free themselves of this feeling. Except in Constantinople, it would be unwise, even dangerous, for a foreigner to talk to a Turkish woman, and if a Turkish woman talked with a man other than those of her own family, there would probably be trouble and she would certainly be ill thought of.

Where the veil has been discarded, as in Constantinople, there is a curious and outstanding change. Sex has ceased to be the one absorbing topic, the one amusement, the one aim in life among Turks. In fact, the men seem to have lost interest in the women. Perhaps the wearing of

European clothes and the freedom has destroyed the lure of the secret and the forbidden. For example, I sat eating *muhalibe*, a Turkish sweet, in a shop in Skutari, when two smartly dressed and good-looking Turkish girls came in, sat at the next table, and, when they had finished, paid their bill and went out. Up to 1923 they would certainly have been followed by half a dozen young bloods, an officer or two, and perhaps a couple of cadets from the military college. But these two were unnoticed. No man waited outside the shop on the chance of catching their eye, nor did the shopman even look at them with interest. And I got the impression that the women rather missed the old days and wanted someone to look at them, notice them, even follow them.

BRIEFLY, Turkey is in the transition stage. Its future is problematic. The handful who rule are, in the face of great odds, trying to form it into a state. They have still much to destroy before they can hope to build clean and well, and they are still destroying. One of the greatest problems is the women. As a whole they have slipped back into the old life, veiled, secluded, ignorant, fanatical as before, and in this they are encouraged by the men. To change this is to get at the heart of the whole problem.

If the rulers with their advanced views and their extensive educational policy can retain power for a generation, they will change the whole life of Turkey. If they fall before that there is no telling what will happen.

# Liberals and the Church

By Selden Peabody Delany

*An observer standing between the extremists ponders the possible benefits of forbearance in the present disputes of religious radicals and conservatives*

In most of the theological discussions which nowadays are accorded such liberal space in the public press, much prominence has been given to the personal element. From a journalistic standpoint this is naturally the most valued element in any news story. But the result has been that many readers have gained the impression that the papers, and inferentially the public at large, have been interested not so much in the truth or falsity of sensational expressions of theological opinion as in the success or failure of certain widely known clergymen to maintain their freedom of utterance.

That large portion of the public whose opinions are formed by the newspapers apparently cares very little whether Dr. Fosdick was right in his contention that the Presbyterian Church ought to be large enough to embrace those who believe in the Virgin Birth of Christ and those who do not. The public, like Gallio, seems to care for none of these things. The public is primarily interested in Dr. Fosdick. Here is an outstanding personality with many striking qualities as a man and preacher, and someone has evidently been trying to muzzle him. He stands forth as a champion of free speech and the right to think for himself. The sympathy, if not of the whole public, at any rate of large sections of it, is frankly with this liberal preacher.

This presents an interesting problem in contemporary social psychology. Why is it that in America today the popular sympathy is almost always on the side of the men who are accused of departing from the traditional beliefs of their Church? Let us set down, with as much fairness as we can command in an atmosphere so overcharged with theological prejudice and bitterness, some of the mental and emotional factors which account for such sympathy.

The public admires the courage of such men. They have dared to criticize widely accepted standards and beliefs. They are not afraid to face a possible ecclesiastical trial which might lead to their being deprived of their official titles and honors. They are not dismayed by persecution in its unpleasant modern

form of bitter innuendoes and scornful sneers. They are regarded by many as pathfinders blazing a trail through the forests of ignorance and superstition to the open country of God's truth. They display many of the qualities which have always elicited hero worship on the part of the populace.

THE public entertains a suspicion that these men who defy tradition are but following the example of Jesus Christ when He denounced the Pharisees for imposing on the people heavy "burdens grievous to be borne," and for making the word of God of no effect by their tradition. He did not hesitate to break the traditional hampering restrictions of Sabbath observance by allowing His disciples to pluck ears of corn on the Sabbath day. He enunciated the true principle governing such actions when He said, "The Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath." On this ground it is argued that religious teachers should be left free to follow what they regard as the leading of the Holy Spirit, even when they are thereby violating credal obligations which they have promised to observe. Those who criticize such men, it is contended, are but taking their stand with the narrow-minded and self-righteous Pharisees who criticized and persecuted Christ.

We should always, it is claimed, be open-minded toward new truth. In science, politics, and history, we esteem it a virtue to be ever in search of new facts, new systems, new remedies. Why should it not be a virtue in religion? With ever-widening vistas of scientific truth spreading out before us, with our deeper understanding through the new psychology of the workings of the human mind, and with the insight gained by the application of critical and historical methods to the study of early documents and the history of religions, we ought to be in a much better position to construct an adequate religion for the modern world than men of more limited opportunities who lived nineteen centuries ago. It is felt that any ecclesiastical obscurantist who attempts to hinder these bold pioneers in their work of spiritual discovery is committing a crime against humanity.

ONE of the root principles of the Protestant Reformation was the right of the individual to interpret the Bible by his own unaided reason, and to formulate his own conclusions in all matters pertaining to religion. A Protestant preacher should therefore have the right to preach whatever religious ideas he has arrived at through an earnest and prayerful study of the Scriptures. With Catholics the case is admittedly different. Catholics are under authority, and hold that the Church is the only interpreter of Holy Scripture, and therefore Catholic preachers are permitted to teach merely such doctrines as are in accord with the Church's authoritative tradition.

Just as popular trust in governments has been rudely shaken in our modern world, so has the confidence of religious people in their ecclesiastical authorities. Many nations would welcome a dictator like Mussolini who would take their so-called representative assemblies by the scruff of the neck and make them carry out the popular will. If this violent

method may be resorted to in the sphere of government, why may it not also be legitimate in the ecclesiastical sphere? Should we not welcome any strong man who will have the courage to dictate to general assemblies and councils of bishops and make them accept the kind of religion that the people want? After all, we live in a democratic age. Why should not religion, like everything else, be made democratic? Let us decide by popular vote just what we need to believe and to do in order to be saved.

Such are some of the factors that account for the popular sympathy that almost always greets theological insurgents, at least in the United States. Without attempting a categorical reply to the reasons above detailed, must we not in all fairness ask what considerations may be urged on the other side of the question? The three following arguments have been urged on behalf of those who are trying to defend the traditional Christian beliefs.

THE first question we should attempt to answer is whether religious truth is of the same character as scientific truth. If it is, then undoubtedly we should always be ready to welcome new truth. We should strive to maintain the hopeful attitude of seekers, and beware of falling into the self-satisfied attitude of those who have found. If, on the other hand, religious truth for the Christian is that body of facts and principles which has been definitely revealed by God — progressively through the Hebrew lawgivers and prophets, finally and completely through His Incarnate Son, Jesus Christ — then the only religious truth with which we need concern ourselves is fixed and unchangeable. The investigations of Biblical exegetes and dogmatic theologians can neither add to it nor subtract from it. To the Christian who believes in revelation, whatever is new in religious truth is necessarily false. "No man having drunk old wine straightway desireth new: for he saith, the old is better." This is quite a different situation from that which we meet with in the study of science. For there it is almost always the new that is valuable and the old that is false and outworn.

THIS does not mean that our comprehension of the truth that God has revealed may not change. There remains legitimate room for development both for the individual and for the Church. The individual, as his spiritual experience grows wider and deeper, discovers an ever richer significance in the truths of the faith which he has accepted. The Church, too, believes in development of doctrine. After the early ecumenical councils had restated and redefined the belief of the Church in the fact of the Incarnation, the Church had a far clearer understanding of the divine Person and the divine and human natures of Jesus Christ than did the Church of the Apostolic Age. This is true notwithstanding the fact that the conciliar decrees of Nicæa and Chalcedon and Ephesus added nothing to the truth about Christ which He Himself had revealed to His apostles.

It has happened from time to time that the Christian faith has been restated and redefined by the Church in language that would be intelligible

to the thought of the day. In the Nicene period it was restated in terms of the Greek philosophy; in the Middle Ages, in terms of the scholastic philosophy. If we ever succeed in working out a coherent modern philosophy which will prove generally acceptable, the old revealed truth may need to be restated again. This restatement must be done by the whole Church, not by self-chosen individuals. It will never, however, be necessary nor even possible that any new truth should be discovered which must be added to what God has already revealed. The restated faith must be the same faith which was implicitly held by the first generations of Christians; only the necessities of adaptation have led to its being unfolded into the more explicit and developed faith of a later age.

Most of the religious organizations which we loosely call churches (it is difficult to see how there can be more than one Church, if the Church is the Body of Christ) have drawn up definite standards of belief. This is quite as true of the Protestant group as of the Catholic. When a man is ordained to the ministry of a religious body he pledges himself to preach and teach in conformity with the creeds and confessional standards which that religious body has set forth as a concise summary of the truths of the Gospel. He promises to preach the Gospel as thus interpreted by the Church which has given him his commission and authority. The Gospel as preached by a Presbyterian minister is not the same Gospel as that preached by a Unitarian minister; and both are considerably removed from the Gospel as preached by a Catholic priest.

If the individual clergyman has ceased to believe in the standards of doctrine and morals which at his ordination he promised to uphold, he is admittedly free to resign from the ministry altogether. If he does not wish to do that, he may become an independent teacher with a pulpit of his own; or he may apply for ordination either in some religious body with whose tenets he is more in sympathy, or in some organization like the Community Church, which imposes no restrictions of belief upon its pastors or members.

He may think it his duty to remain where he is and throw the weight of his influence into an effort to reform the credal statements of his Church so that they may be more in harmony with his own opinions. If he chooses this course it would seem more ethical, if not more dignified and well-mannered, for him to retire temporarily from his position as an official teacher of the Church and endeavor through personal influence and through his writings to bring the rest of the Church to his way of thinking. If the standards and beliefs of the Church are to be changed it would seem self-evident that the Church, and not the individual clergyman, must change them.

It is true that we live in a democratic age; and there is much to be said on Christian grounds for democracy as a method of secular government. It fits in admirably with the Golden Rule: we should like to see all our neighbors have a voice in

determining how they shall be governed, because we wish to have something to say as to how we shall be governed. This is the principle of democracy, that every man and woman should have a voice in the government. When it comes to religion, there is not so much to be said for democracy. The Christian religion at any rate undeniably began with the preaching of a kingdom, the Kingdom of God. By no possible interpretation can we make the Kingdom of God over into a democracy or a Soviet republic.

THE Christian religion is concerned with the truth that God has revealed. The primary necessity is that we should find out what that truth is and what God wants us to do; what requirements He has laid down for admission into His Kingdom; what means He has established to give us His help. We cannot answer these questions by holding a plebiscite. Not even by the initiative, referendum, and recall can we gain the light we need.

A favorite hymn with Christians of every age is *Onward, Christian Soldiers*. They are called soldiers because they belong to an army, and that army is the Church Militant here on earth. The Church is an army with God as its Leader. Never yet in the history of the world has it been found practicable to manage an army on democratic principles. There can be no effective army without discipline and obedience to orders.

Democracy may be the ideal form of government, but it has its limitations. It cannot be applied to every human situation. It will not work in time of war. Its usefulness may be doubted in family life or in education. It is not applicable to the Christian religion. What Christians need is not more democracy, but more love and obedience.

These are the two opposing sides in the controversy. They might be designated, by one not wholly in sympathy with either of them, as the spirit of worldliness and the spirit of ecclesiasticism. They seem as wide apart as the poles. Is there any way of making peace between them and welding them into a permanent unity? Is it possible to arrive at a synthesis which will harmoniously combine the critical tendency in religion with the conservative?

If it is anybody's business to attempt such an apparently hopeless task it is the business of the Church. For the Church ideally must be filled with the Spirit of the Good Shepherd, Who bears gently and lovingly with those who are out of the way, goes after them, gives Himself to them, draws them nearer to Himself and leads them safely back into the fold. He said Himself, "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the sons of God." If such peacemakers are not to be found among the members of His Church, where can they be found?

IT IS the Christian character that makes for peace. To possess true interior peace means to be in union with God and with our neighbors. It is nothing less than the fulness of love. To bring men into this union with God and their brethren, it is necessary to manifest in our dealings with them the spirit of Christ which is perfect love. "Love suffereth long and is kind," "love thinketh no evil."

To all men of good-will the force of true Christian love is irresistible.

Yet we know also that we cannot be indifferent to the cause of truth. In dwelling on the principle that God is Love, we must not forget that God is Truth. To strive for peace by making a compromise between truth and error is but to make way for that false peace which Christ refused to give. ("Not peace, but a sword.") We can have no patience with the shallow sophistry that it makes no difference what we believe if we are trying to live rightly, because in the long run it is what we believe about God and our relations with Him and our eternal destiny that will determine the kind of life we shall live. Each man must hold and teach what he is fully persuaded in his own mind is true. If he is in error, let wise men, who know the truth, lovingly and firmly show him in what way he has erred. God's truth will prevail in the end. "Great is the truth, and stronger than all things." (I. Esdras 4:35.)

Does not this simple combination of truth with love suggest a possible means of attaining peace? Men must be guided into the truth by the Spirit and by the methods of love. Where can we find a better guiding principle than the inspired phrase of St. Paul, "speaking the truth in love"? (Eph. 4:15.) Let us see then what are some of the practical implications of this method.

We should all set forth, positively and constructively, the truth as we see it, instead of wasting our time and stirring up strife by attacking what we consider the errors and heresies of our neighbors. Christian teachers are never so unconvincing as when they are on the defensive. They convey the impression that the Church is weak and that the faith is crumbling under the attacks of the enemy. The truth of God does not need defending, it needs exposition. The Church has a positive message to deliver to the world, the good news of the Gospel, and along with the delivery of that message the Church must carry on an aggressive campaign against the forces of evil in the world. Those tasks will require all her energies and it is foolish to fritter them away on internal strife.

Heresy trials are to be avoided at all costs. They simply generate the spirit of hatred and animosity among Christians who ought to live and work together as brethren. Furthermore, they may spread broadcast the opinions of the men who are being tried. One heresy trial is worth millions in publicity to the accused, and it severely retards the cause of true religion and virtue.

It would be far better if those who are maintaining the traditional Christian beliefs would redeem the opportunities afforded by theological controversy, and use the space that may be placed at their disposal in the public press to set the public right on the issues in question. Public controversies of this kind always turn the attention of serious-minded people to the works of scholars who have dealt exhaustively with the subjects under debate. During the time when the papers were giving so much space to the utterances of one noted religious radical, the New York supply of the first American edition of Bishop Gore's brilliant

work on *Belief in Christ* was exhausted in a few weeks. In the end, such controversy can only serve to promote the cause of truth.

However much we may differ with one another, would it not be possible for all of us to manifest greater confidence and trust in men who appear to be sincere followers of Christ? Might we not endeavor to think the best of them, rather than the worst? It would certainly be a salutary exercise in Christian charity if we could strive to see things from the standpoint of men who differ from us, show an appreciative grasp of the elements of truth in their theological position, and render them such loving assistance as we may in their difficulties.

There are two ways of attaining what we must all recognize as a desirable Christian ideal — that we should be "all of one mind" in the Church of God. One choice is the way of force, or ecclesiastical militarism. By this method oneness of mind is secured by driving everybody out of the Church who does not see eye to eye with those in power, or with the majority. The other way is the way of love. According to this method, however much we may differ in theological opinion, we can at least "have compassion one of another," and we can "love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous, not rendering evil for evil, nor railing for railing, but contrariwise blessing." In this atmosphere of fellowship and courtesy, it would be possible for Christian brethren who hold divergent views to gain a more sympathetic understanding of each other's position; the rough points of difference would be softened down or disappear entirely; allowance could be made for differences of temperament or of philosophical background; and ultimately this oneness of heart and spirit might amalgamate the two contrary positions into a higher synthesis. The way of love would seem more in harmony with the Spirit of Christ than the way of force.

# Invasion

By Phyllis Bottome

The scented evening was too beautiful, the moss-grown terrace of the Italian garden too full of an old magic. There was a cruelty in the young leaves which glistened in the failing light; the vivid scents of the flowers caught and clung to Stella like tiny fierce hands, twisting and tearing at her heart.

The garden wanted to make her love David. The lilac was clamorous for it, the pungent heliotrope enmeshed her like a net. She could not break through the scents of all the flowers to the clear isolation which her soul loved. Only her heart rebelled against these treacherous, romantic pressures. For twenty-five years she had kept free, no tie had held her except the inviolate bond of her music.

"Why won't you listen to me?" David urged. "What makes you so cruel and aloof? What makes your heart so cold and hard?"

"It isn't yours," said Stella with sudden brutality. "It's neither hard nor cold; it's merely my own!"

"Then why do you hold me like a dog on a chain?" he demanded. "For years you've let me follow you. Do you dare to tell me that you've done it without love?"

She knew she had held him; but he was punishing her for her virtues. It was her kindness and her patience which had kept him near her — never her love.

"You asked me to try to learn to care for you," she said in a low voice, "that's been my mistake. I *have* tried. But at least if I've failed I've cared for you more than for any other man; and if you want to know, I always shall. There is no one else."

She shut her eyes, and again the lilac caught and shook her; the scented darkness was more dangerous than David.

"I would leave you free as air," he pleaded. "I love your music, I understand it. Haven't I even written it for you? I don't want to touch your career. I know instinctively just how much you can care — and just how little! What I can't for the life of me see is why you won't let go, let go for one moment — risk something — and see what comes of it!"

Stella hesitated. Let go? Yes — but let go of what? She couldn't let go, when she didn't know what she was holding on to!

"I want to give you what I can't," she said at last. "But if you were to take the shell of me, and that's all I could let you take, you might break something in me, something which you can never reach. That's why I won't say 'Do with me what

you like!' I'm tired enough to say it!"

He was silent for a long time; when he spoke again some of the weariness she felt had crept into his voice: "Well," he said, "you've been as generous perhaps as you can be. I asked you for this month in Italy alone together as a final trial. I see I've failed. Something is between us. I don't know what, but something as tangible as another man."

She felt his hand close on hers, and neither resisted nor returned his pressure. She could not feel in herself anything that answered to his claim on her.

"How monotonous love is," she said impatiently, withdrawing her cool fingers, "and how tyrannical! Your wishes and your fears close me in like the lid of a box. I don't *want* to feel like that. I don't want to be imprisoned by your hands and arms, by your tenderness even! I feel better when you take your hand away — more alive. Now leave me for a little, David. I must get ready for my concert. In two hours I must play."

"WHY do you cut me away from your public life too?" he demanded fiercely. "You have never let me hear you play. There isn't a piece of you I'm free to call mine. I may give you anything I've got — the music for your art out of my very soul — and you'll take it, but I'm not to hear it — not in public when you're really free — for even you know that an artist's only half an artist without his audience!"

"My dear," she said quietly, "I don't trust myself. No one is real to me except you. The audience are all shadows, and I am not afraid of shadows. If you were there I might feel your real presence, and it would disturb me. I have a feeling that something might happen to me — I don't know what!"

"Try!" he said with sudden eagerness. "Let us see what will happen! Perhaps the thing that is between us is just that you have shut me out from what you care for most. All love is sharing. Begin to share your work with me, and who knows but what I shall find your hidden heart?"

STELLA moved uneasily. She wished she were one of the invisible creatures of the night which can fly away and hide under the thin darkness of leaves. These rights claimed by other human beings, how she rebelled against them, how little she wanted to share their strange privileges! She had had all her life a fear that she might be forced to a point where emotion would be stronger than her art. Her only safety was in keeping away from people; she wanted them always at a distance, as an audience, a glass into which she might pour the sacred wine from her 'cello. Her playing was famous for its reticence, its disinterested perfection. She wasn't a woman playing — forcing her facile human feelings into the channel of the great composers — she was a sexless intellect which divined and revealed their meaning, and nothing else than their meaning. And now David asked her to risk her classical purity, to muddy the sources of the crystal stream by his warm human presence!

In her imagination she felt suddenly the weight of her 'cello. Once

more it rested between her shoulder and her knee, held so carefully with its pointed foot on the floor, and its carved head resting above her heart, heavy and silent until she released its great, grave voice.

She opened her eyes, and found herself alone in the night. David had obeyed, and left her; but he had taken her silence for consent to his last appeal. He would come to hear her play. A shiver shook her from head to foot. The purple hills which held Florence in a cup at her feet drew nearer to her, the silvery plain melted into darkness; and the towered city blurred and thickened like a cloud.

Suddenly the silence broke; she heard a thrilling, subtle sound, as if the night itself were warning her of a new pain. The voice of a nightingale, close hidden in an ilex tree, spurted into the dark, like blood. The fiery torrent beat down upon her lonely pride, attacking her with beauty. When the music ceased, the silence hung as if petrified above the forlorn last notes.

She turned quickly and ran up the broad stone stairs to the refuge of her cool room. Her 'cello lay on her bed. She opened the case gently, drew it out and wiped it tenderly with a soft silken cloth. She slipped her fingers over the strings and then, returning her jewel to its velvet shell, she gave a swift perfunctory glance at the tall mirror to see if she were worthy to companionate her instrument. Stella knew that she was beautiful, but she bitterly resented the critics who spoke of her looks as if what she had to give was the mere brittle personal gift of her beauty, and not the impersonal, timeless essence of her art.

Through the long drive alone to the concert hall, she closed her eyes and let the music she was going to play move slowly before them. She forgot David and his importunate love.

She passed serenely into the hall; the platform was not too large, the piano was satisfactory, between her and her accompanist was a bond which reassured without claiming anything. Stella drew the dark golden brown creature of curves and polished surfaces against her heart, slowly and firmly she touched in turn the long, vibrant strings, listening to the very being of her instrument, drawing each separate string into harmony before she prepared to release its voice. Then she glanced up with a brief nod and smile towards the pianist, and bending back her head, gave herself profoundly into the keeping of her 'cello.

At first she was conscious of nothing but the music, the steady consecutive phrases slowly moulding themselves upon the air. Her fingers obeyed her instinct with a simultaneous, triumphant ease. In the serene, confident partnership she hardly knew what she gave or what she took; but after a time she became conscious of a new element. Her 'cello itself had become alive. She was no longer alone with the music, something else was there, invading her senses and pressing its way forward into her heart. It had happened, this thing Stella had always feared; emotion was clamoring at the doors of her senses. David was in the safe, shadowy audience, forcing upon her

the dangerous reality of love. He had known how to reach her through this medium common to them both. But it was not David who entered — his clamorous love-making had but opened the door to someone else. This intruder who shook her senses apart, who filled her nerves with fire, was not David.

Panic shook her, her hands clung to the strings as if they would help her to bar the alien presence out. But the invasion was within her; it was a part of the instrument itself, the very strings which she had tuned into a velvety harmony betrayed her. They welcomed the intrusion — they clung to her like the menacing scents, like tiny fierce hands. Her body became inert like a leaf caught in a storm. She felt herself controlled, held fast in the grasp of a lover. All her life she had given herself to sound as a bird gives itself to the air. But now she was no longer free in this element, she was possessed. She had been a priestess dedicated to an abstract art, her god a cool intellectual process; now every pulse in her beat with the tremendous impetus of passion; and she knew that her god was a consuming fire.

This being which was about her, which had entered into her, was not separate from her music. She could never cut herself adrift from it, nor bring it under her control. There was no escape possible, for she knew now what it was; it was the 'cello itself.

She mastered the outward signs of her instinctive horror. No one who listened knew that for blind intolerable seconds her world rocked and split. Her will forced the conflict of her startled heart into a stately rhythm. She was obedient to the Heavenly Vision, though it had betrayed her, had driven her into a union with a strange power. She no longer controlled her instrument — some terrible released spirit in it held and controlled her.

When she had finished playing, the applause that burst upon her was overwhelming. Till now she had been aware of her audience as if it were the gray background of a picture, but this crowd that rose up in an ecstasy forced a deeper recognition. She had never before been given anything by an audience — what they gave her now flooded her heart. In spite of herself an excitement and a new strength were born from her shuddering helplessness; the 'cello which weighed tragically upon her, tortured her with an incredible delight. It was not the audience which had betrayed her; they were triumphing over her defeat, but they were blameless.

The instrument she held in her arms was her guilty lover. Her nervous hands touching it would have torn it, and flung the strings in broken handfuls at her feet. But she could not. Deeper than her anguish stirred a new life. She saw no one, but in the blur of myriad eyes a new consciousness held her; and she heard nothing — not one lonely soaring note — but in the mad applause of the clapping hands she felt a sudden fellowship.

She played again and yet again to allay that empty storm of sound — or to deepen that sense of fellowship? Her hands ached, and her flying fingers felt like lead, her heart beat slow and fumblingly like an old man's. But the music was alive; it was life.

At last they let her go. She was in the artists' room surrounded by the informed applause of her critics. She was numb and their impassioned praise meant nothing. They were shadows, noisy ignorant shadows who interrupted the stubborn combat in her heart.

At last they left her; she was alone in her car filled to the brim with cruel, scented flowers. Roses and violets, carnations and heliotrope, lilac in trees of white and lavender, and stiff camellias, red as blood or white as snow. There was hardly room for her and for the 'cello. The walls of flowers shut her in.

The chauffeur gave her a note: "I know now why you cannot love me," she read, "and I will never try to see you again."

It did not matter what happened to David; but she felt a vague sense of relief. The citadel had fallen, but at least no foot of man had entered its proud gates.

She sank back with closed eyes into the merciful darkness. Slow tears crept through her lids and spread over her cheeks.

"I was alone before," she whispered, "and now I shall never be alone again."

# Sing All a Green Willow

By Josephine McGill

*One whose heart was won by their mournful charm wrote of the "hurtin' songs" surviving in the Kentucky Hills from the ancient days of balladry*

Modern feminine psychology, with its dogma of self-reliance, its will-to-joy, its conviction that "women are people," has small patience with the Griselda type of heroine, still less with the more fragile creature who pined away and died because, forsooth, her love proved false or cold. To the valiant protagonist of contemporary life or fiction, barricaded against defeat by her artistic and civic interests, her activities in the industrial, commercial, professional worlds, the complaint of Mariana, "I am aweary, aweary, I would that I were dead," and the more impassioned cry, "Mein Lieb ist falsch! O wäre ich tod!", reflects an exaggerated idea of the importance of love in the career of a self-respecting "person".

Without disparaging the intrepid ladies who so indomitably meet the problems of life — whether real, or imagined by an inspired novelist — some of us must acknowledge a lingering fondness for a less hardy feminine type encountered in Old-world ballad-books and in certain songs surviving in the Old and New World countryside — such isolated regions, for example, as the mountains of Kentucky, North Carolina and Virginia. Here one meets with Barbara Allen, Fair Margaret and Ellinor, the ladies Nancie Belle and Maisry, and a score of others frail and fated, whose stories, as told by the ancient balladist, retain perennial freshness. It cannot be denied that the American versions of these old tales are often corrupt and fragmentary; but even in such form they have retained something of their magic, and have availed to keep alive the fires of imagination in the people who have preserved them — their survival testifying at once to the undying charm of the romances and to some endowment of taste in the people who have treasured them.

An investigation of these Old World survivals has many alluring ramifications: the tracing of the literary texts to their sources, the comparison of these versions with those of the Old World and with one another, the equally absorbing inquiries regarding the musical texts. Not the least engrossing question

concerning these transported ballads is that of the types which have withstood the forces working for their destruction since they were brought to this country by colonist and pioneer.

One notes with Professor Belden that ballads having a supernatural element are rare; this feature is sensibly weakened where it does survive. Such an example as *The House Carpenter* is illustrative, the very title showing a falling-off in intensity of suggestion, a foreshortening of the preternatural, both notable and regrettable, in comparison with the Old World title, *The Dæmon Lover*. Ballads on historical subjects are seldom found; the discovery of such a one as *The Death of Queen Jane*, found in Knott County, Kentucky, being an unusual and exhilarating experience. Under altered conditions, in a land far from their source of inspiration, stories of such special interest as the historical have given way to those having more general appeal; while a certain piquancy of situation, characteristic of *The Six King's Daughters* and *The Gypsie Laddie*, is keenly appreciated and held in memory through many generations and tides of change. So universal a theme as domestic tragedy makes for the popularity and longevity of a ballad in any age and clime. But the most fondly preserved is the ballad of love, and especially unhappy love.

For our ballad-singing folk of the Kentucky mountains — and their preference is typical — no theme is so moving, so imbued with endearing charm, as that of lovers who walked hand in hand with death. To people who spend their days amid the essential realities — birth and death, love and hate; whose strong and simple passions are not enfeebled by the "itch of ill-advised activity" prevalent among city-dwellers, songs of those who loved and died and "died of love" make an immediate appeal. "It's a hurtin' song" is a frequent approving comment made by these country people.

Of all such canticles of woe the one most familiar to mountain balladists, as to all the English-speaking world, is *Barbara Allen*. There are few of us who have reached the misty mid-region as to our years who have not burned with indignant sympathy for the youth whose sole comfort from the lips of his scornful beloved was the remark, cruel and ungracious even from a ballad heroine, "Young man, I think you're dying". Later in the story, it is true, our indignation changes to pity when, looking upon the face of her dead lover, Barbara turns away, weeping:

> O mother, mother, make my bed,
> Go make it long and narrow;
> Young Jemmy died for me today,
> I'll die for him tomorrow.

One might question if, perhaps, the tune had not something to do with the universal popularity of this ballad, as is undoubtedly the case with *Ye Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doon*, for all its heartbreaking sentiment, and *Annie Laurie* for all its touching story; but *Barbara Allen* has been sung to almost as many different tunes as there are localities where it is known, so we can only conclude that the power to withstand the withering blight of time lies in the human appeal of the story.

Another reason that might be advanced, however, is the modernity of the heroine's psychology. There is a hint of subtle mental process animating Barbara's conduct entirely absent in the case of most ballad heroines; they are for the most part creatures of simple emotions and quick, decisive actions; but there is something in Barbara's coolness, her deliberation, most of all in her accessibility to remorse that is more complex, more modern, less according to fixed type than is the swift passionate action of the other heroines who commit the irretrievable with no chance for after-thought. Of none of them do we read a passage like the following:

So slowly, slowly, she got up,
And slowly she went from him;
The birds they sang so clear in her ear,
"Hard-hearted Barbara Allen."

Thus she comes down to us beloved and remembered, not as cruel Barbara Allen, but as bonny Barbara Allen; like young Jemmy Grove we sense something in her other than her cruelty, and we feel that he was wise to die forgiving her and commending her to the kindness of his dear friends all.

ALMOST as familiar as *Barbara Allen*, to a generation now venerable, is the heroine of *Lord Lovel*. No more blithe and charming picture adorns the pages of English balladry than is conjured by the first lines:

Lord Lovel he stood at his castle wall,
Combing his milk-white steed;
Down came the lady Nancie Belle,
A-wishing her lover good-speed.

The brightness of the picture is quickly marred when Lord Lovel, with joyous masculine instinct for freedom, proclaims his intention of going away, strange countries for to see. In most versions the lady accepts this sudden and desolating news with no protest save that implied in her eager question: "When will you come back, Lord Lovel?" or in the poignant exclamation:

O seven, seven, long years,
They are far too long for me!

In the Kinloch version she cries prophetically: "'Tis too lang, Lord Lovel, a true lover for to see." When, after a year's absence, a languishing thought came into his mind, Lord Lovel returned as capriciously as he had departed:

He rode and he rode on his milk-white steed,
Until he came to the town;
And there he heard Saint Pancras bells,
And the women all mourning round.

THIS portion of the narrative recalls a French story, *Pierre of Grenoble*, whose hero, however, is not so discourteous a knight as to leave his lady for a mere whim, but goes under compulsion when his regiment is ordered away. Acting on premonition — that factor frequently operative in ballad literature — he asks for leave of absence; returning he hears the bells of Grenoble tolling from afar; with more color than the English story, the lines tell:

Scarce has he entered Grenoble town
When his true love appears;
Beside her thirty gentle dames
And twenty cavaliers.

Like Lord Lovel he asks to look upon the face of his sweetheart; like Lord Lovel,

He looks upon her snow-white face
And dies before them all.

If Barbara Allen is endeared to us by her human qualities, and Lady Nancie Belle by her quickly overshadowed brightness, the heroine of *Fair Margaret and Sweet William* charms us no less in being *par excellence* the ideal "fair ladie" of the ballads. She is on the scene, so to speak, a living breathing presence for but two brief stanzas; yet so consummate was the art of the old balladist, she remains unforgettably pictured as gentle, charming — and gay; for the "fair ladie" of the ballads was never of rueful countenance; the terms, "fair ladie" and "gay ladie", being in fact interchangeable. It is thus we see her, an enchanting figure:

Lyddy Marget was sitting in her own bower room,
Combing her yellow hair;
She saw Sweet William and his new bride,
As they came riding near.

Lyddy Marget threw down her golden comb,
And quickly she bound up her hair;
And away she went from her own bower room,
No more to be seen there.*

BY SUGGESTION more than by bald statement all loveliness and grace are hers, also a certain delicate elusiveness recalling another ill-fated heroine, The Lady of Shalott; she has, moreover, the quality of a high free spirit that scorned an existence deprived of the loved object. To renounce life on such grounds may seem to some captious critics unworthy of a true heroine; to us, however, still incompletely reconstructed, as are the ladies of whom we write, to end thus in one great moment of heart-break seems in these unromantic days a glamorous and an enviable death.

A story somewhat akin to *Fair Margaret and Sweet William* is *Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor*, popularly known in the mountain versions as *Fair Ellender*, *The Brown Girl*, or *Lord Thomas*. In a collection of old ballads dated 1723, it is called *A Tragical Ballad on the Unfortunate Love of Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor Together with the Downfall of the Brown Girl* — a title which leaves nothing to be desired in the way of explicitness, fulfilling the dictum of Samuel Butler that a good title should aim at making what follows superfluous to those who know anything of the subject. However, to elaborate the title: the story tells how Lord Thomas, yielding to parental pressure, forsakes his true sweetheart, Fair Ellinor, to marry the Brown Girl who has "more riches and more pride" — in the words of a South-European ballad on somewhat the same theme, without the murder element. The rejected sweetheart being bade to the wedding by her old lover is warned by her mother to tarry at home for fear of enemies. Fair Ellinor makes the spirited rejoinder, that though there may be many of her foes, "To Lord Thomas' wedding I'll go".

THE picture describes how she arrayed herself for this festival, fraught for her with such bitter irony:

She dressed herself in scarlet red,
Her maids she dressed in green;
And every town that she passed through,
They took her to be some queen.

She not only goes to the wedding of her former lover but gives herself

*Letcher County, Kentucky.

the further satisfaction of making a tactless, malicious allusion to the bride: "I think she looks wondrous brown". Lord Thomas utters a feeble protest, particularly quaint in the mountain version: "Despise her not, Fair Ellen . . . I love the end of your little finger much more than her whole bodie". The Brown Girl exhibits natural resentment at this additional affront and, with her little pen-knife, precipitates a triple tragedy:

> Between the long ribs and the short
> She pierced fair Ellender's heart.

Lord Thomas avenges fair Ellender's death by slaying the Brown Girl and then ends his own life, with his last breath asking that the "three lovers" (*sic*) be buried in one grave — fair Ellender at his feet.

As an example of unconscious art in balladry few surpass this one in its handling of the dramatic situation, its skilfully contrasted types, its ratio of values, the dark and tragic tones so dexterously lightened by the charming description of Fair Ellinor and her retinue. In any analysis of the spell still potent in the ballads, some recognition must be given to such touches of artistry, conscious or otherwise, whether the inspiration of a gifted but unknown bard, or the spirit of poetry expressing itself through the mouth of the crowd which passed along these romantic and enduring tales.

While the later day novelist may exhaust the reader and his heroine with an elaborate rehearsal of the latter's woes, the creators of the ballads never commit this error against wit and the demand of the dramatic situation. The critical points are handled with swiftness and brevity; numerous stanzas may be necessary to create the *mise-en-scène* of the tragic episode; but once reached, the crucial moment is disposed of in a few flashing phrases — with fine intuition for the dramatic instant which cannot be prolonged without losing its poignancy.

Pitiful as is the fate of those ladies whom love has destroyed, no less affecting is that of those whom love has confounded or left forlorn. In *Clerk Saunders*, a ballad resembling the above narrative, the heroine follows the ghost of her lover to the green forest where he lies buried, and asks with piteous insistence:

> Is there ony room at your head, Saunders,
> Is there ony room at your feet?
> Or ony room at your side, Saunders,
> Where fain, fain, I would sleep?

He answers that there is no room in his bed "full lowly"; with the crowing of the "milk white cock" and the gray:

> Her lover vanish'd in the air,
> And she gaed weeping away.

There is a pathetic finality here which the most finished and conscious art could scarcely better.

Like *Clerk Saunders*, the ballad, *Willie and Lady Maisry*, closes not with the death of the heroine but, more pitifully,

> No meen was made for this young knight
> In bowers where he lay slain;
> But all was for sweet Maisry bright,
> In fields where she ran brain, my dear,
> In fields where she ran brain.

Scarcely anything in English balladry is more touching than this picture of grief, whose effect is aug-

mented by the repetition of the last line; it has the irresistible appeal to our pity that moves us when we read of Ophelia "divided from herself and her fair judgment".

In *The Two Brothers*, the lines describing the sweetheart's grief for her murdered lover are so extremely tender that by their virtue the "pretty Susanne" is numbered among those other bereft ladies who wring our hearts with pity. According to the Kentucky mountain version the two brothers go forth together and one slays the other because of jealousy. The ballad is built up cumulatively, the dying brother asking what explanation will be given to father, mother, sister, brother, and finally to his sweetheart:

> What will you tell to my pretty Susanne,
> When she asks for her true love John?

Other settings recount the meeting between the guilty brother and various members of his family; the mountain version, by the abrupt transition common in folk-poetry, skips to the picture of the sweetheart's grief:

> She mourned the fish all out of the sea,
> The birds all out of their nest;
> She mourned her true love out of his grave,
> Because that she could not rest.

A curious fact to be noted in connection with ballads of all countries is that rarely does a mother figure as a sympathetic factor; more commonly she appears an instrument of wrath, in this baleful guise working destruction upon the helpless and unhappy victims of her anger, jealousy, ambition, or vengeance. Unquestionably the latter rôle has greater dramatic possibilities, if not — as amiability prompts us to judge — more verisimilitude.

Giving a sinister cast to the story, the mother's influence is most frequently felt as a background, the more potent for being shadowy till the climax is reached, as in *Edward*, and *Son Davie*, and like dramas; though she often performs the evil deed herself as in *Fair Annie of Loch Royan*, where she takes advantage of darkness and storm to part husband and wife for purposes of her own. More cruel still does she appear, allying herself to unseen forces, calling down curses upon those who would thwart her will, in such ballads as *The Mother's Malison*, or *The Drowned Lovers*, with its touching final stanza:

> You've had a cruel mither, Willie,
> And I have had anither;
> But we shall sleep in Clyde's water,
> Like sister and like brither.

The last two lines have that ineffable and indefinable touch of grace which is at once the secret and the charm of folk poetry at its best. It is a far cry from the "roaring Clyde" of the ballad to the commercial river of today, which also served as a point of departure for the troops during the war. With what bitter recollections and what irony for its modest figure may future generations read: "The noise that was in Clyde's water wou'd fear'd five hunner' men!"

The tourist who visits Newstead Abbey may find his interest diverted from its glamorous history and its most romantic resident, Lord Byron, by a gallant little figure-head trumpeting from the high top of this bonny house of Fyvie. The

faithfulness of the jaunty trumpeter is commemorated in a ballad, and one need be but indifferently chivalrous to pause a moment and lament with the balladist the fate of its heroine, Tiftie's Annie — whose bloom was like the flowers in spring — and her lover, Andrew Lammie.

THE story is one of parental cruelty savoring of the gruesome, but there is in the faithful lovers a fresh and dauntless youth that offsets the gruesome narrative. According to local tradition, the heroine died of a broken heart in 1631. Some years after, the legend continues, the ballad being sung before a gathering in Edinburgh, a member of the company suddenly gave a deep and heavy groan which sent the buttons flying from his waistcoat. It was discovered that he was none other than the hero of the tale. This ingenuous piece of realism may not be said to contribute anything to the story's charm; much rather would we believe that he too succumbed — "For love of thee I now maun die" — according to his protest in the Jamieson version: "I come, my bonnie Annie". Such an end would be but in keeping with the true ballad tradition, for no less common was it for the youth to die upon the grave or bier of his beloved than that she should perish broken-hearted when separated from her own true love by death or other cruel circumstance.

In nearly all the above-quoted ballads — *Lord Lovel, Lord Thomas, Fair Margaret and Sweet William* — the hero shows the same unwillingness to survive the outrageous fortune of blighted love as does the frailer vessel; so if we are minded to visit contempt upon the fair but unheroic head of the latter, a proportionate scorn must be meted out to the partner of her woes. It is scarcely for their hardihood, however, that one would make a plea for these figures of romance. Their histories have not in any sense the Gothic manner, the epic strain; they have not, like the heroic tale of Percy and Douglas, the clarion voice that stirs our blood; even less are these knights upon their milk-white steeds and ladies dressed in silk so fine of the calibre that makes a happy fireside clime.

THEY are, in fact, a race apart whose charm lies in their appeal to our compassion for bright youth brought to untimely death. Their stories of human passion all too uncontrolled, told in simple homely language with flashes of poetic grace — in rhythms that lend themselves to gaiety or sadness as the narrative proceeds — have still the power to touch our hearts, to delight our fancy, whether our return to them is by a fortunate re-reading of old volumes long dusty from neglect, or by some happy accident of travel which carries us to places where balladry is still a living art, confuting the prophecy made centuries ago:

> The old bards shall cease, and their memory that lingers
> Of frail brides and faithless
> Shall be shrivelled as with fire.

# Bird Sanctuaries

By T. Gilbert Pearson

*How the Federal Bird Conservation Act has given a new impetus to the creation of these needed refuges*

One hundred and forty miles west of New Orleans lies the Paul J. Rainey Wild Life Sanctuary. From the watchtower at headquarters camp there may be seen extending to the horizon in every direction a vast expanse of ponds and sloughs and marsh. No trees break the view; only low bushes along the winding bayous or the dredge-dug canals give slight variety to the landscape. Its southern boundary for seven miles is the tumbling water of the old blue Gulf. Over this expanse of forty-two square miles no hunter's foot has trod for more than five years; no sound of gun-shot has disturbed its teeming wild life.

In summer the marshlands are inhabited by herons, gallinules, rails, stilts and other low-country species, and the bayou banks and levees ring with the calls of many small birds. Upon the approach of autumn the Far North sends its waterfowl in prodigious numbers. To the Sanctuary come the mallards and teal from the Dakotas, canvasbacks and redheads from Canada, shovellers from somewhere in the great Northland, black ducks, widgeons, gadwalls, and still others. Among the early arrivals are the blue geese from far off Baffin Land, and with them appear the lesser snow geese.

This vast region, which was once the shooting preserve of the late Paul J. Rainey, constitutes one of several important bird refuges which the National Association of Audubon Societies owns and maintains, and was given by Mr. Rainey's sister, Mrs. Grace Rainey Rogers, who also provided an endowment for its upkeep. It is in charge of a resident superintendent who, with assistants, patrols and guards the Sanctuary against hunters, plants duck-food vegetation to augment the natural supply, and in the late winter feeds hundreds of bushels of unshelled rice to his thousands of feathered wards. Ducks quickly learn where they are protected, and it is an easy matter to photograph flocks of them feeding within a few yards of the Audubon camp. Every effort is exerted to make this an ideal wild fowl sanctuary, and conservationists from great distances come here to observe and study the methods that are employed.

Because wild fowl are today so con-

stantly harassed by gunners from the time they leave their summer homes until their return, it is of the highest importance that many such sanctuaries should be established, especially in the Mississippi Valley and along the Atlantic and Pacific coast routes of their flight.

CONGRESS recently provided $350,000 to build a dam to conserve the flow of Bear River where it empties into Salt Lake. The increased use of the river for irrigation in recent years has caused the waters of the Bear River marshes and alkali flats to fall so low that the ducks resorting to the region have perished in great numbers because of the foulness of the water. The writer has seen dead and dying ducks in great numbers over vast areas of this region, and the State Game Commissioner of Utah estimates that 2,000,000 ducks have died there in a single year. This figure does not cover the loss of great numbers of coots, avosets, phalaropes and other marsh-loving species. It is believed that a levee will wholly prevent this great national economic loss of wild life.

A great impetus was given to the establishment of wild life sanctuaries when on February 18, 1929, President Coolidge signed the Migratory Bird Conservation Bill, which after nine years of effort on the part of conservationists was at last passed by both Houses of Congress.

The Act provides for the establishment of a series of Federal refuges for migratory birds — especially waterfowl. For this purpose authorization was given for appropriations of $8,000,000 during a period of ten years. The money is to be used for the purchase and guarding of such areas of marsh and swamp lands as may be selected.

State governments are moving in the direction of establishing game refuges. California especially is planning to begin at once the expenditure of a large sum annually for wild fowl reservations. We are told that 71,000,000 acres of marsh and swamp lands have already been drained for commercial purposes, thus destroying the natural homes and feeding places of many ducks. Since wealthy hunters are rapidly buying the remaining duck marshes for shooting purposes, the need for swift action is obvious, if some of these regions are to be saved for the benefit of the wild fowl.

TWO other distinct types of bird sanctuaries are in operation in America. One of these may be said to cover a widely scattered series of natural breeding places of water-birds. Usually these are situated on small islands either in lakes or off the Atlantic, Pacific and Gulf coasts. Birds for unknown periods of time have gathered here to breed where they may be reasonably safe from natural enemies. The object of employing special guards at such places is to protect the birds and their nests from mankind. Reservations of this nature were started twenty-five years ago to protect terns, gulls, herons, egrets, ibis and other species which at that time were extensively shot for the millinery feather trade. Thirty or more such places are today protected by the National Association. These are situated in Maine, New York, New Jersey, North Carolina, South Carolina,

Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas.

One typical sanctuary of this class is Bird Island in Orange Lake, Florida. Here the Audubon Association owns forty acres of marsh and water in the centre of which is a low muddy island of nine acres. It is covered with willows and buttonwood bushes, and there six to eight thousand birds assemble in summer to lay their eggs and rear their young. The species in greatest abundance is the white ibis, although hundreds of large egrets, snowy egrets, night herons, Ward's herons, water turkeys (the "whang-doodle" of fiction), boat-tailed grackles, least bitterns and others are present.

Seen from a boat on the lake this congregation of birds of various colors presents a wonderful spectacle. The island is a loathsome place to land, however, for one must wade in deep slimy mud as one clambers through the thick brush. Water-moccasins and mosquitoes must be reckoned with, and the bellowing of alligators in the reeds is a common sound in the morning and evening. The breeding birds, however, are safe from human intrusion, which is the end desired. If some means could be devised to rid this colony of the fish crows which take the eggs in great numbers, it would indeed be an ideal heronry.

Another colony of unusual interest is Green Island, on the Texas Coast, well down toward the mouth of the Rio Grande. It is the one important breeding place of the reddish egret in the United States. For a number of years this bird was supposed to be extinct as a nesting species in this country. In 1918 while the writer was cruising along the Gulf Coast of the United States studying the feeding habits of the brown pelican, to determine whether this odd-looking creature was inimical to the food-fish supply, nests of the reddish egret were found. A further search two years later resulted in discovering Green Island where at least 5,000 of these rare birds were at the time caring for their eggs or young.

The report of this ornithological find caused much comment in the newspapers of Texas and at the next session of the Legislature of that State a bill was introduced and passed authorizing the National Association of Audubon Societies to lease all the bird islands on the coast of Texas for fifty years without cost. Every summer our warden in charge of Green Island is visited by bird students, who wish the opportunity of studying the habits of this little known species. Various motion picture films have been made of the island and its bird-life and these are today being shown to interested audiences.

"Why do you want to save this class of birds?" I am sometimes asked. "They are of no value, as they do not consume insects, and people cannot eat them, as they may a grouse or duck." I never know how to answer such a question. One might with just as much propriety ask of what good is the wild flower by the river's brim, the afterglow of sunset, the odor of the new-mown hay, or the message of the whispering pines? There are those who delight in such things. So the bird sanctuary idea grows stronger year by year.

This is a work in which the National Government also is taking part. The United States Department of Agriculture has the care and oversight of about seventy islands, lakes and reservoirs, situated on Government owned land, which by order of the President have been declared bird reservations.

THE Roosevelt Bird Sanctuary at Oyster Bay is a good example of that third type of areas set aside for the benefit of wild bird life, which might well be called "Sanctuaries for small birds." It is designed chiefly as an experimental station in bird sanctuary management and as a demonstration station where interested persons may, with minimum effort, acquire first-hand knowledge of the simple, effective methods that may be employed to attract birds about the home.

The area is small, only about twelve acres in extent, and surrounds on three sides the little cemetery where Theodore Roosevelt lies buried. Six years ago it was a jungle of trees, vines, bushes and poison ivy, and was traversed by an old rutted wood road. Today with its trails, grassy areas, berry-producing shrubs, carefully arranged thickets, brush piles, nesting boxes and bathing pools, it is a veritable paradise for the more than one hundred and twenty species of small land-birds inhabiting this section of Long Island. It has been surrounded by a high, close-meshed wire fence with an over-hang of several strands of barbed wire, for the purpose of keeping out human intruders, foxes, dogs and cats—especially cats. One of the greatest enemies of small birds is the vagrant cat. On Long Island as well as elsewhere there are thousands of these animals that through neglect or otherwise have gone wild, and their tracks may be seen many miles from any human habitation. Very naturally these neglected creatures desire to live, and birds, especially in the breeding season, constitute a considerable portion of their diet.

SOME time ago a statement was widely published to the effect that one-tenth of all the fruit and vegetable crops raised in the United States is annually lost by the ravages of insects. One of the great checks on insects is the wild bird population. Since the advent of white men in North America many species of birds have very greatly increased. Naturally I refer to those forms which we may group as farmland birds. Man has destroyed many of the birds' natural enemies and his activities also have provided them a vastly greater supply of food. These two conditions tend to increase any form of wild life.

On the other hand, man with his increasing number of succulent crops has produced more nourishment for destructive insects, which means that we need to augment our supply of wild birds.

The growing knowledge of the value of birds as crop protectors, coupled with a widely increasing sentiment on the part of householders to have birds about their homes, is rapidly developing in this country a spirit for general bird protection far beyond that existing in any other large country of the world.

# Confessions of a Fire Fan

By Karl W. Detzer

*One of those thousands who cannot resist the call of an alarm and the lure of smoke tries to explain though not, mind you, to apologize*

The two officers on traffic duty cleared the way for the hook and ladder truck as it rolled out of the cross street and into the avenue. On the right hand running-board of the great, swaying apparatus, a small, meek eyed, old gentleman with nose glasses on a black cord and a Van Dyke beard was pawing into an official slicker. On his head he wore a leather fire hat several sizes too large.

"Pipe the fireman!" the recruit traffic officer pointed to the beard.

"That ain't a fireman," the veteran corrected, and blew his whistle. Cars poured into the lane through which the truck had run screaming. "He's a nut. A volunteer. Civilians ain't allowed to ride on the apparatus, so he's got himself appointed."

A salvage squad announced itself with a shriek. The officer opened the way and it racketted after the truck.

"That guy you saw is one of them honorary assistant marshals," the officer said. "There's about a thousand of 'em. Don't get any pay, and some night when a wall falls on him, his widder won't get no pension. Just a nut."

Perhaps the police officer is right. The meek old gentleman may be a nut. But the fire department, at least, is too polite to call him that. In New York the boys dub him and his kind "Buffs;" in Chicago, "Fans;" in Boston, "Sparks."

Who are they? Just a band of romantic adventurers who steal away from prosaic jobs to revel for a few hours in the glamorous uncertainty of battle. Architects, surgeons, stock brokers, lawyers, salesmen, laborers, teachers, priests. . . .

It is difficult for a man to enumerate his reasons for being a fire fan to skeptical, sober-minded friends. They persist in looking on him as slightly demented and a bad, bad insurance risk. Wives are particularly obtuse. One of the hardest jobs a fan undertakes is to explain to his wife why it was necessary for him to frost his fingers and to return home six hours late with two inches of ice on his best overcoat.

She tells him that it wasn't *his* fire. The building belonged to Smith, who is rich — at least rich enough to own two overcoats. There were men

paid to put out the fire. And besides, it was a waste of time! One might have been at home sweeping up the furnace room.

There are other reproaches, of course. And it *is* hard to get the overcoat clean. In fact, it never looks quite the same again. Spots of rusty water that have washed down the dirt of ages from between the rafters before dripping on a crazy man's back, aren't the easiest stains in the world to remove from wool fabric.

Other scoffers, not one's wife, contend that the fan is a pyromaniac. Firemen know better. For the engine house boys look upon the fan as their best friend, just as they view the fire bug as their worst enemy.

For sake of argument let us admit that both the bug and the fan are eccentrics. But the bug likes to start fire. The fan likes to stop it. They are at opposite poles.

Of course there is something primitive in the fire fan. He thrives on the roar of battle, the great odds, the robustious heroism of firemen, the shrewd tactics of hose companies, the generalship of departmental chiefs. He loves to be an actor in a mighty fight, to stand shoulder to rubber-covered shoulder with howling pipemen, to take his dose of smoke with a daring rescue crew, to accept the challenge of flame and to battle it to the death. Next day, and the day after, he may drudge at a humdrum desk.

When a hundred thousand sane and normal citizens sit in the rain cheering the muddy efforts of twenty-two men with an inflated ball, when a hundred thousand others crowd a wooden arena to watch a pair of financiers exchange punches and go into clinches, and another hundred thousand grow incoherent begging a fat athlete to hit the old pill on the nose . . . that's sport. But when another group of citizens goes in for a game that makes football look like ping-pong, a game that takes every fiber of nerve, every ounce of strength, a game that requires the shrewdest strategy and the staunchest heart, a game in which the stakes are millions of dollars and hundreds of lives . . . that's eccentricity.

Well, the fire fan is willing to be listed among the eccentrics, as long as you let him sit around the engine house awaiting the call to duty, as long as you let him keep his helmet and badge and roll out to battle with the boys.

The critical, workaday public forgets that there were fans before there were departments. No doubt while Nero fiddled there was a stout company of Roman volunteers in dripping togas, standing up to their waists in the Tiber, filling buckets for the imperial fire brigade. Pliny mentions the fans of ancient Rome. Apollodorus, architect to the Emperor Trajan, describes the Buffs of another day running with implements that resembled bagpipes, each full of water. Hero of Alexandria refers to "the siphons in conflagrations," and the hearty volunteers who manned them. It was a body of fans under General Phil Sheridan who finally ended the Chicago fire more than half a century ago.

New York's Buffs are the lineal descendants of those hearty burghers who rolled themselves in buffalo

robes and slept over the engine house on winter nights in order to be on hand for emergencies. These elder volunteers were facetiously called "buffaloes" by other burghers, who considered nine pins better sport, and the contraction of the name clings to this day.

In many middle-sized cities in the East, particularly throughout Pennsylvania, volunteers are still the mainstay of the departments. At Harrisburg, capital of the State, a city of eighty-five thousand, property is efficiently protected by three thousand volunteers. The chief of department and his assistant are paid members. Each of the sixteen engine and truck companies has a paid driver, on duty twenty-four hours a day. But the other three thousand members are fans. The Mayor of the city is a lowly hoseman, once the bell rings. Bank presidents shin up ladders. Not only are they volunteers, but they pay for the privilege of fighting fire. It costs each man a dollar a year to belong. And if he's absent from a fire he pays a fine of ten cents.

There are few absentees.

WHEN Big Bill Thompson, king-baiting Mayor of Chicago, was searching for a fire commissioner who, like Cæsar's wife, would be above reproach, he picked a fire fan for the job, a man of such integrity that even the opposition newspapers hadn't the heart to criticize him.

This was Albert W. Goodrich, financier and director of the Goodrich steamship lines. For many years he had been a fan . . . a simple, hearty, hose-lugging fan. He was one of the organizers of the Fire Fans' Club. He not only gave freely of money for departmental activities, but he put on helmet and boots and went out on the job with the rest of the boys whenever there was a tough fire to fight.

It was largely through his efforts, long before he was commissioner, that Chicago responded wholeheartedly to the observation of fire prevention week. He organized business men, he advised department heads, he sponsored prevention demonstrations. Firemen love him.

"Say . . ." they exclaim, "that guy's got a heart. He's our friend. He ain't a politician . . . he's a fire fan."

THE Sparks of Boston are organized into several associations. One of these, the Box 52 Club, has fifty-two members, and in addition to hopping the tailboard and rolling to duty whenever there is an opportunity they meet formally once a month. The club has been in existence seventeen years and for twelve years has been a regularly incorporated institution. Every member has a department badge.

A member of this club, writing to a fan in a city half across the continent, explains its methods in part as follows:

"We Sparks are fortunate in hearing of multiple-alarm fires at all times of the day or night. We have contracted with a private watchman service that has an alarm tapper in its office. Each of us is notified of every second alarm fire. I average 180–200 runs a year and can reach the high value district in ten minutes by taxicab."

A hundred and eighty a year! Lucky dog.

In many cities it is the fans who operate the coffee wagons that trundle out to night alarms (why wouldn't the half-frozen men in the rubber coats love them?) In others the department ambulances are the gift of admiring, envious citizens, and the white-jacketted doctors aboard them, often as not, are receiving no pay for their services. In New York there are honorary department surgeons who keep up their own speed-cars, equipped with sirens and bells, and who install alarm recorders beside their beds in order to bunk out with the same alacrity as hose company recruits.

ADDICTION to fire fighting is difficult to break. Smoke, like hard liquor, gets into a man's blood. How many times have you heard the habitual fire fan swear he's through . . . usually after an engine turns over or a wall falls on a group of his mates? For a week he stays away determinedly from engine houses. In a spirit of martyrdom he throws out the alarm bell that has awakened him to joyous battle many a zero night. He mournfully puts off his helmet and boots. Say what you want, he's through. He has the family to remember . . . what if that wall hadn't missed him? And at his age, one must consider one's heart!

Then, when he least expects it, when his resistance is at its lowest ebb, he looks out of the window to see Engine 91 charging past. He tries not to reason why. But at last he opens the window and sniffs. Ninety-one wouldn't come thus far except on a second alarm. Other sirens, speeding gilt and crimson Loreleis, lure him with their seductive songs. He takes up his hat. He'll just run down to the corner and see where it is. Not get into it . . . perish the thought. Just look it over. Stand behind the lines like any other civilian.

Hours later he crawls back to his desk or his wife, smelling of woodsmoke, wet, winded, his clothes a wreck, his eyebrows singed, his throat sore, his knuckles barked . . . and in his heart a sense of exultation.

"Well, we beat it after all!" he whispers. "It gave us a stiff fight for a while, but we beat it. And wasn't Smoky Joe Martin his grand old self, the way he swung along that cornice? And Engine 31 . . . what a beating they took before they had it stopped! Guess I'll go down to the firehouse tonight and see the boys."

IT need not be his own boys. The fan is never geographically minded. Away from home, he always drops in casually at engine houses in the town where he happens to be. He examines the apparatus, looks over the alarm telegraph, inquires about the platoon system, discusses the merits of engines, argues the advisability of three-inch hose on first lead-off, and the trend toward siamese connections at every two-alarm fire. He's invited to supper by the captain, and if asked once, remains the night, sitting out the watches before the recorder instrument, or going to bed in the bunk room upstairs.

The problems of firemen are rather similar everywhere; the battle has as much tang on the West coast as the East. And firemen are the same everywhere, the same bluff, hard-fisted knights in helmets, loving the fight for its own sake, and loving the fan because he loves them.

There is something of the same thrill in pulling the hose reel up Main Street in Mount Vernon, Iowa, as there is in riding south on the boulevard with Truck 9 in Chicago; in eating smoke with the seven-man department in Traverse City, Michigan, as in dragging high pressure hose in Lafayette Street, New York.

So the real fan never reforms. Set him down in Greenland, and let an Esquimo in his igloo overturn a whaleoil lamp, and the fan will come charging across the ice with his hat full of snow. When a professional fireman has done his bit, when he has served faithfully a long span of years, he is presented with a watch by the members of his company, hangs up his boots, accepts his pension graciously and goes fishing. Not so the fan. As long as he can totter, as long as his failing ears can pick up the staccato call of the joker alarm, as long as his nostrils can distinguish the haunting aroma of smoke . . . he never retires.

Don't pity the old gentlemen in the beard, struggling into a slicker on the running board of the ladder truck as it rolls along. Pity his wife, instead. And his children. And his grandchildren. They're probably out at the ball game this afternoon and have left him alone an hour or so. And when they get back and find that he's been at it again, they'll be ashamed for him.

# The Sheep Decide

By Marian Hertha Clarke

*Will the bob and short skirt vanish? Will bare legs prevail? A student of merchandizing says women are led by their likes rather than by fashion dictators*

Who originates woman's fashions? From the number of articles I have read recently there seems to be the greatest interest in that question. Many theories have been advanced, mostly masculine theories, probably presented with Paul Poiret in mind.

Now I ought really to have an inferiority complex from the number of times such dear gentlemen have impatiently flicked my little fingers away from the watch chain of their opinions and repeated patiently to me again and again just what women think and why they think, if at all.

One such recently claimed that fashion was finally decided by the courtesan. This was a new idea for the moralists — an idea that will, no doubt, be frowned upon by Dr. Cadman and the churches when they hear about it. Personally, I am enough of a rebel to like the idea though I don't believe it.

The editor of a fashion magazine held a conference on the subject in the tower of one of New York's greatest buildings. This authority informed its wide-eyed audience that high fashion was decided by a small committee of socially prominent women in Paris. What they sponsored became *au monde*. Let us pigeonhole this delusion for a moment.

Several years ago I had a business conference with a stubborn but friendly old man who had made a fortune in corsets. That was before the days of stylists. With memories of his long dead dowager wife well-encased in whalebone, he insisted upon no change in his line. He called into conference a person who proved to be a ravishing example of what the well-dressed man will wear. With spats and a waxed mustache, this head designer from Paris had, with a stroke of genius, just added another layer of rubber to the whalebone, under the delusion that stout ladies who loved cream puffs could still indulge in this little vice and reduce their outlines at the same time.

Vainly I argued that women would soon rebel and change corset fashions. It was the old case of "father knows best." Finally, they took me

down from the high-chair of the discussion, set me gently outside the door, patted me on the head and told me to run away and play with my dolls and be a good girl. Then they wrote my advertising agency and asked them to send a man next time.

As it turned out, women did discard corsets with a world gesture and the gentlemen with whalebone models failed dismally. It also came to pass that high fashion had little to do with the decisions of women to go native as far as their corsets were concerned. The secret conclave of ladies from Paris needed physical support for their easy life. They were dismayed to see corsets go overboard. In fact, they lifted lorgnettes and looked the other way, which fooled a lot of department store buyers.

Of course, the war had much to do with the passing of the corset. Women are single-minded creatures. In this case they threw away everything that interfered with their endeavors to help their men win the war. Nevertheless, the psychology of the gesture was the same. The fashion to do without corsets was finally decided by the sheep. Look back over any old file of fashion changes and you'll find that the sheep really decide.

Not long ago a Great Caliph of Marketing told a generous audience of women at $200 an admission ticket just who decided women's fashions and why. His audience was drawn from the retail stores of the country which spend a great deal of time and money trying to find ways and means of changing bait on the fashion hook. The Caliph had sent style scouts out on all New York's busiest corners to count the things women wore outwardly. I fancy the scouts had to guess about what was next to skins you love to touch. From this counting expedition a yardstick was gained to measure Main Street. Strange to relate this information came the nearest to admitting that the sheep decide.

This conference released the story of a certain socially prominent woman who docked in New York from a European liner, wearing in the lapel of her trim suit a lovely and very smart imitation gardenia. A style scout saw her subsequently. The newspapers mentioned the gardenia. A few copies of the gardenia appeared cautiously in the stores. The sheep had seen the story. They liked gardenias. The gardenia supply on hand was snapped up like so much green grass. Then manufacturers just filled the store lanes with gardenias and other flowers. The sheep browsed everywhere upon flowers, even up and down the aisles of the ten cent stores. High fashion may have started the style, but no manufacturer is going to take his family abroad on the profits of high fashion. The sheep really decide whether he'll have that little trip or stay at home moaning over his ledgers.

Irene Castle bobbed her hair. The sheep liked Irene Castle and they liked the idea of short hair as freedom added to more freedom. The idea spread like wildfire in dry stubble. Dear, snowy locked old sheep even hurried to come under the shears. In vain men shouted their annoyance and tried to drive the sheep out of their comfortable sunny bar-

ber chairs. Hair-net manufacturers passed away in their sleep. Plain basement barbers became Specialists in Coiffures overnight. Haircuts became trims and prices soared from fifteen cents to $1.50 plus the tip.

High fashion may start many things as, no doubt, it does, but the sheep finally decide the matter as, for instance, the gardenia and the bob, simply because the wearers liked it, not because anyone decreed it. Ladies of fashion may amuse themselves by letting their hair grow. They may let down the length of their skirts and bring solace to the worried textile manufacturers. But the sheep have got it into their heads that short hair and short skirts are as comfortable as no corsets. They like being shorn of hair and cloth. High fashion doesn't have to patronize this salt lick unless it wishes. The sheep are satisfied and these things will stay. Wait and see!

ANYONE who has ever lived in the country has seen sheep lose sight of the bellwether. Perhaps the flock didn't lose the bellwether but just saw greener grass than the leader did. The bellwether stands meditatively chewing its cud of reflection, wondering whether to go on by itself or follow the crowd. The driver shouts himself hoarse. When the sheep are ready and not before, they fall in line.

I have been a woman a good many years — ever since I was born, in fact — and it has been the observation of my own sex, singly and in numbers, that women do very much as they please.

The funeral of the mid-Victorian gentleman who handled all the money and did all the buying for the family was scantily attended. The dominant male found it far more comfortable and profitable to let women do his buying. And women buy with the light of battle in their eye. They have just one idea in mind as far as I can see — that is their own comfort and well-being. They are sheep-minded about it, too. No matter who sets the fashion, if they don't like it they won't have it. High fashion can spin tops on the sands of Deauville. The sheep have pies to make and homes to keep.

THE radio has helped them form their decisions. A voice drones over the air that society is following the sun, and bathing suits will be without backs; legs and arms will be bare and brown. The sheep are interested. They know the value of the sun better than anyone else. Bathing suits without backs ought to be good fun and a nice healthy tan is sensible too. But they don't think much of this bare leg business except on the beach. Half socks are fine for children but for themselves the sheep shake their heads doubtfully.

Meanwhile stylists tell the stores to push their hosiery sales. Hosiery manufacturers get insomnia listening to the siren voice of the stylist. What will become of them if all women adopt this fad of half hose and new sun tan makeup for the legs? After Prohibition anything can happen, they argue gloomily. They even get out a line of half socks. They read in the newspapers and fashion magazines that "Certain People of Importance at Lido and Palm Beach are already wearing half hose, smart little socks or no socks at all."

Being mere men and knowing little about sheep, they wait for this fashion shot that shall be heard around the world. They'll wait quite a long time, because the sheep are going to decide. And the sheep are neither courtesans nor high fashion. True, the sheep discarded corsets because the bones stuck into them, they bobbed their hair because they got tired of bending over to pick up hairpins. Besides, bobbed hair saved time and sheep have a lot to do.

But this bare leg business is a different matter. Sheep know bare legs are not beautiful — neither are bare legs particularly comfortable. Silk stockings have a lovely, luxurious feeling and women like luxury. And what could Poppa bring back from his business trip to Cincinnati if it wasn't for silk stockings! Sheep like silk stockings — lots of them. They don't think much of the youngest ewes who run around in the summer with half socks; but then, ewes must be ewes. Youth must gambol a bit, they tell Poppa tolerantly.

Bare legs are not particularly modest. Now modesty is well fixed in these woolly heads. Short skirts and silk hose are fascinating. Every woman knows the value of fascination. But bare legs — the sheep hold a hurried conference. One sheep has a bad scar on her leg from a childhood fall, others have legs that are too thin, others too fat, and some have no ankles at all. The sheep disperse unitedly.

The radio blares on. Princess Voguinski is broadcasting. She has a beautiful voice, too. Socially she carries a great deal of weight, at least in these fashion talks about the coming craze for half socks and other fads. But the sheep have spun the dials with equal boredom and tuned in on the stock market. They decide. Amalgamated Fillings looks promising. To the chagrin of the operating pool the sheep carry the stock out of sight and thereby upset everybody's apple cart.

Ho, Hum! It's good to be a sheep. You do what you please if the fashion pleases you. When the heavy smoke of conference in high places clears away, the sheep are seen placidly browsing in fashion pastures they like.

I am glad I am a sheep. I lie down with the lions of fashion but I get up and follow the sheep.

# A Tar Heel Looks at Virginia

By Gerald W. Johnson

*Looking for descendants of those giants once bred by the Mother of Presidents, a North Carolinian finds a rabble of political dervishes and warlocks*

Deploring Virginia and Virginians is as natural to a Tar Heel as breathing. The Mother of Presidents, like many other dowagers, is a bit overwhelming when one comes into close daily contact with her. She takes a great deal for granted, and the neighbors would be more than human if they were not persuaded that she frequently takes too much for granted. Therefore when a North Carolinian deposes and says that it is a great thing to be a Virginian, the Old Dominion has scored by aid of one who is emphatically not the State's witness.

Nevertheless, although my own birthplace is on the right bank of the Dan and my present residence on the left bank of the Potomac — the two points from which Virginia is seen to least advantage — it is my solemn conviction that being a Virginian has a significance not attached to nativity in any other State. I have had occasion of late to make a somewhat detailed study of the manners, characters and habits of certain eminent Virginians of another day; and this study has given me a fresh impression of the reality of the Virginia tradition. The stuff is there. Virginians have no need to inflate their State pride with myths and legends. Sober historical fact about Virginia is mightier than the gaudy fictions which many another State has erected into articles of faith.

It is true that Virginians frequently have insisted on painting the lily. A large proportion of the Cavalier business is ineffable buncombe. The records indicate that the early settlers of Virginia were as sour a set of Bluenoses as can well be imagined. Indeed, the main difference between the Massachusetts Puritans and the Virginia Puritans seems to have been that the Massachusetts Puritans could read and write. Their theologies, their polities, and their villainies, were identical. The earliest records of Virginia, in fact, almost persuade a North Carolinian to accept pridefully the ancient yarn that North Carolina was settled entirely by Virginians who left that State thirty minutes ahead of the sheriff. This would be a strong indication that the first Tar Heels were civi-

lized men, for no thoroughly civilized man in Virginia could hope to stay out of jail there in the Seventeenth Century.

Nor does the *ante-bellum* Virginia created by the Thomas Nelson Page school of fictioneers rest upon a much more solid basis of fact. As early as 1824 John Randolph of Roanoke remarked that it was "notorious that the profits of slave labor have been, for a long time, on the decrease," and that already, on the average, such labor hardly repaid its expenses. Virginia in 1824 was already a decaying State, economically, and it continued on the down-grade throughout the succeeding thirty-six years. An embittered, bankrupt and terrified society can be regarded as glamorous only through the veil of distance and by aid of the ingenious art of romancers.

But if the Seventeenth Century Cavalier and the Nineteenth Century Grand Seigneur are alike fictitious, nevertheless there remains to Virginians a remarkable body of solid fact. George Washington was not a solar myth, nor Thomas Jefferson a metaphysical abstraction. Not only did these men exist in flesh and blood, but they represented Virginia, they dominated Virginia, in the truest sense they *were* Virginia in their time. There were wide divergences of opinion, leading to bitter antagonisms and lifelong contests among such Virginians as Washington, Jefferson, John Marshall, James Madison, James Monroe, Patrick Henry, George Mason, "Lighthorse Harry" Lee, Edmund Randolph, John Randolph of Roanoke, and, finally, Henry Clay who, it must be remembered, was a Virginian before he became a Kentuckian. All these men agreed on no policy of government whatsoever, and they differed on religion, wine, horseflesh and women, as well as on politics. Disparate in character, in ability, in temperament, in training and in fortune, they are, superficially, an utterly heterogeneous group; yet all these various elements combined to make being a Virginian significant today.

For they had a common denominator, and it constitutes the Virginia tradition which is the inheritance of modern Virginians. Consider, for example, James Madison, who was one of the foremost authors of the Constitution, George Mason, who criticized it, Thomas Jefferson, who accepted it, and John Marshall, who interpreted it. What common characteristic had these radically divergent personalities? I believe that it comes down, in the final analysis, to a superb intellectual courage. These men not only could think for themselves, but they dared think for themselves. If their intellectual processes carried them away from their friends and neighbors, they were not disturbed. They believed that in his reason lies man's touch of divinity, and that the exercise of his reason cannot be pernicious.

Granted this qualification, do not the other characteristics which we commonly associate with them follow naturally, nay, inevitably? The man who trusts his intellectual powers delights to exercise them. If he happens to be endowed with a bit of æsthetic appreciation, he will develop that, along with the rest, and presently we find him a man

with an ear for music, an eye for good silver, good furniture, good architecture. In any case, he will appreciate fine minds, the best of which are to be discovered through the medium of books; and presently we find him a man of learning. If he dares think, he is surely likely to respect others who do so; original thinking is not altogether incompatible with fanaticism, but the two are rarely associated. As a general rule, a society including many intellectually courageous men is a tolerant society.

After the debunkers have done their worst, the fact remains that, as the Eighteenth Century merged into the Nineteenth, the best Virginia society had reached a level to which America of the Twentieth Century may well look back with envy. Ideas were tolerated, and with that tolerance of ideas was associated a mellow philosophy which found expression in beautiful living. Existence was far from tranquil. The wilderness was only half subdued. A great war devastated the land, and the families of many of the men we are considering, and some of the men themselves, were forced more than once to become refugees. Poverty was familiar, and pestilence and famine not unknown. Factional strife rent the country, and nowhere was it more bitter than in Virginia.

Yet in the midst of all these distractions great work was done. Jefferson fled from his mountain-top hard pressed by British cavalry; but while the hoofprints of the dragoons' horses were yet fresh upon his lawn, he could return to the summit and at the same time to his contemplation of the great drama of man's incessant search for truth. He conjured up revolution as Faust did Mephistopheles; but, unlike the doctor, when his incantations were effective and the horrible apparition appeared before his eyes, he did not quail, but continued to believe in, and rejoice in, revolution. The courage of his convictions gave him inner peace in the midst of war.

Madison, in the hectic atmosphere of a post-war generation, with the first half-hearted attempts at reconstruction collapsing in ruin about him, with exploding France just beyond the horizon painting the sky with lurid hues, and half the world convinced that the days of the Apocalypse were at hand and the great dragon unchained, devoted himself to the task of studying the Constitutional needs of the country. His aim was to create a new sort of government, and he had to do the work in a Bedlam of crazy ideas. He had every opportunity, every temptation, to produce a governmental monstrosity; but what he prominently assisted in working out was so strongly buttressed and so cunningly joined that it has withstood the assaults of a hundred and fifty years with hardly a tremor.

John Marshall, flung into office by the last convulsive spasm of a mortally stricken party, with all his friends carried away by a political landslide, walked with his official life in his hands. He knew that implacable enemies were waiting to pounce upon him at the first slip, hoping and praying that he would make just one error. He knew that a dozen of the keenest brains in the

land, President Jefferson first among them, scrutinized with minute care every line he wrote, every word he uttered, avid of a chance to destroy him. But in this intensely hostile environment he lost sight for not one moment of the ideal government which his mind had created; and steadily, persistently, unfalteringly, he worked to infuse into the Constitution the spirit of that government. A man who can preserve judicial poise under such circumstances is steady almost beyond belief.

It is obvious, therefore, that in spite of wars and rumors of wars, poverty and calamity, the spirit of old Virginia was serene. There were giants in the earth in those days — men who were gigantic because they believed in themselves, they believed in truth, and therefore were not afraid.

TO BE a Virginian is to be the heir-at-law of this tradition. To be a Virginian is to be committed by heredity to the thesis that justice is based on truth, and that truth is to be discovered only by reasoning from facts. To be a Virginian is to belong to a race that set up and lived by the theory that only through the employment of his intelligence can a man hope to achieve the good life. Is this not significant? Is it not fine? The sourest of the debunkers can hardly say no.

But as for me, I am a North Carolinian, and on the whole I think it more comfortable to admit my origin. Even if I might pass myself off for a Virginian, I think I should not do so. It might lead to embarrassment.

For news has been coming out of Virginia in recent years that does not recall memories of Thomas Jefferson. There have been lynchings in Virginia recently. Just as the lower South seems about to cleanse its blood of this luetic poison, the Old Dominion becomes infected. Too bad!

THEN there are numerous minor symptoms indicative of a possible systemic trouble. For example, a year or so ago the glee club of the University of North Carolina in the course of a tour sang for the students at Hampton, a negro school, and had the Hampton students in turn sing for them. Nobody in Tarheelia gave the matter a thought until a perfectly appalling uproar broke loose around Newport News, and the dumbfounded Carolinians found themselves charged with encouraging social equality, stirring up the niggers to revolt, and betraying the sacred principles of the Ku Klux Klan. If Hampton had been in Mississippi, some such reaction might not have been astonishing. But it is in Virginia!

There are also to be considered the sporadic efforts to enact a bill ostensibly aimed at miscegenation, but which apparently would classify the descendants of Pocahontas with the descendants of Booker Washington. And there is the violent objection to the erection of a statue to Christopher Columbus in Richmond, presumably because Columbus was a non-Nordic and a Catholic.

Finally, there is the election of last November, when Virginia voted incidentally Republican, but primarily Protestant by an overwhelming majority.

It was in the Constitutional Con-

vention of Virginia in 1829 that John Randolph of Roanoke remarked:

"It has been truly said that no countries are so ill-governed as those which are ruled by the counsels of women, except such as have been governed by the counsels of priests."

But Randolph did not refer exclusively to clergymen of the Roman communion when he said priests. He was speaking on a proviso which excluded clerics of any denomination from membership in the legislature. He was against the proviso, but he opposed it solely because he considered it inconceivable that the State of Virginia would ever tolerate the participation of a cleric in politics in any capacity. What Randolph's comment on the condition of affairs in his native Commonwealth at this date would be is beyond imagination.

But lynching, dread of hybridization by the negro, dread of hybridization by the non-Nordic, dread of social revolution, dread of religious heresy, all alike testify to the existence of a tremendous, overpowering dread of ideas. What is the conventional excuse for lynching? Why, to "hold the nigger (or the white man who has violated the communal *mores*) in his place." It never enters the minds of lynchers that a new place for the nigger might ultimately be to the advantage of the white man. In the minds of lynchers, anything new is necessarily bad, and to be put down, if necessary, with the noose and the torch.

The cult of the Nordic is more obviously based on the same fear. The notion that the ideology which he absorbed in his youth, the manners and customs to which he was bred, are possibly not the most perfect of their kind ever devised, is an intolerable notion to your Ku Kluxer, because it might impose upon him the hideous labor of learning a new set of ideas, manners and customs. Fanaticism and obscurantism in religion are usually bottomed on the fear of the clergy that any new idea introduced into religion will menace the vested interest of the clergy — a fear with plenty of basis in experience, for that is precisely what a new religious idea always does.

Of course this fear of ideas has been characteristic of the masses since history began; but the characteristic of Virginia a century ago was her possession of a leadership free from the superstitious terrors of the masses. It may be that eighty per cent of the population in 1829, when Randolph made his remark, were as unable to cope with a really skilful powwow doctor of any school as they are today; but then they were equipped with leaders who dominated their minds more completely than even the thaumaturgists could. It was the enlightened leader, not any unusual enlightenment in the follower, that made Virginia. The basic stock has not altered. Leaders of the same type could achieve the same results in 1929 that they achieved in 1829.

So being a Virginian inevitably means being in some measure responsible for the fact that Virginia no longer towers over the rest of the country. But why pick on Virginia? Does not the hex lie heavily on all the other forty-seven States? Is not the horror of intelligence all too apparent from coast to coast? Is not the whole

land in great measure governed by the counsels of women and priests, and damnably ill-governed? Why single out Virginia, when her sisters are all, or nearly all, in the same boat?

The reason is simple. Virginia comes in for blame simply because she is Virginia. *In magnis nominibus umbra stat.* I could not possibly govern England, but no man derides me for that. For three centuries, however, Richard Cromwell has been held in derision for his inability to do so. Men found it ludicrous that the son of Oliver Cromwell should be a weakling. They find it no less laughable that Virginians are helpless against a rabble of political soothsayers, dervishes, warlocks and astrologers to which Jefferson or Marshall would have had to address only one monosyllable, to wit, Scat!

Whatever may be our condition in reality, the rest of us are in position to cover up pretty well. Tar Heels, for instance, can make out a fairly plausible argument to support the thesis that we are on the up-grade. For example, we have apparently put a definite end to the sport of lynching negroes. At present, we compel our mobs to confine their practice to Jews and cotton-mill hands. In fact, if memory serves, the last Jew was paid for by twenty-one prison sentences inflicted on his torturers; and the time is plainly not far distant when even cotton-mill hands will be regarded as at least semi-human. In Tarheelia this means progress, for it is not immeasurably below the level of Carolinian culture in 1829. If we lack the glittering ancestry of Virginians, we have some reason for hoping that we are by way of becoming ancestors ourselves.

But being a Virginian in 1929 is like being Richard Cromwell in 1659. It means being compelled incessantly to explain why you don't pack the old man's wallop in either fist; and there are few necessities more painfully embarrassing.

# College—Five Years Later

By Don Gordon

*An alumnus who holds that his generation has been missed, despite all the beating of thickets, volunteers some testimony on higher education*

The modern college has been minutely bared to the public eye. The microscope has revealed its most cherished flaws. It has been derided, lauded, cajoled, deplored. It has been proclaimed the crusader of the new age, *sans peur et sans reproche;* it has been denounced as the training camp for all the horned evils that harass the current generations. The voices, soothing or indignant, of college presidents, coaches, professors, undergraduates, alumni, have been raised in defense and attack. But there is still one possible and not entirely irrelevant viewpoint that has not yet been offered.

What of the graduate who is not so far removed that his recollections are laden with the sentimentality of the hundred per cent alumnus, nor so recent that the last football yell is still an inspiration in his ears? Neither of these is to be trusted too much. The perfect alumnus is usually a perfect ass, too. Time and even a modicum of prosperity have so diluted his memories that they run together garishly, like the colors of a cheap flag in the rain. The recent fledgling is still too dazed, his brain is still suffused with the final bright phrases of the baccalaureate sermon.

No, it is we who are in between who have a pertinent word to say, a word that is not undeserving of consideration. We, whose sheepskins bear the date of, let us say, five years ago. We who are neither downy nor yet grizzled; neither adolescent nor senile. In short, we who are in the full tide of our buoyant cynicism, sweating at the guns, waist-deep in the muck of dead platitudes. What does college mean to us today? How has it met its promises?

Most of us do not think of college at all any more. It is to us something unreal. All of its manifestations seem to have occurred on another plane from that upon which we now breathe. We have gone either above or below it, as you will, but certainly away from it. Those things which once were the poles of the earth now mark the boundaries of a secluded garden.

When we do look back we sometimes have a curious sense of loss.

We are like inadequate mariners who have put out to sea in craft too frail. The sight of familiar land would not be unwelcome. We look back. There the lighthouse rises, its worn stones beautiful in sunlight. But when the night comes upon us we look again and we see that there, too, is only darkness. The tower is an architectural miracle — but the light is none the less gone.

As for practical matters we have little complaint to make. Those of us who were not altogether blind realized fairly well that there was to be little or no connection between college training and later earning capacity. We have not been disappointed. But the college itself did not encourage this freedom from illusion. Always its spokesmen inferred that the world waited for us, holding out its rewards for our taking.

It would have been better and more honest had they simply said to us, "We show you this and that. We stir your mind and perhaps your imagination. We give you a peek at the past. This is good for you and it may give you a few hours of intelligent living. But don't expect to turn it into double eagles. College is not the alchemist's stone. It's a little scalpel with which to scratch the surface of your cerebellum."

We would have appreciated that.

It is not because our diplomas do not pass for currency that we object to certain collegiate aspects. We are content to fight as the rest of the world fights and on the same terms. Sometimes there is a momentary psychic wrench as we discover that we begin exactly where everyone else begins. But we get over that. Our objection, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say our regret, is divided into two categories.

Our first vain regret is that, though college gave us many things, it failed signally to correlate them with each other and with the life we have to live. It cut all knowledge into segments and then forgot to put them together again. We beheld a series of unrelated fragments instead of a living force. Today we are busily trying to join that which was sundered for us at a too impressionable period.

Naturally, the division of the world of knowledge into comprehensible parts could not be avoided. But it was not impossible to remind us of the thread of unity, however thin, that runs through it all. This was almost never done. Thus we learned history and put that in one pigeon-hole. We studied economics and gave it a niche. We followed the mysterious windings of diplomatic history and applied another label. Philosophy had its separate cell and ethics was in the next tier, beyond sight and sound.

So it went with everything. We were never informed that history and economics sometimes touched hands, even fused and became one upon occasion. Economics and diplomacy were never revealed in aught save the most hostile attitudes toward one another. Diplomacy and philosophy were apparently not on speaking terms. Literature dwelt in a tower of ivory and ordered life to beat the frog pond at night that it might sleep.

It would certainly take a super-Wellsian to correlate properly all

branches of knowledge. We do not object because it was not done well; but because it was not attempted at all. It was left for us to do later. We are still trying to do it, still trying to put together the segments so sharply cut.

THERE are some segments missing, too. These are accounted for by the fact that we were not judiciously guided and were too indolent and too ignorant to be our own Virgils. The elective system is well enough in its way; it is only later that we recognize how inadequate we were to wield the two-edged sword.

Take history alone. We were and are inevitably confused. We know something of one nation but we are unable to correlate that knowledge with what we know of the rest of the world. Isolated dates, kings, movements, stand out in our minds like peaks in Darien. But there is no explorer to tell us that beyond lies the sea. Too much specialization that was not specialization at all but the mere introduction to it. And too little correlation. In trying now to do laboriously what might then have been done with comparative ease, we discover ominous gaps, vast spaces filled with only the sharp wind of complication.

In addition to the failure to correlate academic divisions with each other, we regret the failure to correlate them with the life we have to live. This is partly due to the fact that there was never time to reach the age that is our own. We were held so tenaciously to the past that invariably the end of any course found us far from the end of the available material. We were left to stretch our hands across unbridged years.

In English history one might get as far as the Nineteenth Century. Beyond that was silence. We had studied Henry the Eighth and counted his wives too carefully to allow time for more recent developments. In American history we never quite reached the turn of the century. Why did we go at length into the Jay Treaty and ignore Versailles? Did diplomacy cease to have significance after Monroe spoke? We were left to pick up the broken threads from the newspapers and from such desultory reading as we might ourselves do. But we might have had the aid of experts in each field, men who could have taken us above the din and the dust and the smoke and revealed the contemporary human scene in its larger aspects.

And as to economics, Adam Smith is good, solid reading. But one or two things have happened since he wrote. The average course in economics did not seem aware of it.

TRUE, the roots of almost all aspects of modern life lie in the past. But life is not all roots. The blossoms or the thorns are not to be ignored. We needed thorough grounding, of course. But we were left without much else. And we certainly needed a few large and spacious views of the pageant in its entirety.

We should not be unreasonable. Perhaps we demand too much. But many of us are still groping, many of us are lost. Sometimes we think that we would be less confused had we been given a little training in orientation. It may be that those who taught us were themselves lost. It may be

that they needed their own orientating. If that be true, then we have asked for more than was theirs to give. If it is not true, then we are justified in expressing our candid reaction.

We are sorry, in the second place, because the college spoke to us often in terms too large either for its comprehension or for ours. For four years the undergraduate is surrounded by words, thoughts, attitudes, large and vague as clusters of nebulæ. It is not so much in the classroom as in the larger assemblies, at all public collegiate meetings, at all public functions, that the platitude rules the platform.

All our speakers, from the college president to the last alumnus to return from afar, felt it necessary to conceal themselves behind very large words. I remember a president who never failed to speak, upon every occasion, of "the unseen things." Not once did he elucidate. Week after week, month after month, he belabored it until at each of his appearances we all waited with held breath until the phrase was out. And the elaborations upon it! It was the central figure in all the fancy dress balls his mind created for us. He robed it in velvet, hung it with lace, garnished it with spangles. It turned, pivoted, pranced before our anguished eyes until we longed to throttle it as though it had been a living thing.

Yet the man himself was intelligent, scholarly, wise in his way. I do not know why he chose to speak always of the same phantoms in the same clouded terms. There was so much that he might have given us from the rich hoard of his life. He might have aroused us, angered us, beat us into a froth of disputation with his words. He might have stimulated us immeasurably had he chosen to reveal himself and his thoughts as they were, not as he finally filtered them down to us. As soon as he mounted the rostrum he became, not the shrewd man he really was, but the college president, wrapped in the mantle of departed and outmoded thoughts. Once or twice I met him when he was alone. He was sensible, learned, free from cant. Before us as a group he clung to his desiccated programme.

All other speakers were the same. They always spoke of "more abundant life." Apparently that was as far as their thoughts went. They never interpreted the sounding phrase. They were content to mention it and to leave it sticking in our already surfeited throats. They told us beautifully of "the larger fields of service" that awaited our coming. We heard of "the far flung frontier" where the graduate brethren were performing miracles of devotion to God knows what obscure causes. "High endeavor," "spiritual heritage," "bearers of light in the dark places," these and a hundred other Websterian embellishments made their perorations as gaudy and hideous as a drawing room of the 'Nineties.

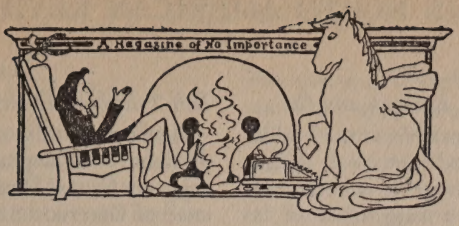
It did not matter what the occasion; the ceremony was the same. The opening day address always welcomed the incoming generation in the same large and lavish way. It would have been possible to have given those new people an honest,

straightforward résumé of what they might expect. The occasion could have been made memorable by reason of its candor. Instead, there were only phrases, more phrases, marching precisely as they had always marched, stiff as the puppets of the Chauve Souris.

For four years the wooden parade went on. Whenever the metallic bugle cried, the wordy ranks automatically formed. For every public occasion there was the appropriate and precedented manœuvre of this refined battalion. At last Commencement day came and, to the accompaniment of the same bedraggled phrases, with the old flags still flying, the tassel on the mortar board was tossed from right to left and the bachelor of this or that was marshaled out in a final illumination of verbal rockets.

Well, it is all history for us now. But it is still being made for the generation that has inherited our privileges. Perhaps it didn't hurt us. But it certainly kept us from something better. If they had only talked to us as man to man! If they had only dropped their polite masks! "They" were, for the most part, not lacking in personality. They had their reactions to life as it is. But from us these things must be reserved.

And so it is that now, five years later, we remember only emptiness where we might have remembered epochs in our mental evolution. We asked, or would have asked had we been articulate, for bread. They gave us Marie Antoinette's answer and tried to nourish us with cake, pink cake with frosting in nice design. No wonder our thoughts today are a little curdled.




# Stuff and Nonsense

By Donald Rose

*A Monthly Magazine of No Importance, Dealing Lightly with Matters Pertinent and Profound, and Weightily with Those of No Consequence Whatever*

AUGUST, 1929 VOL. 5, NUMBER 8

## OUR BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

It's a poor season that does not see at least one new Book Club promoted, established, and dedicated to the uplift of the unfortunate public, and we feel that it is incumbent upon us to contribute our mite to the accumulating cultural opportunities of our times. In casting around for a bigger and better Book Club idea, we note that all book clubs to date have two serious drawbacks. The first is that you must pay money for their disinterested and public-spirited services. This is a very bad beginning, and has probably discouraged thousands of people from joining them, and made thousands of others wonder why they ever did it. The second is that their victims never know what they are going to get until they get it, and must endure long periods of nervous anxiety from month to month which must be very bad indeed for the arteries. In devising our own Book Club we have managed to avoid both difficulties. The books provided by the S. and N. Book-of-the-Month Club will cost you positively nothing at all, which makes the total cost of membership much lower than that offered by any other club. You pay nothing every month, or payments may be made quarterly or by the year at a discount of ten per cent. To meet the second difficulty, we are publishing at this time the complete list of books to be issued by the club during the coming year, so that if you do not care for them you will know what you can do about it. In order to maintain our unusually low rate of membership, we must insist that you accept no substitutes. In order to make sure of it, we don't even offer any.

Beginning with the current month, we shall publish for our customers the following masterpieces, each an entirely new book and an unquestioned leader in its field.

August, 1929

*Summer Catalogue: Montgomery, Ward & Co.*

The American scene, portrayed in all its varied elements. Strong sex interest throughout, and a breath of the great outdoors in the sporting section. The style warm and colorful, with a persistently romantic strain. Reminiscent of Zane Grey at his very best.

September, 1929

*Government Bulletin, No. 341: How to Build Cement Hog-pens*

An effective study in concrete realities, rich in atmosphere and true to life as it is lived in the great bacon belt. Not even Louis Bromfield has ever written anything remotely resembling it.

October, 1929

*Burpee's Catalogue of Spring Bulbs*

A delicate and poetic piece of imaginative prose. An inspiring vein of optimism runs through its pages; it is the stuff of which dreams are made. Lavishly illustrated.

NOVEMBER, 1929

*Winter Catalogue: Sears, Roebuck and Co.*

Another human document from the Middle West, home of Sherwood Anderson, Edgar Lee Masters and Mrs. Gann. It is impossible to convey more than a suggestion of its wealth of pungent imagery, nor to convey more than a hint of the varied fascination of its pages. Reading for the whole family throughout the long winter evenings.

DECEMBER, 1929

*Calendar for 1930*

A story of the future, based on sound science. The inclusion of several eclipses and the phases of the moon give it a truly cosmic scale. Recalls the work of H. G. Wells in the days when he considered creation a fairly satisfactory performance. We anticipate that this will be the most widely quoted book of the year.

JANUARY, 1930

*Check Book: First National Bank*

With the publication of this volume the festive season of Christmas comes definitely to a close. Parents of large families in particular will draw heavily upon its resources, and consider carefully its statements and deductions. A tragic tale, but one familiar to us all.

FEBRUARY, 1930

*Dreer's Spring Seed Catalogue*

It is indeed a privilege to publish a book of so much optimism and encouragement. Ignoring the neurasthenic pessimism of the modern mode, it revives the suggestion of Candide that we "cultivate our garden." The sections devoted to "rich, sandy loam" are particularly lyrical.

MARCH, 1930

*Income Tax Declaration Blank*

A mystery story. Anyone discovering the solution before midnight of March 14 will be entitled to a refund.

APRIL, 1930

*Railroad Guide to Daylight Saving*

A popular presentation of the Einstein Theory, completely revolutionizing all ordinary ideas of time and space. A serious book for serious students, including Pullman porters. Offers some brilliant speculations in regard to baggage and connections by way of Chicago.

MAY, 1930

*Bell Telephone Directory*

A monumental work of research, a veritable dictionary of biography. The style strongly suggests Ernest Hemingway under the influence of Gertrude Stein and a bad attack of stuttering. Invaluable for propping up the broken leg of the davenport.

JUNE, 1930

*The Automobile Blue Book*

We include one book of travel, to complete a thoroughly rounded reading course for the year. While not offered as an autobiography this is an approximately authentic narrative, due allowance being made for detours and other circumstances beyond our control.

JULY, 1930

*The Congressional Record*

An astounding revelation of the inner consciousness of American politics. Full of personalities, anecdotes, and discussions of profound interest. Will create a tremendous sensation, provided anyone reads it. But we don't think anyone will.

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## *Song of the Open Road*

Out of the heat of the city street,
Out of its stifling air,
We mount and ride to the countryside,
Where the world is fresh and fair;
To a land of play and of new-mown hay,
To the peaceful, pure abode
    Of the hot dog dumps
    And the gasoline pumps,
And the signs by the side of the road.

The rural scene with its sylvan green
Brings peace to the weary eye;
And the heart is light at the seemly sight
Of the speed signs flashing by.
The road unrolls through the telegraph poles,
And the world is glad and gay,
    With the hot dog dumps
    And the gasoline pumps,
And the signs by the side of the way.

Oh, banish the pain of the greed for gain,
And the city's toil and strife;
And find release in the country's peace,
In the home of the simple life.
And there let us raise our songs of praise,
And join in a festive ode,
    To the hot dog dumps
    And the gasoline pumps,
And the signs by the side of the road.

## Three Gray Hairs

These three gray hairs of mine are honorable scars, but I have not yet grown used to wearing them. They came on me too suddenly, and talk too loud of old age and decrepitude, of rising blood pressure and fallen arches, of decreasing expectation of life and increasing disposition to relate anecdotes. They smote me like a blow when first they loomed out of the accusing mirror, and left me suddenly aged and feeble. From a blithe young thing with a waistline I was suddenly become an old, old man.

I racked my senile brains to discover whence they had come. There is a favorite fable among old folks like myself that gray hairs are symptoms of advancing wisdom, pushed out from within by the intense mental activity of real maturity. But I could find no comfort or conviction in the thought. These three gray hairs sprout from my skull right above the area which science says is headquarters for the ability to spell, and I know that I spell no better in this twilight time of life. I am forced to speculate on other sources of my affliction.

Looking backward — as we grayheads insist on doing — I see that life is a series of hurdles, and some are higher than others. I still recall with what apprehension I watched the approach of a twentieth birthday. Twenty was a terrific age, a conclusive age, an age when everything must be settled and sealed and wrapped up forever. Before twenty a man could be vagrant and fancy free, neither a Republican nor a Democrat, either romanticist or realist, and with heaven or hell as equally distant and indifferent possibilities. After twenty he must find a pigeonhole and crawl into it, and stay there forever and ever.

Perhaps my twentieth birthday gave me this first gray hair. Yet I think not, for when it was gone it was nothing and I was still recognizable to myself and the neighbors. I realized then that the *thirtieth* birthday was the danger point and dividing line, when man reaches the top of the hill and begins to roll down the other side. Having assembled himself and gathered all his strength and resources, he begins at thirty to fall apart again. He is a full generation behind the calendar, and — since the years of a man are three-score and ten — he is nearly half dead. Yet somehow I survived the age of thirty, and if my gray hairs came upon me then, I failed to notice them.

Now I know that nothing much matters until a man is forty. Life has been good so far, but in a short year it will be practically over. I shall be forty and fit for the Old Folks' Home. And in the mean time, I have grown these three gray hairs.

So I am certain that age has nothing to do with them, even though they are prophetic and portentous of old age to come. I shall not be forty until a year from next week, so my head is not white with the burden of years. These three gray hairs must stand for great sorrows, anxieties or trials, or for some soul-searing shock or terrifying experience. I count them over everyone apart — all three of them — and try to put the blame where it belongs.

I have gone through my life with a fine-tooth comb, stirring up thereby a lot of dust which was better left alone, and found two culprits on which to lay the blame. The first is that anxious era when my wife learned to drive a car. She is still learning — or so it seems to me — and I notice also that the hair is definitely grayer today than when I first discovered it. This seems to establish the cause-and-effect relation beyond all doubt or question.

I do not drive a car myself. We own a car, but I will not drive it while there is a taxicab left on earth. I know how to drive a car, just as I know how to fly an airplane and play the violin and make nitro-glycerine, but I have never driven one. The nearest I ever came to it was one lesson, which didn't take. I knew how to do everything needful but could not resist the temptation to do it all at once, and the car practically pulled itself apart in its effort to please. I console myself in my ignorance or ineptitude with the thought that I shall soon be the sole surviving human being who does not know the essential difference between the accelerator and the ditch beside the road. Also I find that so long as I do not drive a car, nobody can ask or compel me to drive it to places where I don't want to go. There are a great many such places, and they can all be readily reached by automobile.

But my wife can drive the car, and does. Often I ride with her, if only to keep up appearances before the neighbors, and my

first gray hair is on the left side of my head, exactly in line with my agonized interest in the way she does it. I don't say much about it, or else she will dare me to do better, but I think hard and deep and sometimes pray. For one thing she drives by preference on the wrong side of the road, arguing in thoroughly feminine fashion that there is more room there. She neglects her horn at crossings to save the battery, and relies on pedestrians in the way to treat her with as much respectful fear as I do. She notices the bumps in the road after they have gone by, and worries the accelerator as if it were the pedal of an electric sewing machine.

All these, of course, are trifles, and I maintain that she is an excellent driver. She must be, or we would never have survived these slight idiosyncrasies, and we have so far killed no one nor been seriously smitten ourselves. She can even drive the car with the emergency brake on and no more than a thimblefull of gasoline. But nevertheless, when my first gray hair dies it will not be without a monument. Sacred to its memory will be a five-passenger touring car with one bent fender and a deep depression on the footboard of the right front seat, where I have so often pushed my foot down on a brake that isn't there.

The second gray hair is a by-product of the circus. I do not mean the circus which descends annually upon every American city and notably improves the local prospects of the peanut crop. I no longer care for this circus, since even elephants lose their charm after the ninth or tenth pachyderm, and the other beasts of the field and forest are a little too expressive of their personality to give me unalloyed delight. The circus which is crowning my head with snowy locks is the one which my sons and their partners in crime prepare annually for the entertainment of our quiet community.

According to an old Latin proverb, "an angelic boyhood becomes a Satanic old age." If this be true, then I shall not worry about these boys. At the very least they must turn out bishops or philanthropists and end their days in the full odor of sanctity, since all that is angelic is just now farthest from their thoughts. In this conviction I have company. When I meet my neighbor and note his wrinkled brow and haggard eye I have only to say, "Is your boy in the circus, too?" and his whole face lights up with quick and understanding sympathy.

The circus comes round each summer. It includes clowns, athletes and Indians, and sideshows which involve the cat and her kittens, the dog, two turtles and an Italian goat from down by the railroad tracks. There is annual difficulty about the elephant. I have tried to discourage the elephant, but without success; it seems that if there is no elephant, there is *ipso facto* no circus. An infinitude of labor is therefore bestowed upon the elephant; enough to earn and purchase, if directed to more productive enterprise, at least two elephants and a camel.

While the circus is in preparation, no clothes line is safe from tight-rope walkers, no dishes from jugglers, no bed-springs from tumblers and trapeze artists. The lion's savage roar is rehearsed at all hours, and there are constant meetings of the producer and his staff. Whenever a boy is missing from his chores, it is another sign of circus time, and my phone grows hot and weary with the plaints of mothers who think my boy is at the bottom of it all. I wouldn't be surprised if he were.

So the circus accounts for the second gray hair. Concerning the third I am in doubt. But I think it must have burst into bloom at the moment when I discovered the other two.

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## The S. and N. Alphabetical Education

### No. 16. Crossword Puzzling

Crossword puzzling is the only satisfactory form of solitaire yet devised by the fertile brain of man. It is a game in which the imaginary opponent is not the irritating luck and lay of the cards, which are quite enough on occasion to make a man forget that honesty is the best policy even when no one is watching. The pied pattern of black and white squares is a personal challenge to all that is in you of information, imagination, industry and ingenuity. It is an intelligence test whose outcome no one need know but yourself.

If one may believe the publishers of dictionaries, crossword puzzling is also an educational diversion. The persistent puzzler

learns before long that a period of time is an "era," "age," or "eon," while a printer's measure is an "em" and a printer's calamity is "pi." He discovers the name of at least one river in Switzerland, the abbreviation for Rhode Island, the first name of an Egyptian sun-god, and the chemical symbol for tellurium. He accumulates a private menagerie of the three-toed sloth, the emu, the gnu, the boa, the roc and the asp. He discovers that if you cannot spell a word you may maltreat it as you please and call it Scotch. He learns that "no" is a negative, "in" a preposition, and "are" a part of the verb "to be," without which knowledge a man may hardly be called educated.

Emerson once wrote that "though the origin of most of our words is forgotten, each word was at first a stroke of genius." The puzzler feels the same way about it when he writes a sudden inspiration across a row of empty squares. He swells up visibly and may even cackle a little, like a hen which has laid a triumphant egg which had never been laid before. He feels the thrill of creative genius, and of establishing order and good sense in the very midst of chaos.

After three or four years of persistent puzzling, a man can become so expert that he scorns the pencil and eraser and dashes off his diagrams with a fountain pen. He may even reach the point where he scorns to look over the shoulder of the man in front of him who is working on the same newspaper. At this point, for the good of his soul and the peace of his neighbors, he should take up the making of crossword patterns for others to sweat and suffer over.

To put together a plausible puzzle, with enough expansive words and not too many odds and ends of vocabulary in it, calls for genius and endurance, three dictionaries, and enough good luck to take a man across the ocean in a bathtub with an outboard motor. A man making his first crossword puzzles is all alone in the world. He walks in a trance, while words rattle around continuously in the hollow parts of his head. He is liable to rush off at any moment to paw at a dictionary, and he will chase a spelling variation through three languages and seven centuries. He makes patterns and changes them, he runs into traffic jams and must start all over again, he wrestles with words until he is worn thin and ragged. By three days of heart-breaking labor, during which he has offended all his friends, ruined his digestion and lost his job, he gets a puzzle together and hides it safely behind a smoke-screen of definitions. Then he discovers that any high-school student can solve it without much trouble in fifteen minutes, after which he either commits suicide or leaves the making of puzzles to people who have nothing better to do.

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## GENERAL INFORMATION

*Question:* "This is a wonderful age. Now isn't it? So many things happen and people think so much. Now don't they? You have to think quick or it's too late, and somebody else has thought it and then what's the use? Now take for instance this Dr. Harry Elmer Barnes, who does such a lot of thinking in *The Forum* for April. *The Forum* is another of these high-hat magazines, just like your magazine, only different. Don't you think it is interesting to find out what Dr. Barnes thinks of God?"

*Answer:* Yes, but wouldn't it be even more interesting to find out what God thinks of Dr. Barnes?

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*Question:* "Who is Joan Lowell and what's the big idea? Didn't she write a book or something?"

*Answer*: Joan Lowell is practically the granddaughter of Lowell Observatory, on the bias, selvage or distaff side. Of her twenty-four years she has spent seventeen on board a Staten Island ferry boat, four in stock company, and about thirty-two in the more profitable branches of light fiction. She received practically all her education *a posteriori* by way of a rope's end, applied by her devoted father, who thereby kept her sweet and unspoiled until she fell at last into the hands of the Book-of-the-Month Club. What she doesn't know about the sea and seafaring is nobody's business, and she can swim, spit and swear like a Heywood Broun on pay day. Her book, *The Cradle of the Deep*, is a saturated solution of salt water and sex appeal, and has sold over a hundred thousand copies. Dr. Henry Seidel Canby is doing as well as could be expected under the circumstances.

## Our Centre of Gravity

*"No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk;*
*Then, howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things*
*I shall digest it."*

SHAKESPEARE.

There is little that is demonstrably wrong or even indecent about novelty. Some things, in fact, are clearly better when new, as for instance babies and hens' eggs, and there are times and occasions when novelty is the only excuse for an otherwise futile existence. Nor are all old things good things, as witness the blunders of indiscriminate collections of antique furniture. Any charges to be preferred against modernism, whether in Literature, Morals, or the Habits of the Young People, must rest on other objections than the fact that they are new, different or unaccustomed.

Yet there is even less sense in the judgment or lack of it that dismisses the whole of yesterday because it is old-fashioned. The charge is easily made, and flatters the vanity of the present, but the word lacks discrimination. It has an eye only for the calendar, as though worth went by dates and seasons. It confuses rock-bottom realities with the dress they wear, and would like to chuck the compass overboard because the brass is rusted. Particularly it forgets that there is nothing so old-fashioned as the restless appetite for change; nothing so enduring as today's discontent with yesterday's habits.

Human nature is by necessity old-fashioned. It came over in the Mayflower and with William the Conqueror; it walked the streets of Thebes and Babylon and ancient Athens. Professor Breasted has lately turned up proof that the Egyptians of four thousand years ago were worried by political graft and urged each other to "throw the rascals out." The walls of Pompeii are scribbled with screeds urging the election of friends of the people, and pointing to the record in thoroughly modern fashion. The clay tablets of Babylon and Nineveh include laundry bills and shopping lists, and one of the oldest letters in the world is written by a Greek schoolboy who wanted his allowance raised, his spelling being no better than that of Twentieth Century school boys. Caxton had no sooner got his printing press in working order than he published the first advertisement, offering the familiar inducement that his wares were "good and chepe."

Thrown back into the scenes of past centuries, we should all be quickly at home. We should be well satisfied with yesterday's peak of perfection, and properly scornful of the stupidity of the day before yesterday. We should be sitting on top of the world, and everything else would be old-fashioned.

Yet in better sense, that which is old-fashioned was made long ago and has proved itself worth long keeping. It has survived the impatience of countless generations, and endured serenely through many surface changes. These old-fashioned morals and old-fashioned convictions that are the butt of modernism are probably not in such great danger as sometimes seems likely. They have been through it all before. To call them old-fashioned is to pay tribute to their staying power, and promises that they will still be in business when today's fads are forgotten and forsaken.

That which is old-fashioned was made long ago, tested and tried by experience, and delivered from the bondage of the passing mode. It has good chance of outlasting its critics, since it has already outlived so many substitutes. It endures because it is old-fashioned, and not merely out-moded and outworn. The modernist who tries to dismiss it with a phrase is probably talking very much like his great-grandfather and like other great-grandfathers before him. The louder and longer he talks, the more likely he is to be saying nothing of any great importance.

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## GERMICIDAL

There are six million germs on a single fly,
As it walks up and down on an apple pie;
Smallpox and measles and flu and diphtheria
Travel around with these little bacteria.

## *The Japanese Beetle and How to Feed and Care for Him*

It may be that you live in Brooklyn or in the wide-open spaces beyond the Mississippi where a beetle more or less is nothing to write to your Congressman about. In this case your interest in the Japanese Beetle will be confined to his charm and interest as a household pet, neither of which is so great as you might suppose. But a good many of us are condemned by circumstances to live in the East, in the immediate company of the Yellow Peril, which in this particular case is not yellow at all but a shiny beetly black with spots on it. We may not live here long if the beetle has his way about it, but in the meantime we are certainly learning a lot about beetles.

It is generally supposed by moralists and Dr. Cadman that there is some good in everything. Yet despite this optimistic generosity, it is difficult to find a full excuse for insects, except that they sometimes eat other insects, which is the sort of argument that must come to an end sometime and still leave a lot of insects unaccounted for. This does not, of course, refer to the bee, which is credited with many admirable qualities, including industry, thrift, good housekeeping, love of children and general attention to business. There is also the ant, whose diligence is commendable, even though somewhat misdirected. But the Japanese Beetle is a horse of another feather.

Experts on insects like to divide them into two types, styles or political parties. There are those that poke their nose into everything, and those others who will swallow anything. If you do not care for insects, you may deal with the first group by means of corrosive acids and solvents, and with the second by means of tasty poisons. For example, a small quantity of nitric acid or paint remover on the back of an aphis will urge him rapidly to repentance, and for those insects that chew their way through life a dose of bootleg gin will usually be effective.

But such remedies will not even interest a Japanese Beetle. The Japanese Beetle has a hide of sheet armor and a stomach lined with corrugated zinc. Ordinary poisons do no more than tickle him, and a dose of dynamite would probably merely make him sneeze. He wears a bullet-proof vest which defies all contact sprays; and if he so much as suspects that you have spread arsenate of lead on your grapevines, he moves right over to your rose bushes. Traps have no effect upon him except to arouse him to derision and mocking laughter, and even though one young beetle succumbs to curiosity and is caught, there are ninety and nine which fly around outside and say, "I told you so." Small boys can be set on his trail with bottles of kerosene, but they are liable to lose interest after the first quart or so, after which it is more trouble to catch the boys than the beetles.

This is serious. Certainly it is serious in our part of the country, where we have to push our way through crowds of beetles in order to pick a raspberry and argue it out with a whole handful of beetles before we can pluck a single peach. If the Japanese Beetle can get into this country despite all the immigration laws and the high cost of living, and eat us out of house and home with impunity, we shall soon be living on canned goods continually instead of merely five days a week. Something must be done about it, or soon there will be nothing to be done about it.

The beetle is an adaptable beast. He is not at all particular, except that he likes the things that we like. He prefers peaches and grapes and young cauliflower, but he will even eat spinach. When he is done with the vegetables, he goes after the flowers and shade trees. Then he starts on the house, and chews off the cornice and the spouting and gutters. If undisturbed, he goes on and on until he arrives at the library and sinks his teeth into the Encyclopedia Britannica, where he dies in heaps.

Since poisons seem to be inadequate and are liable to be bad for the children anyway, the crisis calls for more serious measures. The Government ought to do something. Our tariff laws are supposed to be for the protection of American agriculture as well as for the safeguarding of our infant industries in steel, dry goods and plate glass, and the new schedules should therefore include a tax of not less than fifty per cent *ad valorem* on beetles. If this fails to work, public opinion should be aroused by this means and that, until there is passed a Twentieth Amendment to the Constitution, positively forbidding all beetles. The individual can also contribute his share to the campaign of extermination. He can arrange mass meetings and public lectures for the beetles on

such subjects as behaviorism, birth-control, psycho-analysis and biochemistry, so that the beetles will either be bored to death or will turn cynical and commit race suicide. A more effective method is to win the confidence of the beetles so that they will come to your call and trust you implicitly. You then read aloud to them from *The Congressional Record*, and when they open their mouths to yawn, you drop in a pinch of Paris Green and let nature take its course.

Government experts report that there is some decrease in the 1929 crop of beetles, which shows that no Government expert has been around my surburban estate for some time. The Government is pinning its faith, such as it is, to the parasite. The parasite is another and smaller beetle with a disposition to trespass and jump claims. He sets up housekeeping in the back of the Japanese Beetle and rapidly depreciates the property. I take this opportunity to announce that any parasites who are house-hunting at the present moment will find some unusually attractive opportunities in my garden, handy to the trains and with all modern improvements. First come will be first served, since there are probably not more than ten million beetles left.

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## BULLETIN BOARD
### of the Heterogenius Club

THE COLUMNIST

If you can master adjectives and adverbs,
  And sprinkle here and there a verb or two;
If you can spatter elongated phrases,
  Elaborate sweet nothings all askew;
If you can make a bit of slang artistic,
  Or even cuss a bit without offense,
And yet can handle hifalutin language
  To make it sound like wholesome common sense;

If you can make a verbal ray of sunshine
  To make one person chuckle, even grin;
If you can find and chronicle a virtue
  From out the news that's teeming so with sin;
If you can make your readers see the rainbow
  Before the storm has really spent its strength;
If you can mix philosophy with humor
  Yet keep your column clean throughout its length;

If you can please the literists and peasants,
  And draw the praise of both, offending none;
If neither fear nor fame can mar your efforts,
  And you can feel your conscience clear when done;
If you can fill the ever gaping column,
  With words of wisdom pleasing to the mob;
Then yours the title and whate'er goes with it
  And what is more you'll prosper on the job.

DUSTIN D. RHODES.

Syracuse, N. Y.

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## Sweet Innocence

*By* GAY JORDAN

When Horace and I go out in the evening, it is nothing uncommon for me to be the only woman present who neither smokes nor drinks. I don't do it, just to be different! If the subject of reading comes up, often the books discussed are those which have been allowed only a private printing. If current events are the subject, the talk is about the latest crime, speculations as to the criminal, how clever he was, and where he may be in hiding, much as if he were a famous actor.

All of which, sandwiched in before, after and between the game of bridge, is supposed to be sophistication.

After several evenings of this, it is quite refreshing to take our small daughter Sue, who is five and usually in bed at seven o'clock, to a western movie featuring one of her favorite stars. Why a western for Sue? Because of the beautiful scenes, the trained horses and dogs, the absence of complicated love-affairs, the glamour of bravery-plus-a-kind-heart, and the swift downfall of meanness. If it is a bit over-done to my jaded eyes, at least it is no more over-done than the pseudo-sophistication, and it is real and thrilling to little Sue. But best of all, I like to hear her tell the story of the picture the next evening at the dinner table. Sue knows nothing yet of men in the rôle of lover and sweetheart, and so she says: "And at the end, the lights turn out just as the girl falls into the arms of her daddy!"

# The Safety Valve

## *Roads to Happiness*

SIR:

Please do not give us, in your delightful NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, any more such articles as *The Plight of Women with Brains*, by Walter B. Pitkin. From a crashing world crowded with useless reading your magazine was selected by our household as having less space writing than many otherwise good periodicals. Especially did we enjoy in earlier issues the editorial news. Now that informing section seems to have given way to futile, though pleasantly penned, opinings about entirely inconsequential matters.

The article mentioned is typical of much present-day idle and inconclusive speculation. The writer cites a few random remarks of discontent from variously active and intelligent women. Upon these, with an absurd use of a few statistics and a false theory of life, he bases an attempt at searching analysis and deep thinking.

"Happiness is self-realization" is the basis of his discussion. Only by much trifling with words can such a statement be tenable. Experience, knowledge, religion, all teach us that happiness is relative, and is obtainable only by adaptation to circumstances; for "he who seeketh his life shall lose it." "If you have an excellent mind that likes to think out things and investigate causes and study odd trends in man and nature," says the writer, "why then you find your happiness in using it." Also it should be added, if circumstances prevent you from using an excellent mind you can still find happiness by doing well that which is at hand to do.

Moreover, you cannot find happiness if, thinking first of your so-called self-realization, you neglect those obligations at hand, to pursue the cultivation or expansion of your mind. There can be no dodging of the eternal verities. Rich or poor, intellectual or otherwise, married or single, man or woman — no one can be happy who seeks only self-realization. And for those who realize this truth, there are a thousand interests in life in which one may lose oneself — interests beyond mere classification or statistics.

Had I four college degrees, I should still after reading the learned professor's article, wish to indulge in a correspondence course of Reading in Debunking supervised by Will Rogers.

LAURA BYRNE HICKOK
(A.B. Bryn Mawr College)
(M.A. University of California)

Cranford, N. J.

SIR:

I want to congratulate you on Professor Pitkin's article. It is so exactly like him, keen, delightful, and thought-provoking. I remember at Columbia how he used to ramble in with a ton or so of yellow paper slips, peer about him genially, and then make the most startling remarks in a conversational monotone. If all the professors were like him one might even learn a thing or two in college.

GRACE M. FLETCHER

Detroit, Mich.

SIR:

Walter B. Pitkin has stirred up something. What's the answer? Are these best minds going to be allowed to rust out because there is nothing for them to do? Seems like an awful waste. But there is something these best minds could do, both sexes. And they may in time come to it. I believe that before we can get anywhere there will have to be a change in attitude of the women at least. I wonder if it has ever occurred to these best minds that the human being wasn't put here on earth for the sole purpose of being happy. Every man and woman who has ever reached any sort of intellectual prominence has had to sacrifice a great deal of self interest. Mr. Pitkin says that these best minds among the women would not be able to have four or five children. Very well, then let them have one or two or more as is fitting. Let them form a colony of eugenic mothers and let society endow each mother and each child. Let these women select some of the best minds among the men as husbands. There, of course, enters the objection that love in many cases would be absent. In this modern age, love among married people to come will be a secondary consideration. People who love will not be allowed to breed unless physically and mentally fit. It is time we paid attention to this phase of life. We are building up a splendid world, so far as material

things go, but if we are not careful this wonderful world will be inhabited by imbeciles.

What could be a greater career for a woman than raising high-bred children?

So many of these women seem to be abnormally proportioned; too much brain and not enough beef. When machines take the place of even the lower class mentalities, something will have to be done to furnish happiness. What about learning for the sake of art and not for the sake of money? The old masters used to do it. One reason why there is so much gambling among women these days is because they have no desire to do the things that are worth while. They get tired of that and tired of hunting pleasure. I find happiness in reading a book or writing a letter or doing any one of a number of jobs—without pay. We have become pay-minded. We want to be paid for everything we do.

I think one reason the best minds are bored is because we are travelling at too high rate of speed. Nothing lasts. We yell for novelty, and we don't really understand what happiness is. Satisfaction is happiness. Ambition is a form of happiness. There are thousands of ways of getting a pinch of happiness out of the dull routine and the miseries of life if one takes the trouble to look for them.

C. C. Boyd.

Omaha, Neb.

## *Outlaw Eagles*

Sir:

Struthers Burt has wound himself all up in a ball trying to account for crime and criminals. How, I ask you, can any man get the psychology of the criminal unless he is himself a criminal? We've got too many half-baked oracles. I wonder why so many of our best minds get the idea that they are qualified to write learned essays on any subject that comes up? Is it just plain egotism? Must be. A retired criminal, a national and international character — I won't mention his name, because I have not asked his permission — once said to me: —

"It has been driven home to me that humanity is divided into two main classes — the eagles and their prey. I was an eagle. There is nothing biological or pathological to account for it. I am confident science has no genuine explanation. Heredity has nothing to do with it, nor environment. If a man is an eagle, he can't suppress that side of his character."

I personally have known a number of men and some women, who had plenty of chance to go straight, but they preferred the crooked route. I have asked more than one the reason. Was it the excitement, adventure, the ease of gain, or what? Invariably they answer that it was "in them." Just as a man becomes an addict to gambling or the use of drink or dope, so is the criminal instinct or stimulus.

Here is another thought. Why do men of a certain type want to be man-hunters, policemen, detectives, secret service men? Why do some policemen take such a keen delight in administering the third degree? The upper class of humanity makes the laws and employs the lower class to enforce them. Why is that? Why do we employ brute strength and stupidity to enforce our laws instead of men with brains. Why don't the Struther Burts become policemen; why don't the men who seek the ministerial professions try being enforcers of the law? Wisconsin has the right system.

Most of our uniformed police are selected for their bulk and dumbness and the ability to follow orders. We might do a wise thing to recruit our police from college graduates and put them to earning a living that way instead of selling bonds and motor cars or holding down a job in an office. We might point out that it is more essential to protect society than to sell it something. In England there is a feeling among criminals that one is almost certain to be caught and if caught, certain to be sent away. That psychology affects many partially inclined criminals and makes them go straight. It's the certainty of being punished, not the severity of the punishment that works on the mind.

This "Eagle" I mentioned said he was a born criminal. What he meant was that he had an atavistic streak. At one time all humans were criminals. It was right to steal and murder because the law of the survival of the fittest prevailed. Many of us are so environed that our potential criminal instinct does not have a chance to function; many of us have criminal thoughts but our timidity keeps us safe. Actually, criminal action is not unlawful according to nature's laws. Nature herself is the greatest criminal extant. She murders and robs without fear or favor and is never punished. I think that criminals come by their instincts honestly. I have seen the time more than once when I wanted to steal. Why didn't I do it? Was it because I was afraid of the law? No. Then why? Because I didn't have the nerve to look my fellow men in the face as a thief. I started out once fully determined to kill a man. Then the thought popped into my head, "What will happen to my folks and my friends?" Science says that criminals are sick people. If being in an exalted rage is sick, then I was a sick man.

T. Manley

Crosstowns, N. M.

## *A Veteran Speaks*

SIR:

I had always thought that THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW was published in the interest of the American people and that it stood for the best things in American life, that it was a safe publication to place in the hands of youth and in American homes. Your leading article, *The Farce of Enforcement*, has raised very serious doubt in my mind.

How is it possible for a lawyer, who has taken a solemn oath to protect and defend the Constitution and the United States, to avoid the charge of perjury and disloyalty when he advocates nullification of a Constitutional law of the land? If that is not treason, what is it? I fought for three years plus three months to uphold the Constitution and the flag, and I think that a nullifier is worse than a rebel who takes up arms against his country.

C. W. OAKES

Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

## *The Answer*

SIR:

To a man who fought for the preservation of the Union this country owes a debt of gratitude it can never repay.

I regret that my article on Prohibition caused pain to one of them, particularly to so gallant a soldier and gentleman as your correspondent, Mr. C. W. Oakes.

He accuses me of disloyalty because he claims I favor a nullification of a certain Constitutional provision. But in the interest of the Union, which Mr. Oakes helped to preserve, is it not sometimes right to do so? Lincoln certainly thought so when in order to preserve the Union, he issued his Emancipation Proclamation, nullifying the constitutional provision regarding slavery. Was he disloyal, too?

A sincere regard and respect for the Constitution sometimes compels opposition to particular clauses in it. When they are used in a way that tends to destroy the very principles that the Constitution was intended to safeguard I respectfully submit that opposition to such provisions is neither disloyalty, nullification nor rebellion.

COURTLANDT NICOLL

New York City.

## *The Spanking (College) Machine*

SIR:

I found little of any intellectual value in the chatter of your June contributor who wrote *Laissez-Faire Harvard*, but in spite of this I do want to commend her characterization of the college graduate as a spoiled, bawling brat. We need more of this; not, perhaps in the tone of Miss Cannon's article, which was too flippant, but in the tone of a father about to march an impertinent offspring out to the woodshed.

How long, I wonder, is this country going to continue to coddle and pamper, and of course in the end spoil, its college youth? Why, in the name of Heaven, does the mature intelligence of America cower so often before the half-baked, unweaned opinions of adolescence?

The Harvard college boys "don' wan' no collegettes," they protest. They would fling William S. Harkness's $11,000,000 gift back into his face. Since when have college boys known what they do want? Since when have they possessed the capacity, and the experience, to make up their minds? "Don' wan' no collegettes," indeed! Lord help them and the college, if they ever are allowed to get the things they do want and only those things. More football, more fraternities, more jazz, more of everything that represented play, and less study, less restrictions, less of everything that represented work should be about the size of it. Isn't it just about time that the college generations of this country had a compulsory visit to the woodshed included in their curricula?

V. M. A.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

## *Both Sides of It*

SIR:

For Heaven's sake — and your readers' sake — change that vivid yellow cover. Give some thought to the effect that color has on people. Very few of us can feel at rest with the shade of yellow you are using.

F. M. SPANN

New York City.

SIR:

'Tis all that a monthly review should be; conservative without being immovable, progressive without being radical and shallow; interesting without flippancy; scholarly without heaviness.

MELVIN S. HUTCHINS

Searsport, Maine.

SIR:

You do not seem to realize that the good Old U. S. is dry and will stay dry. Why join the alien propaganda? Might just as well agitate for the return of slavery. "Booze and Bums," alcoholic twins are dead. Let them rest.

REV. J. M. S. ISENBERG

Collegeville, Pa.

textile industry faces the necessity of curtailment temporarily. Equally important is the decline in commodity prices, which for a time carried wheat down to the lowest price in fifteen years, and which threatens the farmers' purchasing power seriously. Of course later recoveries in prices are not out of the question, but the uncertainty exists and has a great deal to do with speculative hesitation. Only the most careless optimists expect that industrial production can be maintained indefinitely at the extraordinary level it reached during the first half of 1929, and though the swings of the business cycle have been greatly modified in this country they still occur. Most of the evidence seems to indicate that the next stage will be downward, though it ought to be moderate. And nothing is more likely to turn the pendulum of public favor back from stocks to bonds — at least until another upswing of the business cycle becomes due.

## *Important Decisions*

Two events of recent weeks deserve unusual attention from investors. They are the O'Fallon railway valuation decision handed down by the United States Supreme Court, and the decision of the New York Stock Exchange to list, under strict regulation, the shares of investment trusts.

The fact that the O'Fallon case has been called the "biggest lawsuit in history," the "ten billion dollar lawsuit," and similar circus-poster terms is sufficient indication of its presumptive importance, and no other Supreme Court case in the present decade has so completely set Wall Street upon tenterhooks. Volumes of learned legal argument and somewhat less learned brokerage house gossip were written about it before the decision was handed down, and almost as much more has been committed to print since. Heralded at first as a great victory for the railroads, the second thought of careful analysts of the decision is that in practical dollars and cents values to investors it means much less than Wall Street first assumed; the performance does not quite come up to the ballyhoo.

The O'Fallon case, as everyone must now know, turned upon the point whether the Interstate Commerce Commission, in determining a figure for the valuation of the road, as a basis for calculating an amount due to the Government under the clause of the Transportation Act providing for the recapture of half a railroad's earnings above 6 per cent upon its value, had given adequate weight to the cost of reproduction anew as a factor in that value. The importance of the question is that valuation at the cost of reproduction anew would give to the roads a value considerably in excess of the figure as determined by the Commission under the methods it used; a larger proportion of earnings would be exempt from recapture.

The Court found that the Commission had not given adequate weight to the cost of reproduction anew, and had disregarded the approved law of the land concerning valuations for rate-making purposes, therefore failing to discharge the definite duty imposed by the Congress. So far, excellent for the roads. For the present they are relieved of danger of recapture of their earnings, for as valuations thus far made are erroneous the Commission has no approved figure upon which to calculate excess earnings to be recaptured. But, in view of the language of the decision, to conclude that the question is finally decided in favor of higher valuations for the roads, permitting them to retain a correspondingly higher share of their earnings, seems premature. The decision said specifically that the weight to be accorded to current or reproduction costs was not the matter before the court, and that no doubt there are some, perhaps many, roads whose ultimate value should be placed far below the sum necessary for reproduction. In other words, the formula used by the Commission is found wrong, but the result is not the subject of the decision; and it is admitted that the factor insufficiently weighed may in final analysis prove to have little weight after all.

Therefore it may come to this: Assume that the Commission has found the value of the road by a formula which we may express algebraically by $a$ plus $2b$ plus $3d$, and that the result is $V$. It is quite possible that the formula may be rearranged without affecting the result very much (thus: $3a$ plus $b$ plus $2d$ equals $V$) and that virtually the same figures for $V$ will be approved by the courts because the revised formula meets the requirements of the law.

It seems to me highly probable that the chief outcome of the decision will be merely such a rearrangement of the formula of valuation. After all the weapon possessed by the roads in a decision requiring weight for the cost of reproduction anew is a boomerang; consider how it could strike back at them after a few years of declining labor costs and commodity prices, reducing the value of their equipment, stores and in fact all their property except, probably, their realty. The roads realize this too well to contend for a valuation based wholly upon that factor, notwithstanding exaggerated talk that they will fight for a total figure exceeding thirty billions of dollars and approaching forty. The fact cannot be ignored that the value of the roads must be approximately that figure upon which they can earn a return at the going rate for capital, and their returns are very

definitely controlled by competition, by the supervision of the I. C. C., and most of all by the good old rule "what the traffic will bear." To set their value at anything like forty billions would therefore be, as Justice Stone pointed out in his dissenting opinion, "an economic paradox," and the roads themselves are the last to have any such ridiculous figure in mind.

The values ultimately established for the roads seem likely to be not far above those set by the formula which the Supreme Court has ruled out. The practical effect of the decision, eventually, will be to save a very few roads, showing large earnings in proportion to their value, a few million dollars which otherwise would be recaptured by the Government under the Transportation Act. The amount saved is likely to be much less than the estimates current in the newspapers after the decision was published.

As for rates, which theoretically are fixed to give a certain return upon the valuations determined by the Commission, and therefore theoretically should be raised if valuations are raised, little alarm need be felt by shippers. Rates will continue to be made by competition and by "what the traffic will bear," with the Commission exerting a stabilizing influence. If valuations should be raised, it is safe to say that the "fair return" would be ignored even more flagrantly than it has been in the past; for any general attempt to raise rates accordingly would doubtless be followed by such an uprising in Congress that the present transportation law would be thrown overboard and the Interstate Commerce Commission entirely reconstituted.

Therefore the benefits of this decision to the buyer of railway shares are probably limited and remote. Arguments that it removes a restraint which alone has prevented railway shares from selling at the same proportionate prices, compared with earnings, as industrials, are decidedly specious. There can be no possible valid reason for railroad stocks selling at twenty to forty times earnings. There is little enough reason why industrials should sell at such prices, but at least their future is their own, and a small industrial acorn can grow into a large oak in a surprisingly short time.

But that a railroad can expand its earnings as rapidly as General Motors, for example, has done in the past three or four years is quite out of the question, and for a railroad share to discount any such future by selling upon such an extraordinary basis as industrials have sold would be absurd. Railroads are regulated utilities; as such their shares have certain merits of stability and protection from the regulating authorities which industrials do not possess; but in return for these merits they have given up the possibility of such extraordinary increments of value as some of the industrials have shown. The superior standing of railway bonds, in part a result of regulation, demonstrates the difference. And rail shares are likely to hold closer than industrials to sound standards of valuation — to the standard which was once represented by a price of ten times earnings, and which now may be twelve to fifteen times, according to the tenets of the present.

## *Creating Standards*

THE admission of investment trust shares to the list of the New York Stock Exchange is worth noting because of the probability that the standards which must be met before they can be listed will also constitute standards by which all trusts will be judged, and to which all that seek a wide distribution of their shares will eventually conform.

Here are some of the requirements set forth by the Stock Exchange; while of course investment trusts can be successfully operated without meeting all these stipulations, they are designed for the protection of investors and serve as a good set of working rules in buying trust shares:

(1) The applicant must have been in existence long enough to demonstrate that it is a successful operating organization, though the required period is not definitely fixed.

(2) The trust must make public with its annual report a list of the securities held and their market value, with the reservation that 10 per cent of the holdings may be lumped under "miscellaneous securities" without further specification.

(3) A broad statement of earnings and surplus, meeting detailed specifications, is required.

(4) Organization and selling costs must be stated, and, if excessive, are a bar to listing.

(5) Non-voting stocks may not be listed unless they are substantially preferred as to both dividends and assets.

(6) Full details of the basis upon which compensation for management is computed must be submitted, and the management must agree to charge only the recognized commissions on the purchase and sales of securities.

These are but a few of the requirements set forth by the Stock Exchange, but they are sufficient to demonstrate their character and the kind of protection that listing will afford to buyers of investment trust shares. Conformation to these requirements by the management of a trust is no assurance of successful operation, but it is at least a guaranty that the management is honest in the fullest sense of the word; that is, it will not use the trust solely for its own profit through exorbitant direct or indirect compensation, or through turn-

ing it into a dumping ground for securities of dubious value, but will seek enduring profit and prestige by operation solely in the interests of its shareholders. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that some of the trusts that have been formed in such numbers during the past two years are suspect of inefficient, inexperienced or downright dishonest management, or of having been organized mostly to line the pockets of their promoters in either of the two ways stated. As the better trusts list their shares upon the Stock Exchange these shoddy organizations will be forced into the financial shadows.

## *Who Will Qualify?*

It would not be fair, however, to leave the subject with the impression that Stock Exchange listing will constitute a clean line between the sheep and the goats. Just as there are numerous industrial corporations the securities of which fall into the investment class, but which for reasons of their own are not listed, some of the investment trusts will elect to stay out of the Exchange. If so the regulation requiring publicity of security holdings undoubtedly will be the principal reason. Over the wisdom of such publicity there is an honest difference of opinion, and the managers of some of the oldest and strongest trusts, which will have no difficulty in meeting the requirements if they choose to, have expressed themselves strongly upon the subject. They declare that publicity hampers their operations, and that a statement of holdings once a year is meaningless because portfolios can be and are changed so rapidly and because they would be "dressed up" for the annual statement. But the trusts which elect to stay out of the Exchange for such reasons as this will be readily distinguishable, and doubtless the effect of listing will be to put those which do not avail themselves of the privilege upon the defensive; they will have to explain why. And they will fall into three classifications: good enough but unwilling; good enough but too small and too closely held; and not good enough. The result is bound to be a much-needed clearing of the air, whose importance can be indicated by the estimate that the shares of the trusts eligible for listing will represent a total value of around $2,000,000,000.

And the Stock Exchange also contributes a useful effort in the clarification of definitions. It insists that an investment trust shall be an investment trust in a fairly exact meaning of the term; that is, a company engaged primarily in the business of investing and reinvesting in the securities of other companies for the purpose of revenue and profit, and not in general for the purpose of exercising control. The border line between investment trusts and holding companies has been wiped out by some of the organizations completed during the past year, and while the Stock Exchange of course does not turn holding companies from its doors it is at least insisting upon a degree of faithfulness to names.

## *The Reparations Settlement*

Discussion of the reparations settlement engineered by Owen D. Young and his associates at Paris could easily fill this entire department this month, and I shall not attempt to go over ground which the newspapers and weekly magazines already have covered. I should merely like to suggest that the settlement means continued flotation of German security issues in the United States. The annual payments required of Germany have been considerably reduced from those laid down by the Dawes Plan, as was inevitable, and as every economist pointed out when that excellent stopgap and educator was adopted. But they are still larger than Germany can pay without borrowing. When a country becomes an international debtor to an annual amount larger than her normal excess of exports she has two methods of meeting her debts: one is to increase her export trade balance and the other is to borrow money with which to pay. It is obvious that since the Dawes Plan was put into effect Germany has been able to pay only by borrowing in the United States; she has not been able to accumulate the necessary surplus of exports, nor is she likely to do so in any measurable time to come. Therefore she will continue to borrow, and her debt to the rest of the world (in last analysis to the United States as the ultimate creditor) will be "commercialized" in this way rather than actually paid off. Eventually by a process of re-borrowing Germany will string her debts out long enough to liquidate them through an excess export balance of goods and services; that is, unless another world catastrophe like the war scraps or revises all international debts.

Present talk about the commercialization of the German debt refers mainly to the possibility of selling bonds of the Reich's railways in the creditor countries. At some time in the future this will doubtless be done. Meanwhile commercialization through the flotation of Government and industrial securities of various kinds in the United States will doubtless be resumed.

Reduction of the payments called for by the Dawes Plan of course strengthens Germany's credit position, and another reduction of the payments now provided for, if it should eventually be made, will further strengthen it. From every viewpoint the Young Plan is the brightest star in Europe's hopes.

RUMFORD PRESS
CONCORD

# North American Review

Rec'd AUG 16 1929

## September

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*How Gangster Capone's Dramatic Career Reveals the Menace of Organized Crime*

Gov. Theodore Christianson
*Is the Tariff Fair to Farmers?*

The Very Rev. Dean Inge
*But What Is Success?*


The Ways of Muk-pi *Quaint Eskimo Experiences* . . Mary Lee Davis
Shall We Scrap the Constitution? . . . . . David L. Fultz
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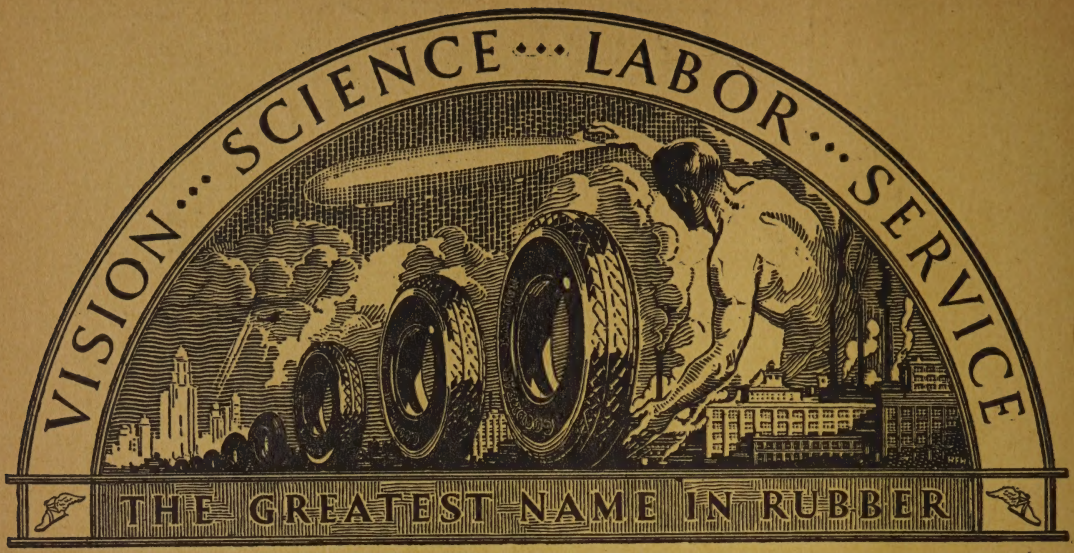


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THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW: Published monthly by The North American Review Corporation. Publication office, Rumford Building, Concord, N. H. Editorial and executive office, 9 East 37 Street, New York, N. Y. 40c a copy; $4.00 per year; Canada, $4.50; foreign countries, $5.00. Entered as second-class matter Dec. 18, 1920, at the post office at Concord, N. H., under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

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# The North American Review

ONE-HUNDRED-FIFTEENTH YEAR

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Published monthly by the North American Review Corporation
PUBLICATION OFFICE, RUMFORD BUILDING, CONCORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE
Editorial and Executive Office, 9 East 37th Street, New York, N. Y.
WALTER BUTLER MAHONY, *President;* CHARLES BATES DANA, *Secretary*
ERNEST FISHER, *Business Manager*
The price of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, published monthly, is forty cents a single copy, or four dollars a year, in the United States, Porto Rico, and the Philippine Islands. Subscribers in Canada should add to the yearly subscription price, 50 cents for postage, and those in foreign countries one dollar. THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is on file in public libraries and is fully indexed in *The Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature.*

*Entered as second class matter December 18, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, New Hampshire under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Title registered U. S. Patent Office*

# By Way of

Edward Dean Sullivan (*I Know You, Al*) was born in New Haven, Connecticut, in 1888, and after editing newspapers there became one of the best known feature writers in New York and Chicago. During his newspaper career he has been thrown in touch with all the leading characters of Chicago's underworld, and has recently written a sensational book about them. He once "served time" at Auburn Prison with Thomas Mott Osborne, noted prison reformer, who entered the institution as a prisoner to learn the reactions of men confined.

Mary Lee Davis (*The Ways of Muk-pi*) gives advice to any woman wishing to see the world's odd corners, to marry a mining engineer. A graduate of Wellesley and Radcliffe, she herself did the same and spent eight years in Alaska concerning which land she has since written in current magazines. A forthcoming book will likewise proclaim the spell of the Yukon.

Theodore Christianson (*Is the Tariff Fair to Farmers?*), born at Lac qui Parle, has been ever since a loyal son of Minnesota, finishing his schooling with LL.B. at the University of that State. After being admitted to the bar, he became a newspaper publisher, and now as Republican Governor he voices with authority some of the mid-western protests against the Smoot-Hawley tariff.

Very Reverend William Ralph Inge (*But What* Is *Success?*) is too well known as Dean of St. Paul's, London, to need introduction to the reading public. His sobriquet, "The Gloomy Dean," has become less appropriate of late, since his pronouncements in favor of more and brighter sunlight and fewer clothes for all.

John Gunther (*Passion in Poland*), born in 1901 at Chicago, went at twenty-three years to represent *The Chicago Daily News* in Europe, where he has been successfully dodging frontiers from Helsingfors to Tiflis ever since. While abroad he wrote stories about Chicago, and now while on a visit to America he has written a series of European sketches, which are going into a book to appear in the autumn.

David L. Fultz (*Shall We Scrap the Constitution?*), a graduate of Staunton Military Academy, Brown University and New York Law School, played professional baseball with the Athletics of Philadelphia and the New York American League Team. Upon passing his bar examinations he gave up baseball and has been practising law ever since. Outside his legal practice he is well known to the public in his regular week-end avocation throughout the autumn, which is to officiate as referee at the larger college football games.

Benjamin A. Javits (*Let's Export Prosperity*) is a comparatively young New York lawyer, widely known as consultant in the industrial and chain store fields and as attorney for several trade associations. He believes that social control of industry is a business and not a legal problem, and has been in his published works and radio talks a spokesman for the newer, realistic economics which Henry Ford discussed in our last issue.

Anna Louise Strong (*Red Rule in Golden Samarkand*) is a Seattle resident, noted as student of civic and social problems and organizer of child welfare activities, who has spent much of her time in Russia during the past eight years. Born in Nebraska, educated in Germany and in three American universities, she is the author of several books, and a lecturer of varied experience.

Adam Day (*Jesuit Peace in Mexico*) is the pseudonym of a New York staff correspondent of a nationally known newspaper, specializing in foreign affairs.

# Introduction

WINTER COLLADAY (*Old Man Jessup*) is a Northerner by education but a resident for many years of the South. *Old Man Jessup* is one of her first ventures in fiction, her major activity being that of secretary to a writing husband.

THE author of *John's Adventures in Education*, who belongs to an old New England family, is a writer of growing reputation. Her husband's work is known here as well as in England and on the Continent. Except for minor changes of detail in order to assure the anonymity which for obvious reasons she wishes to preserve, her article is an authentic account of personal experiences.

EDNA YOST (*The Intelligent Sex*) is a young writer from a small city in Pennsylvania who has lately made New York her home and the magazines and newspapers her field.

ROBERT Y. DAVIS (*I Am a Clergyman*) is, due to ill health, engaged in missionary work in New Mexico. A clergyman of varied experience in the Protestant Episcopal Church, he has held two city pastorates as well as rural and small town charges. It was during the war that he was influenced to consider the ministry, with the result that he attended theological seminary and embraced that career.

COLLINSON OWEN (*Ulysses in America*) is an all-round writer for the English newspapers. He has been dramatic critic, war correspondent and humorist for various publications — a sort of advance columnist before London really realized there were such people.

EDITH L. WEART (*The Conquest of Goiter*) is a laboratory worker in bio-chemistry and medical collaborator who will be remembered for a recent article in these pages.

LOUISE WORTHINGTON (*Madame Rossignol*) hides her personality behind her story. A resident of New York, all she will admit is that she did war work in France for three years, chiefly in canteens, in a number of towns in the war zone.

## *Coming Features*

FREDERICK B. WATT, author of *One Up*, a dramatic short story of submarine fighting to appear in our October issue, writes convincingly from personal experiences on British destroyers during the World War.

O. K. DAVIS, Secretary of the National Foreign Trade Council, contributes a fascinating sketch of the extent to which export and import trade affect the daily lives of every American citizen, and incidentally takes friendly exception to the concluding passages of Governor Christianson's article in this issue.

FRANK D. LOOMIS, Secretary of the Chicago Community Trust, tells of an experience with a petty pickpocket, and of still stranger experiences that followed in the courts. As a consequence of his little adventure he has been led to censure our jury system in the light of modern business and scientific methods.

CHAUNCEY J. HAWKINS, pastor of the First Church, San Francisco, contributes a keen and challenging discussion of modern religious problems under the title, *Do the Churches Dare?*

WHITING WILLIAMS, an author noted for his studies of the working man's psychology, reveals (through anecdotes drawn from his personal experiences as a laborer in many industries) the attitude of the man to the job in these days of mass production.

DEAN MAX MCCONN, of Lehigh University, charges that while students are sent to college to be taught, the faculty members cannot specialize in teaching, except by sacrificing opportunities for promotion.

quite intolerable. All of which has very little to do with the merits of *Men and Machines*. Mr. Chase has made a careful study of the effect of machines upon the present state of civilization in the United States, and, as has been indicated, he thinks there is a good chance we may pull out of the existing situation a culture that will really be worth something. Exactly how this is to be done he explains in the latter part of the book, and when he begins to theorize and suggest remedies, the Landscaper goes only a part of the way with him. There are, indeed, many things in *Men and Machines* that cannot be swallowed whole, but the book is thoroughly provocative, and provocative because Mr. Chase has examined the situation with thoroughness and intelligence and speaks, therefore, with real authority.

There are several other current volumes that bear to some extent upon the problems discussed by Mr. Chase, among them George Harrison Phelps's *Our Biggest Customer* (Liveright, $2), in which Mr. Phelps points out that it is the American laboring man to whom the American manufacturer sells the most goods. How to increase the productivity and the leisure of the American laboring man is fundamental in the present economic situation and Mr. Phelps attempts to answer these questions in a sane manner. His book has a strong bearing upon the Henry Ford theory that well-paid workmen who have leisure, become good customers and make it possible for manufacturers to pay good salaries and shorten hours, which is as pleasant a little cycle as any one could wish to see. The much-discussed five-day week has been given considerable attention by Mr. Phelps.

## *Reflections upon a Fortune*

And for those who have not yet got around to it, there is a new biography of an American billionaire, John D. Rockefeller, which deserves to be read, as showing how our great fortunes are founded, and our great charities financed. The book is John K. Winkler's *John D., a Portrait in Oils* (Vanguard Press, $2.25). It is not a great piece of writing in any sense, Mr. Winkler preferring to be spicy and journalistic more than anything else, but it does give the reader something to think about, especially in the direction of the immorality of a government that allows an individual to become as rich as Mr. Rockefeller through the exploitation of natural resources. The Landscaper is not exactly running up the dear old red flag, but fortunes the size of Mr. Rockefeller's make him uneasy, even when their owners develop social consciences.

There are two other books that may well be read along with Mr. Chase's *Men and Machines* for the sake of contrast. One is John Langdon-Davies's *Dancing Catalans* (Harper, $2.50), in which there are some bitter complaints as the results of industrialization in the pleasant corner of Spain known as Cataluñya, and some pleasant reflections upon the delights of life among a still-simple people, who, while in many respects energetic and progressive, yet find themselves able to enjoy simple things, such as the delightful Sardana, their national dance. Mr. Langdon-Davies has lived for some time near Barcelona, the capital of Catalonia, and understands the country and its people. Besides he writes charming prose, and has the power of invoking a dangerous state of nostalgia in any one who has ever been thrilled by the characteristic Catalan combination of mountains and sea. Catalonia is not without its machines; indeed, it is the very centre of Spanish industrial life, but it also has many small farms and innumerable villages that have not yet been touched, and which Mr. Langdon-Davies would like to see saved. Sentimentally, the Landscaper is in complete agreement. He never sets foot on Spanish soil without puzzling over the question of whether or not the people there are happier as they are, or whether they might be happier industrialized and made prosperous. Having listened in Spain to some quite violent arguments on the subject, he ventures no opinion at this point, although he remembers that to the stranger's eye, at least, the Spaniard seems a singularly happy creature, living without too much work and enjoying the sun that God has given him, quite regardless of the state of his costume, his social position, or the contents of his safety deposit box.

## *Life in the Old South*

The other book to which the Landscaper referred is not so recent as Mr. Langdon-Davies's volume, but it is unusually interesting. It is Ulrich B. Phillips's *Life and Labor in the Old South* (Little, Brown, $4), which was awarded a prize of $2,500 as being the best unpublished work on American history submitted in a contest conducted by the publishers. Mr. Phillips is recognized as the leading authority on slavery in the United States. The present volume is the most complete picture of conditions in the South before the Civil War that the Landscaper has ever had the good luck to discover, and since it was the agricultural civilization of the Old South that finally came into conflict with the growing industrialism of the North, which has now dominated the country and made necessary the writing of such books as Mr. Chase's *Men and Machines*, the Phillips's volume may be read with profit at this point. It quotes from innumerable con-

temporary documents and is rich with human interest in every chapter.

Other recent books of especial interest at the moment include such volumes as John Hearly's *Pope or Mussolini?* (Macaulay, $2.50), and *Slings and Arrows, Sayings Chosen from the Speeches of the Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George*, with an introduction by Philip Guedalla (Harper, $2.50). The first is interesting because it gives a complete history of the struggle between the Church and State in recent Italian history, and because it attempts to forecast the outcome of the struggle, which Mr. Hearly thinks may be the re-establishment of the Holy Roman Empire. The second is interesting largely because of the place Lloyd-George occupies in the current British political situation. The book is made up of quotations from campaign and other speeches delivered by the Liberal leader; to the Landscaper they sound like extracts from almost any campaign speeches. That is, they assay about ninety per cent bunk, and obvious bunk at that. But then the Landscaper once read a book called *Trimblerigg* by Laurence Housman, and has never been able to take Lloyd-George seriously since. However, the volume will supply those who have not followed his career with statements on most important topics that are likely to arise during the rule of Labor. They might thus be regarded as indicating the position of the gentleman on these questions.

## *Croce's History of Italy*

In connection with the Hearly book, it is worth while noting that Benedetto Croce's famous *History of Italy, 1871–1915* has just been published by the Oxford University Press and is available here at $5. The translation is by Cecilia M. Ady. The distinguished Italian philosopher and historian has covered the complete history of united Italy from its formation down to the entrance into the war; since 1915, he declares, no considered book on the subject could be anything but a study of politics, and the history-writing must come considerably later. The volume is a splendid one for all those to whom Italy's history does not begin with the rise of Benito Mussolini.

Recent weeks have not filled to overflowing the shelves reserved for biography, but this indicates no more than a seasonal slackening off in the publication of books of a serious nature, and should not be taken as significant of any lessening of interest on the part of the public in the stories of other people's lives. Two of the outstanding books of this nature are more nearly memoirs than biography or autobiography. These are Ralph Rashleigh's *Adventures of an Outlaw*, and *Pomp and Circumstance* by the Ex-Duchess de Clermont-Tonnere, both published by the new firm of Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith, the price being $3.50 each.

The first breaks the season's records for prefaces and introductions. It carries one each by the Earl of Birkenhead and Joseph Wood Krutch and another by the publishers. It is the diary of an Englishman sent to Australia as a convict, in the gay old days of the English penal system, of which Lord Birkenhead remarks, "It worked." Full of adventure, hazards, cruelty, and fascination, it is, altogether, about as good reading as the Landscaper has come across in a dull summer. The other volume, which has an introduction by Louis Bromfield, who compares the Ex-Duchess of Clermont-Tonnere with Saint-Simon as a writer of memoirs, is made up of the recollections of a lady of fashion, born a Gramont, and on familiar terms, among others, with the Rothschilds and all their connections, and has the Gallic frankness one expects in memoirs that meet with great popularity in France. It is the picture of a society whose vagaries were more carefully and artistically put into the record by Marcel Proust. There is much good gossip in it, as might be expected, but Mr. Bromfield's praise of it strikes one reader as being slightly in excess of its merits. In French the title was "Au Temps des Equipages," which is far superior to the English title, but it would not have been easy to translate.

## *Back to Sir Walter Scott*

As far back as the days of Sir Walter Scott, the *Memoirs* of a certain Captain Carleton became famous and were presented to the public in an edition edited by Sir Walter. Captain George Carleton was an English officer who served at sea against the Dutch in the War of 1672, and who was later taken prisoner during the campaigns of Peterborough. The *Memoirs* have been newly edited by Cyril Hughes Hartmann and published by Dutton at $5. The only other recent biographies of consequence are *The Stormy Life of Mirabeau* by Henry de Jouvenel (Houghton Mifflin, $3.50), which was in the French a volume in a long series of lives of famous men, several of which have been translated and brought out by various publishing houses in this country. It is a highly readable book, although offering little that is new. Another *Life of Napoleon*, is by Dmitri Merezhkovsky, the Russian, whose *Napoleon the Man* appeared only last year. Both are published by Dutton, and the price is $3. Merezhkovsky clings to the Russian point of view that Napoleon was a superman or a demigod, and in the new book as in its predecessor, he argues that if Napoleon had been allowed to carry out his plans, world-peace would have been realized long since. The *Life of Napoleon* is a strange book, filled with

symbolism, not all of which is perfectly clear, but it is permeated with excitement, and gives evidence of a tremendous background of knowledge of the subject.

## *Lovely Women Who Stoop*

WHILE the fiction output is, naturally, below the average of the spring and autumn months, the past few weeks have not been without their important novels, the best of the lot, to the Landscaper's way of thinking, Ellen Glasgow's *They Stooped to Folly* (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). This deliciously ironical story is very much in the mood of Miss Glasgow's *The Romantic Comedians*, although it is a better piece of work. It tells the tale of the sinning of three women, Aunt Agatha, who was ruined, primarily, by Victorian psychology; Mrs. Dalrymple, who sinned lightly and went to Paris, where she was transformed into a hard woman of the world with a sound understanding of men; and Milly, who sinned naturally. This is a full-length and full-bodied story, good to the last page. It is also interesting to note that Miss Glasgow's publishers have announced a definitive edition of her works, each volume revised and containing a preface by the author. Already issued are *The Battle-Ground*, *Deliverance* and *Virginia*, and others are to follow. An excellent sketch on the life and works of the Virginia novelist is also ready for distribution, and may be had by writing to the publishers.

The output of war-novels, a good many of which are not novels at all, continues steadily, although none has as yet appeared that threatens the supremacy of Erich Maria Remarque's *All Quiet on the Western Front*, which has now sold so many copies in so many different countries that the Landscaper has lost all track of the count. Ludwig Renn's *War* (Dodd, Mead, $2.50), which has been widely read and discussed in Germany and England, is one of the newer books of battle that are worth reading; it is the day-to-day account of a German non-commissioned officer's life at the front and in hospital. It is to a large extent an emotionless book, and altogether a humorless one; indeed, it is so plain and so unvarnished that at times it becomes monotonous, but there is no doubting its veracity or its value as the true picture of war from the point of view of the small unit engaged. There is no glamour in it, and enough of horror to make it fit in with the present pacifist attitude of most people.

## *A Minor War Tragedy*

EUGENE LÖHRKE'S *Overshadowed* (Cape and Smith, $2.50), is another war-novel, and of the sort that concerns itself with the impact of war upon an individual unfitted to bear the shock. Its protagonist is a pathetically poetic weakling, who joins up to avenge the shelling of Rheims, and who goes to pieces under the strain of fighting and of persecution by a colonel of distinctly sadistic tendencies. Told in the first person, the story is set down in cool and ironic detachment, and Mr. Löhrke often succeeds in making the reader feel the pathos of the youngster's tragedy, which remains, however distinctly minor, because of his inherent weaknesses. The book is well-written, and shows distinct talent, although the story runs quite thin in places, and hardly bulks large enough for a full-length novel.

One of the earliest of the American war-novels, John Dos Passos's *Three Soldiers*, has just been issued by the Garden City Publishing Company in the Star Dollar series, and all those who missed it when it appeared — there were many, for at the time we were not reading war-novels — should go back to it. The Landscaper is inclined to think it still the best story of the war written by an American.

The success of *Journey's End*, which, by the way, is available in book form, has brought to mind an early English novel of the war, perhaps spoken of here before, Wilfred Ewart's *Way of Revelation*, published by Appleton. It may have gone out of print, and if so, some of the reprint houses should put it back in again; it is, in spirit, very much like *Journey's End*, a balanced, sane book about war, which does not omit beauty or humor, and which is informed with a great sense of pity. A fairly new American story of the war is Charles MacArthur's *War Bugs* (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50), which tells of the glorious adventures of the renowned Rainbow Division, and which is filled with hilarious episodes. This belongs to the tradition of the Leonard Nason books, and considerably over-emphasizes the humor of modern warfare, although if there ever was an outfit hard-boiled enough to make fun of a visit to the hottest part of hell it was the Rainbow. The Landscaper has not forgotten a stay in camp with the Fourth Alabama National Guard, which went into the Rainbow Division. . . .

## *A Boy's Book about War*

STILL another book of the war, this time from a most unusual angle, is Bayard Schindel's *Golden Pilgrimage* (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50), which is the brilliant first novel of the son of Isa Glenn, author of *Little Pitchers*, *Southern Charm*, *Transport*, and so on. Mr. Schindel is in his quite early twenties; he was a little boy when the war started, and as the son of a regular army officer, he felt the war and was in the midst of American preparations for it. Thus he gathered the impressions he has woven into a moving narrative,

which ends on a note of hatred for the war he has so much enjoyed playing at. The book exhibits genuine talent in its writing and construction, although its material is obviously autobiographical.

## *Ferrero Turns to the Novel*

THE first two volumes in what is expected to be another panorama of European society, Guglielmo Ferrero's *The Seven Vices* (Harcourt, Brace, $5), appeared in mid-summer, and remain one of the most impressive of recent publications in the field of fiction. Ferrero, the great Italian historian, has chosen the Italy of the 'Nineties for the setting of his story, and has drawn a fully detailed, highly ironical picture of a civilization. The title of the novel in Italian was *The Third Rome;* the change to *The Seven Vices* is a bit difficult to justify on any grounds. It is taken from the designation given the principal male character in the book and six others of his friends; the sons, for the most part, of newly-rich families they indulge in every dissipation, and become familiarly known as *The Seven Vices*. There is amusement to be had from the Ferrero novel, especially as much of its satire is applicable to New York at this moment, but it is not an easy book to read; the style is wordy, and the author is not in any great hurry to get anywhere. The plot is concerned with the accusation of murder made against an entirely innocent young woman; this charge, and the attempts that are made to save her, ramifies endlessly and influences the lives of dozens of people. Intrigue is piled on top of intrigue. The translation is by Elizabeth Abbott and Arthur Livingston, and is marred by such anachronisms as "sugar-daddy" and "bootlegger." The use of such slang is dangerous, for nothing is more ephemeral than slang and nothing more out of place than slang of the wrong period. It is not in the least unlikely that bootlegging and bootleggers will find their way into our dictionaries, but "sugar-daddy" will not, and really, bootlegging should not.

## *A Good Romantic Novel*

THOSE readers who recall a charmingly done romantic novel of a few seasons ago called *The Black Angels*, by Maud Hart Lovelace, will be pleased to know that Mrs. Lovelace has done a second book in much the same manner as the first, and with much the same appeal. Its title is *Early Candlelight* (John Day, $2.50), its subject matter pioneer days in Minnesota, with a little settlement of aristocrats trying stubbornly to maintain a civilized social life in the wilderness. Mrs. Lovelace writes in prose full of color and lilt, and she remembers what most novelists have forgotten, that the story comes first, or should, at any rate. *Early Candlelight* may be heartily recommended as an entertaining, well-written piece of fiction.

Another section has been added to the vast novel of Marcel Proust, *Remembrance of Things Past*, this time in one volume. The title is *The Captive* (Albert and Charles Boni, $3). The book deals with Albertine, by now a familiar character to all who have followed the slow unrolling of the Proustian panorama; it deals also with the subject of the two volumes that immediately preceded it, *The Cities of the Plain*, namely, homosexuality. Albertine is kept a prisoner by her jealous lover so that she may not fall into the clutches of a woman with whom she has had an affair. Here is another phase of the matter so masterfully handled in *Cities of the Plain;* no one has gone so far into the social and individual implications of sexual abnormality as Proust. Little remains to be said about the Proustian method and its merits. It is true that the French novelist has succeeded in giving life to a small world of characters, and characters that seem quite likely to live on. This, one may say, is the final test of a novelist's genius, whatever else his merits or defects.

## *An Earlier Radclyffe Hall*

AN EARLIER novel by Radclyffe Hall, author of the universally read and discussed *Well of Loneliness*, *The Unlit Lamp* (Cape and Smith, $3) is one of the most interesting of recent pieces of fiction. It foreshadows the theme of *The Well of Loneliness*, but does not touch directly upon it, and may be read by any one without offense. *Adam's Breed*, another of the author's early works, is also to be brought out; they will help to convince American readers that their author deserves a better fate than to be discussed only as the writer of a novel in which Lesbianism is openly defended.

Two recent novels that reflect admirably certain phases of American life are Thames Williamson's *Hunky* (Coward-McCann, $2.50), which recounts simply and appealingly the life of a Polack common-laborer in this country, and *Steel Chips* by Idwal Jones (Knopf, $2.50), the story of a machine shop from the inside, which might very well be read along with Stuart Chase's *Men and Machines*. It is an objective and unbiassed picture of men among machines, a study of a modern factory that is of prime value as a social document, although it is a good novel at the same time. A third novel of contemporary American life is Helen Grace Carlisle's *See How They Run* (Cape and Smith, $2.50), which tells the story of three girls who come to New York to make their way, and which is told in prose that sounds as if it be-

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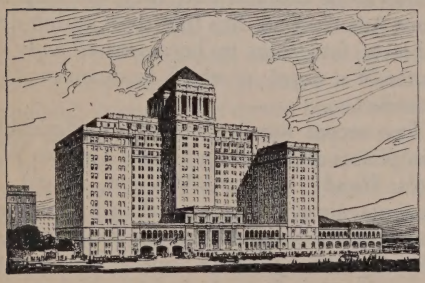

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longed in *transition*, or some other magazine published on the Left Bank of the City of Light, but which is interesting nevertheless. It is filled with sex, too full to be balanced, and the characters do not actually come to life, but the book has a curious appeal of its own.

Those readers who enjoyed Jo Van Ammers-Kuller's fine novel of Holland, *The Rebel Generation*, will be interested in her *The House of Joy* (Dutton, $2.50), which is a fine story of stage life, with all its jealousies, intrigues, politics, and so on. *The Prophet's Wife* by R. O. Prowse (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50), is the drama of the inner lives of a prophet of a new religion and his wife, both honest people trying to grapple honestly with their problems. *The Lark's Fate* by John Owen (Lippincott, $2.50) is a novel with a good deal of the quality of the work of Thomas Hardy, a beautifully written story of a nursemaid wooed and then discarded by a masterful man, and a lame shepherd thrown over by the village beauty. Sensitive, suffering human souls are depicted in a book written with tempered irony, a book of high tragedy that escapes being gloomy. Mr. Owen has taken simple materials and made them into a fine novel, especially notable for its gracious writing.

## *A Comedy of New Madrid*

AN UNUSUAL first novel by a young Spaniard who writes in English, and who handles his adopted tongue without difficulty, is *Madrileños* by Felipe Alfau (Henkle, $2.50). Ironical in the extreme, and filled with symbolism, the book contains many delightful passages of comment upon contemporary life in Spain, and is written with impressive originality. To be recommended for sheer entertainment is a new addition to the historical romances of Everitt McNeil, *The Shores of Adventure* (Dutton, $2), which tells the story of Yvon de Valour, a French lad of eighteen who flees his native land after a duel and explores the New World with Jacques Cartier, meeting many adventures. The book contains an excellent account of the discovery of the St. Lawrence River. It may perhaps be regarded as a volume for older boys, but not many men, with the possible exception of few over-lofty brows, can fail to enjoy its quick-moving and exciting narrative.

E. Barrington's *The Laughing Queen* (Dodd-Mead, $2.50) is a completely fictionized story of Cleopatra, based largely upon Arthur Weigall's *Life and Times of Cleopatra*. Cleopatra to E. Barrington is an exceedingly clever and very beautiful young lady, who was not at all amorous by nature, but who used her charms to further her political ends. This new conception of character is, perhaps, the best feature of *The Laughing*

*Queen*, which is otherwise a superficial piece of romantic writing of the kind this author has become noted for. In its outlines, it follows what is known of Cleopatra, and it ends with the use of the asp.

The third volume of the life and adventures of a gentleman named Aloysius Horn is now upon the market, but does not seem to be causing much agitation among the public. It is called *The Waters of Africa* (Simon and Schuster, $3.50), and was written long before the first Trader Horn volume was published; it relates adventures on the East Coast and in Madagascar, and is rich in the old man's comment upon many matters. The Landscaper likes the Trader Horn books and is not discouraged about them because of the Joan Lowell hoax, as some people seem to be. There is no possible relation between the two; any one knows that Trader Horn's stories are a mixture of fact and fiction, but his comment is genuine enough and often delightful. Quite incidentally, it is interesting to note that Corey Ford's take-off on *The Cradle of the Deep, Salt-Water Taffy*, has exceeded the fondest expectations of author or publishers, and has sold thousands of copies, reaching a large market as far west as the Pacific Coast. No matter how regardless of the truth Miss Lowell may seem to be, she has, to date, benefited herself and her publishers, Mr. Ford and his publishers, and a whole army of scribblers who have written comment of one kind or another, as the Landscaper is now doing, upon the controversy that arose about *The Cradle of the Deep*. It is also worth noting that in England the book was brought out as *Child of the Deep* and its publishers took no cognizance of the American exposure of Miss Lowell's trifling with the facts in the case.

## *Some Reading for Infidels*

Two large volumes that should give aid and comfort to those who cling to unorthodox religious beliefs have recently appeared in Boston under the imprint of the Stratford Company. One is *Infidels and Heretics* by Clarence Darrow and Wallace Rice, a collection of quotations from the works of distinguished agnostics, including the two editors, which sells for $3.00; and *The Story of Religious Controversy* by Joseph McCabe, which is a sweeping attack upon the Christian religion and all its works, and a sweeping appeal for science as the greatest and indeed the only benefactor to the human race. Mr. McCabe is said to have spent thirty years on the book which does show a tremendous amount of research and erudition, although it is not, as its publishers suggest, another *Golden Bough*. Haldeman-Julius has edited the volume and supplied an introduction. Mr. McCabe is unwilling for religion to claim any contributions toward civilization; he pooh-poohs the commonly accepted theory that simple faith was the inspiration for the beauty of Gothic cathedrals, and insists that the Greeks were the master-architects of the ages at a period when they had become rationalists. This is an interesting book, but its temper can hardly be called scientific; its author is far too eager to make out his case against organized religion. That he often marshals his evidence well is undeniable, and one can visualize the delight of the village atheists in coming upon such an enormous store of ammunition.

Among other recent books of consequence is the Right Honorable T. P. O'Connor's *Memoirs of an Old Parliamentarian* (Appleton, two volumes, $10), commented upon at length here a month or so ago when the Landscaper was in London; Charles Edward Merriam's *Chicago* (Macmillan), a scientific study of the second city in the United States, which grows more and more of a puzzle to the rest of us every year, made by a professor who also has a keen sense of human values; and *A Guide to Bernard Shaw* by Edward Wagenknecht of the Department of English of the University of Washington (Appleton, $1.50), a small handbook containing a tabloid biography of Shaw and a summary of his works.

## *Mr. Lawrence as Poet*

The *Collected Poems of D. H. Lawrence* (Cape and Smith, two volumes, $5), from which a poem was cribbed some pages back by the Landscaper, contains, in addition to much short verse, the series called "Birds, Beasts and Flowers" which embodies some of the most distinguished poetry Lawrence has ever written. He is as difficult a person to estimate in poetry as in prose; in both he has certain undeniable merits counterbalanced by certain obvious defects. Very little of his verse has any beauty of line and much of it is preoccupied with matters of sex. To the Landscaper's taste, there are twists in the Laurentian mind and spirit that will not let him be anything like a first-rate artist at anything he tries, but at his worst he is interesting. Much of his poetry may be read with a certain amount of intellectual pleasure, but it is not the sort of verse one remembers for loveliness of phrase.

The reprint libraries grow and grow, as has been often commented upon here before, and there is no very good reason for complaints about the price of books when most of the classics may be bought for $1 or less in perfectly serviceable editions. The Worlds Classics of the Oxford University Press, well-printed and bound, sell for only eighty cents and the list of titles is a long one.

Three recently added are John Bunyan's *Mr. Badman*, Henry Fielding's *Joseph Andrews*, and the amusing biography *Nollekens and His Times* by John Thomas Smith.

This seems to be the time and place for reply to a correspondent of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW who recently took the Landscaper to task for a bit of comment on a symposium called *Sex in Civilization*. The Landscaper made what the correspondent took to be a slighting remark about the book when he wrote that its subject was an old one, and that there was amazingly little new to be said about it. The correspondent replied that such scoffing was out of place; that scientific progress deserved encouragement rather than jeers, and cited the remarkable achievements of Luther Burbank in plant-breeding as the example of the sort of progress meant. Well, the Landscaper's answer is that the correspondent is making a comparison where none is possible. One of the commonest fallacies of the day is the assumption that we are progressing as rapidly in all directions as we are in certain ones where the laboratory furnishes us the means of progress; it would be just as reasonable to argue that people were happier or better because they were able to move about more rapidly from one place to another.

Mr. Burbank's admirable work with plants was highly scientific; what we know about sex is up to the present moment highly unscientific because of the impossibility, first of all, of controlled experiment. This factor alone makes it extremely difficult to find out much about human beings. Laboratory methods, so-called, applied to problems of psychology have resulted in such vapid theorizings as Dr. John B. Watson's *Behaviorism*, and we have not gone even that far with sex problems. A good deal of experimenting is going on today, so one hears, but have we any scientific records of value as a result of these experiments, or are we still spinning fine theories out of little knowledge, many prejudices, and highly individual points of view?

There was no intention on the part of the Landscaper to disparage *Sex in Civilization*, which is a valuable book for the most part, and certainly no desire to cry down efforts to help solve the problems of sex, which are responsible for so much of the suffering and misery in the world. But these problems will only be solved by taking all their factors into consideration, and by a patient process of re-educating the human race. As yet we are not quite certain what needs to be taught in this process of re-education, and we need to go very slowly with our dogmatizing.

A similar situation exists in a good many other fields, but the question remains, what is to be done?

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# Experiments, Noble and Ignoble

A few of our readers, like those professional lobbyists for morality-by-legislation who nest in Washington, would have us believe that Prohibition is not a problem susceptible of further discussion, but a perfect and permanently crystallized national policy never to be mentioned unless with approval.

Unfortunately, Prohibition crops up daily in the press as still undeniably a problem, growing ever more acute. And because we respect the intelligence of the majority of our readers, we cannot yield to the emotional importunities of a few who would have us close our pages to any opinions that do not coincide with their own.

The North American Review is edited for those who — regardless of their own beliefs — are wise enough to seek out the strength of their adversaries' position. It is edited for the alert and thinking individual who does not choose to coddle a closed mind. It is edited for those to whom the pursuit of the other man's thought is an exciting intellectual adventure.

In this issue, David L. Fultz answers with eloquence a recent article on Prohibition enforcement which raised a storm of comment, favorable and unfavorable. We shall continue to risk such storms and to publish articles on various sides of the problem. For it has not just one side, nor even only two sides, but many.

May we add that we believe America would be infinitely better off without the abuse of liquor? Who does not? It would also be better off without many other things — measles, for instance, and the Mediterranean fruit fly, and several Senators. Yet just as these afflictions remain with us, despite our best efforts, so does the buying and selling of intoxicants and the appalling surge of crime connected therewith.

We believe that the best way to eliminate such afflictions is through intelligent action based upon experiment and untrammeled discussion. And if President Hoover himself considers Prohibition an experiment, is it unpatriotic for other Americans to attempt to appraise the efficacy of the experiment, or to discuss the possibility of alternate experiments for the same noble purpose?

Just at present another national experiment is being prepared by Congress. It, however, is an experiment which nobody conceives to be noble in purpose, and which few believe to have any practical common sense. While the tariff is being rigged, sheer mercenary chicanery prowls the lobbies of Washington, tricked out in the tattered shibboleths of other days.

Persuasively, Governor Christianson of Minnesota argues in this issue that the farmer for whose chief benefit the special session was called, has much to lose and little to gain from the Hawley bill. Apparently the Senate is taking such protests seriously.

It is fortunate for the future that almost everywhere, except among rival claimants for tariff aid, the stupidity of hampering continued expansion of our foreign trade with increased and variable import duties is clearly perceived.

Congressional pottering with the tariff is grotesque because it seeks to apply the economic policies of a former era to conditions now very different. And it is worse than grotesque because the hiking up of tariff duties is not only needless for American prosperity but is provocative of international discord. At the very moment when the statesmen of the world are proclaiming international peace, the politicians in Washington are contriving another cause of international friction.

Before this year is out, Congress will learn that public opinion is not with the politicians on the side of selfish privilege, but is with the statesmen on the side of more evenly shared prosperity, unhampered foreign commerce and good will among nations.

— K. W. P.

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*Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur*

# The North American Review

VOLUME 228 SEPTEMBER, 1929 NUMBER 3

# I Know You, Al

BY EDWARD DEAN SULLIVAN

*Light thrown by the dramatic career of "Scarface" Capone on the great American crime problem*

LAST winter two of the most powerful men in the United States occupied mansions in Miami scarcely a stone's throw apart. One was Herbert Hoover, chosen by an overwhelming vote to uphold and enforce the law; the other was Al Capone, head of a government within a government which, with notable success, thwarts and defies the law. Capone's Miami palace was every bit as luxurious as that occupied by Mr. Hoover. What a perfect commentary on the present state of American civilization!

Today, President Hoover in the White House is waiting — anxiously, no doubt — for some drastic and effective answer to the nation's crime problem from his recently named commission. Capone, safe for the first time in five years from the plotting of his murderous competitors, is directing his complicated affairs from the Holmesburg Prison in Philadelphia. He would like to relinquish the best paying and most dangerous job in America — but bootleg leaderships are life jobs — though short. There is no escape.

IN HIS desire to give up his career, Capone is merely indicating his common sense. He is noted for that; in every turn of his twisted climb to fame or infamy he has at least been sensible. And he has sense enough to know that there is no hope of his present wish being gratified, sincere though I believe it to be. He knows that if he were to walk a mile without guards he would be killed by his rivals. If he were to go a few miles in a direction his gang did not understand he would be killed by his guards. They are always with him. In gangland, when you are in — you are *in*.

To know something of the dramatic story of Al Capone, the Scar-

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face, is to understand something of the appalling problem with which President Hoover's Crime Commission — and the national conscience, too — must wrestle. Hence I take Al Capone as my text.

The fact that this gang leader, fearful and feared, is glad to be in jail is a clear insight into the topsy-turvy situation which the insidious power of organized crime has introduced into this country. It would be far more simple for Capone to escape, trapped as he is, than it will be for America to fight its way out of the coils of this same power which has ramifications and resources throughout the nation.

INDEED, Capone's mansion at Miami typifies the situation. No longer can one be sure where the borderline runs between the underworld and the haunts of the mighty. The ancient and reassuring notion that crime does not pay has been erased entirely by circumstance. It pays in the millions. It pays not only to the most undesirable and murderous stratum of our citizenry but it delivers with winks and sardonic bows to many "respectable" people in power. Oh, many! And it *puts* a good portion of them in power.

In 1926 "Scarface Al" Capone handled, through vice, brewing, gambling, and distilling interests, a gross income of seventy million dollars. That's one gang's intake. The gang belongs to Al Capone, and even the figures aren't mine. They are documented records of Edwin A. Olsen, a United States District Attorney with courage and ability, who devoted every force and element at his command to put obstacles in the way of the Capone gang. He was one of the ablest prosecutors I have known, and I have known hundreds. In this instance he got exactly nowhere. He is no longer in office.

Last year Al Capone told me, personally, that thirty million dollars was spent in Chicago for protection. Considering the remarkable results that a paltry five hundred dollars will accomplish in bribery, the corruption that can be wrought among weak or dishonest office holders by a sum like thirty million dollars is appalling to contemplate.

LET us take one example. We will say that a police captain has accepted twenty-five thousand dollars — more to come. He has considerable power in the area which he commands and nothing can be more normal than that his thug employers, paying him four times what the city pays him, are in favor of the very worst candidates put up in any type of election. Briefly, they would rather have corrupt men put into office at the beginning than go through all the nuisance of cautiously and diplomatically corrupting them later. The police captain naturally does just about what he is told. Under him are six lieutenants. He can wreck their records if he cares to, for every day in police circles there is at least one opportunity for a superior officer, on some technicality, to pitch in a wrong mark on a subordinate's record. Those lieutenants usually follow the lead of the captain. The sergeants follow them. The plain policemen follow the sergeants. And the whole group, representing a perfect mass of minor power, talks around through the district. Add

some money at election time, and the election of the man desired by the thugs is not merely a possibility — it's a cinch.

For fear that there may be some doubt that a police captain is worth — or gets — twenty-five thousand dollars *per annum*, it may be well to state here that Chief-of-Police Morgan A. Collins of Chicago was offered, in 1927, five dollars a barrel on two hundred and fifty barrels a day if he merely gave one gang permission to move the beer. If they can offer a chief twenty-five thousand dollars in twenty days, they can readily pay a captain twenty-five thousand dollars for three hundred and sixty-five days of intelligent service. Constant service, too, because the weak or dishonest official who accepts a bribe for merely remaining inactive, winds up by being definitely and actively engaged in the major operations of his thug bosses.

YES, indeed, there's plenty of money; plenty of weakness, plenty of dishonesty, although it must be confessed that the evidence of this is somewhat negative. About the only details that can be clearly stated are regarding rejected offers, such as that of Chief Collins and another one made to E. C. Yellowly, Federal Prohibition Administrator for Illinois, Wisconsin, and Indiana. He was offered a quarter of a million dollars if he would look away from one alcohol plant in Chicago, and to this day the thugs regard him as slightly crazed.

Thugs are that way. Dr. William Hickson, in charge of the Psychopathic Institute in Chicago, has examined forty or fifty beer runners and gang sluggers arrested in recent years and finds that their average mentality is about twelve years. So, naturally, when they offer a $250,000 lolly-pop to a man who doesn't wear and perhaps hasn't got a single diamond, his refusal merely means to them that he has gone ga-ga, as we say in the nursery.

Now, take these two offers and bear in mind that they were made to the two leading authorities in Chicago who could hamper the bootleggers. Lesser authorities cost less in bribery. These two tops would have cost less than a million dollars — had they accepted these tremendous offers. They cost the Chicago bootleggers nothing, but the bootleggers last year spent thirty million dollars. Figure it out for yourself.

ANYONE who knows anything about elections in America knows that even under the most honest auspices money is a tremendous factor. A combination of money and thuggery at election time is almost unbeatable in most cities. In the fine residential districts the voter makes up his mind; but in the more populous poor districts the voter's mind is made up for him. He needs everything; and the organizations which can provide him with anything expect him to take signals from them. Furthermore, where knuckle politics are required, they can hit an opponent harder and knock him further, and get out of it easier, than ever before.

After all, the fellow who receives a mighty crack on the jaw can't go to the home of the candidate of the better element for redress. He has to go to a policeman. I've told you

about the policeman, and his boss, and his boss, and his boss, and his boss. Which brings us right back to Al Capone, and the story of how he came to be what he is.

AL CAPONE was born thirty-two years ago in Brooklyn. His father was a barber and, believe it or not, Al was one of the best-liked kids in the neighborhood. At twenty-one he had never been arrested and in a tough neighborhood that's pretty good.

Capone was the best pool player in the Greenpoint section of Brooklyn. He never drank and the one outstanding trait known about him, in the tough circles where his skill with a cue won him some attention, was that he must be home every night at ten-thirty. That's what got him into trouble and started his criminal career. One night he was listening to a political rally when a fellow from his favorite pool room sought him out and told him excitedly that a slicker had stopped in at the hang-out and had cleaned out the best of the talent for about eight hundred dollars. He was threatening to leave and they had been searching for Al to win some of the money back.

It was quarter to nine. Al hurried over to the pool room and at half past ten he had the eight hundred dollars back and a hundred and fifty of the stranger's money. The stranger was tough and unhappy. Al was due home. He said so.

Without a word the stranger reached in his pockets, opened a long bladed knife, and told Al that he'd play another game, or else — ! Al struck once to the chin. The stranger fell, and lay motionless. Al ran for home. Twenty minutes later a misinformed pal arrived to tell him that his late opponent was dead.

There was excitement and weeping in the Capone home. Al had some tough cousins in the Five Points Gang in lower Manhattan. They'd know what to do in a case like this. They did. They assured him that he had to get out of town immediately and that they would try to fix it with Johnny Torrio, a captain in their gang, to take him. Torrio was going to Chicago to be a bodyguard for Jim Colosimo, vice-overlord who has since been slain.

Meanwhile, for nearly a month, the man that Capone hit lingered between life and death in a Brooklyn hospital. Capone, who became an aide of Torrio's, plunged into crime at the top in Chicago. He was too far in to back out when his supposed victim recovered.

PROHIBITION was just settling down into a systematized and deadly joke. Torrio and Capone, infinitely brighter than their boss, Colosimo, got the drift of what prohibition would mean to fellows who were tough and willing to take a chance. With the power of Colosimo behind them they were soon launched, with a real organization, into the new super-graft bootlegging.

Within a month Jim Colosimo, involved in one of the most tragic romances of the Chicago underworld, was shot to death in the doorway of his great restaurant. Capone and Torrio, with a desperately efficient and growing organization, were no longer restricted by the limitations of Colosimo. They knew

everyone in the underworld or in crooked politics who could be of any value to them and by 1921 with the police either quiescent or helpful, they were all set for the millions. Their beer vans rumbled through Chicago and their high-powered automobiles swept in deftly disconnected caravans between Canada and Chicago and New York and Chicago. Money poured in as never before in all vice or crook history.

TORRIO made the original political contacts in Chicago under the guidance of Colosimo, but today Capone, left alone by the flight of Torrio under gun-fire, has attained unprecedented eminence in the big current merger of the underworld with politics.

During this period of Capone's rise and rule there have been some four thousand homicides in Chicago. Let us consider a few of them, which throw tiny sidelights on the crime conditions arising under prohibition.

Fourteen days after the death of Dion O'Banion in 1924, Hymie Weiss, his successor, blaming Torrio for O'Banion's death, pulled up alongside Torrio's automobile and raked the car. Torrio's chauffeur was killed. Torrio himself, with bullet holes in his hat, was already half way through with his leadership. He was typical of those gangsters who can gracefully give it, but hate to take it.

Two days later Torrio and his wife tiptoed from their car on a street directly behind their home, intending to cut through to their own back yard. They were fooling no one. Fifty machine-gun slugs riddled the buildings and trees about them as a big car swept by. Three of the bullets — poisoned with garlic — found lodgment in Torrio's body. He spent a month in a hospital wavering between life and death. He had had enough.

He was a wreck of a man through his injuries and poisoning; his plea was that he could do nothing for months, anyway, and that he would like to see his relatives in Italy before they — or he — died. He had the powerful Capone put leverage on the gang to bring this escape about; and when the gang had consented, three cars containing the crack shots of the Capone-Torrio outfit escorted him to Buffalo and got him by private car to New York just in time for a steamer bound for Italy. Four men went with him. He had more than a million dollars, and lives today forty miles from Genoa — still guarded.

PREVIOUSLY, Hymie Weiss, leader of the rival North Side Gang in Chicago, had kept Torrio informed during his stay at the Waukegan Jail that there was no hurry — he owed them a funeral. Six of Torrio's gang guarded the jail — in addition to the normal jail guards — to keep the North Siders away. When, six weeks before Torrio's sentence was due to terminate, he was freed and made his get-away to Italy, the rage of the North Side Gang was so great that they invaded Cicero with a thirty-car caravan of gangsters, each car equipped with machine guns, and blew the fronts off every building owned by Capone in that gang stronghold. This is America!

Would you hear more? Two months later Thomas Ross, Capone's

chauffeur, was "picked off for a ride" with no one to help him. The North Side Gang took him out to East Chicago, tortured him in the most frightful manner for hours to learn of Capone's plans and movements, and then killed him and tossed his body into a cistern.

AGAIN, two months later, Hymie Weiss, North Side leader, was coming from a court room in which Joe Saltis, a beer runner, was on trial charged with the murder of one "Mitters" Foley, gangster. Weiss had in his pocket the entire list of witnesses for the defense *as well as for the prosecution!* Every witness for the prosecution was subsequently intimidated and Saltis was acquitted, but Weiss did not live to see all that.

With his list in his pocket, and accompanied by his bodyguards, Sam Peller, and Patrick Murray, as well as W. W. O'Brien, an attorney interested in the case, and Benjamin Jacobs, an investigator of the attorney's office, he reached the corner of the Holy Name Cathedral, directly across from the flower shop headquarters of the North Side Gang.

From an upper window of 740 State Street, adjoining the flower shop, there came a hail of machine-gun bullets. Weiss fell dead with twelve slugs in his body as did Murray, one of the guards. Attorney O'Brien, with five wounds, struggled to a physician nearby and after months in the hospital recovered. Jacobs and Peller were but slightly wounded.

"Schemer" Drucci, who succeeded Weiss as the North Side leader, lived but three months. He was succeeded by George "Bugs" Moran, who lost twenty minor operatives through gun fire in two years. It was "Bugs" Moran whom the gangsters were seeking last Valentine's Day when they lined up seven gangsters in the shipping headquarters of the gang and blew them to death with a thousand gun bullets — a massacre which shocked the nation.

Two weeks later John Scalici, Albert Anselmi and Joe Guinta of the Capone forces — the first two among the most desperate killers in Chicago's criminal records — were all found in a car, riddled to death, south of Chicago. They were "given the ride" in retaliation for the massacre. More will follow them.

Scalici and Anselmi had killed three policemen in one day — and forty other crimes had been attributed to them. They were the scourges for the Genna brothers, working under Capone. Three of the Gennas died from bullet sickness in eighty days. The Gennas were all-important "Big Shots." Picking them off that fast was regarded with great joy by North Side gangsters.

SEVENTY "Big Shots" have been killed in Chicago in the last five years, not to mention more than three hundred minor beer runners and thugs. But there have been only four defendants brought to trial. None was convicted. The closest to conviction was James Dougherty who was seen by a mob of witnesses when he killed Eddie Tancl, a gangster, during a wild-west election in the town of Cicero outside Chicago. He was prosecuted by State's

Attorney William H. McSwiggin, but finally beat the case. Four months later McSwiggin, the prosecutor, and Dougherty, the defendant, were both shot to death with one John Duffy, a supporter of State's Attorney Robert Crowe. The shooting took place in Cicero less than a half mile from where Dougherty had killed Tancl.

BEFORE all of these impressive events occurred, the man who brought Torrio and Capone to Chicago as bodyguards — Jim Colosimo — was found, when shot to death, to have been robbed of $150,000 in one thousand dollar bills which he carried in his pocket. I mention this merely to get to the subject of money and gangsters. That's what it is all about — money. Widespread public defiance of Prohibition has given them this money — in amounts and with a continuity never known before in crime history. And they have spent it lavishly to buy power.

When Angelo, one of the notorious Genna brothers, was killed he had $30,000 in his pocket — as a man carries change! On the seventy "Big Shots" killed, more than $500,000 was found, aside from all their bank deposits. You probably know what $500,000 will do in politics. And when a gang chief wants something done politically he doesn't depend on his pocket money! He goes to the bank.

Such money has been active all through the country in local politics. Gang wars and organized crime and the profits thereof are not exclusive products of Chicago. In Los Angeles and San Francisco a month ago I saw six gangsters — four from New York and two from Chicago. They never prowl for their health. Who do you imagine delivers booze in those cities? Gangsters! Everything that has happened in Chicago may happen in every other large city within five years, as matters are developing. There is no question about it. It's a matter of booze economics. There is nothing trivial about the illicit liquor business. It's a tremendous thing reaching into every city.

Frankie Uale, better known as Frankie Yale, was shot down in Brooklyn, by gangsters in an Illinois car. Frankie Marlow, recently slain in New York City, was another victim of the business.

IF THE reader is inclined to scowl at this record and turn thumbs down on Al Capone, let me say that, in my capacity as a newspaper man, I have known twenty men infinitely more vicious than he is. In my book, *Rattling the Cup on Chicago Crime*, I say of him:

"It has been conclusively proved in my experience that no one can obtain or maintain leadership unless he 'has something'. Those who have known Capone well, and for years, grant him a few qualities that would be acceptable in any one. He has concentration and executive ability which many possessors of better trained minds might envy. He is not petty. He is generous, foolishly so. He is intensely loyal. He has a good memory and is appreciative. He talks little but when he utters a few sounds you have heard something."

He made a strangely pleasant impression on some of his guests in

Florida. People either like him very much — or want to kill him. Now those who want to kill him are exceedingly numerous; but they still fear him too much to try.

And so as you think of Al Capone sitting there in his cell at Holmesburg Prison don't be sure that — powerful as he is — he is a unique or terrifically important part of what's the matter with America. He's just a brightly polished cog in a machine three thousand miles wide and as high as from Mexico to Canada. He is a by-product of our Prohibition problem — and hundreds of thousands of otherwise law-abiding citizens are putting up the vast sums for which he and his fellows have been fighting.

## Transplanting

By Elizabeth Coatsworth

She is gay and most unwise
Solitary and rebellious,
Rebel hair
And rebel eyes
Rebel heart
And rebel lips —
Meeting all the bulk of custom
With unconquerable whys? —
Frowning walls and towering bastions
Stormed by butterflies.

She is like some half-grown birch tree
Thing of sky and flower-bright ground
Planted in a city backyard
Hemmed with brick walls round and round,
Sending up its green leaves bravely
Through the unaccustomed soot
Mocking brick and sterile asphalt
Feeling death along its root.

# The Ways of Muk-pi

By Mary Lee Davis

*A charming, sympathetic narrative by an American woman who found that the colonel's lady and even an Eskimo Judy O'Grady may come close to sisterhood*

Eskimo Muk-pi had come to pay her first social call on me in that far Alaskan home I knew so many years.

"How come?" queried Muk-pi, snuggling close to the register and pointing to the black grated hole in the floor. "How come hot? No see him fire. How come, please?"

Now I felt that the complex magic of a hot air furnace could be better shown than explained, so we descended to our small cellar where an empty crude-oil drum had been converted into a miniature furnace. In the dim light and the dented glow from the open draft, shadows flickered and the white asbestos-wrapped pipes, reaching out under the floor to our four small rooms above, stretched aloft in eerie gesture. The little woman caught at my hand in terror.

"Very big devil, him," she whispered. "How you talk him devil? How you make him breath hot?"

"You talk about thirty cords of wood to him, a winter! He's a hungry thing, but a good little devil," I laughed, reaching up and patting one of the twisted white arms. "See, Muk-pi, good devil. If you feed him plenty wood, he makes plenty of hot breath upstairs. Warms our feet, good and plenty, upstairs."

But she was still clutching tightly to my hand as we went up the short steps.

Muk-pi was working on a pair of native boots for me — *mukluks*, her people call them — and as I went many times to her home on the sand-spit to watch their progress, one day a difficult situation arose which only her supreme tact could solve.

It was the custom to offer food when a person entered the home, even though that home might be merely an upturned summer canoe of walrus hide tilted upon an Arctic sand-spit. But such food! My interior absolutely revolted at its mere sight and odor, for the choicest delicacy of that season — a glacé, much admired in select sand-spit circles — was a concoction of crushed blueberries (apparently their only vegetable food) half fermented and then mixed with seal fat and buried in frozen ground until it reached a slush-like consistency of frappé. The color and odor of this dish were

equally odious, but Muk-pi noticed my distaste at once and sprang to the rescue.

"Muk-pi no like pie, your people. Missis Day-vees no like blueberry, my people. All same, no like!" She smiled in pleased delight over her gastronomic parallel.

"I say, my people: 'You see lay-dee, very good girl, make good friend, long time, Muk-pi.' My people say: 'Give him good eat, blueberry.' Quick, Missis Day-vees, you make eat, now, good reindeer leg. You see? Plenty smoke, good meat. You like him. I say, my people: 'Good lay-dee make eat, already now.'"

THIS, then, was the remedy, and it worked beautifully. She provided me with a long and really most edible strip of jerked reindeer meat that tasted like tough dried beef and was well smoked and salty. As long as Muk-pi could point to the fact that I was already well provided with refreshment (and to lend color to the tale I gnawed occasionally upon the reindeer leg with some real show of relish) the local courtesies and amenities were observed.

But it seemed to be in matters regarding the palate (for which there is no accounting) that the little Eskimo and I found mutual adjustment most difficult, no matter how hard we tried to please one another with friendly tid-bits. Muk-pi looked so thoroughly the dainty Oriental, with her tiny hands and feet, her graceful manner, her quick response, that I thought it quite safe to say a "yes" when she one day offered me tea at her sand-spit cabin. But the tea proved of most un-Oriental flavor. It tasted more like concentrated lye and must have been a-brewing long hours upon that stove. My very tongue was corroded at the first hot gulp and I set down the heavy cup with a hurried clatter. But my little copper-brown friend caught up the cup and darted with it to another corner of the cabin, emerging with a black quart bottle, conspicuously three-starred.

"Muk-pi forget! White people all time like this, him tea. White man say, tea very good drink, plenty *this*, Mistaire Hen-nis-sie!" And she smiled with a disarming innocence while lacing that half pint cup with half its space in spirits!

"You like him, now!" she cried, clapping delicate tawny hands and standing by in beatific observance to watch my looked-for joy in drinking of this dreadful potent cup. So, gathering what power of face control I had learned in years of poker games with my husband's mining pals, I drank. Surely black vitriol could not result in more raw inner agony; but my hostess was very happy.

THERE was also that matter of the pie — which became a famous jest forever between us. I had made some superlatively perfect mince-meat pies; or so my husband had called them, though I grant he had a motive. And after explaining carefully to Muk-pi what mince pies meant in the way of holiday spirit and good will to "my people," I had given her one to take home. Unfortunately, she had eaten this pie, complete, at a single sitting and it had made her desperately ill. She considered this a wonderful joke on me and I grant that it was — though not

perhaps from quite the same viewpoint. She who could eat raw meat, frozen meat, petrified meat, and all manner of deadly, maggoty, animal food had been utterly bowled over by my prize mince pie. Eskimo pie, indeed! Next time she came I had better learned my lesson and gave her, in place of pie, a box of candles. I had the grace never to enquire if they had been eaten or lighted! Anyway, they were deeply appreciated and had evidently furnished real cheer; but whether to light the eye or delight the palate I could only guess.

THESE so simple people, probably through their very carnivoracity and the tough daily elements of their diet, seemed generally to have very fine teeth, though in old age, especially with the women, teeth were often worn down to mere stubs. This came, perhaps, through too much daily contact with walrus leather, chewing to pliability the tough soles of the family mukluks. I gathered that Muk-pi's mother, who had recently died, had practically starved to death, able no longer to chew but only to suck such nutriment as she could from chunks of very tough meat.

This had happened, so Muk-pi and her sisters carefully explained, even though they had given to their aging mother a brand new name by which all the people had been most careful to call her; and which should, by all the sacred rites of magic, have tricked the grim and groping powers of darkness into giving the newly named woman a new lease of life.

After her death, for many days, no needle or bodkin could be used about the cabin, no axe or knife, for fear of accidentally harming the poor ghost which still was lingering near. There could be no harsh or sudden noises, either, for they too might frighten and offend. So, too, little Muk-pi told me, after the killing of a polar bear, when the soul of the bear always waits three days near the spot where it has been slain; and any careless use of knives nearby, or any angry shout or hasty movement, may offend the ghost of this much feared and reverenced Lord of the Arctic Ice — and cause some dire revenge.

Muk-pi's family had a term of courtesy which they used in speaking of the great white bear — a term as apparently synonymous with our "Sir" or "Lord" as folk so truly democratic in their ways could conjure.

In a similar fashion, in the old days when whales were more plentiful, the soul of the great white whale was respected in death; and a period of utter quiet would be imposed upon all the people after one had been taken and killed, to do proper honor to its vast and hovering spirit.

MUK-PI told me that her people firmly believe that there is land lying to the north of the continent, in the Polar Sea; and this tradition of theirs, stubbornly held, has been one of the reasons Arctic explorers have had for expecting to discover new polar lands. The Eskimos declare that in times past parties of their people have gone out into the north over the ice and have returned again, after many years. They also say that the snow goose always flies north to breed, yet in the fall it returns again with young, going south. That unknown summer re-

treat of the snow goose has become the dim *ultima Thule* of Muk-pi's people.

I never saw a folk more fond of their games, their music, their inner family life and of all good friendly intercourse. And their community fellowship — with all dealings overlaid with joking, and with bubbling good humor! Have they this inner cheer, these people of my Muk-pi, because they have purposely and willingly chosen to face undaunted the sternest physical reality known upon this whirling world of ours — to face it with eyes undimmed by any beguiling sophistry, by any elusive romanticism of evasion? Is that the secret spring of their satisfaction, so real, which they guard so happily?

For the Innuit cling ever close to the sea, and never choose to travel far inland, even on their long hunting trips. They will go far out over the ice in winter after polar bear or other game. But the inner lands never tempt them; and though they seem a notably peaceful people amongst themselves, settling most difficulties with a courtesy and consideration for the other fellow positively amazing to us so notably self-seeking, they are by no means lacking in warlike courage as desperate bloody battles with the interior and alien Indians, in times not too long past, have proved.

Their kindness, in more ways than one, was equal to their courage. Never, in all my days upon the sand-spit did I ever see a child either scolded or punished, though I did witness a baby's bath that might have seemed severe punishment to a child of a less hardy race. A small boy of about one year was up-ended on his mother's lap as she sat upon the ground, surrounded by motley kitchen utensils, before her summer cottage *umiak*. And she was literally scouring the child's back with a mixture of beach sand and soap! His little body was a copper pink and his mother was rubbing the soft skin with the same hard rotary motion an energetic housewife might use on the base of a kettle. But the child was gurgling with pleasure, though he squirmed under the stiff friction. And yet many people insist that the Eskimos are "a dirty people!"

"Muk-pi," I asked, "don't your sisters ever punish their children? If they are naughty? Or aren't they ever naughty? They always seem so laughing and happy."

"Come bay-bee, cabin, come very good spirit, all same time. You say bad word, bay-bee — you make hit, bay-bee — good spirit, him go way, quick. No come back, this same cabin, long time. Very bad what-you-call luck, bay-bee good spirit go way. Him mother, him father, all time very good, bay-bee. Speak nice, all him time. Good spirit, make stay, cabin."

"Tell me, Muk-pi, does the good spirit stay until the baby grows to be a man?"

"Your people, Missis Day-vees, make all time big fon-nee talk, good spirit. Muk-pi people, no make fon-nee talk. Muk-pi people make all time friend, good spirit. He live, all time, my people cabin. He come, all time, with little bay-bee. My people love little bay-bee all time. Good spirit stay. Make bad talk, make cross hit, good spirit very much cry, go away all time.

"Little bay-bee sick, medicine man come quick, put little bay-bee what-you-call soul, him medicine bag. Tie him soul tight, no can die. Little bay-bee soul, no can go out now, this same cabin. Tie him soul tight, medicine man, him bag."

ALL this deep magic was not, of course, generally discussed. Nor was it ever confided to white people, except under unusual circumstances — or so my white friends in Nome told me. For I met many women of my own race in Nome who had never even set a foot upon the sand-spit except to witness occasional native dances, those dramatic spectacles of hunting and fishing symbolism so vividly enacted. The natives (they said) were dirty people, and told lies. Also they would not talk when spoken to, but only cluck and pretend not to understand. This I could readily believe for Muk-pi's folk feared ridicule above all things, children that they were, and argument with us grown-ups was so useless. They had learned, through sad experience of our proselyting ways, that to confide their simple ancient faiths often meant both ridicule and argument. But there can be no counterword to silence.

What mimics they were, these people of my Muk-pi! And how very horrified some of the good white ladies of Nome would have been — those ladies who served me decorous tea of afternoons and with whom I played innumerable rubbers of bridge o' nights — if they could have seen us rolling with mirth o' mornings out there upon the sand-spit while Muk-pi and her sisters mimicked to perfection their walk, their talk, their very tilt of head! Every little peculiarity was hit upon with the merciless wit of a caricature and accented just enough to be excruciatingly funny.

"You play card, Missis Q.....? Missis Q....., him one time buy fish, my brother, Chik-em. Make big talk — so — " and there followed a long story of dramatic gibberish, such as a child uses to mock the speech of grown-ups — with the accent and rhythm of Mrs. Q..... to the very life!

"Muk-pi, you are a little monkey!"

"Mon-kee? I no see mon-kee. How come, him?"

TO EVADE this too pertinent query, I questioned in turn, begging Muk-pi to tell me of the five fine blue lines in her little chin — how they came there and what their meaning was. And she told me that when she was a young girl just turning woman, her mother one day mixed in a little dish of hollowed stone, a paste of deep blue dye. Next she threaded a needle of fine bone splinter and, pulling the thread through the paste until it, too, was a deep blue, she ran the needle carefully under the outer skin of Muk-pi's firm little chin, in five well-spaced close vertical lines. Then she cut off the threads that remained, leaving marks there like a blue tattoo. The process did not hurt very much, or at all — so Muk-pi said.

Apparently this had taken place when she was about eleven years old, and probably it had to do with some rite of puberty; for to these primitive people, of course, the supreme mystery (as for us) is the occultism of the so-called "facts of life" — all

conspiring to make the woman the aboriginal source of magic and taboo. But because this is the prototype of all taboo neither Muk-pi, the little so-called savage, nor I, the so-called woman of civilization, could reach down into and beyond those inherited prejudices of ours to discuss it — for this was far too abstruse a matter, away beyond our limited mutual vocabulary.

I HAD my choice of color in the soles of my *mukluks*, but I was not allowed any choice at all in the pattern of the top portion. I had greatly admired the design of a pair worn by Chik-em, the fisher-hunter brother, whose heirloom cod-hooks of beaten bronze — wrought from the wreck of some long-lost Russian craft and delicately adorned with fascinating dangles of salmon scales, colored bone and stone — have no doubt proved the undoing of many a lordly fish.

These *mukluks* of Chik-em's which had so caught my fancy were made with a thin bright red strip of walrus stitched around the black turned-up sole; and above that, wide vertical alternating strips of brown and white reindeer leg, culminating at the knees in a deep collar of small checker-band squares of intricately matched brown-gray and white reindeer pattern.

But I could not have the bright red horizontal binding, Muk-pi explained, because that was drug-store color (aniline dye) and that, to Muk-pi, was new-fangled, cheap, and tawdry! No friend of hers was to be seen in such a color! Chik-em's wife was a lazy person, infected with these false, new, modern notions — to have made him such *mukluks* — and his relatives were deeply chagrined to see him wearing them so shamelessly. Muk-pi mentioned this delicate family matter in quite the same nice tone of reserved and ladylike disgust that my Philadelphia grandmother used when speaking of a "person" who left the house without first buttoning her gloves! There are certain standards of conduct that simply must be observed.

Mine was to be a deeper red, a maroon, dyed from crushed native roots and warranted not to crock, run or fade. Nor could I have the checkerboard design atop, but another — "more nice," said Muk-pi. As it turned out, mine was to be a diamond pattern which was more difficult to make, all so deftly matched and sinew-sewn, and was really much more lovely. So that in the end I was more than content. What right had I even to comment? Watching the daily arduous chewing of those soles, hour upon hour, until the tough leather became workable and soft, I realized that any criticism of mine would be in the nature of looking a gift horse in the mouth.

BUT the most adamant prohibition of all concerned the broad white stripes running up the leg of these boots. These were, for me, absolutely taboo. I argued and I pleaded. I offered to buy the necessary amount of white reindeer skin myself, for I knew that the white skin, being rare, is ten times more dear than is the natural color. But, no. They chattered and they discussed and they were really very serious about it. Apparently a woman's desire to wear those white

stripes on her legs was utterly heretical and revolutionary. Quite as disruptive of public morals, indeed, as the scandalous desire of "ladies," back in the '80's, to wear bloomers!

"Very bad, white piece, woman *mukluk*," Muk-pi declared, with the air of a Portia passing judgment.

"But, Muk-pi, your brother wears them."

"Very good, man *mukluk*. Very bad, woman *mukluk*," she declared, and nothing I could do or say or threaten or promise could move her. Evidently there was some deep sex taboo regarding the matter, the secrets of which I was never able to fathom in spite of their liberal freedom of speech in all other matters. This had to do with standards of modesty — and standards of modesty simply aren't discussed in polite circles. Not upon the sand-spit! It would not do for me to wear white strips of reindeer running up my legs. I was a woman and women did not wear them. That was enough and it was final. My morals had to be safeguarded.

And such quiet determination and such sureness of purpose I never have seen combined in so small a body.

I THINK that the utter lack of trees, and even of bushes large enough to count for anything, has always seemed to me the most amazing thing upon this gaunt Asia-facing shoreline of Seward Peninsula; and even more amazing was Muk-pi's dramatic story of her own first sight of growing trees. Here where she had been born and bred was driftwood only — great dead trees from the Upper Yukon which its falling banks for twenty-two hundred miles were forever wearing down and carrying away, out into Bering Sea at length, where the summer current sets ever northward and sucks them, finally, into the narrow funnel of the Straits and so on and up and beyond into the greedy maw of the Arctic.

But all along that northwest coast through the Diomedes, driftwood from those far-away forests is mercifully upcast by the sea, the whole, brief, swift and sun-drenched summer long; and groups of men go daily, a primitive fire-worshipping coast guard, to collect this drift of Providence against the coming of an Arctic night. It is to them an ancient rite of immemorial midsummer.

DEAD trees, water-logged trees, branchless and rootless trees to be converted into winter fuel — all these Muk-pi had known since infancy. But she had never seen a living, growing tree until that time when as "cook and seamstress" she had travelled with Captain Fergus along the Arctic Slope and up the giant Mackenzie River into the heart of northwestern Canada.

One day he had called to her to come quickly, from the little galley of their boat where she was preparing a meal. He pointed to a far hill and bade her tell him what it was she saw there. She looked, and was very much afraid. For, so she said, beyond and grouped upon the opposite slope were many tall dark men — many strange tall dark men — standing upon that windy hill and watching them, moving too their shaggy black arms in angry gesture. Many men were there, come no doubt to do battle with them in this far strange country to the east-

ward — not at all the country of her own people but the place of those alien Indian folk who dwelt always within these inner lands; who had named her people "the Eskimo," raw meat eaters, in jealous fear; people whom her kinsmen had destroyed so often, times past, in many bloody battles.

But Fergus had laughed at her fear and to the accompaniment of her panic and her protest insisted upon making fast the boat and going ashore there, the two of them advancing alone to meet that hostile group of dark and threatening warriors on the hillside. As they drew nearer those strange men waved their arms and whispered together. She, Muk-pi, could hear them. They seemed to shift and move in council and always to be whispering some word, secretly, together.

At last, half dead with terror, little Muk-pi, the Eskimo, was herself walking in among those giants of the hill, those moving whispering giants. Fergus made her raise her hands and stroke their rough sides, reach up and touch and even break away their hoary black arms. And he told her then that these wild living things were trees — the very same whose poor dead watery ghosts she had so often gathered upon the familiar Nome sand-spit, whose hot breath she had often felt in winter fires and out of whose warm flanks had been built the driftwood cabins of her people.

Trees — as men, walking!

## September Night

By John R. C. Peyton

September night —
And a cloud like a shaggy buffalo,
head-lowered,
Dashes at the moon.

What frenzied runner is loose tonight?
A wild new wind —
A long, lean thing
With flying hair
And cold keen breath.

I hear a wailing:
"Summer is gone,"
Sing the shaking stars.
"Summer is gone,"
Cries the ragged moon —
"Gone like a wild young lover."

# Is the Tariff Fair to Farmers?

By Theodore Christianson
Governor of Minnesota

*Voicing sentiment wide-spread in the Middle West, a vigorous State Executive declares the pending tariff fails to remove discrimination against agriculture*

The present issue between agriculture and industry arises out of a new conception of the economics of foreign commerce. Formerly it was the ambition of every nation to sell more than it bought. Every effort was exerted to make exports exceed imports in order that there might be created a favorable balance of trade. Settlement of such balances in specie was desired in order that there might be built up great gold reserves.

The trouble with the old economist was that he over-emphasized the importance of gold. He overlooked the obvious fact that, outside of a very limited field, gold has no value except as a medium of exchange and as a basis of credit. Indeed the possession of too much gold may cause considerable embarrassment to a nation whose major interests are industrial and agricultural. For it is obvious that any people which holds a preponderance of the world's gold, and which is for that reason a creditor nation, cannot continue to enjoy favorable trade balances indefinitely. It would ultimately either acquire all of the world's commercial medium and reduce international trade to a system of primitive barter or forego collection from its debtors of the balances due it.

During the World War the United States sold more than it bought. It changed its status from debtor to creditor. It acquired the greatest gold reserve ever possessed by any nation. It became the world's banker. But the unprecedented accumulation of gold and credits was not without loss. For Uncle Sam cannot live off his banking business. He must be a producer as well as a money-lender. He must sell goods and commodities as well as collect interest. He is now finding himself in the situation of a merchant who has sold so many goods on time that his customers must either bring in cordwood for further purchases or begin trading at another store.

We cannot continue to sell unless we buy. And the necessity for selling is increasing. The war gave a great impetus to production. The farmer, assured that food would win the war, increased the number of acres under tillage. He intensified cultiva-

tion. He bought more machinery. He bred up his livestock. He eliminated the boarders from his herds. He built barns and silos. In every way he improved his efficiency. He increased his exportable surplus.

INDUSTRY also speeded up its processes. It harnessed rivers. It developed means for a more general and more economical distribution of electricity. It placed twenty-seven horse power of energy in the hands of every worker. It enlarged steam-shovels, lengthened freight trains, improved methods, developed mass production. Industrial output has been increased much faster than consumptive demand. For, whereas before the war the industrial plants of the country, in certain important lines, had capacity to produce one-sixth more than the people of America could use, it has been estimated that today existing plants can produce in those lines fifty per cent more than the nation can buy.

And the pressure for even greater productive capacity continues, for there has been an accelerated trend of population from the farm to the city, which, while not reducing farm production, has increased the number of men available for work in industry. Since 1920 over three million people have left the farms. The urban population, exclusive of people living in villages, increased by more than 8,000,000 between 1920 and 1925. These 8,000,000 have increased the pressure for new markets for industrial products. They need employment, but employment for more men cannot be had unless an outlet is found for more goods. High-powered salesmanship has done much to increase domestic demand for the products of industry. But there is a limit to what salesmanship aided by advertising can do. Certainly it cannot dispose of more products than the people can pay for. It can accomplish even less for agriculture than for industry; for the capacity of people to eat food does not have the same elasticity as their ability to wear out automobiles.

Obviously, what industry and agriculture both need is an outlet abroad for surplus products.

IF WE could continue indefinitely to sell to foreign countries more than we buy from them the needs of both industry and agriculture could be met. But certainly we can not. If we are to sell agricultural products abroad we must buy abroad. If we are to sell industrial products abroad we must buy abroad. Hence a new issue has arisen: Shall we sacrifice agriculture in order to create markets for an increased industrial output; or shall industry be limited in its penetration of foreign markets in order to save the American farmer? If neither alternative is adopted can there be a balance of industry and agriculture that would enable each to furnish a market for the other; and can such a balance be secured through a tariff system that would exclude all products that compete with those which we produce at home?

These questions carry so many implications, economic, social and political, that together they present the most nearly fundamental problem before the American people at this time.

That American manufacturers cannot continue to increase their

sales in foreign countries unless those countries are given opportunity to sell their products here is apparent from some things which are now happening in Latin America. At the Pan-American Conference at Havana, Dr. Honorio Pueyrredon, then Argentine Ambassador to the United States, tried to write into the preamble of the treaty regarding adherence to the Pan-American Union a declaration that the signatory nations were opposed to artificial trade barriers. His effort, which was not successful, undoubtedly reflected opinion in his country. Propaganda in Argentina has for some time sought to organize buyers' strikes against the United States. "Buy from those who buy from us," has been urged as a commercial slogan by organizations in South America. Investigation of the cost of production of flaxseed and corn in Argentina, undertaken by the United States Tariff Commission in order to secure evidence by which it could make scientific determination of the "difference in the cost of production at home and abroad," was frustrated by the Argentine Government which refused permission to experts of the Commission to make such inquiry on the ground.

IT IS not only Spanish America that is trying to force agricultural products into this country as the price for industrial markets. Our other principal competitors in the agricultural field, Canada, Australia and New Zealand, are making the same effort by increasing the differential against America under the British system of Imperial preferential tariffs. Thus it will be seen that the American farmer has a battle ahead of him if he shall retain his home market in the face of powerful industrial interests bent on increasing their sales in South America, Canada, Australia, New Zealand and the other food producing countries of the world. His handicap in the impending struggle has been accentuated by the shift of population cityward which has left him only one-fourth of the nation's voting power. That handicap was apparent in the vote on the pending Hawley tariff bill in the House of Representatives, where representation is on the basis of population. The farmer should fare better in the Senate, where the equal representation of the different States may give him an opportunity to check the efforts to increase the disparity between industry and agriculture in the benefits they respectively receive under the present tariff structure.

THAT there is at present a disparity between the price level in agriculture and that in industry is so generally admitted that it should require no proof. James D. Black, Professor of Economics at Harvard University, recently declared that prices of farm products need to be one-sixth higher than they are now if agriculture is to be on a plane of equity with urban industry. Chester H. Gray of the American Farm Bureau Federation, himself no mean economist, in an analysis of the Hawley bill declared that "The average of all duties on agricultural products in the present act is 25.85 per cent, whereas in the new bill this average rises only to 29.9 per cent, an increase of 4.05 per cent; the average

of the duties on industrial products in the present act . . . is 42.03 per cent, and in the new bill is 47.07 per cent, an increase of 5.04 per cent." In other words, in a tariff bill designed to relieve agriculture by removing the disparity between it and industry, agriculture gets an increase of 4.05 per cent and industry an increase of 5.04 per cent. Clearly here is manifest a purpose to give the farmer protection with one hand and to take it away from him with the other.

As I write, I have only the House bill to consider. Proposed revisions of it will be reported to the Senate at about the date this article appears. But even then, the final form of the Act will be yet to emerge from debate and conference; and if it is even approximately to satisfy us in the Middle West, it must take into full account such objections as the following which we have for the original Hawley bill.

The objection of the people of the Middle West to the pending bill is not so much that the protection it affords agriculture is inadequate as that the increases which it makes in the industrial schedules are unwarranted. The farmer feels that, instead of increasing industrial schedules, Congress should reduce them unless it is willing to abandon the principle of a competitive tariff and boost agricultural schedules to the industrial level, which would make them monopolistic rather than competitive and necessitate farm tariffs much higher than those contained in the present bill.

It is admitted that increased agricultural rates must always be balanced with compensatory rates on commodities manufactured from agriculture's raw materials. It would not avail to increase the duty on flaxseed, for instance, if the gates were left open to a flood of linseed oil from abroad. It is the duty of the Congress to make such adjustments in schedules of raw materials and finished products as will protect against the importation of either. But there is plenty of evidence to sustain the charge that in the pending Hawley bill increases in the duties on finished goods more than compensate for the increased duties on farm products from which they are made. I would cite the fact that while hides, now on the free list, are given ten per cent protection, the duty on leather boots and shoes, also on the free list at present, is made twenty per cent. Saddlery and harness of the ordinary grades, used almost exclusively on the farm in these days of motor transportation, are to be taxed at fifteen per cent. It must be borne in mind that these rates are on an *ad valorem* basis, and that a twenty per cent increase in boots and shoes far exceeds twice the amount required to compensate for a ten per cent increase in hides; for hides are cheap, shoes are dear. It does not help the farmer, either in his pocketbook or in his state of mind, to get $9,000,000 more for the hides he sells in a year, and learn that those who buy boots, shoes and leather goods will have to pay $80,000,000 a year more for them.

The Middle West can see no justification for the proposed duty on wood shingles, cedar lumber, and birch and maple flooring. Certainly the principle that there should be a

duty equal to the difference in the cost of production here and abroad does not justify a tariff on shingles; the Tariff Commission after an exhaustive investigation has found that the cost of producing shingles is higher in Canada than in Washington and Oregon. Nor can the tariff on lumber be justified on other grounds.

THE supply of timber in the Pacific Northwest will be exhausted within twenty-five years at the present rate of depletion. Why hasten the exploitation of this remnant of a once great natural resource when ample supplies can be had from across the Canadian boundary, from a neighbor whose cost of production is higher than our own? There can be no plea that labor in the lumber industry needs protection, because the Canadian lumberjack and mill hand receive as high wages as ours. And it cannot be said that there is relief for agriculture in a measure which will appreciably increase the price of lumber and timber products of which the farmer is one of the heaviest users.

The pending measure would add to present building costs by increasing the duty on other products used in construction. Brick, Portland cement and window glass all get a boost. It has been argued that because of the high cost of transporting cement by railroad a duty on that commodity will not increase the price except at the seaboard. That might be true if there were effective competition in the Portland cement industry. There is, however, a feeling — whether justified or not, I do not presume to say — that the business of manufacturing Portland cement has ceased to be competitive except in restricted areas and in a limited way.

I have shown that sentiment in the agricultural Middle West is opposed to the Hawley bill because it (1) increases the present disparity between agriculture and industry, (2) permits industry to offset higher rates on raw material produced on the farm by increased rates on the finished product that are more than compensatory, and (3) adds to the cost of maintaining farm plants. There is a fourth objection. Except in a few instances, whenever products of the soil enter into the manufacturing industry as raw material they are denied adequate protection. Whatever additional price the farmer shall get for his crops he must collect from the consumer of food, not from the manufacturer. To the farmer this is rather convincing proof that industry is in the saddle in the present House of Representatives — and it is going to be a protected saddle under the new tariff!

CONSIDER casein, a skimmed-milk product used principally in the manufacture of coated paper. The American dairy industry is able to provide all the casein needed for industrial purposes in this country. Despite assertions to the contrary domestic casein is equal in quality to that produced anywhere else in the world. The pleas of the representatives of agriculture failed to bring an increase over the present duty of 2½ cents a pound in casein, although it was clearly proved that an eight cent duty was needed to develop the casein industry. On the other hand, the pleas of the representatives of industry did bring an increase of

100 per cent in the *ad valorem* duty on articles made from certain compounds of casein.

Consider potato starch, used industrially for sizing and for the manufacture of glue. Its principal competitors are potato starch from Germany and sago and tapioca from Java, the Straits Settlements and Dutch Guiana. Exclusion of these competitive products would make it possible to utilize in the manufacture of starch the potato surpluses which periodically bring distress to farmers in large areas throughout the country. Without adequate protection the potato starch industry has suffered a sharp decline during the last decade. In 1919 domestic production of potato starch was 16,000,000 pounds, imports for consumption 2,000,000 pounds. In 1927 domestic production was 7,000,000 pounds and imports 27,000,000 pounds.

It costs more than $18 to transport a long ton of starch from Minneapolis or St. Paul to Boston. Germany can land her starch in New York for $5.50 a long ton. With a transportation differential of over half a cent a pound against him, the net protection to the Midwestern farmer under the proposed 2½ cents duty will be less than two cents a pound.

A BUSHEL of potatoes will produce eight pounds of starch, worth 28 cents at the Atlantic seaboard. It should be quite obvious that after the cost of converting potatoes into starch and of transporting the starch to the eastern cities has been deducted the farmer has little left to compensate him for his work and investment. But because potato starch and its substitutes are used in industry he must be satisfied with the modest increase from 1¾ cents to 2½ cents a pound in the duty on potato starch, while tapioca and sago will continue to enter without duty. It has been estimated that a duty of 4½ cents a pound on potato starch, tapioca and sago would so reduce importations of these commodities as to give the American farmer a market for 27,000,000 additional bushels of potatoes — equivalent to the average crop on 236,000 acres. It would seem that the slight addition in cost to the envelope and textile industries should not be permitted to stand in the way of utilization of the surplus in this very important branch of agriculture.

AND consider blackstrap, an offal of the sugar industry. A low-grade molasses, unfit for human consumption, it was formerly fed to the sewer. Now it is being converted into industrial alcohol. It is driving corn out of the distilleries and producing a new crop of millionaires. Increasing the duty on blackstrap from the two cents a gallon provided in the bill to the eight cents a gallon demanded by the corn farmer might have deprived Javan and Cuban planters of a market for a formerly valueless by-product; but it would have furnished an additional market to American farmers who live where the tall corn grows. Industrial alcohol can be made out of Mid-western corn as well as out of tropical blackstrap. A Detroit Congressman has discovered that if alcohol were made of corn instead of molasses, it would cost more; and the higher price would cause the cost of making automobiles to be increased thirty cents

a car. Therefore agriculture must again give way to industry. For unto everyone that hath shall be given and he shall have abundance; but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath!

THERE cannot be much criticism of the farm products schedules *per se*. They would go far to improve economic conditions in the Middle West if their beneficial effects were not in part nullified by increases in industrial schedules, and if adequate protection were given against competing substitutes.

It should be borne in mind, however, that in the case of some farm products the benefits of high duties look more impressive on the statute book than in the bank book. The farmer who raises dairy products, poultry products and flax will profit materially from the proposed schedules. So will the man who raises and fattens beef cattle, if the present diminution in the supply of cattle continues. But to the farmer who raises wheat, corn and hogs, the increased duties will probably be of little avail unless the newly created Farm Board shall be able to devise some method to control and dispose of surpluses. Farm leaders in the Middle West have in the past presented two plans for doing this. The Equalization Fee was made the basis of two farm relief bills, passed by the Congress but vetoed by President Coolidge. The Debenture was rejected by the Congress last June. The objection was made in each case that the form of relief proposed involved a subsidizing of agriculture. This objection may have been tenable as to the Debenture, but not as to the Equalization Fee. For whatever administrative difficulties the original McNary-Haugen bill may have presented it cannot be successfully shown that it would have taken a dollar from the taxpayer except, perhaps, for the cost of setting up machinery for its functioning.

I am aware of the fact that Theodore D. Hammatt of the Department of Commerce insists that even although the export bounty were paid by the farmer, "he would be paying nothing that he had not previously extracted from the public through the creation of an artificial domestic price for the portion of the crop purchased by the public for domestic consumption," and that therefore the farmer would in effect be receiving a subsidy. If the maintenance of a system which enables a group to make the public pay a higher price than the international market affords is granting a subsidy, then the protective tariff system is itself the most complete system of subsidy ever established or maintained.

IT HAS been urged that agriculture would fare better if the United States abandoned the protective theory and established free trade as a national policy. It has been contended that it would be better for the farmer to buy and sell in a world market: if he paid less for what he bought he could afford to take less for what he sold. There is no doubt that this thought is beginning to gather strength throughout the Middle West. It has been prompted by propaganda emanating from the captains of mass production, who themselves no longer need tariff protection and who are now concerned

about finding foreign markets for their surpluses, and from international bankers who have a stake in foreign industries and governments. It has been given new vitality by the conviction that in voting for protection the farmer has been parting with more than he got in return. While it may be true that it is more blessed to give than to receive, it is hard to make a farmer accept the doctrine with all of its implications, political and economic, when his name is on the delinquent tax-list and a notice of foreclosure on his farm is being published in the home town newspaper.

The notion that a lower level of values would be good for agriculture is a fallacy. The farmer will never gain from deflation. For he is a borrower, not a lender. When dollars become dearer the burden of his debts becomes heavier. A lowering of the general price level would inevitably be accompanied by a lowering of land values. And although lower land values theoretically would be a good thing for agriculture they would spell bankruptcy to the individual farmer with a mortgage on his farm. For when land values decline it is the farmer's equity, not the mortgagee's interest, that is absorbed. The adoption of a policy of free trade or anything approaching it would be followed by a transfer of real property that would rock the nation and reduce a majority of the farmers of America to tenantry. That is not what agriculture wants. Agriculture has a stake in the protective system.

And industry has a stake in agriculture. Let it not be beguiled by the lure of enticing foreign markets. It may for a time find them profitable. It may for some years, through mass production methods, be able to compete successfully against Europe, in Canada, Argentina, Australia and other agricultural countries of the world. But sooner or later Europe will learn our tricks. She will organize her industries on an international basis, tear down the walls which now make mass production difficult if not impossible, and challenge us in the fields in which our supremacy is now unquestioned. When that day comes, American industrial leaders will begin to realize that when they yielded to the call of immediate advantage and sacrificed the dependable home market furnished by the American farmer for the opportunity to sell in foreign fields, they sold their birthright for a mess of pottage.

# But What *Is* Success?

By The Very Reverend Dean Inge

*That one of England's churchmen who is most widely known in America sets up for our materialistic world a few philosophical guideposts*

The word "success" is written on the heart of every good American, and floats as an ideal before the minds of most young Englishmen. "Be Christians and you will be successful," exclaimed the head of an American university to his students. It does not sound quite like the Beatitudes; but I dare say it helped the young men who heard it to live cleanly, to shun smuggled wood alcohol, to work hard and render efficient "social service." There are many young people who are the better for being told that success is within their reach. Ambition may be the last infirmity of noble minds, but it is a splendid spur for the average man. This is why the Americans deliberately try to engender the *superiority* complex.

But what is Success? We know what Samuel Smiles meant by it. The good apprentice comes up to London with half-a-crown in his pocket. By unremitting attention to his humble duties he wins the confidence of his employer, becomes a partner, marries his employer's daughter, and dies a peer and a millionaire. This is success, tangible and uncontrovertible. A Prime Minister is also unquestionably a successful man. A judge, an archbishop, a field-marshal, a "best seller," is admitted to have been successful, in his own line. He would probably, most people suppose, have preferred to be a millionaire or a Prime Minister, if he had known how to do it, but he has played his cards well.

There are no doubt other ways of spending a life, which some people find attractive. But the world does not speak of Success in connection with them. Robert Browning thought that the grammarian, who spent his life over the niceties of Greek syntax, had resolved to win "heaven's success or earth's failure," and that he therefore exclaimed once for all, to achieve a horrible rhyme, "Hence with life's pale lure." I have known several grammarians, and I fear they are simply creatures of habit. They have no visions of unfading crowns; they would merely be miserable if they were separated for a day from their desk and their books.

Most people would assent to the saying that happiness is "our being's" end and aim; and yet, curiously enough, they do not identify Success with happiness. If they did they would have to revise their standards of Success rather drastically. It has been said that the happy man has the best of reasons for being happy, namely, the fact that he is so. That may be true; but the contented man is severely handicapped in the race of life. He who wants nothing will get nothing. Ambition is occasionally the luxury of the fortunate, but it is more often the consolation of the unhappy. Borrow, in *Lavengro*, would even have us believe that a tendency to mental depression may be a man's best friend. "Thou wouldst be joyous, wouldst thou? Then be a fool. What great work was ever the result of joy, the puny one? Who have been the wise ones, the mighty ones, the conquering ones of the earth? The joyous? I believe it not."

THE biographies of the great on the whole confirm Borrow's opinion, though it may be too rhetorically expressed. We generally find that in early life they have been unhappy; not merely impecunious and driven to fight hard for their own hands, but depressed and anxious beyond what the circumstances justified. And often, though not always, they have owned that the happiest period of their lives was the time of their first struggles and quite insignificant successes. Sometimes the big victories have brought only disillusionment. In any event no one could maintain that the successful as a class are conspicuously happy.

Augustine Birrell, in one of the most famous of his *Obiter Dicta* essays, declares that most great men hate their greatness, because it is not of the kind which they most admire. Gray, an exquisitely finished poet and incidentally a College don, would have liked to be a successful general; but he wrote the *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*, and took no Quebec. Wolfe did take Quebec, and while he was doing it was heard to remark that he would rather have written Gray's *Elegy*. Carlyle, whose motto was "Blows, not words," sang the praises of Silence in about thirty-six octavo volumes. I think, however, that Birrell has made an amusing point rather than proved a general truth. Most great men have believed in the work of their choice, whether active or artistic or contemplative.

PUTTING aside the test of happiness, which clearly is no criterion, we find other troublesome questions waiting for an answer.

Why do we say that all's well that ends well? Why is the end of a man's career more important than the beginning? Are we to call a man successful who has spent an extremely strenuous and uncomfortable life in the pursuit of power or place or riches, and who at last gains his object only to have the cup snatched from his lips by death, disablement, or domestic misfortune? Was St. Paul not a successful man, because he was beheaded? Or Napoleon, because he died at St. Helena? Or Raphael and Mozart, because their lives were cut short at thirty-six? The saying, "Call no man successful before he dies," will not work.

Many men have died rather early, and some rather miserably, after putting to their credit some great achievement for which posterity owns itself in their debt.

The question of posthumous fame as an ingredient in success remains rather difficult. If Wordsworth had died at fifty, he would have received scarcely any recognition in his lifetime; he is now secure on his pedestal. The French Millet had not enough to eat; the English Millais made £30,000 a year. Which is the more successful, the painter of the Angelus or the painter of the very creditable canvases which found so ready a market?

THESE problems, which cannot be solved with any precision, should lead us to look for a less external standard of success than those which we have suggested while following Samuel Smiles, a prophet of whom in these Socialistic days we are becoming ashamed. Success, we shall agree, is something that a man is or becomes, not something that he takes or gets. We are brought back to the old question whether it is better to be or to seem, which Socrates discusses in the first book of Plato's *Republic*. The conclusion of course is that it is better to be just than to be thought so, even if the pretender dies loaded with honors, and the truly just man, after suffering every kind of ill-usage, is crucified. To read that sentence, written in the fourth century before the Christian Era, helps us to understand what Nietzsche meant when he said that Plato was a Christian before Christ. To be successful is to have made a right use of our life; to ask what we have got by it is irrelevant.

This new criterion will make some of Smiles's heroes, and some of the men whom Lloyd George — for a consideration — delighted to honor, look rather foolish. The "self-made" man, as an American said, thereby relieves the Almighty of a very heavy responsibility. His success, on inspection, turns out to have been too dearly bought. Bacon, who was not too scrupulous himself, writes: "The rising unto Place is laborious; And by Paines men come to greater Paines; And it is sometimes base; And by Indignities Men come to Dignities. The standing is slippery, and the Regresse is either a downfall, or at least an Eclipse, which is a Melancholy Thing."

The risk of a fall, however, is not the chief evil. The things that pinch the conscience of the man of the world are his miscalculations and his gaucheries, not his premeditated crookednesses.

BUT even if the conscience is not blunted by ignoble arts, the successful career is often an unjust and anti-social one. How large a part of success consists in choosing a line of work which by some accident is overpaid; in appropriating profits which cannot be said to have been earned; in tripping along unencumbered,while others have to carry the heavy baggage! We can hardly deny that this kind of success is more praised, envied, and sought after than it should be. But this crass kind of success is not good for the character. We can see that even without the warnings in the Gospels. Outside the field of commerce, very much of

what the world calls success is won by adroitly annexing the credit which belongs to some one else, or which should be shared among many. Socrates's dilemma, to be or to seem, probes very deeply when we examine the foundations of what we usually consider success.

But if success consists in making the most and the best of our natural gifts, how is it compatible with specialization, and who can do anything great without specializing? We may envy the harmoniously developed man, with his numerous interests, but these are not the men to whom the world owes most. It would be delightful to be a Sir John Lubbock, keen about everything from bees to banking, or an Andrew Lang, who could write equally well on golf and on folklore, besides translating Homer. But did not even the greatest of all universal geniuses, Leonardo da Vinci, fritter away some of his unrivalled talents by trying too many things and leaving them half finished? My view about specializing is that if the object is mean, selfish, or unworthy, the success won by concentration has to be paid for, and at a high price. But when a man deliberately resolves to limit himself for the sake of some worthy task, the sacrifice is not so great as it appears to be, nor so great as he was willing to make it.

It is a truism that there can be no success without a unitary purpose in life. But most people have none. Men may be divided into those who have a plan for their lives, and those who have none. The plan may be a mean one — enough has been said of this — but those who have no purpose swell the ranks of the unsuccessful. It is less of a truism to add that for those who have an ideal, it is not the attainment of the purpose that marks success. "Everyone may win who tries, for the struggle is the prize." Success, for the man with an ideal, is nothing external which chance may give and chance take away. It is no definite limited achievement which we can enjoy or forget when we have won it. It is a growing and expanding life, which, because it is spiritual in its nature, stretches into infinity, far beyond our knowledge, and even beyond our desire. The beautified spirit, in the words of Photinus, "is always attaining and always aspiring." Or in the more familiar words of St. Paul, "I count not myself to have apprehended; but one thing I do; forgetting those things that are behind, and reaching forward to those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." There can be no boredom in such a life.

There can be no boredom; but failure is an ingredient in this kind of success. "Our business in this world," wrote Stevenson, "is not to succeed but to continue to fail in good spirits." He suggested for his epitaph, "Here lies one who meant well, tried a little, failed much," or "There goes another faithful failure." Browning's development of this thought in *Rabbi ben Ezra* is too well-known to quote. I will transcribe instead a few lines by the schoolmaster-poet, T. E. Brown.

The man that hath great griefs I pity not;
'Tis something to be great

In any wise, and hint the larger state,
Though but in shadow of a shade, God wot.

To him the sorrows are the tension—thrills
Of that serene endeavour
Which yields to God for ever and for ever
The joy that is more ancient than the hills.

HAVE I been too homiletic? Then let me in conclusion come back to earth, and ask what is the type of a successful life, not strictly from the religious point of view, but taking a higher and more rational standard than that of Samuel Smiles? Christ, in his encomium of John the Baptist, implied that a great prophet is the greatest of all men born of women. So be it; but the prophet is a man inspired, and the spirit bloweth where it listeth. Next to a great religious genius, what is the most thoroughly satisfying type of success? If we are young enough to choose our line in life, how shall we set about it? First, we must choose some worthy and congenial task, the partial fulfilment of which may be within our reach. "Blessed is he who has found his work," says Carlyle; "let him seek no other blessedness." Then, we must devote ourselves to it, making our work our play, as any noble work may be and ought to be. An excellent example of a life wisely planned is that of a not wholly admirable character, Gibbon the historian. His immortal history was just within the compass of his genius; he had just time to finish it, and he finished it. But even more enviable, it seems to me, are the lives of men like Charles Darwin, Sir Francis Galton, and Pasteur. There is no finality about scientific discovery; the very greatest men, even a Newton and a Darwin, are proved in time not to be infallible. But we have argued that finality is no part of success. The man who has advanced the frontiers of knowledge has done all that a man can do in one life.

MORE insecure and more ephemeral are the achievements of the great "practical" men, the men of action, like Julius Cæsar, Napoleon and Bismarck. Their methods certainly, and their aims probably, are less pure than those of the scientific discoverers and men of learning. The voice of the people would place them far above the students and thinkers; but so would not I. Such men usually take out of the common stock more than they put in, and they cause a great deal of human suffering. The time may come when our perverse fellow men will come to honor their benefactors more than their destroyers, and will think a skilled craftsman more worthy of respect than an Emperor Napoleon, or a "Napoleon of Finance." But this would involve such revolutionary changes in our estimates of success that I shrink from following up the subject any further.

# Passion in Poland

By John Gunther

*The first of several short stories by a widely travelled newspaperman who can turn his hand as deftly to romance as to reporting*

Last night in Warsaw I went to see a play by Szekspir. The day before I had puzzled about doings of the eminent British politician, Lojd-Dzordz, as reported in the Polish press. Which goes to demonstrate what a dazzling language Polish is. But there is no need for a stranger to worry, because one magnificent word exists, "*prosze-pana*," which means everything. It means "Yes," "No," "Please," "Thank you," "How much?" "You're welcome," "Good morning," "Good night," "Hello," "Good-by," "I'm delighted to meet you," and "Get the hell out of here."

I stepped up to the girl at the information desk in the Polish foreign office.

"*Prosze-pana*," I said.

"*Prosze-pana*," she said.

We talked a bit.

"*Prosze-pana*," I said.

"*Prosze-pana*," she said.

And so on. Meantime I had made it clear I had an appointment, or thought I had one, with Count Podolski. He was in charge of the Eastern Department of the Foreign Office, and was second in command only to the Minister and the *chef-de-cabinet*. This was in 1924, and I was looking for news of Ukrainia. The girl performed miracles of complex phonetics over the phone. Yes, Count Podolski would receive me. I went upstairs.

The Polish Foreign Office is one of the most pleasant in Europe, eccentric, voluble, and extremely informal; housed in a pleasant colonnaded mansion like a Virginia manor-house and peopled with amusing folk, high and low, all of whom seemed to call everyone else by affectionate first names. The information girl's name was Tanya. I discovered that right away and perhaps dropped by at her desk to say "*prosze-pana*" just a little more often than was necessary. Until I found out.

She was a warm creature. That was the first thing one felt about her. She irradiated her end of the room. No one ever passed her without smiling and she always smiled back. And everyone put up his very best front before her; the testy old *chef-de-protocole* always masked his irritation at the world when he stood by her desk,

the somnolent chief of the press department tried vainly to be gay. Tanya was about thirty-two, I should say; very broad-faced and dark in the Polish manner; with very large, moist, rather hurt brown eyes; and with a certain trustfulness, a simplicity, in her expression. One felt that she was a simple creature, that she believed in things. Which made it all the more a pity that when the other clerks and officials were away from her, talking about her, they lowered their voices sadly and significantly; and once I heard Merojovski, the press *attaché*, say several times, "Poor girl . . . poor girl!"

Tanya knew some French, and even a little English. But we always made great game of "*Prosze-pana.*"

COUNT PODOLSKI was a typical enough specimen of the extremely aristocratic Pole. He had a slim, sensitive face and fingers about six inches long. Very black hair and high-bridged nose. Immensely wealthy. Educated at Oxford. In politics because a man of his position had inevitably to enter politics. Descended from feudal landowners whose great estates near the Russian border had been intact for three hundred years.

"Great goodness!" I exclaimed to Podolski. "How on earth did he manage it?"

"By passion," Podolski said.

He had just told me the story of how his great-great-great-grandfather had come by those estates.

"We Poles," Podolski said, "are nurtured on desire."

Many Poles whom I met illustrated this phase of national character, this intense passion to get a thing, and getting it, to keep it. I suppose it is a personal reflection of the intense nationalism of Poland as a country. For over one hundred years Poland did not exist, save in the imagination of Poles. This developed a sort of Messiah-complex. Most of the intelligent Poles I came to know possessed an intense will-to-do in their character, and if necessary an intense will-to-sacrifice — induced, I should imagine, by the partition, struggle, and eventual recovery of their country.

I left the Foreign Office in Podolski's company one hard, bright October morning.

He bowed ever so slightly to Tanya at the information desk and she inclined her head in return, barely perceptibly.

I thought this was strange, because everyone else in that charming organization was so friendly.

I asked my friend Merojovski about it.

"Didn't you know?" Poles are usually pretty frank about their own affairs. "She's his wife."

"Not really!"

"His wife, that is," Merojovski reconsidered, "in a manner of speaking."

I listened to the story.

DURING the war and revolution Tanya had played a gallant part. She was a member of the Polish Independence Society and once, in fact, had been sentenced to Siberia. No one seemed to know much about her origin, except that obviously she was a middle-class girl of no family or education. But she was decent and intelligent. She met Podolski at a partisan meeting, in the

last days of the war, and fell passionately in love with him.

Some people, in the period that followed, said that she was unbalanced; but Merojovski doubted this. It was, he said, merely one of several possible inferences.

PODOLSKI, meanwhile, setting out on a political career in re-born Poland, found a hostess necessary. His old father was a strong supporter of this necessity and looked about him for a wife. A girl was found, a French girl; she was, Merojovski told me, a pale, brittle, intensely cultivated young woman of the Grammont family; a woman of some wealth, though not so wealthy as the fabulous Podolskis, and an aristocrat to her slim finger tips. The match was considered satisfactory. An imposing wedding was arranged.

The ceremony proceeded in a crowded church to the point where the bride is asked, "Do you take this man as your lawful wedded husband?"

At that moment one of the greatest sensations in the history of Polish society occurred, for a woman in the first rank of the congregation reached forward, slipped, and fell; and as she fainted, cried out "I do!"

It was Tanya.

There was a dreadful scene. The ceremony had to be interrupted. Young Podolski broke down and the icy, glittering French bride was the only person in the church to retain composure. But Tanya was led outside the hall, the ceremony was resumed; and Podolski and his bride departed hastily for the remote, ancestral estates.

That, Merojovski told me, was really all there was to the story. Tanya considered herself Podolski's wife. But there was nothing she could do about it. Nor he. The Countess Podolski divided her time between the estate and her home in Paris, which she visited every season; and rather seldom came to Warsaw. Podolski stuck to his work and rose rapidly (what with his family, he was bound to do) in the Foreign Office. Tanya's services in the revolution had been important in a small way and after a period of obscure retirement at her home in Vilna she came again to the capital and was given some sort of job. She learned a couple of languages and for a time was a translator in the Ministry of Education. She often said life was dull, now that war and revolution were over. She was understood, I heard it said, to have had the favor of Marshal Pilsudski. Anyway, in her quiet, rich, trustful way, she became somewhat of a minor figure in the eccentric, informal, quickly coursing flood of Polish official society. People forgot. After a couple of years she got her present job in the Foreign Office.

Apparently she and Podolski never spoke. The strange wedding was an unmentioned subject.

I BECAME fairly friendly with Podolski and benefited once by the hospitality of aristocratic Poles.

He invited me to his house one week-end and I was more than happy to accept, because these great Polish estates are unique in Europe. We left Warsaw by motor car and drove almost all of a day: during which day we did not see more than three automobiles, more than five miles of well-paved road, more than half-a-dozen

straight-standing fences, or a single high-tension wire system. It was all peasants and poverty. Thus the estate itself became unusual with more than ordinary clarity.

We disembarked from the great car and two servants knelt by the side of the road. Podolski was, I thought, a little uncomfortable at this attention, and also when they knelt a second time, to kiss his hands. Podolski was an awfully decent fellow. The servants would have kissed my hands, too, I was told, to honor the guest of their master, except that Podolski, knowing I was an American, unused to such refinements, motioned them aside. There were peasants in the vicinity, he told me later, who were so primitive they did not know how to use a staircase.

I met Podolski's father. A formidable old Pasha! Yet for his son he had an affection obviously of the tenderest.

I met his wife. Marie de Grammont Podolski was a wax-like girl, lovely enough in a cool, impersonal way. Of her affection for her husband I was not so certain.

The old man beat the peasants and the servants and (I was sure) they adored him. Marie kept away from them as if they might taint her hands, treating them at the same time with excessive politeness; and they hated her.

The house was monstrous. The lawn was like a green lake. The dining room walls were of parchment. At dinner every guest, and there were a dozen of them, had a servant at rigid attention just behind the chair. There was a full-fledged orchestra and a library containing, it seemed, every book in creation. At night a servant stood motionless outside each sleeper's door.

"And your opinions of Poland?" the Countess Podolski asked me after luncheon the next day. "Might I ask, what are your impressions?"

"Mostly, Poland puzzles me," I said.

"You feel you understand very little about it?"

"Very little, I'm afraid."

"I have been here three years, monsieur," she said, "and I understand nothing about it."

The old Count looked grim but satisfied. Young Podolski wore a becoming negligence, as when one's wife talks to strangers to be polite.

Back in Warsaw, I took Tanya out to lunch at the amazing little restaurant shaped like an aquarium near the railway station; the service was rotten and the meal for two of us cost something under twenty *zloty;* and it was one of the jolliest lunches I ever had. "*Prosze-pana!*" she waved in farewell. "*Prosze-pana!*"

I did not see Warsaw again for almost three years. Then, on the way to Paris from Moscow, I stopped between trains. I had some minor business at the Foreign Office; it always interests the Poles to talk to someone coming out of Russia; but I knew secretly that it was not politics that had prompted me to the laborious, red-taped change of trains. I wanted to see Tanya. I was disappointed. She was not there.

"Ah!" My friend Merojovski explained. "But did you not know! I thought everyone knew! She has married him! Yes! Only six weeks ago the ceremony! They are living in

a small flat in town; she is his secretary, too, and does much of his work at home. Yes!"

I asked how it had come about.

Count Podolski had been offered an ambassadorship, it appeared; the highest thing he could reach in his career. And he had refused it. Unaccountably. He himself, Merojovski ventured, probably did not realize, making the refusal, that it was because he could not bear to live in Tokyo, and probably never see Tanya again. (Even if, in the curious way of Poles, they had not said a word to each other in Warsaw!) But once realizing this, Podolski acted. His wife was stupefied by the refusal of the embassy and made the divorce easy enough to procure.

"Yes! An amazing outcome!" Merojovksi smiled, almost ruefully. "We Poles. . . !"

The old Count had remained alone on the estate. The wedding had been a very quiet one — this time.

*Next month, another unique tale by the same author*
A Macedonian Robin Hood,
*arresting adventures in search of a youthful patriot who led a Balkan revolt.*

# Shall We Scrap the Constitution?

By David L. Fultz

*Courtlandt Nicholl's attack upon the Eighteenth Amendment draws a spirited reply from another prominent lawyer who defends Prohibition as a social and moral bulwark*

Not many weeks ago in Brooklyn, a young woman was brutally stabbed to death by a chance acquaintance whom she had invited to her home. When arrested the man could remember nothing of the occurrence. Later the District Attorney's office stated that the man not only had no motive for his crime, but that he had no criminal tendencies, that his prior record had been clean, and that his act was due solely to his drunken condition at the time.

Recently a man and woman were leaving an apartment house on Park Avenue, New York City, in the early morning. As they were about to enter a taxicab they were approached by an intoxicated man. Some reports said that the three had attended the same function and were all in a like condition, others were to the contrary. At any rate an altercation ensued, the aggressor was thrown or fell to the sidewalk, his skull was fractured and he died shortly after.

In a pent house in New York City recently a man and woman, prominent in their profession, were found shot to death. The newspapers reported "Suicide pact due to alcoholic depression."

In the June issue of The North American Review, there appeared an article by Courtlandt Nicoll of the New York Bar entitled *The Farce of Enforcement*, written in opposition to the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States and to the enforcement acts. The author bases his case upon the alleged facts that there is a higher law than the Constitution; that this law is a question for each individual's determination; that if a man who is aggrieved by a law can violate it conscientiously, and in a manner which does no harm to his neighbor, he is justified in considering it an unwarranted encroachment upon his personal liberty and in disregarding it. He then proceeds with the contention that

the bootlegger, while admittedly violating the law, has, by the "common experience of mankind . . . done nothing wrong or dangerous to others" and, if he has acted conscientiously, is entirely justified.

Mr. Nicoll's article has been widely reprinted and has been hailed by anti-Prohibitionists as setting forth very clearly an entire school of opinion in opposition to Prohibition and as being one of the best statements yet made of their case. A reply would therefore, seem to be in order.

Before discussing the historical incidents adduced in support of a man's right to set his conscience above the law, it might be well to learn if the statement of what the "common experience of mankind" has been is correct.

THE tragedies above referred to, familiar to us all, are merely the most recent of a continuous succession of newspaper accounts of such occurrences, all due to the effect intoxicants have upon the human brain. In addition there are thousands of lesser tragedies due to the same cause, men ruined in their careers, wives and children deserted, poverty, disease and accidents of various kinds often resulting in death. Can it be possible to discuss the drink habit without taking into consideration these occurrences? If so, under what heading should they come?

It is so well recognized that an intemperate man is a menace to society that the law and industrial regulations throw inhibitions around him which seriously restrict his freedom of action. For instance, by the laws of New York, an intoxicated man who appears in public may be arrested; a common carrier which knowingly employs a man who uses liquor intemperately commits a crime; no person "addicted to the use of spirituous liquors" shall be employed to drive a passenger vehicle; any person who operates a motor vehicle while in an intoxicated condition commits a crime and may have his license revoked; any operative of a common carrier who is intoxicated while on duty commits a crime.

IN JUNE, 1917, the American Medical Association passed a resolution opposing the use of alcohol as a beverage and discouraging its use as a therapeutic agent. A vast majority of our industrial leaders are strongly in favor of the Eighteenth Amendment. Among them are Edison, Ford, Penney, and Alfred P. Sloan, Jr.; and Judge Gary was before his death. In the gigantic organizations headed by some of these men no one who drinks will be employed.

In all our railroad systems there is a regulation commonly known as Rule G condemning the use of intoxicants as dangerous to life and property. We quote the rule enforced by one of the large railroads running into New York City:

> The use of intoxicating beverages while on duty is prohibited. The use of intoxicating beverages or the frequenting of places where they are sold while off duty will be cause for dismissal.

It should be noticed that not only is intoxication prohibited, but also the *use* of intoxicants. It should also be noticed that moral consid-

erations had no part in formulating this policy. The rules were made by practical business men who learned from long experience and careful study that the use of intoxicants not only impairs men's efficiency, but renders them unfit to be trusted in positions where the safety of life or property is at stake.

IF, THEN, the use of liquor has caused such tragedies as the ones referred to and has made it necessary for those in responsible places to pass such regulations, how can it be said, with any semblance of correctness, that the "common experience of mankind" is to the effect that the bootlegger who has contributed to these tragedies and has made it possible for men to run afoul of these regulations has "done nothing wrong or dangerous to others." It seems to us that the "common experience of mankind" has been to the exact contrary.

As a further evidence of what the "common experience of mankind" has been, the following facts are eloquent. At the time the Amendment was submitted, thirty of the States were already dry and a majority of the counties in the other States had local option. Three hundred and twenty-seven Congressmen voted to submit the Amendment to the States for ratification, while only 148 opposed. Parenthetically Congress is dryer today than it was even then. In the State Legislatures 5,079 votes favored ratification and only 1,265 opposed. Notwithstanding that the States had seven years within which to ratify the Amendment the requisite number, thirty-six, ratified within a year and twenty-two days. This Amendment was the most popular ever enacted. Three of the then fourteen States did not ratify the Bill of Rights; three States out of thirty-six then existing did not ratify the anti-slavery Amendment; eleven States have not yet ratified the woman suffrage Amendment, but only two states, Connecticut and Rhode Island, failed to ratify the prohibition Amendment. Surely there is no comfort in these figures for those who contend that "the common experience of mankind" proves that the liquor habit is harmless.

DOUBTLESS it will be contended that *The Farce of Enforcement* was not written as a defense of drunkenness but only of the moderate use of intoxicants. That is no answer. If the moderate use of intoxicants had not, in a large proportion of cases, led to drunkenness, there would be no Eighteenth Amendment. Men can drink without getting drunk, but they often *don't*, and we are dealing with what *is* and not what *can be*. From the shame of Lot to the present time strong drink by its effect upon man's reason and judgment has been one of the harmful forces in shaping the destiny of this world. We may ignore the fact but we do not thus eliminate it, and any argument which disregards it is foredoomed to a wrong conclusion.

If then the argument against prohibition is based upon the distinction between the moderate drinker and the man who gets drunk, our reply is that the line of demarcation is too shadowy to support

a right as vital as the right to violate the Constitution.

Mr. Nicoll, after asserting the innocuous nature of the drink habit, his main point, (but without giving us facts to enable us to reconcile his statement with our own observation) proceeds with the argument that because of its harmless nature men are justified in violating laws against the drink habit, just as the early Christians were justified in violating laws against Christianity, or the Abolitionists in violating the Fugitive Slave Law or our forefathers in violating the laws of Great Britain.

The argument is a clever one and has doubtless appealed to many readers. It is only superficially so, however; when logically analyzed the two situations present so few points of similarity as to rob the analogy of all force.

THE plight of the Roman Empire, as evidenced by the lament of Pliny, the Governor of Bithynia, to the Emperor Trajan, over his inability to enforce the edict against Christianity, is advanced by Mr. Nicoll as justification for one's violation of a law of which one does not conscientiously approve.

But why stop with the early Christians, since it is upon the right to oppose unwise law that the argument is based? Jesus Christ in His denunciation and violation of the temporal laws of the Jewish Rulers was the most outstanding opponent of whom we have any record of certain laws in the making of which the governed had no voice. And it was His scathing arraignment of the "traditions of the elders" which did much to bring about His crucifixion. Here is another good argument along the same line, so it seems only fair that it be included.

The rebellion of our forefathers against the laws of Great Britain is also cited as justifying the violation of laws believed to be oppressive.

THREE children, upon one occasion, were about to engage in play. A dispute arose over the rules of the game and they wisely agreed to submit the questions to a vote and to be governed by the will of the majority. Later one of them, aggrieved by a rule thus made, insisted upon violating it and the game came to an end. Three other children also engaged in play. One, more dominant than the others, obtruded his will upon them and insisted upon their playing the game his way. Finally one of these children, also aggrieved by a rule, refused to play and this game likewise came to an end. It is elementary that the first of these dissenting children was wrong and that the second was right.

Bithynia was a province of Asia Minor, a vassal dependency of the Roman Empire. The Bithynians had no more to do with making the laws under which they lived than we had with making the Stamp Act. For that matter the Romans themselves, at that period, had no voice in the government. The Republic had fallen one hundred and fifty years before, in the reign of Julius Cæsar. To such a low ebb had the rights of the people sunk that Bithynia had been devised by Cæsar in his will to one of his

satellites, Cimber. The government at the time of the incident was an absolute monarchy. People were looked upon as so many chattels. Both their property and their lives were subject to the whims of their Emperors. And, incidentally, it may be said that these Emperors, with only a few exceptions, were addicted to the very habit which in moderation Mr. Nicoll is attempting to justify, but which in their cases caused theft, arson, murder, rape and every other form of vice and crime.

Now let us ask if a single reason can be discovered, other than fear, why the Christians or anyone else should have obeyed these laws.

THE distinction in principle between these historical laws and the Eighteenth Amendment is so obvious to every student of American institutions as to make one wonder why Mr. Nicoll, himself a trained legislator, could even think these incidents would help his case.

We have, according to the author's logic, parallels. The laws against the early Christians, Great Britain's laws imposed upon the American Colonies, the Fugitive Slave Law, the laws of the Jewish hierarchy, and the Eighteenth Amendment are all put in the same class. That being the case, we conclude, the violators of those laws should also be classed together. Surely this is fair enough! We have then, according to the same logic, another category. The early Christians, the Signers of the Declaration of Independence, the Abolitionists and — we say it very reverently — Jesus Christ and the bootlegger. It requires only one glance to know that there is something wrong with our parallels, and at the second glance we see that the flaw lies in the fact that the author has put the Eighteenth Amendment and the bootlegger in the wrong pew.

AS IS intimated, there have been crises in the march of human events when men, by violating law, have seemingly made wonderful contributions to civilization; but in addition to the fact that in most instances these men have had no part in the making of the laws they have violated there is another and equally vital distinction between their situation and that of the bootlegger. These have been men who have burned with a holy zeal, men who have seen a glorious vision, men who have been transfixed with a righteous purpose, men who have pondered deep upon the immutable laws of the Creator. It is fair then to ask at what great moral or spiritual uplift the bootlegger is aiming that would furnish him immunity in violating the Constitution and give him sanctuary with the immortals.

In justifying the violation of the Eighteenth Amendment, Mr. Seward, President Lincoln's Secretary of State is quoted with approval as saying, "There is a higher law than the Constitution." Mr. Nicoll is right, there *is* a higher law than the Constitution — just one; the relation of a man to his God, and it was this law that Mr. Seward evidently had in mind. But, unfortunately, this doesn't help the bootlegger any as this is a law the nature and operation of which is beyond his comprehension. Wisely

the Constitution has never sought to regulate or even advise men in this relation. It does not even operate in this realm. But in the realm in which it does operate there is and can be no higher law. We somehow prefer the words of Daniel Webster, of which the author disapproves; "No man has the right to set up, or affect to set up, his own conscience as above the law."

There is a vast distinction between these two realms, a distinction which was clarified 1900 years ago in ringing terms:

"Render therefore unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's; and unto God the things that are God's."

BUT, apparently, this distinction has not even today been universally accepted. Were there a conflict between the Constitution and a man's religion, he would have an inalienable right to obey his conscience, but fortunately there is no such conflict and he does not as regards the Eighteenth Amendment have to make this choice. To say, however, that every individual has a right to test every law by his own conscience is to scrap democratic government and to return to the law of the bushwhacker. If we have reached this stage, we might as well put the flag in storage and go back to the jungle. Think of telling the bootlegger to play that puny flicker which he is pleased to call a conscience upon the Constitution and then decide whether or not he will obey it!

However, let no one think that conscience has no part in the making or observing of law. On the contrary, it is the underlying motive of all our laws. It is the very soul of our Constitution. But it is the collective conscience of the American people and not the conscience of the individual that has been written into the Constitution.

A FEW weeks ago Professor Macintosh of Yale was refused citizenship because he insisted upon selecting the wars in which he would support the United States. Think of the plight in which this country would be if each individual had the right to determine the justice of an impending war! And men have no more right to select the laws which they will obey than they have to select the wars in which they will fight.

Shortly after the Jones Act was passed Mr. Nicoll formed an organization of attorneys to defend bootleggers guilty of violating the amendment. To be absolutely fair, we quote his own reference to the project:

> When a man who, in violating the law, has done no wrong, inflicted no injury on another, cannot pay a lawyer to defend himself, we supply one for him without charge. . . .

The reader will notice that the avowed purpose of this organization is, not to see that no innocent person is convicted under this law, but to aid those, *admittedly guilty, to defeat it.* This can be done in one of only two ways: namely, by deceiving the jury, or by causing it to violate its oath. By no legerdemain of logic can there be any other means of acquittal. It is perfectly fair then to ask that these gentlemen make an election and let the public know by which of

these methods they propose to purge their clients.

The organization furnishes gratuitous services for those unable to employ counsel. Here is a strange thing! We have always heard the Amendment maligned because it made it possible for a disreputable lot of men to make fabulous sums of money; now we find they are in need of charity. However, we doubt that this declaration of purpose has fooled many people. It will be remembered that the organization was formed coincidently with the passage of the Jones Act, long before it could possibly appear that anyone had been misused by the law on account of his inability to procure counsel. The motive behind it was in no sense altruistic. This organization was formed because its members are bitterly opposed to the Eighteenth Amendment, and this sob stuff over the fact that the bootlegger might not be able to keep the wolf out of the garage may be considered just a bit of window-dressing.

THE article contends that in furnishing legal talent the organization is not proceeding against the Constitution but according to the provision which guarantees counsel to every alleged criminal. It is true the Constitution does give this guaranty; not, however, as an encouragement to crime as does this organization, but because the law in its benignity is zealous that whatever rights even an alleged criminal may have, shall be protected. The Constitution says to the alleged criminal, we will give you every opportunity to prove your innocence. The organization of which Mr. Nicoll is a member says, although you are guilty you have committed no wrong in our estimation and we will give you our moral as well as our legal support to the end that you may be freed and may continue in your practices.

Can anyone doubt that such a declaration has had a heartening effect upon the bootlegging fraternity and, wherever it has been taken seriously, has lent encouragement to crime and lawlessness?

HERETOFORE the furnishing of counsel to indigent defendants has been a function of our Courts. It was intended so to be by the Constitution. Now it is to become a function of groups of men opposed to laws. Next we will have organizations for the protection of those who violate the Customs Law, the Drug Law, the Income Tax Law, the Sullivan Law or the law against salacious plays, all of which laws are commonly violated and are regarded by some people as breaches of personal liberty. This is a most iniquitous precedent and, it is safe to say, if the practice gain any headway the law will step in and with a hard hand compel this legal talent to exert itself in more worthy fields. Strange as it may seem, every member of this organization when he was admitted to practice stood with right hand uplifted and said, "I do solemnly swear that I will support the Constitution of the United States . . . to the best of my ability." By what circumlocution does he now justify himself in fighting against the Constitution?

We venerate the flag but violate

the Constitution! Surely patriotism has fled from our hearts and taken refuge on our lips!

The author finds fault with the Government's method of detecting law violations and stands aghast that the undercover men should conceal their identity from their quarry. We sympathize in this viewpoint and wish there were some other way of handling the situation. Stool pigeons, however, have been used as long as there have been criminal laws, the practice has become general and is in no sense an innovation of prohibition enforcement. It is unfortunate but there seems to be no alternative. Many of the bootleggers are of the lowest type morally, have no respect for law or any human virtue, and are adepts at deception. You cannot apprehend such men by chanting the *nunc dimittis* at them; you must talk in the language they understand. And any enforcement agent who goes hunting them with horn and pack will return empty handed.

In City Hall Park in New York City there is a monument erected to commemorate the valorous deed of a young officer in the Continental Army. On the night of September 22, 1776, this young officer, scarce twenty-one years of age, disguised as a British soldier, passed through General Howe's lines to learn the strength of the enemy. He was detected, captured and was hanged in the early morning; but what boy's soul has not thrilled at the last words of Captain Nathan Hale uttered as he stood ready to pay the penalty of a spy? Surely no one has ever dreamed of censuring him for the deception practised on that fateful night! It is not the deception which tests the worth of a man's act, but the motive which lies behind the deception. By every law of morality, justice and common sense, therefore, the man who induces the criminal to violate the law that he may be detected and the law enforced, is far less culpable than the man who induces the criminal to violate the law for his own selfish purposes.

Mr. Nicoll expresses "confidence" that juries will not convict under the Jones Act and then makes a most astounding statement: "A fundamental part of the judicial system, the jury, is a law unto itself, and gives expression to the opinion of the average man on what is right and what is wrong."

He is evidently confusing the jury with the legislature. The jury has no concern whatsoever with whether an act is right or wrong; that is a question solely for the legislative body. The jury's province is to determine whether or not the act was committed and in some cases the intent with which it was committed, but with its moral nature the jury has nothing to do. This is so well known as not to be debatable.

Then why this abiding "confidence" that juries will not convict? "Confidence" in what? That juries will don a cloak of gullibility and stultify themselves, or that they will violate their oaths?

In the final analysis, the liquor traffic has been outlawed. It has been tried and condemned. This was not an accomplishment of hysterical reformers temporarily in the saddle; since 1685, when Connecticut for-

bade the sale of rum to the Indians, many of the best people in the land have made prohibition their life's work.

The liquor interests have contested every inch of the way and it was their stubborn resistance to war-time prohibition which precipitated the Eighteenth Amendment. They are still fighting and have enlisted with them many otherwise estimable people who, on account of their access to things cultural and educational, would do themselves more credit were they found on the other side.

Mr. Nicoll is grievously mistaken when he predicts an early demise of the efforts at enforcement. He little realizes the temper of the American people and their unalterable determination to hold fast to that which has been gained by bitter struggle and turmoil of soul. This opposition to the law, at least by those not financially interested, is due in part to thoughtlessness and in part to the fact that they like their liquor and are unwilling to subordinate their desires to their patriotism. We should, however, be recreant to our deepest convictions did we not believe that in the not far distant future, these people will come to the realization that law violation is law violation, embellish it as we may, and that he who, to satisfy his own desires, procures another to violate the law, is morally by far the more guilty of the two.

Prohibition must triumph eventually; it is a righteous cause and we are old-fashioned enough still to believe that truth will prevail. It is not the work of a day or a year; there are many bitter and discouraging fights ahead, but some day we shall understand that the true patriot observes not only those laws which please him, but also those which hurt; some day we shall realize that in discriminating between laws we are tampering with our moral fibre, and then the best in us will assert itself, we shall regain our wonted respect for law and shall decide to obey all law because it is the law.

When that time comes, we shall look back upon the day when men wasted their substance, beclouded their brain and devitalized their judgment by the use of intoxicants as a relic of barbarism, and unitedly we shall stand in holding inviolate the Constitution of our Country.

# Let's Export Prosperity!

By Benjamin A. Javits

*How can increasing foreign trade, greater prosperity, and world peace be realized better than by establishing American standards of living abroad?*

Scratch a political concept and you uncover an economic fact. Thus the principle of "no taxation without representation" and the idea that "all men are created equal" were sublimations of the real cause of the American Revolution, which was the determination of a vigorous and confident people to smelt their own iron, build their own ships and trade freely with all nations, despite the laws dictated by British mercantile interests prohibiting these things.

To such realities also we must look for an explanation of America's supposed isolation, which some deplore while others proclaim it an unchangeable principle of national policy. As well deplore the Atlantic Ocean or the change of the seasons. For our "splendid isolation" (to use the English phrase) has been only superficially a political concept. It was long rooted in economic facts — but those facts are rapidly changing.

"Splendid isolation" of course merely meant that the American people were principally busy acquiring economic mastery of the natural resources which they found in their possession or accessible to them. A century and a half has not been too long for the job; and, despite criminal and appalling waste, it has been well done. Moreover, since there has been on the one hand a shortage of labor for so huge a task, but on the other hand a spirit of enterprise and experimentation fostered by equality of opportunity, we have surpassed all other peoples in the invention of mechanical substitutes for human labor and in mastery of the machine. So we have come to lead the world in productive power, and somewhat to our own amazement find ourselves today the wealthiest of nations.

We have achieved this eminence not exactly by taking in each other's wash, like the islanders in the story, but certainly by finding our chief market at home and being our own best customers. Our foreign commerce has never accounted for more than a small fraction of our total production. In 1928 we sold over $5,129,000,000 worth of goods abroad; but we sold to and bought from ourselves a good deal more than ten times as much. Signs are accu-

mulating, however, that this idyllic state of self-sufficiency may have its limits.

It is not wise, of course, to speak of saturation points. Four or five years ago, when the output of General Motors was only half what it is today, men in that very organization thought the limit had been reached. Two or three years ago the steel industry was supposed to be over-expanded, but this spring the Corporation and many of the independents operated at more than one hundred per cent of rated capacity. On Park Row in New York there is a building which has fallen to such low estate that it was a pawn in the fraudulent operations of a petty bank-wrecker. Yet thirty years ago it was one of the tallest buildings in the city; today a score of structures twice as tall are flung up every year in New York alone, and scarcely a State in the Union lacks buildings that dwarf it. Anyone who travels knows that great areas in every leading city of the nation await rebuilding; and an active construction programme alone is sufficient to keep the wheels humming, the forges glowing and the money circulating throughout most of the land. Rash guesses about the saturation point have turned many a prophet's mantle into a fool's motley, and I have no desire to be another example.

NEVERTHELESS, dubious clouds are discerned on the horizon by many eyes beside mine. The fact is that the very thing which is giving us our amazing prosperity threatens to dig pits and build snares for that prosperity. In other words, our unparallelled production efficiency, which has hitherto almost magically created an accompanying consumption capacity among our own people, may yet outrun that consumption capacity. Let us examine briefly the main facts of the situation.

OUR present national affluence is rooted in three main causes. First of all is the high wage principle. It is not so long since American capital still adhered to the theory, as old as the industrial revolution itself, that one of the chief ways of garnering big profits was to pay labor the lowest wages it could be compelled to accept. The American worker — psychologically liberated from the lower-class consciousness which held the workers of the Old World in its grip, determined that equal opportunity should be more than a political shibboleth, and having always the alternative of moving West with the growing country — resisted low wages more doggedly than the workers of other lands. Call it Providence or what you will, but beneficent ideas do have a way of coming to birth in their good time and place.

It was the uncanny economic insight of Henry Ford which first indicated the way out of the age-old wage conflict. Instead of the lowest possible wages, pay the highest possible wages! Fortunately it did not take long for other able industrial leaders of America to grasp the soundness of this revolutionary idea, for it is sound — it works!

The high wage theory is based on the simple truism that in order to sell goods — which is necessary if you are to keep on making them — you must have purchasers; and if you are to make and sell in constantly in-

creasing quantities there must be a constant increase of purchasing power on the part of the consumer. Since the great majority of the consuming public are wage earners, it is only by increasing their wages that their purchasing power can be increased. And from every wage increase flow two important results: an enhanced efficiency — growing out of greater contentment — and a higher standard of living which results in a widened demand for goods.

THE second root of our present prosperity is the instalment or deferred payment system. Three or four years ago this was still a matter for shaking of heads among conservative economists, but today its economic validity is established; whether theoretically sound or unsound, it too "has worked!" As I pointed out in my book, *Make Everybody Rich*, the deferred payment plan is a logical development of the credit principle. Hitherto credit was in the main reserved for capital already accumulated, property already owned and goods already made. Now we recognize the worker's capacity to produce goods and wealth as a proper credit basis; put another way, we extend credit to the worker on his potential earning and purchasing power. This simple extension of the credit principle has not merely increased, it has multiplied our national consumption capacity; it has accelerated the attainment of higher standards of living; it has its reflex in the greater efficiency of workers who enjoy life and therefore tackle their jobs willingly instead of grudgingly.

And the third reason for our era of plenty is that while giving the worker higher wages and a more abundant life, we have found ways of speeding up and increasing his production beyond anything heretofore imagined anywhere in the world. We have done this mainly in three ways: by indefatigably inventing labor-saving machinery; by discovering simple methods of mass-production; and by harnessing electricity to every conceivable phase of the productive processes. It is fair to say that these achievements are distinctively American. They are material projections of our pioneering courage, our habit of original thought, our eagerness to press into the future rather than hold too tightly to the past. Other nations are privy to scientific technique as we are, yet American inventions outnumber those of all other nations. The principles of mass production are as simple as two times two equal four, but it remained for Henry Ford and other Americans to apply them. Other nations possess waterpower, coal and oil, but only we have grasped the concept of using these to produce electricity in such volume as will make it the universal worker and servant.

THUS the last few years have seen us whirling ahead on an ascending spiral — increased production, plus high wages, creating increased consumption and greater demand, these in turn calling for still greater production, and so merrily onward. The danger is that the ascending spiral may become a closed circle, with production and consumption finding themselves presently in the position of the serpents which tried simultaneously to swallow each other.

Already, to change the metaphor, production is treading very close upon the heels of consumption. There is more unemployment in the land than we generally realize. We are distinctly aware of the peculiar phenomenon of "profitless prosperity." Commodity prices have been working steadily lower for several years and are still falling. An increasing number of smaller merchants and manufacturers find that the most assiduous devotion to business brings them little or nothing beyond day wages and interest on their investment. The rising tide of mergers and consolidations, which is so exigent that it flows around all legal obstacles, is due only in part to the positive urge toward greater efficiency; in many instances it means that even big corporations can keep ahead of "profitless prosperity" only by reducing competition and getting down to bedrock economy. Such being the trend of things, it is natural that American industry has begun to look toward alien markets, and to think of export trade more urgently than it has ever done before.

At first glance the prospect appears exceedingly bright and promising. Not only are there millions of people in all the continents without automobiles; there are tens of millions still without shoes! We are neither unduly self-complacent nor immodestly boastful if, in comparing the standards of material living in this and other lands, we call our own superior. Life here is cleaner, more comfortable, more replete with material satisfactions. We will therefore do other peoples a service if we make and sell them the thousand and one things which we have and they lack. Let us go to it, then, till American shoes tread the desert and the Arctic wastes, American automobiles climb Alps and Apennines, American bathtubs grace the cottages of English laborer and French peasant, and American radios wake echoes in the Black Forest, the Andalusian hills and the steppes of Russia! Let us even sell American cutlery in Sheffield, American cotton goods in Birmingham, American rayon in Tokio, American pottery in Sèvres and Dresden and Copenhagen — for surely our command of machinery and of mass production should enable us to undersell the foreign competitor at his very doorstep.

But now we come upon the difficulties. For one thing, foreign competitors in a good many lines can continue to undersell us just as long as they can command abundant labor at wages that would seem a slave's pittance to the American worker. And so long as great masses of laborers continue to slave for such pittances, they will have no money to buy our shoes and motorcars, our bathtubs and radios. This brings us suddenly up against the thought that perhaps the time has come when the whole world needs to be drawn into a closer economic unity. And that idea looms larger when we turn to the second difficulty in the way of American conquest of foreign markets, namely the current threats of tariff reprisals.

The American protective tariff system, with its inevitable result of higher prices to our own people offsetting increased returns to our manufacturers, bears some analogy to

the process of hoisting ourselves by our own bootstraps, but it has, undeniably, worked. Now, in the face of "profitless prosperity," our manufacturers turn again to the good old panacea; but the nation is not a little startled to hear a universal outcry and angry threats from across the seas. It may safely be predicted that tariff rates will be increased when Congress resumes its sessions. Mr. Grundy and his friends may not get all they are asking; but their influence, plus our national *amour propre*, our Yankee resentment of foreign interference, make it certain that the Hawley Tariff will add many a high point to the existing wall of the Fordney-McCumber schedules.

IT SHOULD be remembered in judging the importance of the present clamorous resentment voiced by other nations, that this is by no means unprecedented. Long ago, when the McKinley Tariff was pending, and again in the days of Dingley, Cecil Rhodes was so excited by these threats against British industrial supremacy that he urged His Majesty's Government to make forceful representations to the United States, while Andrew Carnegie actually proposed that America should voluntarily renounce all thought of being an industrial country — that we should till our soil, tend our flocks and herds, and buy what manufactured goods we needed from Britain. Of course we went right ahead raising our tariff walls higher and higher; we became an industrial nation; we have prospered exceedingly, and the rest of the world has managed to get along. Nevertheless, although tariff reprisals seldom get beyond the stage of threats, there are elements of danger in the present situation.

For one thing, more nations than ever before, apparently, are protesting our proposed new schedules. As I write, the evening newspaper tells me that Spain, Sweden and Italy have sent "additional representations" to the State Department. England, France, and Canada have also been heard from. The American tariff seems, indeed, to loom larger in British attention than in our own, and has become virtually the leading question of the hour in London. Lord Beaverbrook, through his extensive chain of newspapers, launches an organization called the Empire Crusaders, which aims not only to continue and extend the system of Imperial Preference, but to raise a barrier "against the foreigner until such time as he shall plead for economic admittance" into the British Imperial system. As *The New York Evening Post* dispatch points out, "the foreigner" of Lord Beaverbrook's *pronunciamento* "obviously means the United States." Moreover, Lord Beaverbrook's militant proposals are supported by men who unquestionably speak for an important section of British opinion, including Lord Melchet, better known as the former Sir Alfred Mond, and now the head of the Chemical Trust, the largest corporation within the British Empire.

THE fact that the British system of "Imperial Preference" already operates to an extent as a protective tariff against American products, only emphasizes the fact that a tariff war between Britain and the United States is a real possibility.

Even more portentous is the fact that M. Briand, as French Minister of Foreign Affairs, lately proposed the formation of a kind of economic United States of Europe; and far from causing amazement, amusement or scorn, the suggestion was hailed by French and other statesmen and industrialists, and is soon to be put before the League of Nations.

WHAT motive can be so powerful that it has thus brought the nations of Europe, jealous and distrustful of each other as they are, to the point of considering the elimination of economic frontiers? What but fear of the steadily growing industrial and financial power of America? What exigency can be so great that it brings nations but lately at each other's throats seriously to contemplate the subordinating of individual fiscal policies to a general Continental system? What but the threat which they see in our new tariff proposals? "Underlying all reflections on this theme," says a cable dispatch to *The New York World*, "there is evident an anxiety to see a unified Europe capable of defense against protectionist America." That this is far more than an idle dream is apparent from the fact that for several years the German and French steel and iron interests have operated under a cartel agreement which, admittedly enough, aims to protect European markets from, and contest world markets with, the steel interests of America.

Although, as I have pointed out, there are limits to our ability to capture foreign markets for American goods so long as great masses of workers in other parts of the world will labor for wages that the American worker would scorn, yet we have, evidently, captured enough of the European market to make our conquests resented and our further plans feared. Europe, meanwhile, has continued to find a market in America for a great part of her production; but our latest tariff proposals threaten to exclude European goods to an extent which Europe feels will be disastrous, even ruinous. And so Europe proceeds to remind us of certain pertinent facts, such as that tariffs are a game others besides ourselves can play, and that an export business depends on the willingness of other nations to buy, and that no nation can force its goods upon other peoples who are unwilling to buy.

THERE is, then, the distinct possibility that the British Empire, and the whole of Europe organized as a kind of *Zollverein*, and perhaps other nations in Asia and South America, resentful of our new plans to exclude their products by prohibitive duties, may decide to show us how high tariff walls can really go. To the easy-going man in the street it may seem a far cry from a tariff war to a real war in the usual sense. But here again we must recognize that economic realities underlie all political events, and might as easily bring on another world conflict as they did the last. There is shrewd truth in the observation of an American economist that the World War would never have occurred if free trade had prevailed over all the frontiers of Europe.

Now we do not desire war — and particularly not such a war as the next one would be, ruthless and in-

exorable beyond anything since the days of Jenghis Khan. And no more do we desire a tariff war, from which no nation could profit, and least of all America, with its urgent need of world-wide outlets for the goods which its great industrial machine is producing in such overflowing abundance. Is there a way to avert both wars? There may be several ways; I venture to suggest one.

We are faced with difficulties in exporting our goods. Very well — then let us export our prosperity!

Let us export our efficiency!

Let us export our high wage idea, our deferred payment system, our mass production methods, our technique for the harnessing of electricity!

Let us export our production power, our consumption capacity, our high standards of material welfare!

THOSE who are familiar with the facts about American investments abroad in these last few years will realize that we are already beginning to do some of these things. The International Labor Office of the League of Nations estimates that $500,000,000 of American money is invested today in American-owned or American-controlled manufacturing plants in Europe, while a full billion of the same good dollars is invested in securities of European corporations. It is also said that our "foreign private loans" amount to $4,000,000,000, in Europe, and $14,000,000,000 in the world at large. It is obvious that the American money in the first of these categories at least — the money invested in American-owned or -controlled plants — must already be at work implanting American methods of efficiency in production. But the total figures indicate the amazing extent to which we have become a creditor nation. Great Britain alone, and to a very slight extent, surpasses us in volumes of private loans and investments abroad; but when to our private loans and investments are added our Government loans to other Governments, we stand today clearly *the* creditor nation of the world.

THERE is great danger for us in that position, but also great opportunity. If, conceivably, all our investments abroad should be confiscated, and all our private and public foreign loans repudiated, we could say at least that we had played a part in universal history by fecundating the older lands to the extent of those billions from the bosom of America; yet looking upon the world as it is today we would have to admit that so vast a sum would seem to have gone to singularly little good purpose. But we can do something which will benefit other nations more than if they confiscated all our money. We can help them to do what we have done. We owe that to Europe particularly. Europe gave us our being, and the wealth of her culture to be the foundation of ours. Let us consider that it is our part in the plan of God, or destiny, to pay for this cultural heritage in the coin of material well-being. Our position as creditor nation puts it in our power to do this; and perhaps the international bank which is to be formed to give effect to the Young Plan for settlement of the Reparations prob-

lem, will prove to be the agency through which we can work.

The international bank, though instituted only to settle the Reparations tangle, is certain to grow into an instrumentality for much broader work than that. And though the American Government may stand aloof, American money — the money of the world's principal creditor nation — can no more avoid flowing thither than rivers can avoid flowing to the sea. American money, American influence, quite conceivably may be able to alter the whole destiny of Europe and the world through this international bank.

OUR assistance may be extended in many ways; let me suggest just one form that it might take. Suppose that the international bank, acting on American advice, or perhaps a group of American capitalists acting through the international bank, should offer to extend to some great English, German or French corporation a large loan upon these terms: You shall pay your workers according to the American scale of wages for similar work; you shall forego profits for two or three years if necessary in order to get that wage scale established; we shall forego interest on the loan while you have to forego profits; and you shall adopt methods of mass production and other labor saving methods and efficiency devices according to the suggestions of American experts.

It is not fantastic to imagine that such a proposal might be made and accepted. Where governments are stodgy and immovable as so many promontories, capital flows with the ease of water; and the businessman's mind is always open on the side of possible greater profits. Now suppose that such an arrangement as outlined above were entered into, some conspicuous English or Continental corporation, or even a cartel embracing a whole industry, being the recipient of the loan. All the propaganda that Moscow could pour over Europe for a decade would not produce as great an effect as the example of American methods and American wages right in the heart of Europe. It would cause a revolution, but a peaceful and beneficent one, because it would be a revolution *toward better business*. The increased wages paid the favored workers under the scheme would at once begin to irrigate trade in all lines; so that not only would the envious employees of other corporations demand a higher scale, but retailers, wholesalers, utilities, eventually all classes and interests, would demand the extension of the high wage system. And as the increased production figures of the corporation or cartel making the experiment became known — partly due to mass production methods, partly to the increased efficiency of happier workers — corporate capital itself would lead the rush to spread the American system over Europe.

THAT is merely one way in which we might export American efficiency and thereby American prosperity. But how would we profit by this? We would profit because other nations, having enhanced purchasing power, would become better customers of ours, particularly for such things as we can make best or alone supply. We would profit because the

elimination of masses of sweated, underpaid labor would equalize our competitive footing in respect to classes of goods where we are now consistently undersold. We would profit because when Europe makes herself a better market for her own goods, and when she no longer has a surplus produced by sweated labor to export, her pressure against our tariff walls, and our anxiety to raise those walls higher, will both relax.

Insensibly yet swiftly, and without calling upon the cumbersome political machinery of nations to creak into action, a kind of universal economic unity — at first a European-American unity — will come into being. Nor need there be any fear that a world organized on an efficient high-production basis will presently find itself making more than it can consume. Such a condition could not even begin to threaten for many years, because the entire possible surplus production of America and all the industrial nations of Europe could be absorbed by Russia alone, or by China alone, for a generation to come; and in the course of a generation a world economically organized on a sound plan would have learned great things and travelled a long way. And, as Magnus W. Alexander, president of the National Industrial Conference Board of New York, so concisely put the case in his recent address before the International Chamber of Commerce, "All the world's industries could not possibly produce too much, for each product, in a well-balanced market, creates a demand for other products."

I have purposely reserved for brief final comment the matter of the debts owed us by foreign Governments. Every economist knows — and most of them are trying hard to make statesmen understand — that these debts can only be paid in goods. If we shut our markets against European goods, by means of high and higher tariffs, Europe cannot dispose of her surplus, cannot achieve financial stability, and can never pay us. The only way she can even approach paying us will be to dump her surplus in all the export fields where she competes with us, to the ruin of our growing export business. On the other hand, there is force in the conventional high tariff argument that we endanger our home industries if we admit European goods made by cheaper labor, by workers living on a much lower scale than ours. Here is a vicious circle if ever there was one; but the way to cut through it, I earnestly believe, is to address ourselves to the task, not impossible and probably much easier than we would think, of exporting our standards of living, our wage scale, and our prosperity, to Europe.

# Red Rule in Golden Samarkand

By Anna Louise Strong

*An Uzbek peasant sits in authority where Tamerlane once held kingly sway and freedom is such that youthful singers dare poke fun at Communist bureaucrats*

There are many roads to Samarkand in the heart of Asia. All of them have made history. There is the Golden Road from the trading bazaars of Persia, so-called with Eastern courtesy because of the sun-struck yellow sands it crosses. There are the Great Road, and the Small Road, and the Winding Way, names more matter of fact given by caravans from China. There is even a rather uncertain new airplane route from Kabul, spasmodically connecting two Asian capitals, each aloof and mysterious to the outer world. Most direct is the Iron Road of rails five days southeast from Moscow.

Along this road came the Russian conquest, pushing south in the 'Eighties of the last century towards the fertile cotton lands and vineyards of Central Asia — beyond which lie the mountains of the Afghans and British India. The unrest thus aroused between two world empires is not yet ended; it grows with the decades. But many other conquerors had come before them, over the Golden Road or the Great Road or some of the other routes traversing the deserts. Alexander of Macedonia was the first recorded conqueror of Samarkand the Ancient; his great eastward swing through Asia took him even to the borders of India. Jenghiz Khan, Tamerlane, the Uzbeks of the Northern Steppe, have all in turn descended upon her richness, drawn to her across a thousand miles of desert sun.

There is a reason for all these conquests, a reason why Samarkand gleams like a magic jewel, enticing the hearts of kings. One day in the Kremlin, discussing the ever-recurring struggles of history, Karl Radek said to me: "Social and economic factors change, but geography remains."

It is the geography of Samarkand that has fixed her destiny. Here, at the foot of the highest mountain massifs of earth, lie fertile, irrigated regions encircled by the great deserts of Central Asia. Always since the dawn of history there have been settled civilizations in this rich, watered soil. Always about them have roamed the nomads, bred to wandering and to battle, gazing with

envious eyes at the fat crops by the rivers.

In recent years even American irrigation experts have made pilgrimages hither, to learn what secret chemistry of soil and water has made it possible for irrigation to go on for centuries without exhausting fertility, whereas in parts of Colorado thirty-five years of irrigation bring impoverishment. They found that certain chemicals in the rivers, drawn from mineral beds in the mountains, kept the earth sweet indefinitely. Such are the treasure soils in the heart of Asia, drawing and absorbing race after race of conquerors, until each in its turn grew placid and was conquered again by the ever-fresh hordes from the plains without.

UNDER the Russian Czar the province of Turkestan was known as the "brightest jewel in the crown of empire." But despite this, glory was taken from its chief city, Samarkand. The modernized Russian city of Tashkent, built with wide boulevards for the conquerors, took its place as the capital. A Governor's mansion and a lofty Russian cathedral faced each other across a military parade ground. Scattered Russian settlers came along the new Iron Road of rails with bullets to dominate the land. They brought with them their own culture, doctors, schools for their children, and eventually a small number of schools in the Russian language for the Russification of the natives, in order that the Czardom might have native Government clerks as go-betweens.

Now the pendulum has swung again. The policy of the Bolsheviks has established a series of new native republics under the economic dominance of Moscow, each in charge of its own departments of health and education, agriculture, irrigation, justice and local industry. The Governor-General's mansion is now a museum of natural history; across the former military parade ground, on revolutionary festival days, troop the peoples of the East in procession.

TASHKENT is no longer a capital, though it still remains the economic centre. Political glory has returned to Samarkand. In her halls sit the representatives of the Uzbek nation, passing their own laws in their own language. Achun Babaief, President of the Uzbeks, is a former farm hand, who rose to power through the Ploughmen's Association.

What Kalenin is to the peasants of Russia, Achun Babaief is to the back country folk of Uzbekistan. His hospitable house of six rooms, the White House of Samarkand, shelters himself and five members of his family, his secretary and four members of the latter's family, his body-guard and all his peasant guests. Simple, illiterate Uzbeks, arriving at Samarkand after midnight (the popular hour for trains), walk to the President's home and sleep till morning on his ample rugs, until he awakes and they present their petitions. He goes on frequent tours in the villages, where newly unveiled women meet him with requests and small boys run to stare, crying "Granddaddy Achun," and old men weep in joyous excitement to see in these strange modern days a man like themselves grown ruler.

Even I spent three days in the

home of Achun Babaief. The hotels, as expected, were full when my train arrived from Bokhara at three in the morning. I had been told to go straight to the President's house with my letter of introduction, but my western reverence for times and seasons deterred me. A night porter let me sit in a hotel corridor till eight o'clock; then I strolled down a shady street of residences till I reached the President's dwelling. The large Uzbek policeman, who slept in the hall as bodyguard and door-keeper, told me that Achun Babaief was away in the country, but that I should wait two or three days in his home till his return. He reproached me mildly for not having come in the night-time, saying, "Someone is always awake here, or at least I am asleep in the corridor. We could have given you a place on the sofa, which would surely have been better."

THE President's wife, a fat, kindly woman in a wrapper, with bare feet thrust into galoshes, came into the front room to greet me. She could not speak Russian but she smiled hospitably over the head of her latest baby who was nursing contentedly at her breast. Though she was very proud of her famous husband and showed me his pictures taken on various eventful occasions, she was not very conversant with his movements; she was forced to refer to the secretary to discover when he was likely to return.

She invited me to breakfast with the family, which consisted of two other children and two old women, either relatives or family servants. Flat wheaten loaves, honey, raisins, nuts and grapes were set before us, with glasses of tea. For this delicious food no table utensils were visible, except one spoon in the honey-jar. For the rest we used our fingers. After breakfast it was decided that I should lodge in the secretary's quarters since he had a Russian wife and himself spoke Russian. For three days I shared a dining-room with his mother-in-law, sleeping on a leather divan. On the second night the President came back from the "land reform"; and arranged that we should go to the "Cotton Day" together.

ACHUN BABAIEF is of course a Communist. But surely Communism means to his Asiatic soul something simpler than the sophisticated theories of Marx. He can read Russian only with difficulty, and *Das Kapital* has not yet been translated into Uzbek. What is the meaning to him of this new faith which is transforming the fate of farmhands and has made him President in Samarkand? Two incidents come to my mind in explaining the soul of Achun Babaief.

The "Land reform" which he had visited in the villages meant nothing more nor less than the confiscation of landlords' land and its division among farm laborers and tenants. I asked him how it was going and he nodded with placid satisfaction. There was no trace of apologetic explanation, no allegiance even by justification to any old ideal of private property in land.

"It is going very well," he said. "I was much pleased to see how well the farmhands are organized. They have uncovered many landlords who were not on the lists of the Government." It was clear that the organization of

the farmhands and their participation in governmental activities was to Achun Babaief the most important fact in the whole land confiscation. A new power was rising and he was for it.

On a later occasion, during the celebration of "Cotton Day," a wrinkled, old peasant woman approached her President to beg amnesty for her son, in jail for some offense. How excited she was; she seized my hand as she waited; it was clear that the grandeur of the occasion almost outweighed the import of her petition. Ten years before, she was the bought chattel of a serf, sold in marriage to a peasant who might not pass the Emir's castle from a distance without dismounting from his cart. Now she was going to tell her family troubles to Granddaddy Achun, the President of her country.

Later Achun Babaief said to me, "I must look up her son. If he has not been guilty of oppressing the poor or of grafting he can no doubt be amnestied." A man might steal from need or commit murder from passion; he might through ignorance be guilty of other crimes against the law. In all such cases there might be hope of making him again a useful citizen. But he who exploited the poor or corrupted the Government was quite simply rotten as a social being. This was Achun Babaief's simple Asiatic interpretation of Communism.

The "Cotton Day" festival to which I was invited was held on a Friday, since that is the Mohammedan holiday. At noon we gathered at the Samarkand railway station, bound for the Past Dorgomsky region. The festival itself is an odd mingling of modern economic propaganda with the ancient ritual of harvest. Modern European ploughs are given as prizes by the Cotton Trust for the best production. Modern, ultra-modern, are the speeches. But very ancient is the crowd that assembles on foot and on horse, the gnarled old peasantry from the surrounding villages. Ancient, too, their favorite sport after the speeches are over — the dangerous *kop kori*, a fight of horsemen over the flesh of a slaughtered lamb.

Many Samarkand officials beside the President went with us to Past Dorgomsky. For this is a special "experimental cotton region" where the Department of Agriculture has redistricted lands and supplied fertilizer to establish a model of what can be done by proper methods of farming. The gayest members of our crowd were sixty youths from the Musical High School of Samarkand; they had organized a "Blue Blouse Dramatic Group" and were going on invitation to perform at the festival. They wore long, padded coats, the national outdoor costume of the Uzbeks, but in this case we also saw coats of gorgeous hand-woven silk in many colors. Shining blue and green stripes predominated, but scarlet, crimson and yellow were not lacking. Large, figured kerchiefs of orange and yellow, folded diagonally and tied nattily about the waist, held the coats in position. Their caps were the common velvet skull-caps in many colors. Girls also participated, but less gorgeously, their red silk kerchiefs being their chief decoration.

At mid-afternoon we poured from the train into a waiting crowd of

peasants. Their thousands filled a great dusty space near the tracks, covered the railway embankment, overflowed into the alleys and upon the roofs of the little town. In the midst of the crowd rose the tribune, a small high platform for the speakers, draped with the deep red rugs of Merv.

FROM somewhere beyond the houses a procession kept coming, steadily enlarging the group around the tribune. On the edge of the crowd two tractors decorated in red dragged carts of shouting children up and down the square. These were the proud display of two *Kol-hozes*, groups of peasants farming land together. Thirty *Kol-hozes* in all were present, each with a large red banner bearing its name and motto. "Red Sickle," "Ploughman," "Red Star," "Work-lovers," "New Day" were some of the names translated for me from the Arabic script in which they were written.

The speeches dragged along; the photographer of the Uzbek State Cinema climbed from roof to roof, taking pictures. At the close of each speech the band played the *International* and all who were seated arose. All except the women. Whether they presumed on age or sex or whether they were so huddled on each other's laps that rising was difficult, they kept to the ground. Then suddenly, when the speeches were half over, I saw them preparing to rise. Swaying like a movement of the sea, the mass of women struggled up — eyes uplifted in devotion. The younger women broke into cheers.

Shadiva was climbing into the tribune. Shadiva, the miner's daughter, member now of the new Government of Samarkand. A woman, like themselves sold in marriage at the age of ten, whose rise to power was a symbol of their own freedom. The younger women gazed in aspiration; the older nodded in a gentle satisfaction. Only once again did the women honor any event by rising — when one of the local *Kol-hozes* presented a banner to Granddaddy Achun.

AFTER the formal programme the peasants poured into a large open court where farm machinery was on display. Long lines of very cheap European ploughs waited to be given as prizes. One peasant, working his cotton land with an ancient wooden stick, drawn by oxen, had produced four times the average cotton crop. Achun Babaief shook hands with him over the plough he received. Premiums of four hundred roubles went to the best *Kol-hozes*. But alas, the expensive machinery, like tractors, was only for exhibition. The sign of the local branch of the State Savings Bank, hung over a crude wooden door, indicated the way to secure them. But it was clear that no individual peasant even in this exhibition region could save enough by himself to buy a tractor. Only a *Kol-hoz* of twenty or thirty families, working and saving together, could amass the sums needed.

The feast had already begun in another court near the railway station. On the hard earth sat several hundred turbaned and gaily clad peasants, ranged in long ovals of twenty or thirty around central mats on which were steaming bowls of *plof*. This dish of hot rice, cooked with pieces of meat and fat, is the national

dish of Central Asia. Like the black bread of the Russian peasant, it is the beginning, middle and end of every meal. It is eaten with the fingers; the twenty or thirty peasants in each oval formation dipped eagerly out of one enormous central bowl. Guards held back hordes, waiting their turn.

IT WAS late afternoon and I had not eaten since early morning; I began to wonder when I also might be given my *plof*. One of the guards, remembering that I had come with the President's party, led me across the railway square to the new schoolhouse, on the floor of which the city guests were also eating *plof*, but with some high-brow additions. Strips of felt had been placed to sit on; worn Oriental rugs held the dishes of food. Achun Babaief nodded to me to take my seat beside him; in recognition of my western habits, he placed in front of me a flat wheaten loaf to serve as plate, and called for a spoon. I helped myself to a plentiful loaf full of *plof* with a side garnish of delicious stewed lamb. Later, one corner of the loaf did duty as a dish for the honey which ended the feast. Throughout the banquet, a dozen common tea-bowls, symbol of fellowship, passed from mouth to mouth — without a question of the hygienic procedure involved!

It was almost dusk when the feasting ended; there was barely time to view the last of the *kop kori* which took place outside the town in a large open field. In this cherished national sport of Central Asia, a lamb is killed and its body thrown into the air to be contended for by horsemen. Madly straining, racing, fighting, neither horse nor man is spared in the struggle which often ends in serious and even fatal injuries. Clouds of dust obscured the conflict so that the spectators could see little of it except the victor emerging in triumph. For the sake of the *kop kori* the peasant breeds fine horses, and tends to prize strength and speed rather than capacity for ploughing, in which he is more apt to use oxen.

The new entertainment given by the youths and girls of the Musical High School attracted as great a crowd as the *kop kori*. On the hard earth of the railway square was laid a large canvas; on this the musicians grouped themselves with their instruments and began a programme of topical songs and dances. The melodies were old — the monotonous music of Central Asia that is tiresome to a European. But the performance, with its mingling of dance, dramatic dialogue and satire, was modern. The subjects chosen dealt with the latest events — humorous comment on politics, on government foibles, on social customs.

THERE followed many personal satires. A boy and a girl faced each other, with hands upraised and bodies swaying, and attacked each other thus:

> On your head you carry
> A full-laden basket;
> Inside your head
> It is empty. . . .
>
> On your face you have
> Powder and colors;
> Behind your face there is
> Nothingness.

The unveiling of women was the theme of many songs, some pure propaganda, some tragic, some humorous. One was a dialogue between

a *mullah* and his daughter, in which he offers her fine silk veils so that she should not leave her ancient custom; she answers that she prefers education; he bewails the fact that when you once let a girl learn even her A-B-C's you never can tell where it will end. Another song satirized the woman:

> On the eighth of March
> I tore off my veil
> But before I reached home
> I bought three new *paranjas*
> To veil myself more darkly.

The allusion is to the big processions on International Women's Day, when thousands of women unveil under mass stimulus, only to worry about facing their husbands in the home.

One of the most delightful songs on women, which caused hearty laughter, told how the wife of a poor workman unveiled, and then demanded that her husband buy her a fine silk shawl and kerchief, "since I am now completely European." The husband replied that he had no money, whereupon the woman threatened to report him to the police for counter-revolution since he interfered with the fight for women's unveiling.

Night came. The musical programme ended. On a great sheet stretched across the square began the motion pictures. They were held in the open air, free to all, and the crowd was so dense that I could not get near enough to see them.

Suddenly a train whistle blew and our party from Samarkand hastened into the single third-class car attached for our benefit to the local freight. The musicians in gay silken costumes, not content with such sociable crowding as might be attained in two dimensions, flowed upward into the sleeping and baggage shelves of the car. Two or three curled on each middle shelf, designed for one sleeper; one or two lay flat on the baggage shelves, wedged close to the ceiling, sticking their heads over to join in the music.

In the flickering light of a single candle to each compartment (this being an ancient car quite lacking improvements) the three-tiered crowd of happy brown faces broke into song. They got out instruments, the many varieties of strange, stringed instruments of the Uzbeks. In the corridor a tiny space was cleared for dancers; one by one the youths and girls took positions, performing some dancing chant while the crowd kept time with hand-claps. The black-bearded Uzbek policeman, bodyguard of the President, was pressed into service as a dancer, while everyone laughed and applauded. The best performers on each kind of instrument were called for to make the night merry with music as we rolled back to Samarkand.

Achun Babaief, President of the Uzbeks, leaned against one corner of the compartment, nodding his head and sometimes moving his hands in time to the music. Once or twice he took part in a song he knew; once he called for a favorite song and the boys made haste to sing it. It was no political satire he asked, no modern propaganda; it was an old love song of the Uzbeks from before the days of revolution, in which a lover declares the charms of his fair, unattainable sweetheart. So we returned late at night, but with song still tireless, to the noisy railway station of the capital where once ruled Tamerlane.

# Ulysses in America

By Collinson Owen

*An Englishman at last conceives a splendid way to discover America; but he probably never will carry it out— because of our coffee!*

What do they know of America who have merely run up and down the United States for three or four months? . . .

Here we encounter one of the primary difficulties in the way of an Englishman discovering America. There isn't really time enough. If he goes to New York for a week or so he is told: "That is not America. You ought to have gone to Chicago." If he makes it a week more and takes in Chicago, he is told: "That is all very well, but you ought to have seen more of the Middle West and gone to St. Louis." And if he spends three or four months running round most of the country he tells himself that it is only a beginning, that it might be presumptuous to write or draw conclusions about America on such moderate acquaintance, that to do the job properly would take years.

And at the mere mention of such an idea I seem to hear the senior and sleepy partner of the Two Black Crows drawling, "You can't do that." It is quite true. It can't be done. Which means that no Englishman will ever really discover America. If he remained there long enough for the job his perceptions would become blunted and his palate vitiated, probably by bathtub gin. To know exactly what the United States, or any foreign country, is like you must remain a stranger all the time you are looking on. You must be able at any moment to recapture that first astounding thrill with which you see a large policeman — though probably not so large as a London policeman — walking down Fifth Avenue twirling his club. This sight to the perceptive Englishman is just as amazing as would be the spectacle of an elephant deftly climbing the Woolworth Building.

It is true that all our lives in England we have been familiar with the fact that New York policemen openly twirl their clubs. But reading about it is one thing. Seeing it is another. In England people live long lifetimes without ever seeing what is called a policeman's truncheon. If some misguided bobby flourished his truncheon in the Strand there would be questions in Parliament

and another scandal at Scotland Yard.

To my own keen regret, after I had been in New York a week, the sight of a cop twirling his night stick failed to arouse in me its original thunderous impression. I recognized this sadly as the first symptom in the process of becoming what America calls acclimated. I was getting used to things. On my first day somebody took me, all a-quiver, up the Woolworth Building. On my fifth I wouldn't have gone up it for a thousand dollars. After a month I resolutely refused to look at it.

And therein lies the real difficulty of discovering America. One becomes used to it too soon. There is no language obstacle in the way so that everything can be picked up at once. And this, which is regarded as a commonplace, is really the greatest marvel of all — if we all thought about it aright — the thrilling fact that the policeman in New York, the taxi-driver in Kansas City and the man behind the counter at the Brown Derby in Los Angeles all speak pretty well the same language that I do; that between the English and all these people there is not one thousandth part of one per cent of the difference in speech that exists between the inhabitants of Dover and the denizens of Boulogne.

THE only way to ensure that England would know *all* about America would be by arrangement between the two Governments — that is presuming that anything ever could be arranged between them. There should be carefully selected from England a writer who was learned, wise and witty (if there should be one such) and one accustomed, or even pleased, to remain away from home for long stretches of time. By arrangement with Washington he should be allowed to take with him his own private cellar, supplemented by a French chef and an English cook, just to vary the menu and keep his gastronomic perceptions keen. (How can you judge America's food if you have it every day?) He should also be provided with a bodyguard of trained and polite gunmen so that he could keep his mind exclusively on his job and have no worry about what was coming to him round the corner, no matter how terrifying the newspapers might be. . . . Ulysses would be a good name for him.

THUS armed, and cared for, he should proceed, year after year, from large cities to small ones and from those to "hick" towns, collecting immense material for an *opus* that would do credit to the theme. Vol. I. would take him, perhaps, from New York as far as Chicago. . . . Only to be haunted all the way by the disturbing suspicion that the more the names of towns and cities change the more they (the towns and cities) remain the same.

That perhaps would prove in the end to be the chief difficulty of it all. The climate of New York may not be the climate of San Diego, but a hot dog stand in Arizona looks precisely like one in Massachusetts. I have even heard it said that the hot dogs themselves are much the same all over the country, and that only a very few experts — men whose perceptions are, so to speak, trained to the millimetre — can tell the

difference between one born in the North and one which first saw the light below the Mason and Dixon line.

It is magnificent in its way, but it is a little too standardized for romance. In England there is, even in this respect, much more variety. Only one county, Cambridgeshire, is famous for its sausages. Only one county, Devonshire, can produce clotted cream. Essex has its oysters, Yorkshire its puddings, Worcestershire its sauce, Cornwall its pasties, Wiltshire its bacon and Aberdeenshire its jokes. All this helps to make life different, in different places.

For some considerable period I travelled through the United States in the company of an English baronet. This gentleman, otherwise unimpeachable, discovered in himself an extraordinary passion for ice cream. Scorning all questions of rank he would sit down anywhere to eat it.

"This is a wonderful country," he said to me, often. "Their ice cream is magnificent — positively magnificent. I do wish you would try some, my dear fellow."

He saw all the great American scene through his love for what he maintained was the best ice cream in the world. He refused to believe the crime statistics. He maintained stoutly that no people who could produce ice cream such as this would just go about shooting each other. I saw him eating it in hotel cafés in New York, Chicago, San Francisco and elsewhere. While I ached for Bass and other such impossible delights he was happy with a spoon. Member of a family which has helped to build up the British Empire, he left America behind him with the keenest regret because it had given him the best ice cream of all his varied experience. What he is doing about it in London, Heaven only knows. But I can imagine him saying in the imposing clubs to which he belongs: "A marvellous country, my dear fellow, marvellous. I had a splendid time there. We have much to learn from them." He will certainly be for all time an eloquent partisan of all things American. He will say (to himself): "I care not who drinks her bootleg liquor so long as I may partake of her ice cream".

And indeed I met with many evidences of this sort of thing in America. A very amiable Californian told me, with his charming wife to corroborate, about his happy discovery of England. It really all hung on a cup of tea. With his wife he went through Italy and France. There was a heat wave in Italy and he felt very ill. Things were little better in France. He was still ill. He couldn't eat. Paris bored them. They landed at Dover. "I felt a new man at once," he said, quite in the style of a testimonial. "They brought me a lovely cup of tea and some cakes in the Pullman. It was the first thing I had relished for weeks. I felt alive again. Everybody spoke English. It was like coming home." They rattled him through Kent, dropped him in London, and he was so happy he didn't want to leave it. He will always love England now. I should like some day to introduce him to my baronet and hear them discuss Anglo-American relations:

"I quite agree" (my baronet

would say). "There should be no possible room for political differences between two countries whose language, laws, history, traditions, indeed whose very prejudices, come from a common stock whose aspirations reach forward to a common ideal. . . . And by Jove, you people really do make the most superb ice cream!"

But then of course different people do have such very different points of view. During my travels in America many of my most interesting conversations seem to have been with barbers. One such was cutting my hair somewhere in California. We were surrounded by that shining white and sanitary luxury which is one of the highest expressions of American civilization; which makes one think of the average London barber's shop as a sort of mediæval cavern. I was reading *The Christian Science Monitor.*

"Are you a Scientist, sir?" this barber asked cordially.

I confessed that I wasn't and he told me proudly that he was. He proved to be a very earnest sort of fellow; explained that he could have retired long ago but preferred to go on working, which is something that I never could understand. And he mentioned that he had been in London.

"A very fine city. I enjoyed it very much. But how I wish you could dispose of your drink problem as we have done with ours!"

I sat up at this.

"Our drink problem!"

"Yes. Your public houses. It made me feel sad to see them everywhere. People crowding into them, wasting their money on drink."

He was really quite upset about it in the kindest way. He had visited London and the memory of its public houses hurt him. And I was away from London and through a few months absence had come to see the London public house, with all its faults, as a very pleasant sort of place to have about. I thought of the cosy interiors of some of them, of the rich store of delight in bottles and casks openly displayed, of the crisp tang of Bass or Worthington as contrasted with the cloying sweetness of even the best ice cream; of gin which —

> Whatever the faults of gin may be,
> Is as pure as gin knows how to be.

And here was this dear fellow worried about our liquor problem! So was I. The problem with me being that it was such a very long way off.

Dear, dear! Must we then, in any discussion or description of the United States, get back to that well-worn theme? I am afraid that like The King Charles's Head — which is a sign that may be seen swinging here and there in England — it is bound to crop up. But my objection to American liquor legislation was not so much what it did to my drinking as what it did to my eating. One may do without the *apéritif.* But what about the wine? In the land where cocktails first flourished one could forswear them if only when the fish or the joint came on there appeared in their company just what should be there; the chaste white wine or the ruby red, or the rich brown of English beer or, to go further and not necessarily fare

worse, the pale amber of German lager. But anyhow, something — something for the love of all the good cheer that the world has ever known. The tang of dry alcohol, and not the sweetness of sweets. And not, oh dear no, not creamy coffee in a large cup!

Fortunate America, with its prosperity and its millionaires! Stupendous America, with its rocketting skyscrapers! . . . But in Europe we manage to rub along. On my first night back in London I walked into a French restaurant. It was modest, yet it was a place of high adventure. For one dollar did I purchase a bottle of very worthy Chablis. And as I drank my share of it I thought of all the hotel dinners I had eaten in the East, the Middle and the West where its magic presence would have transformed the scene, where its inexpensive but precious aid would have changed a mere dinner into a feast. And my heart went out in sympathy to all those nice rich Americans who, sitting amid scenes of architectural splendor, must drink coffee with their dinner.

# Old Man Jessup Is Going to Die

By Winter Colladay

The grove doesn't belong to us any more, but I like to go back now and then, for a day or two. We lived there so many years and my children were all born there. When we went up last week they told us that old Joe Nick Jessup was very sick and going to die.

"We can stop and see him on our way home," I said to my son George as we were leaving.

"Not me," said George. "You can stop if you want to, but I'll stay right here in the car. I never want to lay eyes on old man Jessup again."

"Maybe he really will die this time," I said.

"I'll bet he doesn't. He's been going to die for fifteen years and he's still here. Anyhow, I could bear it if he did. Have you forgotten how he burned our packing house and ran off our hogs and stole our oranges?"

"He's old now," I said.

"He's an old scoundrel," said George. "Do you remember the year he stole so many oranges we couldn't have any summer vacation?"

I remembered it very well. The children were so disappointed they cried and I nearly cried myself. Our vacations cost so little. Still we had to have some money put by for them and that year we lost so many oranges that we were quite poor, and we had to stay at home.

"If it hadn't been for Joe Nick we might still have the grove," said George.

"What's the use saying that? You know you wouldn't want it."

"No," said George, "not unless I was a millionaire. Now I thank the Lord I can sleep at night when the thermometer goes down."

Don't I know? When the thermometer went down my heart went with it. We lived by that thermometer in the winter and when it turned cold we couldn't sleep anyway, so we stayed up, or took naps with our clothes on. I've caught many a bad cold running out in my night dress to help with the smudge pots. When the children were little they could sleep through it, but when they grew bigger they had to help, too. The oranges meant having what we wanted or doing without — clothes and school for the children and even food. It's terrible to feel it getting colder and colder every minute and not being able to do anything about it. We would make fires in the grove and set smudge pots to keep up the temperature, but if it gets below twenty-four your crop is gone and if it gets below ten your grove is gone too.— But now we've only come on a visit.

George stopped the car when we

got to the bend in the road and we looked back at the old house.

"Guess it will hold together till we get here again," he said.

He always says that and I always think, yes, but maybe I'm the one that will be gone. I look and look at it until I can't bear to look any more. My young days are in that house and my children's and my young husband Harry's, and all our trouble and happiness and love, like keepsakes shut up in a box. I am old and I know it, but back there I can feel almost young again, for the rooms are just about as we left them. There's a smell of dried roses and orange blossoms and maybe a little of Harry's pipe. I used to think it was a horrid smell, that old pipe, but what wouldn't I give to smell it now!

WE PASSED an old man sitting by the roadside with his feet in the ditch. My eyes aren't so good as they might be and I had to ask George, "Who was that?"

"Who do you suppose? Eli Polk, of course. He'll sit there till the oranges are ripe enough to steal. He's another like old Jessup. There's not two hairs' difference between 'em."

"I expect Jessup led him on," I said. "I never thought Eli was such a bad fellow, by himself."

"Led him on, your grandmother. Why, didn't father find six of our hogs in his pen the day after Joe Nick ran them off our place? And father was afraid to claim them for fear Eli'd come up and burn the house over our heads some time when father was off shipping oranges."

Yes, they were dreadful people. We came down from Indiana, Harry and I, right after we were married. Harry bought our land down here so I could have the climate. He cleared away the brush and set out the trees himself and I lay in the hammock and watched him. I was too weak to sit up. Afterwards I got strong enough to have three children and do all my own work.

"DID you notice the lemon trees?" I asked George.

"Dead, mostly. Oh, there's a few left maybe, but last winter's freeze was hard on them."

Those lemons were my pocket money. Harry set them out just for me, a whole row of them, and I always had whatever they brought, for my own use. They did well, too, and when the packing house burned the first time, I had enough saved up to help Harry build another. I was saving to send the boys to college, but we talked it over and decided we needed the packing house right away, and the boys were still little and Harry felt sure we'd have plenty of money by the time they grew up to need it. Harry was always one to look on the bright side, whether his predictions were fulfilled or not.

An old darkey was coming up from the river with a string of fish. "Stop, George," I said. "Maybe it's Julius. He'll want to see you."

"It is Julius," said George, and pulled up to wait for him. "Seems to me he's slower than usual."

Julius was glad to see us. He stood and talked to us with his old hand on George's knee and told us about the misery in his back.

"Better have Mary bring you in

to the doctor," said George, and gave him money for their fare on the boat. "Are those all the shoes you've got?"

His toes were sticking out of them. Mary keeps him as clean as a pin and all nicely patched up, but she can't help his shoes wearing out.

YES, those were all the shoes he had. George had sent him a pair a month back, but Mary had given them to her child.

"You go down to the boat tomorrow night," said George, "and Brewster will have shoes for you. Remember, Julius, Brewster's boat, not the *Sally J.*" George has to roar at him, for Julius has got so deaf.

"I'll tie up a bundle, Julius," I said. "Belle's husband sent over a suit for you."

Julius was pleased and stood in the road looking after us when we drove off.

"You'll have to speak to Mary," said George. "Julius looked ragged."

"You mustn't blame Mary," I said. "She takes good care of Julius, but I suppose her child means as much to her as her husband."

"Maybe so," said George, "but he doesn't mean a thing to me. I want Julius to have comfort in his old age."

Mary's "child" is as old as my Henry, and weighs two hundred or more. He's not a bad fellow, but somehow he never can keep a job very long.

"I'll write Mary a note and ask her not to give away the suit," I said. "Julius will enjoy wearing it because Belle sent it."

Julius thinks my daughter Belle belongs to him. I always say that he and the boys raised Belle. I was dreadfully sick when she was born and for two or three years after I didn't get back my strength. Julius would put her in the wheelbarrow when he went out to work in the grove and set her under a tree with oranges to play with. If she was too naughty and interfered with him so he couldn't work, he would put her in the wheelbarrow again and trundle her back to me. She would stand up and scream and beat him with her little fists all the way home, but he never would lay a finger on her to make her stop. She got awfully spoiled because I was too sick to punish her when she was bad, and none of the others would. Once I complained about her to my own mother, but I didn't get much sympathy. Mother said I was just like her at that age, and as I had turned out middling well she supposed Belle would too.

WE DROVE past the schoolhouse, as dilapidated as ever. "I hear they're going to build a new one," said George.

"The dear knows they need it," I said. "I used to think that one would never hold together till you and Belle got through with it, and how many years ago was that?"

School for the children was about the greatest problem we had. I kept them at home as long as I could and taught them myself. But there was so much to do on the place, especially when the crop had to be picked and packed. Sometimes we would be too busy to have lessons for weeks.

I hated to send them to the country school because the children were so rough and wild. And it wasn't

only the children. Once Eli Polk's wife and Joe Nick Jessup's sister quarreled. Carolina Polk went to the schoolhouse about daylight with a shotgun and barred the door and wouldn't let any of them in as long as Janey Jessup's children were among them. Then Janey Jessup — Madison, her name was — got her a gun and marched down there and the two women shot it out till they were tired. The bullet marks are under the windows to this day. The teacher packed up her clothes and went back where she came from and there was no school for anybody's children the rest of that year. That was the year Henry had the smallpox.

We tried all kinds of ways to get our children educated. One year we put George and Belle in school across the river at Clay City. They had to stay there from Sunday night to Friday because it was too far to row them over every morning. We rented a couple of rooms for them and Belle kept house for George. She was twelve. I would cook a chicken for them and bake them a cake and a batch of bread and a pan of beans and anything else that would keep over, and of course I always had plenty of home canning for them to fall back on. Belle could cook pretty well herself when she was twelve. Yet George was poorly and I worried a good deal about them, so we didn't try it a second year. But that was long ago.

We passed a man with his head all wrapped up in a bandage. We spoke to him and he waved his hand at us, but he was so covered up I couldn't make out who he was.

"He had a look of the Jessups," I said to George. "Was it Lonnie Madison?"

"Willie Clay Durkee," said George.

"Turn back, George, I must ask him what happened," I said.

"No," said George. "Not if you want to stop and see old Jessup. We'll never get home. Besides, you're not obliged to look out for all the broken heads in the whole country. Not any more."

The time was when all the broken heads did come to me to be mended, and they were a-plenty, too. I used to wonder how they ever got along before we went to live there and who it was tied them up and set their broken arms and legs and gave them liniment for their lame backs and pills for their stomach aches and powders for their malaria. Back in Indiana my father was a country doctor and I used to ride out with him from the time I was a little thing. I often say the Lord must have known I was going to need the knowledge and experience I got from those trips. I was naturally quick and clean, and had a good reliable stomach that wouldn't turn over at the things a doctor has to see.

Up at the grove, they would come for me in the middle of the night and take me miles back in the woods to do for a sick child or a man who had cut his foot chopping wood. Or maybe it would be down the river in a boat to help a woman with a baby. Most of the women could help well enough, if everything went all right, for the dear knows they'd all had enough experience. But things didn't always go according to plan and then the

neighbor women would call for me. It was possible to send over to Clay City, but the doctor couldn't always come right away, if he had much sickness on his hands, for it meant the best part of a day to make the trip.

WHEN that very same Willie Clay Durkee was born they sent for me at two o'clock in the morning to come quick because Mrs. Durkee was dying. The Durkees were nice people, but Mrs. Durkee didn't have much sense. She had had three children before and you would think she might have known all about her feelings, but seemingly she didn't. Mr. Durkee was so worried he was in a pitiful state. He had brought his boat into the wrong landing, so we had to walk all the way back to the Habersham place, and I fell through a hole in the dock and broke my wrist. The Habershams were shiftless and never mended anything until it dropped to pieces. I tied up my wrist in a handkerchief and went on.

Willie Clay was about as handsome a newborn child as ever I saw. But it was years before I could look at him without thinking, "Young man, if you hadn't been in such a hurry to come into this world, I wouldn't be hindered and put out by this bad wrist." It never did knit up right, and even to this day it goes stiff in bad weather.

Another time they came for me to see what I could do for Cass Potter's wife. The country was full of Potters, back in the woods mostly, and they lived more like animals than human people. Luly was a very sick woman. The baby was dead and she nearly died too. She was in a one-room shack, and it looked like a dozen children underfoot, though it may have been only five or six. But that was the way they all lived.

I put the little ones to bed on the floor in the summer kitchen and sent the grown sons off to their cousins for the night. Cass was away and I wasn't sorry, for he was as likely to be drunk as sober. He came back before daylight with two other men and the three of them threw themselves down in a corner of the shack, drunk as they could be.

It seems they had all been off on a lynching party, over in Lamar County, and then on the way home they had pulled a poor, harmless, darkey family out of bed and burned down their house. Cass was ranting about how he was going to clean up the country, burn 'em all up, turn 'em all out.

I went over to him and I said, "Cass, you'll have to stop this noise. Luly may be dying. Go out in the woodshed."

He looked at me stupidly, but the other two weren't as drunk as he was, and between them they dragged him out. I went with them to see that they got to the woodshed and nowhere else and then I barred the door on them.

IN THE morning Luly was a little better, so I got ready to go home. The children were up and all over the place. When they woke they just got on their feet and gave themselves a shake and they were fixed for the day. Their mother said to give them a couple of cold sweet potatoes apiece and turn them out of doors to eat them. Families like the Potters lived on sweet potatoes and hogs.

I looked at that pack of dirty little children and their sick mother and felt sorry for them. I called in the biggest boy and told him to go borrow a mule and ride quick to our house so as to get there before Harry started out in the buggy to come for me. He was to tell Harry to send a pail of milk and anything there was in the house to eat.

While I was waiting I had a mind to give them all a bath, but I thought better of it. I knew it would make them mad and might upset Luly, and then I couldn't see that one bath in a lifetime was going to do them much good, anyway.

When Harry got there he had the milk and enough food for a regiment. There was a big rice pudding and two or three pies and a whole baking of bread and the dear knows what besides. My, how those children did eat, but I couldn't stay to watch them, for I knew there wasn't a bite left at home for my own family. When I asked Harry why he sent so much he said he couldn't remember how many children Cass had, and wanted to be sure there was enough for all.

"Durkees have let their grove run down," said George.

"I expect the boys don't want it," I said. "They'll sell it when the old folks are gone."

"It's too far north for a grove," said George.

Yes, maybe it is too far north, still I notice they have their troubles further south, too. Weather is something you can't help or change, my mother used to say, and there's no use moaning and groaning about it. Whether you're raising hay or wheat or garden truck, she would say, the best you can do is keep down the weeds and trust in the Lord.

We were not what you call religious, Harry and I, though we tried to do what we thought was right. I sometimes wonder about religion. Joe Nick was religious enough, for that matter. He'd go miles to a tent revival, but his religion never interfered with what he wanted to do. There was a church off in the woods a piece and about once a month we had a preacher, sometimes one kind and sometimes another. Everybody went and so did we, because it was the only church we could go to and we didn't want the children to be heathens. We tried to keep Sunday too, for the children's sake, though even that wasn't always easy. When you are young and there is so much work to do, it's hard to spend a day sitting with your hands folded, reading the Bible.

Some of the Potters were terribly religious too. They would groan and shout in church and sometimes embarrassed the preacher. The noisiest of them all was a family that lived over back of Tupelo Swamp. They were related to the Potters, but their name was Blackburn. Morley Blackburn was a dreadful man, worse than Cass Potter, if that could be. His wife died, poor thing, and Morley put on his best clothes and went up to Georgia to get another.

In a few days he came back with a meek little woman and a whole raft of children. He had married a widow with a family, and he had a family, and then the two of them together set out to have a third. You never saw such a mixed-up lot.

One of the new wife's daughters grew up to be a beauty and when she was about sixteen young Isaac Madison wanted to marry her. But Morley had other plans. To tell the truth, he thought to make a bad woman out of her and have her bring in money to support them all. Isaac had gumption, though, and he was determined to get her, and the girl, Ruthy, wanted him, too, about as much as she could ever want anything. She was soft and pliable like her mother, not a bad girl, but not much to her.

ISAAC made his plans to steal Ruthy away. Somehow Morley got wind of it, and he carried her off and hid her in the middle of Tupelo Swamp, in a little hut there. He kept her so frightened, telling her the swamp was full of rattlesnakes and she'd sink to her death in the mud, that for days she didn't even try to get away. Finally, though, she got so she was more afraid of Morley than she was of the snakes and she ran into the swamp and found her way to the Madisons. She was torn and scratched with brambles from head to foot and her feet were all cut and bleeding — Morley had taken away her shoes — and she was covered with black swamp mud.

She and Isaac went to town on the boat and got married. All the neighbors were down on Morley, even the Potters, for Ruthy's mother was as much related to the Potters as the Blackburns were. But after a while Morley went to Isaac and said he was sorry, and what a pity it was they couldn't be friends because it made his wife feel so badly to be cut off from her own child. Wouldn't Isaac let Ruthy go to see her mother? Isaac didn't see any reason why she shouldn't go, so he took his shotgun and Ruthy and went up to his father-in-law's house.

When they got there Morley was sitting in the yard. Ruthy went into the house to see her mother and Isaac sat down on a log. Morley talked and joked and Isaac laid aside his gun to light his pipe. Quick as a flash, Morley pulled a gun from behind him. Isaac threw himself on him and the two of them struggled and fought all over the place. Isaac got the gun away from him and then Morley picked up an axe. Isaac got that away from him too and threw it on the ground.

By that time they had worked around to the log Isaac had been sitting on and Morley made a dash and picked up Isaac's gun. Isaac grabbed up the axe he had just let go and swung it right down on Morley, the way you would cut down a tree, with all his strength.

Well, that was the end of Morley Blackburn. They came for me to look at him. One look was enough for me. He was as near as anything in two pieces, from his crown to his middle. Isaac was a powerful man and used to swinging an axe.

THE sheriff came and took Isaac to the county seat. We didn't think he would be held, it was so plainly self-defense. But the Potters took sides against him and testified that there had been bad blood between the two men for years, and so he was tried for murder. Harry went to St. Catherine for the trial. He was a character witness for Isaac, and well for Isaac too, I expect, for there

was no believing either side. They all lied like Trojans, the Madisons as much as the Potters. Still, the judge understood them pretty well, I imagine. It was Judge Bushnell. The Bushnells have had a grove down below Tortosa since before the Civil War, and that's where he was brought up, so he ought to know them.

Anyhow, Isaac was acquitted and afterwards he and Ruthy settled down on a little grove further up the river. They've done well, too. They have a nice family of children and Isaac owns a boat, the *Sally J*, and carries freight as far as Piney Hammock. It's a good boat, but here lately he put a new engine in it, and now you never know whether he'll get there at six tonight or noon tomorrow, or when.

"THINGS are better now than they used to be," I said to George.

"Well, maybe so," he said. "But there's still plenty of Potters."

Yes, back in the woods you do see them, the same old shacks, and the swarms of children running around, eating sweet potatoes out of their hands.

"But they don't do the awful things they used to," I said.

"Once a Potter always a Potter," said George. "They'd do 'em if they had a chance. So would old man Jessup if he wasn't flat on his back, and that's where we expect to find him."

When we got to the fork above the Jessup place, a woman was standing by the side of the road.

"It's Hattie Jessup," said George.

"Now don't say anything to hurt her feelings, George," I said.

"You don't fool Hattie about old man Jessup," said George. "She's lived with him too many years. Her mother was all right."

It's true, Hattie's mother was a nice woman. I cannot understand how a woman as nice as Martha Jessup could have a man like Joe Nick for a husband. He might be bad when she got him, but she could improve him. But Martha was so soft. Not like me. I never would have stood a man like Joe Nick. I never would.

WHEN we came up to Hattie, George stopped the car and we took her in.

"Will you go in and see pa, Mrs. Ames?" she wanted to know.

"Is he really worse," I said, "or is it just a tantrum? You mustn't mind my saying that, Hattie. I've known your father more years than you have."

"I don't mind," said Hattie. "Goodness knows he's hard to do for. But he was taken bad this time. He stopped swearing."

"What!" roared George.

I looked at him. Hattie gave a little laugh and I was glad she took it so well. I was provoked at George.

My husband was gentle spoken and my father was too, so perhaps I am not a judge of profanity. But Joe Nick's swearing was famous in the country around. My brother came down to visit us one winter and he was used to rough men, but he said never in all his days had he listened to such a flow of bad language as Joe Nick had. The only time it was ever known to check was when he had the yellow fever. All through the fever, whenever he could talk at all,

he swore and swore. Then he got better and was sitting up and he had the ravenous unreasonable appetite they get after yellow fever. He wanted a dish of pork chops and he was bound he'd have it. The doctor had told Martha not to give him a mouthful of solid food, but Joe Nick swore and threw everything in reach and carried on like a wild animal and at last she gave in to him. Martha was so soft. He had his dish of pork chops and he ate them and an hour after he had a relapse. For days and days he was sick enough to die and that was the time he stopped swearing. He didn't begin again until he'd been up a month, so I heard.

We pulled up at the Jessup place and Hattie and I got out.

"Aren't you coming in, George?" said Hattie.

"I'll stay here in the car," said George.

Hattie sighed. "Well, I know how you feel," she said. "I suppose pa will carry on, but I guess I can stand it."

"Remember, mother," said George, "we've got to get home tonight."

"Yes, you don't have to tell me," I said. My children think I talk far too much when I'm with people, though they never say so in plain words.

Joe Nick seemed to be getting a good deal of satisfaction out of dying. In my time I have seen many people when they came to die and I must say he took it better than most. I looked at him and thought how wicked he had been, but I couldn't see that it showed on him. He lay there in a good bed, all nice and clean, with his white hair spread out on the pillow. His hair turned white early and he grew a beard to go with it. I used to think it made the things he did worse than ever, for him to look like a prophet out of the Bible and then to be so bad.

"Well," he said, "it's Mrs. Ames. I suppose you came up to see if I was dead and laid away. Fooled you, didn't I?" He laughed till he couldn't get his breath and Hattie had to lift him up in the bed to ease him.

The poor old thing. He's older than I am, though not much, and for two years he has been like that, not able to stir out of his bed. I don't know but it's as good a punishment as any for a sinful life. It certainly would be for me. But pshaw, I've seen enough in my time to know that a stroke is as likely to come on the righteous as on the wicked. Poor Hattie. I believe her father's sickness is harder on her than it is on him. She never dares to leave him for a minute, unless she can get one of the others to stay with him, and they can usually find an excuse for not being able to come.

"I ain't ever been a well man," Joe Nick was saying, "since the winter of nineteen and eight."

I felt like telling him that if he hadn't set fire to our packing house that winter he might have kept his health. He fell into the river off the Habershams' dock. It was a cold, windy night and he caught pneumonia. He always said he was coming home from his sister's house and Janey backed him up. But it's my opinion that he was running away from our place to get to Janey's

and have her say he had been there all night. The Habersham waterfront was no way to go from Janey Madison's house to the Jessups', but it made a short cut from our packing house to the road.

OLD Jessup rambled on and I sat beside his bed, only half listening to what he was saying. He was my enemy for a great many years and if he was up and doing I make no doubt he would be my enemy still. He got real enjoyment out of his wickedness. Harry used to say old Jessup was what the insurance policies call an act of God and it was no use to worry about what he would do next. I don't know how many times I have declared I'd have him arrested. But it wouldn't have done a bit of good. He could get all his relations — and he had a whole regiment of them — to swear that he was in Clay City or Mayport or any place he told them to and probably if there was a jury three-quarters of them would be Jessup cousins. And, as Harry would say, we'd get home from the trial to find our trees girdled and our house in ashes.

My children and especially George can't understand why I go to see the old man when we are up at the grove. Sometimes I even think I enjoy it, if they only knew. I suppose it's un-Christian, but it gives me a feeling of satisfaction to see him flat in bed and know that I needn't be afraid of him ever any more. Still, that isn't the only reason. I get to thinking how we fought each other when we were young and strong and now there is no more fighting for either of us. He is a part of my young days and Harry's, as much a part of them as the good people and the pleasant things that happened.

He never has known any place but Tortosa and the country around and he talks about the things that went on forty years ago as if they were yesterday. I can live my life over again listening to him. My Harry is alive and we are young and our children are little. Sometimes we think we have more trouble than we can bear but perhaps it only makes us love each other more. We have each other, no matter what happens we have each other, and nothing else really matters. Well.

GEORGE would be tired waiting. "I'll be up again before the summer is over, Joe Nick," I said. "George will bring me up."

"I don't reckon to be here," said the old man.

"Good-bye," I said. "Hattie will take good care of you."

"See you in Heaven, Mrs. Ames," he cackled.

If George could hear him!

"Well, I'm sure I hope so, Jessup," I said.

# John's Adventures in Education

By His Mother

*Anonymous because of frankness involving others, a worried parent compares her son's school experience abroad and at home, to the detriment of the latter*

It is because I believe that there are a great many other American parents agitated by problems similar to mine, that I have the temerity to consider my own experiences in the education of my children of enough interest to commit them to writing. At the outset it is only fair to admit that I am "old-fashioned," if having a love and respect for the finest cultural products of all the ages is in 1929 (as I am beginning to fear!) "old-fashioned."

As in thousands of other homes, in 1918, we lost our "Daddy." John was then three and a half and Betty not yet two. I had to get a job—a thing no woman in our family had ever attempted before and for which I had no better preparation than one of the best boarding schools and five years in the Country Club set of an opulent Eastern city can give. I returned to my native State and settled in a town which harbors one of the two or three most famous of American universities. You see, even so long ago, I was looking ahead to the years when John would want an education.

For six years I worked, and spent what few spare hours I could in graduate study as a special student in psychology and sociology. I found time to direct the first steps in the education of the two young things left entirely to my care. I sent John to a private kindergarten and on through the grades, transferring him for two years to a public school where he learned something of life but, at the same time, such slovenly English that it was years before he fully recovered from the experience. Betty followed in her brother's footsteps.

During those years I read many of the best books in our language aloud to the children. I told them stories of the famous men and women of history. We studied the Bible together as the greatest cultural and spiritual source of our civilization. I took them to the galleries in our college town and to the larger ones of New York and Washington. In my wholly inadequate way I taught them all I could of nature and art, of beauty and breeding. My father, who was a Harvard man, college and law, back in the eighteen-

eighties, had done something similar for me. But I tried to add science to what he had taught me. I endeavored to make the children see science as the romance of our age.

THEN when John was nine and Betty nearly eight I remarried. My second husband was a well-known English novelist and critic. We moved to London. With greater trepidation than I showed I allowed John to be sent to a boarding school, as is the custom over there with boys of eight and nine. We devoted a good deal of thought to the particular school and finally, upon the recommendation of a friend, a well-known poet and short-story writer who himself is a master in a famous preparatory school in England, we sent John off to a delightful school by the sea. He didn't like it. The boys called him a "Yankee" and "Uncle Sam." He was the first American boy that most of them had ever seen; certainly the first who had ever attended the school which was patronized almost entirely by the sons of "country gentlemen." He was miserably home-sick at first, but he stayed. I had tried to teach John among other things that seeing a thing through was of primary importance. He stayed, and after the first term he was reasonably happy. At the end of the first year he won nearly all the athletic silver cups the school gives the Juniors; the high jump, the long jump, running, swimming, "throwing the cricket ball," rifle shooting (he was by far the best shot they had ever had in the school). And he topped it off by securing the big challenge cup for that year. He was popular; the boys had forgotten that he was a "Yankee," and he made many warm friends. There was an atmosphere of simplicity and genuine culture at this little school. It was for that we had selected it and we felt we had chosen well. The years John spent there were filled with the culture of the ages. He learned Latin, not for an examination, but for the joy (in anticipation, to be sure!) of reading Ovid and Virgil and all that great company of antiquity. He learned French well (we supplemented his school by holidays in France). But what was to me most important was the thoroughness of his instruction, the leisure and simplicity of his life. He read widely and memorized reams of our best literature, and he learned to speak his native tongue with a pleasing low-pitched voice.

DON'T think John was a prig. Far from it! He was, I then thought, "a regular American boy." He learned to skate and ski in Switzerland and became very proficient. He was uncertain whether he wanted to be a second "Bill" Tilden or a second Mark Twain. He had no "side," and was apparently gregarious and a good-mixer. He certainly made friends everywhere: in school in England, in hotels in Switzerland, among the Swiss and Belgians and French, or with anyone who could bowl and skate and "talk".

When John was thirteen he passed his entrance examinations to the English Public Schools ("Public," as nearly everyone knows, only in name). But after careful deliberation his father and I decided that, being an American boy, his future education ought to be in his own country.

I felt he was too young to enter High School; so we decided on an intervening year on the Continent. We travelled in France and Italy. I had the best of native tutors and both John and his sister (who had not gone to school, but had a governess, as is the English custom for girls) learned to speak French very well, and some Italian. We studied the history of Rome and Italy and France just as we had previously studied the history of America and England. We tried to understand the psychology of the different nations and to smother the slightest feeling of prejudice based on the fact that they were foreigners. John succeeded in this better than Betty did. Women are traditionally the conservative sex and Betty is no exception.

We had altogether a glorious year, and I returned triumphantly with my children, proud and pleased that they actually cared (no pretending!) for the exquisite paintings, the magnificent sculpture and architecture of Europe; proud that they loved the French and Italian languages and were ambitious to perfect themselves so that they could read Dante and Molière, Cavalcanti, Ariosto, Montaigne, Corneille and all the rest of the immortals in the languages in which these had written. I almost forgot to say that John had developed so much self-reliance that he had travelled twice alone from Geneva (where we had been attending sessions of the League) to London.

As I said, I returned triumphant with my children to my native land. I felt that I had started them on the desirable broad path of deep and true culture. They were tolerant of manners and customs and ideas different from their own. They had studied history in the making in Geneva and London and Paris. They had seen the ways of the Fascisti in Italy and the methods of Ramsay MacDonald's Government in England. They had thrilled to Lindbergh's daring flight, and were not blind to the esteem it had brought America at a moment when this country was not so popular abroad. They were, I believed, normal, well-bred, educated children.

I was now faced with the problem of American schools. I hoped that my son would follow my father's footsteps to Harvard. Betty has shown unusual art talent, so we are looking into the future for a college which will allow her to combine art with the regular curriculum. I thought and still think (though with less assurance) that we have found for her a splendid preparatory school and an old New England college which will admit her art. She has not yet started, as some tutoring was necessary to prepare her for the freshman class of an American school.

It was different with John. We were fortunate enough to obtain a scholarship for him from one of the best and most famous preparatory schools in New England. We met and talked with the acting headmaster, a charming, understanding man. We went carefully over the school. Its equipment is magnificent. The natural setting, the grounds, the buildings in the old Colonial style, form a perfect background for a cultural existence. We were entranced. So was John.

We accompanied him on his first

day. We then had a further talk with the delightful headmaster. John was anxious to continue his Italian. The arched eyebrows of the master were involuntarily raised before he replied courteously: "We don't teach Italian here, I'm afraid. We have Spanish instead. Spanish has a commercial value today. We don't have any boys who care about Italian, you see. . . ."

But John wasn't planning to go into commerce. There was the rub.

YES, we did see. It was the first jar I had experienced. But I realized that no language is all-important and that there was plenty of time in later life for John to perfect Italian if he chose to do so. We had been fortunate enough to obtain for our boy a scholarship at this wonderful school and must not haggle over details.

The master accompanied us to John's future room, saying as we walked along pathways lined with stately trees resplendent in their brilliant autumnal reds and golds, "I have chosen for John a boy a year or two older than he, but one who is less mature. It will, I believe, do both of them good. His roommate is the son of the owner of the —— —— (here he named a famous newspaper), so you can feel that John is living with a boy from one of the most cultured homes in America."

We had by this time reached John's room, a truly delightful haven with two windows opening to wide vistas. John's eyes shone. His usual mischievous smile had momentarily disappeared, due to restraint. He was rather shy, I could see, but I felt sure that his gay nonsensical buoyancy would soon bubble forth as usual.

"These,"—it was the master speaking again—"are photographs of Mr. and Mrs. —— the parents of the boy." He lifted two immense framed photographs from the chiffonier. "Isn't she a handsome woman?"

I looked into the refined, grave and lovely face of a woman a little older than I. "Indeed, she is!" I assented heartily. We talked a bit more, said good-bye to John who was cheerfully arranging his belongings while he hummed a tune and, accompanied by the master, returned to our waiting taxi.

"I tell you what your boy needs," he said as we parted. "He needs to get his feet on the ground! If he weren't athletic, he wouldn't last a day here with our five hundred real American boys, but the fellows can put up with anything if only a boy's athletic!"

He spoke with knowledge and conviction. I am afraid we assented rather feebly. But we certainly parted without any real misgivings.

THE very next week came a special delivery from John. A strange letter for him to write. An S.O.S. "You and dad will understand. Come up at once, I beg of you. It's too intangible to write about. I don't quite know how. But I'm sure you'll understand."

We went.

The sun was just setting amid a blaze of many-colored clouds, the crepuscular shadows slowly obscured the distant hills. It was a setting for a philosopher, a painter, a poet. I drew a breath of sheer joy at its beauty. My husband went into the dormitory to find John.

He found him alone behind a

closed door writing, writing, covering sheets of paper with his desperate appeal. He brought the boy out to me. We walked up and down in the cool autumn twilight. And John told his story, disconnected, and in a voice so charged with emotion that he could scarcely control it.

"Yes, my roommate's kind," he said in answer to our question. "He's taken me about everywhere. He hasn't let me alone a minute. Taken me to place after place where I don't want to go . . . Oh, I hate him!"

JOHN'S eyes blazed with a light I had seen in them only once before, years ago, when we were explaining to him (as a plea against barbarous wars) that during the Renaissance, though there was fighting and continual war, there was also art, so that even in the midst of their wars they carved beautiful tables and chairs; and John had replied: "To be honest, dad, I'd rather kill people than carve chairs!" No, our son wasn't "arty," he wasn't high-brow; he was and is a normal intelligent boy who wants to occupy his mind as well as his body. But to go on with his story: "The boys here are impossible . . . they play jazz records all the time so a fellow can't read or think. All they do is to read cheap magazines and listen to vacant music."

"How about athletics, son?"

"Oh, I have that sometimes . . . but the fellows don't like me any better than I like them . . . they say I'm 'queer'! I've heard them. Each one has a dozen suits and all they talk about or care about is money and automobiles . . ."

"And as you haven't either, you feel rather out of it?" interpolated my husband with a whimsical smile.

"Oh, you know I don't care about that, dad," protested John. "I wouldn't have all those clothes and things if I could. There's no sense to it. But they don't like anything I do. They hate pictures and books, unless they've never heard of them. Oh, they are decent and good-natured, mother, but it isn't that. They don't care about anything we do. I'll never have a real friend." His eyes had a far-away look. I knew he was recalling the friends across the Atlantic.

We talked with the Head. He was pleasant and sympathetic, but I could see that his conception of life and mine were as diametrically opposed as the Poles. "John's roommate has been splendid," he commenced with enthusiasm. "I wanted to see what we had taught the boy about the spirit of service. He's put himself out for John in a really fine way, unusual for the only son of such wealthy people . . ."

"But . . ." I started to protest.

"YOUR boy's got to get all these notions out his head," he went on, "and get his feet on the ground. The sooner the better. We're going to make a regular American boy out of him; you needn't worry (he must have caught an expression of concern on my face), a he-man's what you want, a mixer. There's no place for individualists at this school. They've all got to get into the crowd and stay there."

"'Um . . ." murmured my husband, rather vaguely.

Are we to laugh or to cry? And what are we to do with John? He is an obedient boy. Shall we coerce him

into returning, or shall we have him tutored for Harvard, living in the hope that it will be different there? Recent articles by James Truslow Adams and Mr. De Voto haven't exactly added to our confidence that college will be any better. I say "better," but should I?

It seems to me to be entirely a question of values. Values, as I understand them, are changeless and ageless; they are the basic factors without which cultured, civilized life cannot be maintained. Surely values are no different now from those in the great age of American literature, the age of Hawthorne, Melville, Poe, Emerson, Whitman and the other giants; no different from those in Greece before the birth of Christ.

BEAUTY, intelligence and character are values which seem to me permanent. Money is, of course, necessary and desirable; but is it true that money, and money only, is coming to usurp the entire mind and desire of the country which once produced great things of the spirit? We are told at the school, and in all honesty, that "Money doesn't count here!" In the sense the headmaster meant it, it doesn't; but it is so inherent a part of the life and consciousness of every boy (and of every parent, I presume) that they themselves don't realize how entirely their concern is with material things: automobiles, clothes, athletics, good times, jazz, cheap stories of adventure, which pander to the native desire of youth for a wholesome excitement we otherwise deny it.

My friends are astonished to hear that John at his English preparatory school received three-pence a week allowance, and as a special treat, six-pence at half-term holiday, which comes three times during each year. When John told some of the boys at school about it, he was greeted with storms of mirth; but he stoutly protested that it had been enough; and he added to us that he'd been far happier with his three-pence (and so had his friends) than were these boys with their ridiculous preoccupation with material things.

WHY is it, we keep asking ourselves, that American schools seem no longer to be schools in the old sense? The morning from about nine to twelve-thirty is given up to classes, and there is a further study hour. "Trots" are in constant use. One day John had discovered one of the boys absorbed in Lamb's *Essays;* or as John put it to me, "I naturally thought it was Lamb's *Essays*. It had that cover on the book." John was astonished and moved to inquire into the matter. "You *are* a sap-head!" was greeted with a guffaw. "This is Cæsar. I memorize it every day." "But . . . but . . ." stammered our young neophyte, "what do you do when they have examinations?" "Oh, that's a cinch," went on his friend airily. "They give you passages from the books you've read, and as soon as you get going it all comes back—just like sliding off a log!" "But," John asked, "what earthly sense is there in going to school if you do that?" "Ask me another!" was the cheerful response. "You aren't such a boob as to think we come here to study, are you?" John was not less puzzled than the other. So different were their atti-

tudes, they might, to all intents and purposes, have spoken different languages.

One could make actual criticisms of the teaching, but it is outside the scope of this article. American teachers of French who can't even pronounce the language and who aren't conversant with the idioms are somewhat compensated for, *perhaps*, by their good intentions. But it is not the lack of genuine culture on the part of the teachers which worried us so much as the entire atmosphere of vacantness. That is the only word. The lives of those boys are vacant. Not that they would agree! For them the spending of money in aimless pursuits of which they tire on the morrow, the spending of their precious youth in listening to jazz records and reading dime novels between games of baseball and the club-meetings and entertainments which are scheduled for nearly every night, are matters of course.

"What else is any fun?"

Apparently, the aim of life is fun. And apparently the sole aim of our present-day schools is to keep the children happy. Feed them as they would be fed at an expensive New York hotel, shelter them in expensive buildings, surround them with every "simple" luxury. A plentitude of anything and everything but education. I presume that explains why "extras" are double the fees (which heaven knows are large enough!).

Of the permanent great values only "service" seems to have a place today. And what a travesty it is! Doing things for people, trying to add to their happiness, but always in your own way, never considering their point of view. As John says: "I can't ever really like the boys, mother. The difference is fundamental!"

# The Intelligent Sex

By Edna Yost

Even yet we women cringe when people call us Intellectuals. For intellectuality seems to imply a certain austerity and self-control which, although they may be assets to a man, are social liabilities to a woman. With few exceptions we women want to be liked by men; so, for the same reason that they may tilt their chins a bit at the implication of a superior intellect, we often cringe. Inherently we do not desire any more than they do a quality which is likely to limit pleasant contacts with the other sex.

Let me, at the outset, illustrate as simply as possible something of the distinction between intelligence and intellectuality. We may call a dog intelligent, but never intellectual. A normal human being nowadays may be both intellectual and intelligent. Shedding that part of the newer psychology which is claiming there is no such thing as instinct, we think of intelligence as having something to do with instinct; while intellectuality has to do solely with brain. This distinction has been generally enough accepted for me to believe that I am not being arbitrary when I say that when intellectual processes are tempered by an instinctive understanding of life and human nature, the result is intelligence rather than intellectuality.

Women are great appreciators. We are playing such a fundamental rôle in the creation of the race that we like it enough to try to understand it. Hence our appreciation of man — a logical result of our attempts to understand him. We have been slower in our appreciation of each other. Not for very long have we been permitted to know each other except superficially. Our general history has been one of domesticity, but with the privilege of knowing one man intimately.

Then we found ourselves in colleges and other revealing associations with women. We began to know and like each other, too. And to discover that we had brought out of our domesticity a superior intelligence about life that was rather upsetting to the hero worship which had prevailed in our homes. Strong-minded women arose who, interpreting our intelligence as both the capacity and desire for intellectuality, called upon us to explode the myth of man's superior mentality. It may be that the myth was exploded, at least so far as individual women were concerned. But when the smoke cleared away and we looked around at the results we were appreciative, but on the whole not much interested in keeping up the

fray. Intellectuality, of and by itself, did not appeal to us — for ourselves, I mean. It was a sun, brilliant but without warmth; life, with the heart of it cold and unthrobbing.

I DO not know where the human race came from or exactly where it is going. But what we have been, individually and collectively, has much to do with what we now are. Nature has allowed or forced men and women to develop along different lines; and woman, as a sex, has developed an intelligence superior to man's because of the rôle she has been forced to play. She does not deserve any especial credit for it. Nor does it make of her the superior sex. But it does make her want to be understood by man; for her intelligence tells her that it is only through mutual understanding that the integrity of the home can be secured and preserved, and we women do believe keenly in the home and family as an essential unit for social life today.

It is in the rôle of an appreciator that I venture these few thoughts and opinions on the intelligent sex. I have a tremendous respect for women, equalled only by my respect for men. We have a lot to learn from each other. A little more mutual understanding and less stupid antagonism would be good for both of us.

I often wonder how men would have talked and acted had it been their privilege to bear the race. Suppose Nature had selected them, instead of us, for the leading rôle in her pageant of life. With their ancient ability to have made out of woman's superior biological function arguments tending to prove her inferiority, surely they would have been able to make much cleverer and more unanswerable arguments of their own superiority had they but been endowed with the superior function to begin with. The astounding arguments for woman's inferiority presented by learned gentlemen of the last century in answer to her demands for such a privilege, for instance, as a wife's right to the money she might earn by taking in washing or keeping boarders, are proof of man's ability to intellectualize about life with a surprisingly small amount of vital intelligence. I think it must always remain a tribute to woman's intelligence that, knowing her superior importance in the scheme of life, her historic claim has been for recognition of equality only. Being the mothers of men has been an experience to keep her humble while it made her proud.

SO LOATH have men been to admit an intellectual capacity in women that they still often attribute to a mysterious gift called "woman's intuition" what is in reality downright intelligence of a high order. Just where the line can be drawn separating pure instinct, if there is such a thing, or intuition from intellectual capacity and mental processes, I do not know; but woman uses a thinking head much more than she has been given credit for. Her intelligence lies in the subtle mingling of cold knowledge with human understanding, and it is in woman's ability and willingness to temper her intellectual processes with an understanding of human nature that she mystifies man. Could he but admit

that there is less mystery and more all-around thought involved in her processes, he might lose some of his fear of her intelligence with the increase of his respect for it. As long as men lazily or stubbornly prefer to look upon women as creatures not to be understood, they are preferring to make mysteries of them. Which is their privilege, of course; but in exercising it they cannot avoid creating foolish and disastrous fears.

HENCE continues man's fear of woman — which she does not reciprocate. The occasional antagonistic spinster or misanthrope of a wife may be nursing the fear that men are just waiting for the chance to grind us all under their heels, but the great majority of us are content to watch the world move on with an inner assurance that we are moving with it and have nothing of this sort to be afraid of. We know we cannot change men. Our supreme business is to live our own lives as completely as we can, coöperating in accordance with Nature's plan. As we see and feel ourselves grow through our own efforts, we believe men, too, are growing through theirs. Faith in ourselves helps to give us faith in others. An intelligent hope in our future creates a hope in theirs. And love, which is our response to that which we have so intimately helped to create, casts out fear. We fear men less because we love them more.

It was because woman was cast in the rôle which developed her capacity for love in its broadest sense that she grew in a sympathetic understanding of the race (necessary as a foundation for intelligence) before she learned the multiplication table. But by the time man was passing on into intellectual long division and fractions, he looked back and saw her learning to add and subtract. It threw him into a fright. He was not afraid *of* her, necessarily, but afraid *for* her and for the race. The rôle in which he had been cast had allowed him to develop his intellectual processes before he grew much in human understanding. As "Love is for man a thing apart," intellect, too, had become for him a thing apart from the great realities of life; so his reasoning about woman, whom he dominated but never tried to understand, which may have been logical from a coldly intellectual standpoint, was lacking in intelligence. He was afraid of what was going to happen when the natural development of her intellect began. He said so frankly and persistently, and fear is not highly intelligent.

TO ME it seems a supreme achievement that women have dared and been able to break through the prejudices — I might almost say the insulting prejudices — that grew out of men's fear and still feel as they do about the human race. Admittedly it has not been a highly intellectualized achievement. We have been compelled to temper our intellectual processes with love to do it. Nor has it been an easy thing to do. I cannot accept that our development is entirely because we are as we are and cannot be any different. To meet prejudice with prejudice is, I believe, quite as easy for women as to meet it with understanding. So it may be we have had a choice. But, whether the path over which we have come was of necessity or choice, our progress

through the morass of unnatural, man-made prejudices has developed a surprisingly small number of embittered, man-hating women; and, like voting, it hasn't unsexed us a whit!

Now in spite of, or on account of, the development of a superior intellect in man, he remained rather adolescent in some of his human relationships, particularly with women. Time was when this was a highly satisfactory quality, for as long as an intellectual gap existed between man and woman, we found compensation in his emotional immaturity. But now that the gap is fast closing we women are beginning to strain a bit in our attempts to hold our admiration for the adolescent grown-up male. Not that we want him to be like us. Heaven forbid! We just find it hard to be satisfied with so much arrested development in the other fine half of the human race. We had once been unsatisfied with our own lack of mental development. It is not illogical that we are not now happy at man's unwillingness to grow up all around and be a man. There is something irrevocable in women that cries out for the complete, the mature man. We cannot mate gloriously with little boys.

Women have long been accused of a lack of intelligence in dealing with man's propensities for philandering. Again, "Love is for man a thing apart," and the wise wife forgives and forgets, we have been taught. After all, men are just little boys grown big. They may need to be spanked, they tell us winsomely, but there is nothing vicious about them. I honestly think we agree with them there. That is what bothers us most in this matter of man's straying from the so-called path of virtue. It is the adolescence, the little-boyishness of his attitude about it. We women want the possibility of playing the great game of love and it cannot be played with children. The laws man made to safeguard his own freedom from responsibility in the matter of illegitimacy, for instance, especially when he was guarding woman zealously from irreligious information on birth control, are monuments to the adolescent side of the male. To assure protection at the expense of children is an attitude more childish than vicious. Acceptance of responsibility comes only with maturity.

I MENTION this attitude of his toward illegitimacy because I believe that in the subjugation of man's intelligence by his physical desires lie the roots of something that helps to keep all of life on an adolescent level. When men took the pains to legalize their immunity from the consequences of certain very personal acts at the expense of children, and at the same time never wavered from their intellectual ideal of the sanctity of the home and family, they gave evidence of a tragic inner conflict that has been a destructive force in their development. In attempting to achieve a separation of part of their sex life from their intellectual or spiritual life, they actually achieved a separation in their own personalities. Hence their ability to intellectualize about ideas and ideals that the complete man felt no necessity for striving to attain. Now, as was our wont, we women took them seriously.

Maybe that was where the trouble started! At any rate, when we were nothing but wives and mothers, secluded in a domestic existence and knowing very little of life outside the home, they told us about their ideals for the home but not about their whole life outside it. Those ideals seemed good to us, partially, I believe, because they protected the race. For the sanctity of the home to us meant the sanctity of the other woman's home as well as of our own. It was somewhat of a shock when, emerging eventually from our sheltered existence, we realized we had either misunderstood or been duped.

THIS conflict of man's intellectual or spiritual ideal with his physical reality, raging today as always, is evidence of his failure to mature emotionally. It is not for woman to say what men are capable of, but pussy-footing about it will never be beautiful in the masculine male. If men are not capable of sincerity in striving to attain their much-talked of ideal of the sanctity of the home, then let them stop prating about it, tell us the truth frankly, and give us a chance to adjust to the reality of them. If their ideal is not beyond reason and they want to preserve it, let them accept adult responsibility for all their acts and stop talking about being naughty little boys. The way out of adolescence lies in one direction or the other.

We women have a right to demand this of them because the tragedies that arise from this kind of adolescence happen not so much to us and to them but to the children of the race. And women do believe keenly in the supreme importance of the well-being of the race. We doubt if the number of children we have is of half the importance than is the spiritual quality they — and we — may be able to achieve. In spite of the War, we are still idealists about quality. We know that one of our biggest jobs is the physical one of propagation; but we can not see the logic of regulating our lives around this vital importance of the race and then not giving it its best chance once it has so importantly been propagated. As men have always demanded of us that we live our lives in a way that guards and cherishes our potential and actual motherhood, we must with equal fairness demand of them that they develop their lives in a way that takes intelligent cognizance of what they keep telling us is so important — the children. It may be a delicate compliment that they like to be mothered by us all their lives, but when men let themselves remain adolescent in their mental attitude toward women they make it easy to carry an adolescent attitude in all human relationships which is wrecking itself upon the children.

FOR example: The hypocrisy in business and industrial life today is an inevitable result of the adolescence and intellectuality which have existed side by side in men's personal lives so long. Man's work is an expression of his real self. Truly the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children. For men have built industry as they built their own homes — on the foundation of their ununited personalities. Mouthing loud their intellectual ideals, they have acted on the principles which were

the mainsprings of their personal lives. The man who preached the sanctity of the home but avoided sincerity in his personal responsibility for respecting the sanctity of his neighbor's home found it easy to take advantage of his neighbor's children in industry, too.

So our industrial system arose, the perfect tribute to man's intellectuality coupled with his adolescent attitude in human relationships. Progress beyond dreams, financial success, Big and Bigger Business, the Machine Age — and labor unions! These are the results. Capital and labor, each magnificently organized for its own ends; the selfishness of man pitted against the selfishness of man — and Heaven help what happened to get between them! Which was, of course, the human race — our children.

I think we should thank God at this period of our civilization that Nature cast at least one sex in a rôle whereby, through personal suffering, the rights of the whole race seem to be worth fighting for intelligently instead of with bloodshed. We who are the weaker party physically have never dared believe that might makes right. Ours must be a permeating influence rather than a cataclysmic force. Intelligence is always like that. A superior intellect may bowl us over but intelligence wisely carries us along with it. In that latter fact, plus the fact that women have been enabled to develop a superior intelligence, lies a hope for the future.

Let me illustrate what I mean when I indicate that in woman's intelligence lies the way out and up from the adolescent, responsibility-avoiding business and industrial world which man has built. One of the last professions to be invaded by women was engineering. It was, and still is, a haven for regular red-blooded he-men. The number of accredited women engineers in this country holding positions other than as draftsmen is very small. Yet vividly in the background of the most hopeful and progressive movement within the engineering profession — the movement for the recognition that the worker is always of more importance than the work in spite of an acknowledged necessity for money-making — we find a woman.

At the famous First Conference on Scientific Management held at the Amos Tuck School, Dartmouth College, in 1911, she was introduced as "one who is working along lines apparently absolutely different from those being followed by any other worker in the scientific management field" when she arose to tell them that no management would be successful in industry permanently which aimed at increased production without taking intelligent consideration first of the health and happiness of the workers; that the job must be made to fit the man rather than the man to fit the job, and that in industry as in life the preservation of the race rather than mere production was of first importance. Into so severely masculine a field Lillian Gilbreth introduced the psychological approach — a point of view intelligent far beyond the intellectual conception of scientific management as it then was. Today no engineer in the management field dares to work

without first of all taking recognition of the human element in industry. The whole profession undoubtedly owes part of its remarkable growth in prestige of recent years to its attempts to inculcate this once-thought-to-be feminine point of view into industrial life. Far from effeminizing the profession, it has helped to give it increased importance in life.

THIS is the kind of humanizing intelligence that women are fitted to offer the business and professional world. The menace, as I see it now, is not that women will come out of their homes to use this humanizing intelligence of theirs constructively, but that they will lazily remain in the homes that take so much less effort than they once demanded, and waste what there is so great need of in the outside world of men. Since women are entirely human, this menace of inertia does exist. In the march of civilization we are now being placed in a position in which we can avoid, for the first time, the heavy and inevitable responsibilities through which our development so largely came. Much of the work has gone out of the home and birth control has come into it. There is every opportunity for us to be, in comparison with the woman of fifty years ago, lazy parasites. Nature gave to primitive man the first opportunity for "getting out from under," and civilized man has handed it over to us. We can get something for nothing now, too. Our power to attract man remains. The physical necessity for washing his shirts and bearing his children has gone. We can eat our cake and have it too! Moreover, we like the cake. And if man continues to stand obstinately against any feeble legitimate efforts we make to use some of our intelligence and energy outside the home, he is likely to find himself slaving for a race of cake-eating women.

WHAT makes woman's position so very dangerous today is that our eyes have been opened to the fact that we have swallowed considerable bunk and bluff handed out to us by men. Why not retaliate, now that we have the opportunity? Moreover, our Twentieth Century impulse is to measure results with the materialistic yardstick. Man, admittedly, has the better of us from this point of view. Maybe his easier way of not being his brother's keeper is the better way after all. But then we look deeply into the hearts of men whom we love, and the impulse to shirk is at war with this thing within us which is our intelligence. With all respect to them, we hope something better is possible. If they have found happiness, it is an adolescent kind of happiness that could never mean anything very vital to us. Intelligence demands that we at least make the attempt to accept our complete responsibilities. But we are lazy; that is our conflict; and except when financial or other necessity pushes us on, we are prone to listen to the seductive phrases with which men woo us into lethargy. We, who not only possess a superior intelligence, but have within us the tremendous power which has resulted from our more unified inner lives, are not naturally equipped with a strong, aggressive desire to hew new constructive channels as an outlet for that power. The rôle in which

Nature cast us so long ago developed in us no keen wish to overthrow what our fathers and brothers have set up. Our preference is to have them want us to work with them rather than to force ourselves in where we are feared and not wanted. We want understanding and coöperation rather than antagonism. So, while the unusual woman here and there has found the way to contribute her intelligence to outside-the-home problems, the average woman of the home — the one on whom the future of the race depends — is being continually shunted off her half-hearted attempts to make anything like an intelligent use of all her powers.

THE world today offers a sadly humorous spectacle of man's refusal to help or to allow woman to use her intelligence outside the home even when he has everything to gain and nothing to lose by it. Look at our public schools. Here is a profession — the teaching of children — which is so obviously woman's sphere that we were granted respectability and permission to teach for money long before the dual privilege was granted us elsewhere. It soon became tragically apparent that school teachers in great numbers developed into sour-faced, cranky, narrow-minded females; and fathers, mothers, too, lamented that spinsterhood so often unfitted women for the wise handling of children in schools.

It seems logical that certain married women should have been ready and willing to remedy the situation. In limited numbers they found their way into the teaching profession wherever it was possible, and with what result? Local laws to prohibit married women from teaching school. It seems there was some economic law that might totter if married women came out of their homes, so spinsterhood was insisted upon and the children were compelled to suffer. I do not mean to suggest that unmarried women do not make good teachers. They often do. It depends largely on the individual. But if anybody is better fitted to educate children than an intelligent unmarried woman who loves them, it is a mother who loves them. And the intelligence which woman has to offer for the education of our youth will never be available as long as law and public opinion insist on an unnatural spinsterization of the teaching profession.

NOW, shallow-minded God-trusters have a way of saying that Nature, fortunately, takes care of all these problems and that since she endowed women with so passionate a desire and love for children we need not worry about what they think they want and need otherwise; that the race will look out for itself if we keep an eye on eugenics and social hygiene. There is, without a doubt, an inexorableness about Nature that makes the efforts of the individual look insignificantly small. But our insignificance is laughable only when we punily stand against Nature rather than, in understanding, try to find our places in the harmonious life flow. Man's historic efforts to define woman's place for her and then keep her in it were ludicrous because they were attempts to take Nature's job away from her and our job away from us. Becoming a part of the harmonious life flow is

first of all an inner grace. We each must find the way alone. And, having found it, we deeply know that we are powerless to define or find it for another. I think the individual men today who have achieved this inner grace of harmony and unity realize with many of us that each sex has but one essential function in the life of the other, which is that of honest, unthwarting coöperation.

OURS is the intelligent sex, but whether we possess, too, enough stamina to prevent us from dissipating our lives and energies while we are waiting for that coöperation, I do not know. Certainly we are far from perfect. The one thing that can save us from either a lethargy that will ruin us or the waste of antagonism and misdirected efforts, will be the development of more intelligence in both sexes. So the situation is not so hopeless as it may have seemed! For intelligence is no more an exclusively feminine function than intellect is a masculine one. It just happened that, when Nature handed out her rôles, we got the one that gave us the bulge on man in the development of this particular quality. But that we do not possess exclusive rights has been shown over and over again by men whose ability to approach a sympathetic understanding of our lives leaves us with no doubt but that some of them have developed a superior intelligence, too. Nor are they a whit less attractive and virile than their more adolescent brothers. It is the leaven of this group of men which may be able to permeate society enough to open the way to that unthwarting coöperation in which lies harmony for all.

Too much emphasis has been placed on the destructive tendencies of Feminism and not enough on what effect the development of man's intelligence will have upon Feminism. The danger from any tremendous force lies in not giving it the right direction quickly enough. Woman, being intelligent, wants man's coöperation in the direction of the power and energy she bears; and if men are not too proud to learn from her how to handle human nature, a vast deal will be accomplished in helping to give her a wise outlet, and doing it soon.

# I am a Clergyman

By Robert Y. Davis

*One who served as reporter and soldier before he entered the ministry, confesses to recent doubts, not of the Faith but of its preachers*

I am a clergyman. To some that means a spiritual father; to others a sort of glorified, indispensable busybody; to the intelligentzia a fool, and to the majority a preacher. Various other classifications are too numerous to mention. Taken altogether we are looked upon as a queer lot and I am not so sure but that we are. It was a hard jolt for me to realize this, but if ever the ministry needed humility and a thorough taking of stock it is now.

This is not to be a confession that I am so disillusioned I can no longer go on with my profession and propose to join the ranks of those who can't or won't stand the gaff and seek other fields. To my mind, to pursue such a course would simply be to furnish another example of a moral and spiritual coward. On the contrary, a recognition of certain facts has served to spur me on to greater endeavors for Christ and His Kingdom. Great joy, unlimited opportunities and much of sheer romance are in store for the minister who is willing to emulate the example of Christ.

Some years ago I was a reporter on a daily newspaper in a seaport city of the Southeast. When the war came on I left to enlist. While in the army I was very fortunate in becoming associated with a splendid chaplain who had for years worked among the students of Yale University. Although I had often thought of the ministry as a vocation, I had never been able to make up my mind definitely about it. In fact, I didn't have the spiritual courage boldly to venture forth; but my chaplain helped me to reach the final decision. Following my discharge, I attended a seminary, was graduated, ordained and sent out to minister to an unsuspecting flock. It has not been a bed of roses nor has it been all thorns by any means.

It is my desire to state simply and plainly what I conceive to be the fundamental reasons why men and women are so little concerned about the church. In this article I am, so to speak, throwing aside the ministerial garb and again taking up the rôle of a reporter and observer. Some time ago I sat in the office of a physician,

listening to words of caution and advice. I had had a physical breakdown due to strain and overwork incident to the building of a new church. I was struck by the following keen and analytical statements which are a most pertinent commentary on religious conditions today:

"There is entirely too much promotion stuff in the church. When you go back to work, stop trying to be a promoter and give your entire time to the spiritual needs of your people. I am a Christian and have given freely of my time to the church, but it has been mainly along the lines of promotion work. I am through with that sort of thing. From now on I shall try to make my efforts count for something really worthwhile."

THOSE plain, unvarnished words woke me up and I began to cast around to ascertain if the church had really reached such a condition. Unquestionably it has. Read the church page of any newspaper in almost any town, large or small, and note the topics of the sermons. They are calculated to give intelligent people mental and spiritual indigestion. Silly catch-titles to lure people to insipid discourses which contain very little spiritual or intellectual food, all in a desperate attempt to get the largest congregation, to be known as a popular parson, a good mixer and a hail-fellow-well-met.

The brand of religion which is being preached from the average pulpit is on a par with the synthetic gin which is being drunk by the leading elder who sits piously in his pew, fifth row from the front, centre aisle. It is so "cut" that it has no resemblance to true Christianity save in the flavor and that is barely perceptible. Drives for money to build larger auditoriums; campaigns for everything under the sun except something to deepen the spiritual life of the laity; riding the bandwagon of various movements — a multitude of silly activities which lead to nothing. Men and women are hungering for the bread of life but they are being fed with platitudes, frozen phrases and sterile anathemas. As a great clergyman has well said: "A lot of petty leaders leading people to petty things."

I AM not speaking of those few great outstanding men of the type of Bishop Manning, Dr. Fosdick, Cardinal Hayes, Dr. Cadman and Bishop Johnson. For when such men speak the people listen gladly. They are apostles with a message. Nor do I mean to include that small, devout and consecrated group who labor in season and out for the upbuilding of Christ's Kingdom. Walking humbly with God, giving their all to lead men and women in the way of life, fighting bravely against great odds, these men are really saving the Church from disaster. But others!

In one town of 60,000 people where I was pastor for a time I could not endure being a member of the ministerial association. Never did that body discuss problems of real moment to the church and society, but spent most of the time in meddling with things with which it had no business. Trying to prohibit a boxing match of the American Legion, getting behind silly movements and passing resolutions. I know that there will be a protest

that I am exaggerating conditions, but I am simply recording facts and observations.

There is no use in beating about the bush on this much discussed church question. The average minister is a poor representative of the Church and Jesus Christ and if he isn't a fool he knows it deep down in his heart. The old-time, militant preacher hasn't very much in common with the modern, suave, educated, psuedo-leader. However, I believe if it were left up to me, I should prefer the former. At least the preacher of other days made a definite impress upon the age in which he lived.

THE truth of the matter is that the clergyman of today is not what he pretends or what he is supposed to be. Hypocrisy, egotism and self-righteousness prevail in an alarming degree. The parson is all at sea theologically, intellectually, and spiritually, so he makes a grand pretense of being a forward looking leader by clothing himself in the scanty attire of Modernism or taking unto himself the title Defender of The Faith in the long dresses of Fundamentalism. He hasn't the least idea what either is, but he usually goes by the appellation of one or the other. Most of the stuff he preaches is twaddle and hasn't enough hell in it to fry an egg and about enough heaven to make the average man have no desire to go there. He is imbued with the idea that he can improve upon the methods of our Lord, but in his attempt he presents a sorry spectacle. He is tossed hither and yon upon a sea of vague sentimentalism and finally is waterlogged in that vast expanse of hokum which he and his brethren have created.

One of the fundamental causes for this state of affairs is that the theological student is bottle-fed in seminary and is not trained in the art of his profession. He does not know the science of ministering to the spiritual needs of mankind. He has not been taught to put first things first, to lift up Christ to the world and to be a spiritual leader and father.

Clerical ethics gave me quite a shock when I became an initiate. There is no particular emphasis upon spiritual values, but great effort is exerted to induce people to become members of the Church, even if it be in name only. Every sort of persuasion is used and questionable practices are indulged in to swell the roll of membership and consequently very few affiliate with the church because of definite conviction.

SOME time ago I was talking with a man in the smoking compartment of a limited train speeding southward. He spoke of uniting with a particular religious body which he admired very much. I asked him why he intended joining, and he replied that it had been his observation that men of wealth and position seemed to favor that church and he believed it would be a desirable connection. No thought of the cardinal principles of Christianity. Merely a question of expediency. Now, I do not blame that man entirely, for if that church has the reputation of being exclusive it is because the clergy of that religious body have listened to the voice of Mammon and have not made it a powerful factor in the

changing of men's hearts and lives.

Many clergymen use their parishes as stepping stones. A grand splash is made; the parish is boosted into a semblance of great prosperity without thought for the future welfare of the people; before the froth has blown off the clergyman hears the clear notes of the bugle summoning him to "broader fields".

It is my humble opinion that the Church could be a mighty force in the curbing of divorce and the preservation of the home if the weak-kneed policy of officiating at all sorts of doubtful marriages were discontinued. The present ethical standard in this respect is a disgrace to Christianity. The clergy yell to high heaven about the disintegration of the home and then turn around and for a few dollars make a farce of holy matrimony.

The ingenious evangelist is still among us, though he is dying a slow but painful death. Some time ago an evangelist was holding a series of meetings under the auspices of a leading church in a city where I was pastor. Before his address he announced that he was going to play indoor baseball for the Lord and asked the audience to join in the game.

"Now this is the way the game is played," said this supposed representative of the Church. "The ushers will take the offering and when you place a quarter on the plate it will be a single; a half dollar will be a two bagger; seventy-five cents is a triple and when a dollar clinks in it's a home run."

It was a sight to behold. And this on the Lord's Day in an average American city with an audience composed of average Americans. An exceptional thing, you may say. But remember that he had been doing the same thing for a long time and there are many others of his stripe pulling stunts just as raw in the name of religion.

Another common, objectionable species is the pussy-footer who never denies, affirms or declares on any question, theological or otherwise. He is usually as docile as a lamb and about as effective. Closely akin to him is the parson of the upholstered and plush-covered parish. He looks at the world through rose-colored glasses and basks in the reflected glory of his wealthy and aristocratic parishioners. Smug, complacent, and self-satisfied to the *n*th degree, he is content to be a sort of chaplain to a select few.

The Church is steadily losing ground in the rural communities which are the fountain head of the city church. And as for the working man, the Church has notoriously failed him. A very small percentage of this group is affiliated with any branch of organized religion. The foundation stones of the Christian Church were laid by men of lowly birth, but those whom Christ Himself chose as His associates would not get much of a hearing in a modern assembly of ministers and churchmen.

Oh! I know we talk glibly about social service, having a social consciousness, and such clap-trap before a meeting of pious women, but there is very little being done about it. Besides, the Church can work theoretically along this line till kingdom come and never get the working man

into Church. If the working man should suddenly decide to begin attending our churches in large numbers, most church people would have heart failure, including the clergy. I believe the inability to reach the workers can be attributed to the failure of the clergy to follow the Master into the highways and byways of life and really show by the example of their lives the indwelling Christ. In other words, the religion of the Nazarene and the religion of the clergy are entirely different things.

DURING a period recently spent in a large Government hospital of some one thousand patients, I was amazed to learn that scarcely one man in fifteen who died in that institution asked for spiritual ministrations, although two chaplains are constantly on duty and are splendid men. This does not include the Roman Catholic statistics for the institution. That hospital represents a good cross section of America, for among its patients are numbered men from all walks of life. Many come from so-called Christian homes. There is something vitally wrong when such a condition exists and to my mind it is a strong indication that the ministry has fallen down.

And the cry goes up, the Church is a failure, religion is losing its hold on the masses and something must be done to turn the tide. Church unity, scrap the creeds, tear down some of the churches and concentrate resources, get the young people, raise the standards of educational requirements for candidates for the ministry, enforce prohibition — these and other remedies are being suggested to alleviate a most alarming and discouraging condition. Many preachers have already adopted the plan of advertising their churches as being creedless, but I do not notice that it is necessary to call out police reserves to keep the crowds in hand.

The young people have long been the subject of much discussion and have been advanced as one of the proofs that the Church is failing. Well, no wonder! Religion is either served to them as jazz or as a cold, austere, joyless formula, devoid of any beauty or æsthetic appeal. Very little constructive training is given them. As I write, I note the subject to be discussed at a young people's meeting in one of the largest churches in town. This is the title: "Blondes and Brunettes."

VARIOUS remedies are offered for the difficulties which the Church is experiencing, but how very little is said about the clergy getting down to the real business of the spiritual cure of souls. It is all talk, talk and still more talk, plus shop worn theories. "What appears to many to be a halo, is really a fog," says Bishop Johnson. Every plan under heaven is being tried to overcome apathy and indifference to the Church except genuine Christianity. And people know it and they are not fooled by the beating of drums and the clash of cymbals.

The Church is cluttered up with efficiency experts whose chief business is devising plans for speeding up the Kingdom of God, legislating morality and ushering in the millennium through the media of high powered organizations. The gates of heaven are pried apart by the on-

slaught of these crusaders and all one has to do is to march in, carrying aloft the banner of manufactured righteousness.

The most adroit and clever schemes are propagated for increasing parish budgets, arousing the interest of the laity and putting "pep" into spiritually starved congregations. Church boards are being so imbued with such ideas that there is being developed a standard type of minister whom the majority of congregations outwardly desire and his name is "live wire". Yet underneath this outer crust of artificial worldliness and mixed conceptions of Christianity, the average man and woman wants an honest-to-God spiritual pastor who will lead his flock beside the still waters of spiritual refreshment and into paths of righteousness and peace.

The sanctimonious garb of artificial piety must be thrown aside by the clergy and upon their shoulders must appear the yoke of Christ, borne in humility and love, before mankind will regard seriously the call of the Church. The modern minister must first be a real Christian himself and by his own life of self-sacrifice and devotion to the things of God show forth to the world the beauty and appeal of the Master's teaching. He must be a tower of spiritual strength and be able to cope intelligently with the complex problems of society; no amount of amateurish meddling in reform movements, using his pulpit for propaganda and taking upon himself the burdens of state and what not, will take the place of real spiritual leadership.

In the midst of all the confusion, few seem able to discern the voice of Him Who said: "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me." Is it not time for the clergy thoroughly to test this plan? As a reporter who has experienced some and seen much, I suggest that the parsons turn the searchlight of true Christianity upon their own lives and by the radiant beams of Christ's own Life read the verdict: "Weighed in the balances and found wanting."

# Jesuit Peace in Mexico

By Adam Day

*A judicial observer of events below the Border calls on history to support the conclusion that the new accord with Rome is no more than a truce*

*"Here's a change indeed!"*
Shakespeare.

Carlyle, looking up from the bed whereon Louis, surnamed the Well-Beloved, lay dying, remarked that in every object there is inexhaustible meaning; that the eye sees in it what the eye brings means of seeing. This verity is as apropos to the agreement between the Roman Catholic Hierarchy and the Mexican Government, entered into in June, as to France on the eve of Sansculottism. The eye of history will see in the accord many things invisible *au courant*. It will see another proof of what must be regarded as a liberal-progressive policy supplanting the implacable reactionary ultramontanism so long synonymous with the Papacy. It will record that a similarly great change has come over Mexico in its disposition to compromise with its enemies instead of to shoot them down.

The reluctance of the Papacy to heed "the roll and the tremble of every new generation" is traditional. But already mutations offer in the reign of Pius XI. Diplomacy and parley are substituted for intransigence, interdiction, anathema and the sword. No wind brings the boom of cannon even faintly to the palace in the garden that was Nero's. Gold lace and silver spurs have given way, save on Court days, to the quiet tread of slippered feet and to gently modulated converse, such as priests use. To all outward appearances, His Holiness has expelled Reaction from the strongest and most ancient of its fortresses.

Yet it is noteworthy that the same instrumentality is used by Pius XI which that "frantic" reactionary, Pius IX, found so effective in arousing the Roman Catholic world in defense of the Patrimony of St. Peter — the militant Society of Jesus. One need not go beyond the Gasparri-Mussolini accord and the Ruiz y Flores-Portes Gil agreement to perceive this.

Engineered on behalf of the Church by the Jesuits, it was natural that the Mexican agreement should be hailed as a settlement of the Church Question. But nowhere in it is there a sentence or a word upon which to base such a transcendent hope.

That it was made at all is epochal. In the past, authority in Mexico has never compromised with rebels, and especially has this been true of armed revolt there during the last three years under the banner of *El Cristo Rey* — called the Church Party in the days of Miramon. Always it was war to the death.

THE Church Question has been acute in Mexico for three-quarters of a century and is just as much an open question today and as full of dissension as at any time since the second Mexican Empire died on that red morning of June 19, 1867, in Querétaro. Indeed, its background is the conquest in 1521, when Cortez with his band of Spanish freebooters overcame the Indians of legendary Anahuac. Conquest was always for Spain and the Church co-equal — to find gold and to place the Cross. But priests of a different mold soon replaced the ascetic pioneer Franciscans with their zeal for conversion. The desire for luxury and magnificence took hold of the ruling minority — lay and cleric alike. Through the long line of Spanish kings, down to 1821, the Church acquired her *fueros* — her rights and privileges — until these represented a material wealth such as fable never attributed to Prester John. She became the Midas of the world, holding mines and vast estates and slaves.

In 1810, when the priest Hidalgo revolted against Spanish rule, the Church may be said to have owned Mexico, for Spain and the viceroyalty were subservient to her wishes. Social and religious conditions were analogous in many respects to those in Europe at the beginning of the Sixteenth Century which gave rise to the Reformation. Mexico was much further away from Rome than was Württemberg and Paris, and the Hierarchy did much as it pleased, tolerating the deeds of a priesthood which a more enlightened Europe never would have endured — not even in the days when Luther broke with the Papacy.

But it was not to purge the Church that the War of Independence was fought. Liberty-loving priests, true to the Church, headed this movement. The abuses by Hierarchy and priesthood were not recognized as such by them, who held that the order was a right and natural one and, seeing no further than liberty, fought for Mexican freedom from Spanish rule.

IN 1810 not one Mexican in a hundred thousand knew there had ever been a Reformation. Up to this time, and afterward, the Church in Mexico maintained a censorship the like of which the world has never seen. The great bulk of the population knew nothing of what the world had done or was doing. They had never known any religion save the Roman Catholic, and it dominated their lives. This power of the Church was Spain's chief weapon in crushing the revolution, to all effects and purposes, after ten years of fighting. But when Napoleon I upset the Peninsula and the Bourbons and the idea of the French Revolution invaded Spain with the Napoleonic armies, the Hierarchy was quick to see that Napoleon did not share its interests — that this republicanism was inimical to what the Church wanted.

There was a series of conferences

in La Profesa, the Jesuit church in Mexico City and, as a result, the Hierarchy did a volte-face with its royalist policy, declaring Mexico independent of the mother country. The viceroy capitulated — it was the one thing left to do — and his successor signed the treaty in 1821 in which Spain acknowledged Mexico's independence.

THROUGH a succession of revolutions and rulers the Church continued paramount in Mexico until 1857. *Fueros* were added to those she had built up, until she collected tribute in one form or another from practically everything man did from the time he entered the world until he left it. She now owned at least half the national real estate and possessed about one-third the national treasure. Some of the churches rivaled St. Peter's in wealth.

But in 1854 a cloud appeared on the horizon in the form of a revolt by Juan Alvarez, hero of the War of Independence, and Ignacio Comonfort, against Santa Ana, creature of the Hierarchy. It was the beginning of the Reformation in Mexico, but the difference was striking between this struggle and that which characterized the Reformation in Europe. There the nobility supported the Protestant movement, seeing in it a means of loot and growing fat thereon.

In Mexico, the wealth and the aristocracy supported the Church. It was the middle-class, just emerged from peonage, which manned the reform movement. Civil war broke out with all-consuming fury. The clergy made it a holy war, and there were rivers of blood — too many to record here. Suffice to say, the reform movement won and the Constitution of 1857 was adopted, though the Holy Father himself declared it apocryphal and interdicted and hurled anathemas at its makers.

This Constitution did not separate Church and State but it provided organic bases for the separation that was to come later in Benito Juárez's Reform Laws. These nationalized all church property and, among other reforms, secularized the schools and cemeteries and suppressed all monastic orders. State and Church were declared independent of each other. Civil marriage was legalized.

A thoroughly intransigent Hierarchy did what it could to combat the Reform Laws. From every pulpit and every confessional the Mexicans were urged to oppose them, and salvation was promised those who gave up their lives in doing so. Anarchy resulted, but the Hierarchy was determined to rule or ruin. Soon after it tore down the Comonfort *régime*, which followed that of Alvarez, it was made clear that it could not rule.

DEFEATED at home, it set out to win foreign intervention. Its agents, wearing robe and cassock, were able to reach Empress Eugénie in Versailles, and, through pretext and promise, Napoleon III, having raped the second French Republic, was induced to rape another across the sea. The Maximilian Empire was the result. But not even with French bayonets, in the long and sanguinary war that followed, could Maximilian give the Church what she wanted. Then the Church broke with Maximilian and, under the threat of William Henry Seward, Napoleon

Bonaparte, hearing the ring of hammer on anvil in Bismarck's Wilhelmstrasse smithy, deserted him. The Hierarchy, however, was not ready for Maximilian to quit the country. Significantly, it was the word of the black-frocked Jesuit, Father Fischer, that decided him to stay under specious promises. Maximilian died in Querétaro before a firing squad in that dawn of July 19, 1867.

Another paragraph was added to the Church Question — only a paragraph. *Finis* had not been written.

In 1874 the Reform Laws were made the law of the land. Men were free now to worship as they pleased and be educated as they chose. But in 1876 the clergy gave financial support to Porfirio Díaz's uprising, and the Iron Man of Mexico came upon the scene. The Porfirista peace facilitated the industrial invasion of the late Nineteenth Century and the oppression of the workers became aggravated, with the Church active and indispensable in the maintenance of industrial feudalism during the generation of this reign. She was partner to the *régime*. Without openly attempting to dominate politics she had the tacit consent of Díaz to continue her economic ascendancy, providing fuel for the flames of revolt which broke out in 1910. Although her property remained confiscated she prospered mightily. Gold and silver adorned her altars, brilliants and sapphires and rubies her crucifixes and crowns; her coffers bulged large.

Then came the first reverberation of the clash at Matamoros de la Laguna in 1908; the Bank of Viesca was sacked. Díaz put down the abortive rising quickly. But by 1911 the Madero revolt had spread through the whole land and in May the aged Dictator bowed to the inevitable and steamed away from Vera Cruz, bound for Paris. "*Adios, paz.*"

What follows may be told briefly. Madero came in on the crest of this revolution and went out in the wash of another. The clergy, as of old, supported the *coup d'état* against the elected government, whereupon the revolutionary movement began to exhibit a marked anti-clerical trend. Huerta went out on the boot-toe of Woodrow Wilson and Venustiano Carranza came into power. His rule brought the Constitutional Convention of Querétaro which made a new organic law in 1917. This achieved what the reform party of 1857 was not strong enough to do, in providing for executive decrees that placed the Church in Mexico in the same position the Orthodox Church in Russia was placed in by Lenin and Trotzky.

The Constitution of 1917, as it relates to the Church, is more than an amplification of the Constitution of 1857. It is the most radical constitution held by any State outside the Russian Soviet Union and its effects on the Church are far-reaching and grave — designedly, since its framers saw in the Church the most powerful enemy to their policy of reform. It was inevitable that the Church Party should not coalesce with the Radical group. The traditional antipathetic alignment was resumed. All the elements had gone into the retort that made for an explosion. Carranza faded from the picture when Alvaro Obregon turned off the lights and the

Mexican-Semitic group gained influence. A rival Mexican Catholic Church was set up, as in Soviet Russia, but the movement was not pushed.

Thus was the Church Question left with asterisks. What followed was true to precedent, which teaches that there have been few major wars or revolutions in Mexico in which the Church has not been interested — or more.

THE situation had reached an impasse early in 1926 when a move by the Church determined the Calles Government on drastic action. On February 2 the Holy See issued a stirring Apostolic Letter, re-indorsing a manifesto signed by the Mexican Episcopacy in 1917 which attacked the religious clauses of the Constitution, even as in 1857. Officials of the Church were arrested and charged with violating the laws; foreign-born priests were deported overnight and church property, which had been clandestinely held, was confiscated. Many Catholic institutions, like primary schools, hospitals and orphanages, forbidden by the Constitution, were summarily closed. The Apostolic Delegate was expelled. Another decree suspended all public worship and required all priests to register with the municipal authority. The Episcopate repudiated the Constitution and orders were issued to disobey the registration law. On August 1 the Hierarchy ordered the priests on strike. The Government took charge of the churches.

Not since the enforcement of the Juárez Reform Laws had religious Mexico been stirred so deeply. The long-smoldering antagonism between Church and State flamed into open warfare. The *Cristeros* arose all over the country.

Unofficial overtures looking toward peace were made in 1928, but the conversations proceeded desultorily. By the time they were made public in June of this year a *modus vivendi* had been found. This provides that the Mexican Government will allow the Hierarchy to designate those priests who are to register; that religious instruction, while forbidden in the schools, will be permitted in the churches, and, finally, that the Mexican Roman Catholic prelates shall enjoy the right accorded every Mexican under the Constitution of 1917 to petition for modification of the constitutional provisions. Meanwhile, the State has and holds all that it took from the Church. Church edifices remain State property and are subject to the vigilance of Federal and local officials. The Hierarchy must maintain in each church a person responsible to the Government, which has the right to withdraw the use of any church for religious services when the church or its congregation does not comply with the letter and the spirit of these laws.

THE Mexican Government has several major reasons for compromising with the Church at this time. The industrial and agricultural life of the nation is paralysed. There has just ended a revolution that was costly in life and treasure. The nation is badly in arrears in the payment of its foreign obligations. Peace is imperative at any price. This peace was impossible so long as the Church remained intransigent, for the nation

is Roman Catholic. Remembering this, it is worth while also to recall that "Rome does not lend her arm for nothing; the altar that is to sustain the throne must be honored and gilded."

THE accord is not in the form of a written treaty and its effectiveness depends upon the good will of both parties. To get it in more permanent form, the Church will need to use the right of petition accorded her. Meanwhile, she will have so to watch her step as to give no offense to Government authorities, create no alarm among the Liberals, and, by no move, give cause to the Radicals for attack.

It is characteristic of the Hierarchy, in entering the accord, that it should abandon those who were in arms against government authority under the banner of Christ the King. Thus did it abandon Santa Ana, Zuloaga, Maximilian, Miramon, Mejía — the list is too long to set down. Again amnesty has been extended only to those wearing the cassock, and, of course, the conscripted common soldier.

The present peace is a truce, and it is unfortunate for the peace of Mexico that respect for it will depend upon the exigencies of the day and time. Nothing short of a decisive victory by one side or the other can ever produce enduring peace. Nowhere in history has a workable compromise between them been discovered; it is the fourth dimension. In Mexico, the causes out of which the hates of the War of Reform grew are just as much alive today as in 1857. For, even as no war engenders such hatred as internecine war, so is the demise of this hatred possible only when the conditions which gave rise to it are dead. The Church still wants its *fueros* and its property for which it has not been paid.

Never again, perhaps, will the conflict assume the sanguinary aspects it has known. This is not a day of swords and lances. Gone into limbo are the campaigns of the *zouave* and *légionnaire* and *hussar* and *chasseur d'Afrique*, along with Castelnau, Bazaine, old Dupin, fresh from the sacking of Peking; hard-riding little Mejía, Marquéz, Tiger of Tacubaya; Vidaurri, Mendéz and Escobedo — he of the Big Ears. There doubtless will be revolutions, for these are indigenous to Mexico, and doubtless the Church will be interested, for she is an integral part of Mexico after four hundred years of training under the masters of Roman Catholic propaganda. A nation does not put away transmitted tendencies in a day.

BUT increasingly it will be a contest of wits. Schemers have succeeded fighting men and it is safe to say that within the quiet of La Profesa's incense-permeated walls will be found wits as keen as any that may abide in the *Palacio Nacional;* that the black-gowned men who will assemble in the sacristy, as the occasion warrants, around tables as old as the Bourbon dynasty in Spain, will be as wise in the arts of intrigue and diplomacy as any that may foregather in the cypress groves of Chapultepec or on the Zocolo.

It is not without significance that the Church agents of the Hierarchy in the Ruiz-Gil accord were Jesuits. Like Mr. Britling, they will see it through.

# The Conquest of Goiter

By Edith L. Weart

*How a malady which puzzled ancient Rome and is prevalent in wide sections of America is at last yielding to the persistent scientist*

Did you know that the Venus de Milo had goiter? My friend the Physician says that goiter was so common in ancient Greece that an enlargement of the neck was considered normal and beautiful. If that were true now there certainly would be a great many beautiful necks among the women of the Great Lake districts and the Pacific Northwest where one out of every five women has goiter; but the women of the Atlantic seaboard, the Gulf States and of California, who have perfectly normal and slender necks, would not be judged beautiful at all.

What does locality have to do with the development of a goiter? What difference does it make where a person lives? I once knew a girl who went a thousand miles from the Middle West to an Ohio college. In the autumn her neck would be slender and smooth. By June there was a slight swelling, a slight goiter, which disappeared again during the summer vacation. Why did a change of climate develop a goiter? What makes this little gland, with two lobes no larger than lima beans, lying on each side of the trachea, this thyroid gland, enlarge under some conditions and not under others?

Science now says that if the thyroid gland does not receive sufficient iodine to meet all its functional needs it will enlarge. This iodine is ordinarily received through the food and water in the diet, and recent researches have disclosed that there is a very great difference between the iodine content of the water and food in the Great Lakes region and the Pacific Northwest and that in the Seaboard States. Scientists would say that if the Venus de Milo had lived in Atlantic City she would never have had a goiter at all.

The statue of the Venus is evidence that goiter is not one of the modern diseases. There are, too, frequent references to this malady in Greek and Roman literature. Although anatomy was in its infancy and the relation between the swelling of the neck and the thyroid was not understood, even then there was a belief in the relation between goiter and locality. The Ancients, however, were more inclined to ascribe the disease to something *in* the water,

rather than to a deficiency in its composition.

In 30 A.D. Vitruvius, a great architect in the reign of the Emperor Augustus, became convinced of some relation between water and goiter. He noted that some waters seemed to make goiter diminish, but it was to their purgative qualities that he attributed this good effect.

Early physicians even hit upon the method of treating these enlargements of the neck with iodine, although in those days before the birth of chemistry gave the world knowledge of elements in their purity, practitioners did not know that it was iodine they were using. Sea sponges were burned, and seaweeds, and the ashes were given to those who had goiter; or water in which sea shells had been soaked was prescribed. Much more pleasant this must have been than a more modern treatment advised by an early Nineteenth Century American physician who suggested that a fish be tied around the throat.

THE prevalence of this disease during the Middle Ages is shown by the drawings of Leonardo da Vinci, who took especial pleasure in caricaturing toothless, goitrous persons. A hundred years later the physician, Peter Foreest, recommended sea water for goiter. But it was not until 1850 that a real step forward was made by a French physician, Chatin, who showed that waters in districts where there was much of the disease contained little iodine and advised giving iodine in small amounts to make up for this deficiency. Unfortunately the time was not yet ripe for his work; he met with much opposition and his findings were discarded. It was another fifty years before his lead was taken up again by other investigators.

The first work of this later period was entirely empiric. Sheep raisers in Michigan found their industry threatened by the prevalence of goiter among their flocks. They learned that by feeding crude salt — which analysis later showed contained iodine — instead of refined salt, their animals were born perfectly healthy.

OTHER districts noticed a relation between the water supply and disease. A town which had never had any goiter changed its source of water from a river to an artesian well and found that an increase in the amount of goiter followed. Another city making a similar change found there were fewer goiters as a result.

This was all rather confusing, and it was not until Baumann, in 1895, discovered that the thyroid gland contained iodine that the subject became any clearer. Almost twenty years passed before Edward C. Kendall of the University of Minnesota isolated the active principle of the gland; the result was an iodine compound which he called thyroxin and which he was able to make synthetically.

Meanwhile, in 1909, the trout in a certain Pennsylvania fish hatchery began to suffer from enlarged necks; a condition which so sharply affected the hatchery output that it was thought the industry would have to be abandoned. Dr. David Marine, then of the Western Reserve University, tried to solve the problem. He started a ball rolling

which has travelled far. After several years' experimentation he and his collaborators concluded that a lack of iodine in the diet was the cause of the trouble, for the fish were healthy if fed some fresh sea fish which contained this element.

To Dr. Marine goes the credit for the first scientific work ever done in preventing goiter; to Kendall goes the credit for the first work ever carried out in the direction of prevention of goiter in human beings.

In 1916, Dr. Marine and a Dr. Kimball, also of Cleveland, obtained the coöperation of the Board of Education of Akron, Ohio, in a survey among the girls in the fifth to the twelfth grades of the Akron schools. They discovered that 56 per cent of them had goiter. Goiter is much less prevalent among men than among women, which is why girls were chosen for the study. The coöperation of the parents was sought in giving the girls a small amount of sodium iodide in their drinking water for two weeks each spring and autumn. The following November a re-survey showed that of more than a thousand girls who had taken the treatment about two-thirds had made marked improvement. It was also shown that no girl who had taken the iodide and who had not had a goiter before had developed one. On the other hand 26 per cent of the girls who had not taken the treatment had developed goiters. In other words, it was clearly shown that a small amount of iodine would prevent the formation of goiter among adolescent girls.

While all this work showed clearly the relation between iodine and goiter and there seemed to be little doubt that an iodine deficiency was the cause of the disease, there was still uncertainty as to just what the source of this deficiency was. It was left for the men who analyzed the food and water of various localities to point out a difference in the iodine content of these products according to the region and to correlate these results with the incidence of goiter found there.

Probably Professor McClendon of the University of Minnesota has done the most work on the iodine content of the water and food of various representative sections of this country. The correlation of the results with the incidence of goiter was beset with difficulties. Take the matter of iodine in the water, for instance, considering only the sources from which the water might be obtained. It might be surface water, surface water contaminated with sewage (which contains iodine), underground water which has not passed through iodine deposits, or underground water which has passed through such deposits. The drinking water which McClendon analyzed might be drawn from artesian wells rich in iodine, yet the rain water which supplied moisture for the crops might come from surface water which is poor in the element. In such cases the drinking water would offer only a partial protection against goiter, and any data which took into consideration only the one factor would give an incorrect picture.

McClendon found that the water from Duluth, Minn., Spokane, Wash., and Rockford, Ill., contained less

iodine than that from any place else in the country. Analyses showed only one part of iodine per hundred billion parts of water. Compare this with the water from a well 3,005 feet deep at Mexia, Texas, which showed an iodine content of 18,470 parts per hundred billion.

EXAMINATION of foodstuffs from various parts of the country showed a similar difference in the iodine content. McClendon discovered that whereas, in the comparatively goiter-free districts of the California Coast, carrots had 170 milligrams of iodine per metric ton of the dry product, in goiter-ridden Oregon the same vegetable had only 2.3 milligrams per metric ton. In Minnesota, where goiter is largely prevalent, he found oats had but 10 milligrams per metric ton, whereas in Maine, a state little troubled by goiter, they had 175 milligrams. Again in Minnesota wheat had only 1 milligram per metric dry ton while in Maine it had 9.3 milligrams.

Leafy vegetables and some fruits were found to contain more iodine than any other land products, but in the case of many fruits the iodine was found largely in the seed and skin, neither of which is ordinarily eaten.

The high iodine content of food grown along the seaboard, as in Maine, is explained, in part, by the fact that spray, blown from the sea for many miles inward, contains a very large amount of iodine. Rainwater three miles from the coast is found to contain 0.012 parts of iodine per billion, whereas rainwater in the region of Lake Erie contains only a third as much.

However, lack of iodine in the soil of certain regions is explainable in other terms than distance from the coast. The scarcity of iodine is largely due to its solubility, though partly to the fact that it is one of the rarer elements, much rarer than its cousins the chlorides and bromides. Beds of iodine salts were deposited along with beds of common table salt — sodium chloride — when the inland seas dried up. But while the chlorides remained the iodides were readily dissolved by the water passing over and through. Thus in the course of years a stratum of salt would be leached free of the iodine which it originally contained. This leaching took place first, of course, in the highest regions, and this explains why, for instance, so little iodine is found in Switzerland, in the Himalayas and in the Pacific Northwest. In a very dry district the iodides would remain undissolved. It is from such a region in Chile that the greatest commercial supply of iodine is obtained.

THIS depletion of the soil is progressive, and according to Hayhurst, of the Ohio State Department of Health, civilization will increase the process since the waste materials from animals, which contain iodine, will be deposited in drainage systems leading to the sea and not back to the soil.

Nature as usual, is playing us a trick. At a time when all life was marine a thyroid gland was developed to regulate growth and activity, a gland dependent on the iodine in its environment for its function. When amphibians left the sea with its high iodine content to develop a

land life, they carried with them as part of their equipment this same small gland. But did the thyroid gland learn through successive ages to require less and less iodine for functioning? Not at all. When it found that it couldn't get sufficient iodine to make the thyroxin the body needed it never realized that fuel was lacking, nor did it try to use a substitute product. It kept on increasing the number of its cells in an effort to increase its output. If the thyroid had adjusted itself to changing conditions there would be no story to tell at the present time.

Now that the cause of goiter is known, it would seem to be a simple matter to eradicate the disease by supplying the deficiency. But the world has a long road to travel before it is willing to inconvenience itself for its own improvement. Someone once said that only the Germans and the Japanese view themselves with sufficient seriousness to employ, at personal sacrifice, the eugenic measures necessary to improve their national strain. Those men who are fighting goiter, however, have the memory of other battles which public health medicine has fought and won. The fight for smallpox vaccination which still occurs periodically, the fight against malaria which is only just started, and other battles, all inspire them in their endeavor to eliminate goiter.

There is not a great deal of difference between preventing goiter and preventing smallpox — different as the diseases are. There must, in each case, be a dissemination of knowledge as to the cause of the disease, a programme of information to prove that it can be prevented and then the education of the public.

Goiter is not, of course, as terror-striking as smallpox. If twenty per cent of the women were scarred with smallpox the effect on the public mind would be greater than the sight of the same per cent of goiters. In a goitrous region one becomes so used to slight enlargements of the neck as never to notice them. Yet a Bostonian going to Cleveland would comment on the situation at once. But it should not be thought that goiter is unsightly only and not dangerous. There is a type, the so-called toxic goiter, in which the thyroid gland becomes overactive, which may arise from overwork, overstrain, tonsillitis, or for no apparent reason at all, causing extreme nervousness, loss of weight, serious heart damage and eventual death. It has been stated that in men this type of the disease arises only in those who have had a goiter from birth; and that in women, also, it very often arises from a supposedly harmless thyroid enlargement. It has also been stated that 90 per cent of the cancers of the thyroid gland arise from congenital goiters.

There is another danger — the very serious possibility that two or three generations of thyroid insufficiency will produce a large percentage of cretin idiots. We are fortunate to have so few of these dwarfs. In 1874 the Goiter Commission of France reported that there were as many as 120,000 cretins and cretinoid idiots in that country. McCarrison, reporting a district in northern India, found 200 cretins in a population of 70,000. Even where actual

cretin idiocy does not develop there is a tendency, with thyroid insufficiency, to lowered mental and physical activity.

It would seem that there should be great enthusiasm among the people to rid the nation of this menacing deformity, but the people, as usual, are sluggish to react to a future rather than to a present good. Even the rank and file of the medical profession have not been very enthusiastic, have even been somewhat antagonistic. In part this may be attributed to the fact that the profession has never been very enthusiastic about any measure which takes the practice of medicine out of the hands of individual physicians to put it into the hands of the State and it is as a State problem that the prevention of goiter has been undertaken. There is the inevitable fear on the part of physicians that their livelihood is being endangered by the practice of State medicine; probably, too, there is the usual conservative reaction and very likely a desire for individual rather than group responsibility.

THE men connected with the State departments of health who are directing the goiter work, feel that prevention carried on by individuals is ineffective. It is not alone that every physician, even in a goiter region, is not a goiter specialist; it is not only that such measures lack uniformity; it is chiefly that such individual methods of attacking the problem are too limited in their scope. Only a small number of well read and well informed people would ever consult their doctor at all and probably most of these only after there was visible evidence of goiter. What is needed is the prevention of goiters as well as the cure of those already present. It is the next generation which is to be especially considered.

This can be said, however: Despite opposition, a start has been made in this and other countries toward wiping out this disease. There are being used different methods of varying efficiency, all of them based on giving the people of goitrous regions iodine sufficient to make their yearly quota equal to that of the inhabitants of the seashore districts.

THE best method of supplying this iodine deficiency has also been the subject of considerable discussion and disagreement. One suggestion has been that the iodine be added directly to the water supply, a method which has been tried by several large cities, among them Rochester, N. Y. When, however, it is considered what a small portion of a city's supply of water is used for cooking and drinking it will be seen that the enormous waste makes this method so expensive as to be impractical.

The first goiter prevention work, that in Akron, was carried on by giving sodium iodide dissolved in water. The unpleasant taste was found to be a very serious objection. The later work in this city has been carried out by the administration of iodine in the form of an organic iodide mixed with a chocolate, a very agreeable tablet. This tablet has also been used in the schools of West Virginia, Ohio, Utah, Washington and Oregon. But while perfectly effective for those it reaches the

method has the disadvantage of missing a large per cent of the population. It does not reach, for example, very young children nor pregnant women, both of whom, and especially the latter, are in need of an adequate iodine supply.

THE first goiter prevention work to be carried out on a large scale was done in Switzerland. Stimulated by the Akron experiments a campaign was inaugurated in 1918 in Zürich to eradicate goiter. A survey disclosed that in some schools as high as 100 per cent of the children had goiter. The chocolate iodine tablets were tried, each child being given one tablet containing 5 milligrams of iodine each of the forty weeks of the school year. The benefits were so marked that the Goiter Commission of Switzerland recommended this method for use throughout the entire country. The results were most striking. In three years, from 1919 to 1922, the incidence of goiter among school children of the Canton of St. Gall, for instance, dropped from 87.6 per cent to 13.1 per cent.

In this country nationwide attention was not focussed on the problem of goiter until the reports from the selective service draft were returned in 1918. These showed that in some instances as high as 30 per cent of the men were incapacitated for army service because of goiters. The Michigan State Commissioner of Health was especially attracted by these reports, and the work that he and his successor, the present commissioner, have done has not been equalled anywhere in this country. In the fall of 1919 the agencies of the Michigan Department of Health were instructed to get all possible information concerning the prevalence of goiter. Samples of water were collected from localities representing the entire State. The correlation of the iodine content of these water samples to the incidence of goiter showed a marked relationship. Districts only a few miles apart, but drawing their water supply from different sources, showed this effect plainly. There was, for example, Mt. Clemens and Romeo, two towns only twelve miles apart. Mt. Clemens had a water supply which contained 25 parts of iodine per billion; 26 per cent of the children had goiters. Romeo was using water which contained no iodine whatever; 75 per cent of the children were goitrous.

CONVINCED that the situation was serious the Michigan Department of Health considered what should be done about it. It was finally decided that probably the easiest method of furnishing iodine would be through some staple food product. Salt seemed to lend itself best to this purpose. This was a product everyone used; it was a substance with which an iodine compound could be mixed in uniform and stable proportions. An iodine content of one part to 5,000 parts of salt was decided upon. By using this salt in all cooking, each individual in the goitrous district would receive in the course of a year an amount of iodine equivalent to that received in the average diet of a person residing in a goiter-free district.

Naturally, the use of this salt was not made compulsory. The salt companies continued to put out the

ordinary kind of salt, but the use of the iodized product was urged. This salt was first put on the market in the spring of 1924. Since then it has been largely used in other States as well. This method of prophylaxis was inexpensive, wide in scope, and simple in administration. It has not, however, entirely escaped opposition; but despite discussion and controversy, a very real progress has been made due, probably, as much to the enthusiasm and tenacity of Dr. Kimball as to any other factors. The results of surveys made in 1928 in Michigan after four years' use of iodized salt have recently been reported. These figures show that only one-third to one-fourth of the children who had goiter in 1924 still have it. The report also shows that goiter prevention with iodized salt is entirely safe.

Figures could be multiplied to show the results of work carried out in other sections of the United States, in Italy and New Zealand. The literature on the subject has become endless. Although the leaders of the work sometimes become discouraged and feel that what has been done is but a drop in the bucket, the last quarter of a century has seen great strides made. And there is every reason to believe that a few generations of organized work will make goiter as rare a condition as typhoid now is, so rare that it will be difficult to find examples to use for teaching purposes in the medical schools.

# Madame Rossignol

By Louise Worthington

*Sketch of a temperament in the stress of wartime*

When I was told that Madame Rossignol, *numéro 20 bis, rue du Petit Poulet Blanc*, had a room to let, I hastened there at once, for rooms were at a premium. One had to have a room, even if one spent twenty out of the twenty-four hours away from it.

The *rue du Petit Poulet Blanc*, though nothing but a country road meandering beside the river in *X-sur-Y*, was built up with houses in blocks (but only on the side farthest from the river), tall brick houses with balconies; and more lowly ones with no balconies, with the front windows looking directly on the street so that by standing on tiptoe any passer-by could look in.

It was at one of these windows that I caught my first glimpse of Madame Rossignol. She was leaning forward, with her arms thrown round a pretty little girl, quite after the manner of Madame Le Brun; but in spite of her slipshod cotton gown (rather like what we call a wrapper at home) even that first glance showed me that nature had been less painstaking with the face of the famous *artiste* than with that of the humble Rossignol.

To begin with there was its shape — a perfect oval — then the little ears, the crisp black wavy hair with all those straying curls and tendrils, the small straight nose spreading slightly at the nostrils, the mouth of delicate curves and delightful lifting corners. But it was on the eyes that the masterwork had been done. And why? Why had nature lavished this extravagance of fine detail on the eyes of a poor French laundress in the obscure town of *X-sur-Y?* Why this exquisite finish — the pencilled black eyebrows tapering to a mere thread-line, the eyes of almond shape with dark blue iris and velvet pupils tinted on the edges as no pencil of art can tint and garnished with long jet lashes raying outward — eyes much, much too dressy for everyday use!

Eyes to be lived up to, one would suppose, dressed up to; and yet to tell the plain, blunt truth Madame's face was not even clean. A complexion that might have been radiant, with care and cleanliness, was almost muddied, certainly clouded by accretions that had not been removed by a morning tub — not to say faucet! Indeed it remained precisely as it was when it was lifted

from her pillow that morning. As for the curly locks, their part never changed or deviated by a hair's breadth. *Voyez-vous!* A twist of one lifted hand, a pin thrust in on this side, another on that, *voila!* the effect that of an Italian Madonna.

I asked through the window if it was true that Madame had a room to rent and she replied with a radiant smile that it was indeed true and that it was the very room that she was standing in. If Mademoiselle would have the goodness to enter and inspect it. And Mademoiselle mounted the three stone steps and entered the hallway and was met at the door of the bedroom.

At the same instant the corresponding door on the opposite side of the hall opened and another French woman with another little girl under her arm looked out. The second child was exactly the size of the first one and even prettier, but the second Madame was quite another type of woman than the first — petite, blonde, neat as wax in a crisp blue cotton gown, with a pale anxious face and prim bands of faded hair each side of it. She, I afterwards learned, was also a *blanchisseuse* and the partner of Madame Rossignol.

I entered the room, I liked it, engaged it; it was large and airy, had one of those superlatively comfortable beds that many of the humblest French homes boast, a fireplace, a window looking out on the river and incidentally on the street. It was very dirty, just as the last tenant had left it weeks before; her torn letters were on the hearth, her wisps of hair on the mantelshelf, but Madame assured that all that would be righted and I left to find the little old man nicknamed Poincaré who wheeled trunks and bags to and from the station on a ramshackle *brouette*.

Not being on duty at the canteen, I slept well that night between heavy, embroidered linen sheets in the wonderful bed, sinking into the middle of it as into the bosom of a cloud. Yet the bloom of dust was on everything; the scraps of letters still littered the hearth, and the wisps of hair lay on the mantelshelf. Also I discovered on rising that the water pitcher had not been filled. I heard someone singing and opening the door into the hall called for Madame. No answer and the song continued. It was one of the most delicious contralto voices I had ever listened to, so pure and rich, and vibrating with a pathos that moved me strangely. The song itself was plaintive, too. It was the *Chœur des Girondins* with its touching refrain — "*Mourir pour la patrie — mourir pour la patrie!*"

I listened with rapture. Nevertheless, one must wash. I called loudly for Madame again and yet again. And finally the song ceased and the Rossignol flitted up from the laundry. She looked precisely as she had looked the day before, very svelte and willowy in her cotton gown, the same kinks in her hair, the same delightful smile radiating amiability. She was really and truly charmed, not perfunctorily so, to hear that I had slept well, and gliding noiselessly in her felt slippers she brought the water with alacrity and pleasure, as one would do a favor for a friend, scooping into her hand in passing the débris about the fireplace.

She paused at the door, her hand on her hip, and spoke of the war.

"*La guerre est triste!*" she said. From how many lips had I heard that phrase, with what infinite shades of tragic sorrow, and yet out of all the gallery of faces that it brings to my memory why is it that her face dominates the rest? Not because she had suffered more by any means. Perhaps because of her artistic expression of suffering, her pose, her liquid eye under drooping lid, the turn of her head, the tremor of her lip. And her voice! I seemed to hear in it a vibration of Bernhardt's voice in *La Samaritaine*. And then she had flitted and I heard her laughing somewhat raucously in obscure back regions, seconded by a voice of deeper note.

On returning to my chamber that afternoon, weary with standing on feet for many hours, I found my bed still unmade, the bed clothes flapping from the window ledge, almost on the sidewalk. No one came at my call and I explored the back rooms — a kitchen and a parlor. From the latter opened an alcove entirely filled with a huge bed, one of those windowless cupboards the invisible doors of which, camouflaged by wall paper, remind one of secret panels and hidden staircases. That bed too was unmade as was the little girl's crib-like one in the parlor. The breakfast dishes stood on the kitchen table unwashed, a comb and a hair ribbon lay on the top of the cold stove. Again I heard the strains of that golden voice. This time it was chanting *L'Angelus de la Mer*.

I traced it gropingly downstairs, through the dark basement hallway and to the door of the laundry. I peeped in. Bending over the primitive, round washtub, up to her elbows in suds, stood the lovely Rossignol. Her sleeves were rolled up to her armpits, her skirt pinned up around her hips, displaying her strong round arms and neat ankles whose comeliness could not be hidden by the ugly *sabots* that imprisoned them. Her face was flushed by her exercise, her lips were singing and smiling at the same time. With a coquettish toss of her head she shook back the tendrils of her hair. Mine were not the only eyes bewitched by this picture, for leaning against the wall with folded arms and crossed legs stood a youthful *poilu*, a picture himself in his horizon-blue uniform, with his sturdy masculinity, his boyish pink cheeks with their peach-like down, his blonde hair that lay like a fringe on his forehead and stuck out stiffly at the side below the little cap hanging on one ear.

Without the smallest trace of embarrassment Madame listened to my plea, slicked the suds down from her arms and accompanied me upstairs, clacking along in her wooden shoes. It took but a moment to toss the bed clothes on and smooth them up, to slap and place the pillows, to fill the jug, and it was all done with such pliant grace, such pleasure in obliging me, that I felt ashamed to have allowed even the shadow of a shade to cross my brow.

That was a sample of my daily life at *numéro 20 bis rue du Petit Poulet Blanc*. I was annoyed daily, but I always found myself in the posture of apology afterwards. Mine was the repentance, she seemed

never to have heard of that emotion.

Then I met Monsieur.

M. Rossignol was an employé of the railroad, and during the war that often meant a service scarcely less hard, less bitter, less dangerous than that of the soldier in the trenches. Long hours, lack of food, no sleep, bombs raining from heaven and grape shot spouting from earth.

I STILL see Rossignol as I first saw him, sitting by the cold stove in his kitchen (that stove was always cold!) like a demon of gloom, black from head to foot, from weather-beaten hat to rain-soaked boots, his very hair sooty, his cadaverous face so grimed that his wife must scarcely have known it, his eyes sunken to almost invisible depths in his head, his hands, jet as those of a Senegalese, dropped inert on his knees. It was apparent to me at that moment and ever after that there was no joy in life for M. Rossignol. He was sick, he was morose, he was jealous. It does not tend to sweeten a man's temper to come home after days and nights spent in a veritable inferno of heat and noise and dust and smoke and labor and danger to find a fireless stove, a bare table, an empty cupboard, an untidy home, a neglected child, and no wife. Worse, to sit and picture where she might be, and with whom? That lissom form with a military arm about it, perchance, with a dare-devil face under a becoming cap close — too close — to her laughing one! Of all his wife's faults this penchant for officers with natty uniforms and devilish waxed moustaches gave Rossignol the most acute suffering. And as I saw him sitting drearily there I knew, just as well as if the walls had been of glass, what a very different scene was taking place in the neighboring apartment across the hall, for by that time I had lived there long enough to have seen many things.

Over there the little blonde Madame Girard of the crisp blue cotton gown, aided by the little, washed, combed and neatly clad blonde daughter, was serving her husband, also an employé of the *Chemin de Fer de l'Est*, a savory, hot dinner in an exquisitely neat kitchen, on snowy tablecloth, beside a sunny window with pots of cyclamen on the sill. Girard looked like a huge sleek tomcat, as he came prowling back from work almost as smooth and clean and complacent as when he left, carrying always a tin box by a handle. He must have had an easier berth than that of poor Rossignol. Yet do you suppose for one moment that the latter would have changed places with his neighbor, have sat at the loaded table, waited on by the gentle little spouse, lapped in comfort, if it meant giving up his own conscienceless, maddening, fascinating partner? *Jamais! Jamais! Jamais de la vie!*

I LEARNED to dread those unexpected home-comings of Monsieur. Sometimes I suspected them of being purposely so planned. His funereal figure brooding in the kitchen depressed me horribly; his moody eye cast a cloud over the day. And yet I knew him to be a moral, an estimable man. Sometimes in the middle of the night I would hear the nasal, subdued grinding of his voice, scolding hour after hour, and the bitter

weeping of his wife, surely the anguished sobs of a heart-broken woman! My very soul ached for her. I cared not what might be her offense, what law of the Decalogue she had broken, or if she had broken them all! Was she not like the rest of us — the sport of her temperament? But — the next morning I would be awakened by the clatter of voices under my window, Madame's rising above the rest, a perfect rattling volley of gossip and bursts of shrill laughter and the reiterated "*Bon! bon! bon!* — *Bon!* — *bon! bon! bon!*" of the listeners.

And this was the same voice that sobbed in the silence of the night — not hypocritically, mark you! But truly with pain, with real anguish! In those dark hours was concentrated the suffering most of us spread out over a month, in the morning it dropped from her like a cloak. She stepped out into the sunlight with her basket on her arm and her heart full of hope and cheer for a new day.

In my more optimistic moments I fairly basked in the sunshine of that iridescent temperament! What matter that my best lace collar disappeared to be reincarnated in the form of a dress on the doll of the little Mireille? That my spoons strayed into the family cupboard, that my underwear dwindled like the snow in early spring, that the twigs from my fagots for kindling my own fire so significantly besprinkled the kitchen floor? There were compensations. Did not Madame run to meet my petulance with ready sympathy, almost weeping because the fagots were quite consumed? If my heart was bursting with one of the numberless tragedies that came our way, was not Madame all soft-eyed sympathy, hands pressed over bosom, tears coursing down her cheeks like rain? Or on the other hand if it were a joke — a *poilu bon-mot* — what a response! What laughter! What little glittering teeth and mirth-closed eyes and hands on rocking hips!

Could I puritanically harbor in my mind negatives of visions of dim hallways wherein gallant *militaires* encircled yielding waists and seduced laughing lips, when superimposed were distincter ones of charming family parties fluttering off to the boat on the river — Madame hanging on Monsieur's arm and child clasped lovingly by the hand? Or Madame, in an access of conjugal virtue, accompanying her spouse to the *gare* to see him off on one of those indefinite journeys, bearing a basket with food to cheer and sustain him in arid regions where food was not. Or perhaps standing on the corner by the old stone bridge watching for his home-coming, slatternly gown fluttering in the breeze, hand shading the beautiful eyes that followed each blue uniformed figure, met other eyes flashing under visored caps or rakish barrettes, dropped long lashes on cheeks, watched warily the turning of the road by the *gare*.

Besides, she worked prodigiously. Both partners worked like slaves, washing, ironing, carrying home huge baskets filled with canteen aprons and snowy veils. What a picture those women made, walking bareheaded along the riverside, each holding a handle of the heaped-up *corbeille*, with their fluttering garments and their wind-blown hair!

Those ironing days! They were like a continuous five o'clock tea augmented by a concert. Above the thumping of the flat-irons rose the duet of the Girard's bird-like soprano and the rich, thrilling alto of the Rossignol, sometimes added to by two childish piping trebles, or even — yes, I may as well say it — more often than not by a masculine bass or tenor in whose tones I failed to recognize those of either of the employés of the *Chemin de Fer de l'Est.* Sometimes the kitchen door was left open, sometimes I had to invent an excuse to open it and look in. Yes, there sat or leaned or stood the inevitable *poilu* in blue, cigarette on lip, cap on ear, eye on the Rossignol!

All this was before the bombardment, before the gray days of the long-range gun, before the inhabitants fled in shoals leaving behind the great residue who could not or would not go. The latter included the little *blanchisseuses*. Go? What would their husbands do without wife or home? They smiled at the mere suggestion, sent their children off to the country and stood at their posts.

WE HAD asked each other so often: "When is it coming?" Whenever we read in the *communiqués* of the midnight bombing of some near-by town we looked at each other and said: "Our turn next!"

We thought we were prepared, as people think they are prepared for death or pain or loss or any other calamity, and we said: "Let it come!"

It was a brilliant moonlight night. As I walked home from the canteen I marvelled at the noontide distinctness with which every smallest detail stood out to my vision, the names over the shop doors, the faces of pedestrians, the buds on the trees — round and bead-like, for it was the month of March — the very stones in the road and the knotholes in the fences. The span of the old bridge was like marble and beneath it swirled the ink-black river with the surface glare of a looking-glass. On one hand stood up coldly the Cathedral spire, its high cross glittering like tinsel; on the other, across the river, ran the low buildings of the station in that peculiar pallor pricked by green jewel-like lights that marked the course of the railroad.

MY OWN house looked cold and pale with that intolerable moonshine on it. But inside I was greeted by an unusual flood of warmth and cheer, for both doors were thrown open into the hall, and both domestic interiors were exposed to my gaze. The husbands were away and the wives were undressing their children in their respective kitchens like two little girls with their dolls, calling across to each other, comparing notes, scolding, petting, laughing, bursting into snatches of song. (This of course was before the children had been sent to the country.)

I glanced in to bid them goodnight and all sorts of pretty benedictions were called down on my head. It was like looking in on a nestful of birds and birdlings fluffing feathers and spreading wings before snuggling down for the night and being greeted by soft cooings and chirpings. There was no faintest shadow of hovering hawk-wing across this peaceful scene.

I was very tired — canteeners are

always tired — and glad to go to bed and instant sleep. It was about nine-thirty when my dreams were invaded by the blood-curdling scream of the siren. It only half roused me and I would have lain there in a sort of nightmare stupor but for a loud knocking on my door and the voice of Madame Rossignol raised in accents I had never heard before, accents of command and of fear, yet perfectly controlled:

"*Mademoiselle, c'est l'alerte! Levez-vous! Habillez-vous! Les Boches viennent!*"

DAZED and shaking with cold and fright I pulled on my stockings and fumbled my way into a gown and fur coat. I stepped into the hallway and again I saw the neighboring interiors thrown open and the mothers dressing their children — but now in swift and fearful silence. When a little one whimpered she was stopped by a kiss or a shake. Madame Rossignol looked up and explained to me in matter-of-fact tones that it was better to be dressed in case of an emergency, that is if a *bombe incendiaire* should fall on the house and we should have to take refuge in the street. In that case we should catch cold if we were not dressed!

I asked if there was not a cellar to the house but she assured me that it was a wretched hole, that we should be caught there like rats in a trap. It would be safer to stay in her rooms, and she invited me into the parlor with a charm and politeness quite undimmed by the horror of the situation. Then little Madame Girard, leading Suzanne by the hand, tripped across the hall to join us and as she came the first *contre-avion* gun boomed out. The house trembled, the iron drop in front of the fireplace shook like a castanet. We shut the parlor door and the children were lifted into the bed in the alcove. Somehow there is a feeling of security behind closed doors and in alcoves! Then Madame brought a chair for me telling me with exquisite tact and kindness not to be alarmed as "they" did not always come when the siren sounded. Even in that moment of nervous tension I could not help noting and marvelling at her poise and grace.

But even as she spoke it came! Quite distinct and above the barking of the dozen guns, big and little, far and near, that had burst forth with their horrid din, we heard that most terrifying of all sounds, the crash of a bomb!

"*C'est une bombe!*" shrieked the little Mireille. Her mother was beside her in an instant, had her in her arms. "Yes," she agreed cheerfully; "it was a bomb but it has fallen. It is all over. How can there be any danger when it is all over, *ma petite?*"

SHALL I ever forget that interior, shut in from the inferno outside by four frail walls, lighted by the wavering flame of a tiny night light? I sat like an audience in a theatre and faced the open alcove, which was the stage. The pretty little girls side by side in the huge bed, wide-eyed and listening, the mothers hovering over them, scolding, mocking, trying to drown out those sinister sounds with a cheerful hubbub; and in the midst of their laughter meeting each other's eyes with a look of frozen horror.

Came a stunning boom, reverberating above the lesser ones.

"*Une bombe!*" screamed Suzanne.

"*Jamais!*" laughed the Rossignol. "That is one of our own guns, *mon enfant!*"

And little Madame Girard teasingly took up the refrain. "*Figurez-vous!*" cried she. "To be afraid of one of our own guns!"

But in very truth it was like hell let loose! I scarcely knew which was worse, that hideous clamor or that sudden silence when the guns held their breath, when you heard your heart thumping in the stillness, when — most awful moment of all! — your ear picked up the droning of a motor, the sawlike, pulsing sound of a German plane! It was directly overhead! It was just above the roof! The suspense! The waiting! Then — the crash!

Once a bomb fell perilously near, the noise was terrific, the house shook, broken glass tinkled down. The children cried out sobbing. The mothers enveloped them in their arms.

"*N'ayez pas peur! n'ayez pas peur! Il n'y a plus de danger! C'est fini! C'est fini!*" they cried exultingly, while over the children's heads they looked horror-stricken into each other's eyes.

The face of little Madame Girard was like a wax doll's from which every vestige of color had been washed away. But Madame Rossignol's was like that of a marble statue. Her profile against the black shadows of the alcove, in the light of the lamp's flickering flame, was cold and pure and classic as that of a Diana. But the eye made it living — a terror-stricken eye, wide open, with raying dark fringes. I had never until this moment realized how beautiful she was.

Suddenly with an inspiration Madame Rossignol joined together the tiny palms of the little Mireille, while Madame Girard followed suit with Suzanne.

"Say your little prayer to Jesus," she said softly. And with perfect docility the little ones together in faltering piping accents said their prayer to Jesus, then slipped down under the covering, laid their small tired heads close together on the pillow, twined their arms about each other's necks and fell fast asleep.

Was ever dawn more welcome! Silence had fallen like a benediction. For a half-hour we continued to listen fearfully; three-quarters of an hour and the tension relaxed; an hour and Madame Rossignol stepped to the window and threw wide the iron shutters. I crossed the room and stood beside her. The East was stained with rose pink and in the cold, bare vault of heaven pulsated one superb star. There was a chill bleak emptiness in the landscape, in the gray stretches of mud, in the gardens where the dry grasses and bare twigs shivered in the breeze, in the little houses close-shut like boxes where no smoke spiraled up from the chimneys — a stillness, too, unlike any other stillness in the world. One lonely bird uttered a disconsolate note, then broke off sharply. Madame silently pointed out a dark spot that had not been there before, a hole in the brown earth like a wound, and she drew in a sharp breath. When she turned her face I saw that it had aged in the night. In the cold early light it looked sallow,

drawn, haggard. Only the eyes remained the same. I thought at the moment that youth and joy and beauty had gone from it forever, but again I was mistaken. Laughter and song and gaiety, coquetry and love and passion, as long as she lives these will have power to stir — even to capture — the heart of the Rossignol. At that very instant Love had his ear at the keyhole!

But as I laid my hand on her shoulder all the pettiness of the past vanished away — standards, judgments, irritabilities, carping criticisms — gone down in a heap of débris with that tragic night. No matter what happened now, I could not forget.

"You are exhausted," I said.

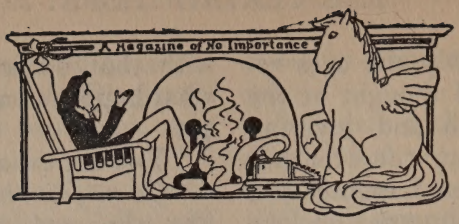
"*Ça ne fait rien! C'est la guerre!*" She shrugged her shoulders and turned her face to the sky. Suddenly a radiant smile illuminated it, years fell from it like a mask, she pointed to the star, paling gradually in the dawn, as a child might point ecstatically to a star on a Christmas tree.

"*Regardez! Comme c'est belle!*" she cried; "*C'est un bon augure! C'est l'étoile de l'espérance!*"

# The Certain Hope

By Isabel Hume

As one who has been long upon the sea,
Long vexed by winds, and tossed by bitter tides,
Who comes into the haven at the dawn
And finds his friend, and falls upon his breast:
So I shall draw across the deeps of time
And you await me on the other side.




# Stuff and Nonsense

By Donald Rose

*A Monthly Magazine of No Importance, Dealing Lightly with Matters Pertinent and Profound, and Weightily with Those of No Consequence Whatever*

SEPTEMBER, 1929 VOL. 5, NUMBER 9

## THE WAR THAT ENDED WAR

### A FUTURISTIC FABLE

The last literary masterpiece of the Great War had been written. Armageddon had been portrayed by privates, sergeants, colonels and all sorts and conditions of generals; by the diaries of aviators, carrier pigeons and kitchen police; by Germans, Austrians, Italians, Siberians and Eskimos. The memoirs of every available Personage had been published. The supply of descriptive adjectives, suitable for praising and proclaiming the Greatest Book of the War, had been drained dry.

The last war movie had reeled away into oblivion, the last war play had left Broadway and died in Pittsburgh. The last Army and Navy store had sold its last folding frying pan. The last surviving member of the A. E. F. had grown too fat for his uniform and could no longer stand at attention on military anniversaries without shedding all his buttons. The last Y. M. C. A. worker had wearied of showing his medals.

It began to look as if the war were over. Skeptical folk everywhere began to doubt there had ever been a war. Clearly it was time for another.

The British Navy League thought so and all the munition manufacturers were sure of it. The poison gas experts and enthusiasts considered it a good idea. Several manufacturers of airplanes insinuated that unless something were done they would be compelled to pass dividends, thereby bringing hardship and distress to thousands of widows, orphans and bankers. Members of international secret service systems encouraged the suggestion. All nations which foresaw a sporting chance of profitable neutrality favored it.

So the War was arranged.

The immediate occasion of the actual outbreak of hostilities was the assassination of an Angora goat by an intoxicated Armenian peddler of hand-embroidered underwear. The crisis was enormously complicated by the fact that the goat was the property of a Fascist Irishman, the brother-in-law of a French-Canadian named Hans Drinkenhof Schmidt. Owing to the Communist tendencies of the goat, Russian intervention was inevitable from the beginning, and the British served notice on Switzerland that the freedom of the seas would be enforced with the utmost severity. The Spanish Ambassador was immediately recalled from Monte Carlo and the Ameer of Afghanistan went away for the summer. Iceland served warning on the world at large that it would defend its territorial integrity to the last icicle.

The first shot in the war was fired in the

general direction of Europe by Jacob Johnson, who had spent his vacation duck-shooting in Jersey. It failed to hit anything, but Mr. Johnson — with admirable courage and promptitude — immediately endorsed Lucky Strike cigarettes and went rapidly into the movies. Others rushed to fill the breach until the whole Eastern seaboard was smoky with testimonials. The world resounded to the tramp of armed hosts and heroes fell like flies, gasping their preferences in beds and mattresses as they bit the dust. Three Polish aviators sank nineteen American warships before a burst of shrapnel brought them fluttering down to the sea. Fortunately they were rescued by a tramp steamer and arrived in New York in time to take the blindfold test while the children of the Fourteenth Street Kindergarten were still laboring to determine the difference between the perfect cigarette and horsehair.

Meanwhile the great corporations and fundamental industries of modern civilization were girding themselves for service and sacrifice. All the book clubs pledged themselves at once to publish each month the outstanding war book of the moment, carefully selected by committees consisting of Boy Scouts, bandits on parole, and dead Congressmen. Members enrolled by the thousands and tens of thousands, and when the volunteer spirit wavered a Twenty-Eighth Amendment to the Constitution was passed which put the book clubs at last on a sound business basis by making every citizen a member. The Pennsylvania Railroad organized at lightning speed a combination service by train, boat, plane, elevator and bicycle, with Pullman accommodations, which permitted passengers to visit every scene of the war, with stop-over privileges and free baggage transfer. Fashion designers busied themselves at once with the war motif, so that anyone in purely civilian attire was in danger of arrest as a spy. The Jersey beaches entered upon a boom period, advertising widely their geographical location on the very sidelines of all important naval battles.

A new phase in the gigantic conflict dawned when the Radio Corporation of the World announced its plans for a coast-to-coast and shore-to-shore hook-up to bring the war to the fireside of every home. Countless millions listened in thereafter to every great battle, and children scarce out of the cradle learned to distinguish between the rattle of machine-gun fire and the pleasing thump of trench mortars. Prisoners captured at the point of the bayonet were encouraged to say a few words before the field microphones and some remarkable results were attained in broadcasting the groans of the wounded. An enterprising clergyman of New York set the pace for his fellows by preaching a Christmas sermon to the accompaniment of a heavy drum-fire direct from the Western front. Mr. Graham MacNamee, now an old man but still capable of enthusiasms, added to his reputation with a thrilling play-by-play description of a terrific bombardment, followed by a hand-to-hand struggle in which over ten thousand were killed. Old sportsmen considered his performance the equal of some of his broadcasts of the Dempsey fights of a former generation.

The Bell Telephone and Associated Companies entered the war at this moment. After months of devoted and self-sacrificing research and considerable hard work at Washington, they announced the acquisition of exclusive rights to broadcast television versions of the War, urging the installation of extension lines to bathroom and kitchen so that it would be unnecessary to interrupt the war for minor domestic matters. This was generally recognized as the last stage in the civilizing of modern warfare. Women, children and school boys who had never seen a war were able to follow every phase of its glorious carnage and destruction within the shelter of their own homes. The system spread rapidly and television apparatus was installed in parks, city playgrounds, theatres and auditoriums. One was set up in the New York Stock Exchange and served on at least one occasion to avert a panic which might have brought suffering to countless innocent investors. Rumors of a surplus of fabricated steel had shaken the industrial market from top to bottom, but with rare presence of mind the directors of the Exchange suspended business and showed direct pictures of enemy airplanes in the act of blowing to pieces three ammunition dumps, half a dozen railroads and a score of bridges. Steel jumped twenty-eight points and the market was saved.

Another notable achievement was the presentation, with sound effects, of the Battle of Briquette River. Thousands of citizens of

Chicago and nearby points crowded the theatres and auditoriums to watch from the comfort of padded seats, under the cooling breezes of electric fans, the wiping out of three Illinois divisions by gunfire and gas. The system soon became international in operation and several large audiences in Europe were spectators of the great naval battle of the war, in which all battleships on both sides were sunk. But the outstanding achievement was the television presentation of the aerial attack on New York City. All over the country women and children and old folk beyond military age sat enthralled by the mob scenes in the subways and on the crumbling bridges and the collapse of great skyscrapers under the blows of bombs and aerial torpedoes. Hardened men of Hollywood wept freely as they watched from California, well aware that a new scale in entertainment had made all their ideas obsolete.

At this point, for some inexplicable reason, the war came to an end. It was suspected that the public had tired of it. Some efforts were made in influential circles to enforce it and extra inducements of prizes, premiums and stock dividends in radio and power stocks were offered to all who would stick it out for a few years longer. But, nevertheless, the war quit. Some of the soldiers had to walk home, but the fighting was over. The next generation devoted most of its efforts to deciding who started the war and who won it, but otherwise it was rather a dull period in history.

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## *Sonnet to a European Guidebook*

I have o'ercome the perils of the deep,
Such as they are — boredom by day profound,
By night the grief of bunk-constricted sleep —
To tread at last this ancient story ground.
Shall, then, a book in scanty buckram bound,
Harry my weary feet from place to place,
Dulling my sense to every sight and sound
Whose beauty is its own sufficient grace?
Shall I, within some ancient mossy nook,
Or past the pale of ivied cloister gates,
Bury my nose within a musty book,
And sniff stale flavors from a page of dates?

Back to your bookshelf, then, the while I roam!
I'll con your pages when I get back home.

## Tenting on the Old Camp Ground

I have an estimable and otherwise intelligent friend who goes cuckoo once a year. He reveals it by breaking his way out of civilization and going camping. He used to do it in a modest sort of way as a lone tramper or camper, but he carried his vice over into matrimony and now camps himself and his wife and his family with a regularity and devotion worthy of a better cause.

Much of the winter he spends in contemplation of next summer's camp. From a flood of pamphlets and geographical literature he selects a likely site. He makes lists of paraphernalia, adequate for an armed scientific expedition into the heart of Equatorial Africa. He contemplates fishing — ocean, lake and river — and all varieties of big-game hunting. He prowls through catalogues, uttering little cries of pure delight over folding cook-stoves, portable bird-baths and collapsible tents designed for the serious camper. He writes voluminously to state and national authorities in regard to purity of drinking water, game laws, trails, maps and the best way to cook beans.

Then, when all is said and done and discussed in and out of the bosom of his family, he goes off every summer to the same old camp, urging me over his shoulder to follow him at the first opportunity.

This year I somehow succumbed to his invitation. I promised to spend three or four week-ends with him, close to nature and back in the habit of primitive man. He pointed out that he was a life-long camper and could guarantee my entire comfort, plus an almost intolerable amount of innocent fun. So on a Saturday afternoon I drove into his half-portion of the wilderness by way of a road that cost me a rear spring and the cap of the gasoline tank. It threatened rain, but I knew that the camper was well provided and protected against the elements.

It came on to rain. In spite of it he showed me the kitchen, which was principally a matter of frying pans, and kept me standing there until a rivulet down my neck had washed me entirely clean of the inhibitions of civilization. Then we went and sat in the tent, in company with six army cots and the family. We talked of this and that until the pangs of hunger became audible in the entire company.

"Let's eat," said he. "I'll brew a big pot of oatmeal and we'll have some bacon. Nothing like camping to give you an appetite."

We ate supper in the tent and then played rummy until bedtime. In the morning I took a hasty breakfast of oatmeal and bacon and drove off in the rain for home.

It was a scorching summer's day when I arrived on the following Saturday. We sat around a while, but flies and mosquitoes became so attentive that we all went and sat in the tent. Then we had a nice dinner of oatmeal and bacon and played rummy in the tent until bedtime. I rose early in the morning for a swim, but found the creek an unappetizing combination of green scum and mud. So I took my portion of oatmeal and bacon and drove home.

When I next arrived it was at the end of a long hard week, and I was tired. To loaf a while amid the beauties of nature seemed an admirable idea. I broached it to my host and he concurred at once. "Lie down in the tent," he suggested. "You see, we don't trouble with chairs and things like that at camp. I'll call you for supper."

So I lay down in the tent, and was wakened at last to join in a feast of oatmeal and bacon. After supper a cold and rheumatic breeze blew up, so we sat in the tent and played rummy. In the morning it was practically freezing, so I snatched my oatmeal and bacon and went home.

On my last visit the day was ideal, a perfect combination of cloud-flecked skies and gentle zephyrs. I drove out early, contemplating a long afternoon of hunting, fishing, swimming and all the other delights of camping. I found my host delighted to see me. "It's such a nice day," he explained, "that I thought it would be a fine idea for us all to ride down in your car and spend the evening at the movies. We'll have an early supper of oatmeal and bacon and be off. That's the great thing about camping — you are always free to do whatever you like whenever you like. Don't you think so?"

That was my last visit. Next summer I am going camping on my own account. I have picked a little place in the hills, overlooking a lake, hard by a golf course, and with hot and cold water in every room. There are hammocks on the screened porches and trains every hour to the city. I have also a special contract with the manager that there will be neither oatmeal nor bacon on the menu. Campers must endure a certain measure of deprivation or there's no fun in it, and I am sacrificing oatmeal, bacon and rummy and the privilege of sitting in a tent.

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## GENERAL INFORMATION

(*This department is maintained for the convenience of our readers and in recognition of the crying need for their enlightenment. Inquiries addressed to us will be here answered by experts on our staff, in association with a large corps of correspondents in every conceivable location. All information supplied is guaranteed to be as reliable as is at all necessary.*)

*Question:* "My wife will be leaving shortly to spend a month's vacation with her folks. In her absence I propose to do a little light housekeeping and prepare my own meals. Will you suggest a few simple menus which may be prepared by a temporary bachelor without undue risk or expense?"

*Answer:* By all means. We know exactly how you feel. This domestic problem has been much overrated. Any man of reasonable intelligence can plan and prepare meals with a minimum of waste time and effort, by applying to the problem the elementary principles of business efficiency. For instance:

For breakfast we suggest eggs. Put a frying pan on the gas stove and smear it — i.e. the frying pan — with butter or anything else around the kitchen that looks like grease. This will only be necessary for the first day or so, after which the pan will be permanently greased. Hit the egg smartly at the waist line so that its insides drop into the frying pan. After it has spluttered a while, turn it over, probably in sections. When it begins to char around the edges it is ready to eat.

For lunch we suggest fried eggs. These are prepared in much the same fashion as described in the breakfast menu and make a nice change. A can of beans may be added if you can find a can-opener.

For dinner we advise *œufs à la frying pan.* These are prepared by cooking the *œufs* or eggs in a frying pan in a flat or recumbent position surrounded by a pool of butter or grease. By continuing the process past the critical point of coagulation of the yolk and calcification of the white, the egg will be

toughened to the point where it may be chewed off a fork, which saves dishes.

This will suggest an infinite variety of tasty dishes for the first three days, after which you may go out and locate the nearest restaurant or telegraph for your wife.

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*Question:* "Please explain the tariff to me. If Congress is in recess, why do we have to listen to so much political chatter from Washington? With Washington as hot as it is, do you suppose anybody down there can do any thinking that amounts to anything during the summer?"

*Answer:* The trouble with political discussion at Washington during the summer is not the heat. It's the tumidity.

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*Question:* "Why was Secretary Stimson's pet goat refused admittance to this country? Why was it sent back to Manila? Why is this nation so inhospitable to unfortunate and innocent aliens?"

*Answer:* There is probably a tariff on goats and also an embargo and a quarantine. Possibly the goat had foot and mouth disease. Very likely the goat is a large and hungry goat, and with the Japanese Beetle still fresh in memory one can't be too careful. Also there's the matter of unfair competition. There are over six million milch goats in this country, trying to get along and maintain the American standard of living. Maybe Mr. Stimson's goat isn't that kind of a goat, but it's hard to tell at this distance. Anyhow, though somebody has got the Secretary's goat, he still has his swearing parrot. You can't have everything.

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*Question:* "I am a newcomer to this country and do not altogether understand the English language as it is spoken here. What is meant by the 'comic strips'?"

*Answer:* If you will spend a summer afternoon on the Jersey beaches, you'll soon find out.

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*Question:* "We have lately purchased an old house and are remodeling it and bringing it up to date. Out beyond the back door is a well. It is a deep well, with water in it, but we have no real use for it, since we have now become attached to the local water works. Also we lately found in it two dead rabbits. Since we have two children, we feel we should dispose of the well. How do you dispose of a well?"

*Answer:* If any of our readers would care for a well, we will gladly put them in touch with our correspondent. The well will then be shipped to them C. O. D.

Otherwise we fear it will be difficult to dispose of the well. In our town the man calls for ashes and tin cans every Wednesday and we always manage to get them out by Thursday so that he makes away with them the following week. But we have found that he will not remove anything larger than a small bed-spring without special coaxing and this seems to be a large well.

Perhaps you might give the well to the Salvation Army when the truck comes round for the quarterly collection. Or else you might auction the well or raffle it off. If you happen to be a small manufacturer you might turn it inside out and use it for a chimney, in which case you should first remove the water and the rabbits. If none of these suggestions meet the problem, we are afraid we can't help you.

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## THE SMOKING CAR

The smoking car is torrider
Than summer down in Florida;
Its atmosphere is murky and obscure;
But this close approximation
To complete asphyxiation
Does not hinder conversation
I am sure.

Here a caucus and convention
Free from female intervention
Holds a session all along the right of way;
In a mighty concentration
Of the wisdom of the nation
On all problems of creation
Every day.

Here the after-breakfast speaker
Is no quieter nor meeker
Than a lawyer or a Congressman-elect;
And conditions are conducive
To argument effusive,
Though less than quite conclusive,
I expect.

## Our Centre of Gravity

*"A thing that nobody believes cannot be proved too often."* Bernard Shaw

Since criminology became a polite science and behaviorism began masquerading as a philosophy, there have been plenty to ask why men go wrong. The question is voiced with a monotonous frequency, like that of the fond but frantic mother who cannot understand why her boys behave as they do. Despite the fact that she should know as much as anyone concerning the origin of domestic evil, she implores the boys themselves and the circumambient air in general to reveal why they are disorderly, destructive, disobedient, mischievous and unreliable. In much the same fashion society bewails the perversity of its errant members.

The question itself amounts to a flat denial of the genial old doctrine of original sin. In days of more positive theologies there was no such doubt or dismay. Boys were commonly recognized as imps of Satan, and men in general were the children of the devil whose works they would do. There was no question as to why men went wrong. It was, in fact, practically expected of them.

But now that we are all turned scientific, analytical, and incurably curious as to what makes the wheels go round, there is no lack of discovered reasons for misbehavior. Men, it appears, go wrong through heredity, environment, inhibition, education, lack of education, opportunity, lack of opportunity, bad example, bad company and the high cost of living. They go wrong because of bad teeth, clots on the brain, incipient tuberculosis, or the erratic behavior of their ductless glands. They go wrong because of prenatal influences, Freudian complexes, and the misbehaviorism of their ancestors. They go wrong because of the callous cruelty of society and the garbled moral values of the motion pictures, and also in obedience to the law of supply and demand. They go wrong because they chewed matches in infancy or because they were brought up on stories of hobgoblins and pirates.

So many good reasons for vice are almost sufficient to make it a virtue. It is not to be wondered that men go wrong when there are so many inducements to do so; it is more remarkable that a proportion of them should do anything else. The briefest survey of all that science has done for sin is sufficient to inspire the question as to why men go right. For it is clear that some do so, or else the world would be more of a madhouse than it is.

If virtue be an admirable thing, then it must be practised for admirable reasons. Virtue which is the consequence of fear, caution, habit, stupidity or lack of opportunity, has little positive moral quality. It is evident that some of us simply lack the courage for crime and the stomach for sin. It is also clear that in this land of hypothetical equal chances for all there is a grossly unfair distribution of opportunities for first-class misbehavior. A third reason for rectitude is that so many men are slaves to good habits. They shrink from anything which upsets the applecart of their lives, whether the change promise good or bad or mere excitement. If this be virtue, then virtue is singularly close to laziness.

Furthermore there are those who make no compact with the devil principally because they are not aware that the devil is in the neighborhood; who pass unscathed through the fire because they are ignorant that anything is burning. Others depend on the ancient formula that "honesty is the best policy," which is probably not true and certainly sours the outcome of good intentions with self-interest. And there are those who live hard and fast by standards, internal or external, which are thoroughly lacking in uniformity, whether in code, creed, intelligence or authority. Some are built of falsehoods; some are merely traditional or geographical or fashionable. Some are inherited, like the grandfather's clock or the habit of talking through the nose. Some are simply matters of vague agreement as to what the well-bred man will do or not do, so that plenty of men will not commit crime for the same reasons that others will not wear a soiled collar. And though it is true that many men go right because they live by a personal

or internal law, it is equally true that they go wrong for the same reason.

These are not sufficiently satisfactory reasons why men go right. To find better, we must make a couple of assumptions. The first is that there is indeed such a thing as virtuous behavior. The second is that it is peculiarly a human attribute. We do not question the morality of a cat or cabbage nor are we spiritually pained because little worms eat green apples and dead logs breed fungi. It is probable that we shall discover the reason why men go right or wrong somewhere in the neighborhood of the distinctive and essential human characteristic, whatever it may be.

By process of elimination we can narrow the human prerogatives to the single faculty of free choice. Man has a definite, exact and individual freedom to do as he pleases or rather to intend as he pleases. Unless he is completely and congenitally lunatic there is at least a moment in his experience when he weighs a matter by reason and decides it by choice. This is the sign and stamp of his humanity, and perhaps the only one. In all other respects he is like an animal, a vegetable and a collection of carbohydrates and assorted minerals. But the graph of his spiritual life is that he climbs by growth and education to the point of deliberate choice between alternatives, and thereafter either holds on to his human privilege or slides back from it.

Why do free men go wrong? Because they threw away their birthright; because they surrendered, somewhere along the line, to an enemy that was not then very formidable; because they failed to choose between "Yes" and "No." Later the enemy found ample allies; the cords were drawn tighter, the downward track was greased. The condition of the criminal man becomes at last morally pathological, at which time he becomes really interesting to scientists and psychologists whose favorite weakness it is to put the cart before the horse. All their explanations of the fall of man are like the opinions of a coroner's jury on a man found dead at the foot of a cliff. They discuss the height of the cliff, the jaggedness of the rocks, the condition of the body, the disposition of the deceased. Yet the important fact is that the man is dead and the important question is how or why he fell.

Why do men go right? Because they hang on to their human prerogative. They may blunder, but they do not surrender. For virtue is freedom, cherished and preserved; vice is slavery. It is a simple distinction. It is not so simple to determine what this freedom may be. It is not an inherited characteristic, since it has no conceivable relation to practical biology. It cannot be localized in the brain, like sight or smell or the ability to spell. It is not a chemical product, an enzyme, or the secretion of a ductless gland. Moreover, it has no dimensions and no degrees; it cannot be more or less. It is a purely abstract commodity, yet it seems singularly practical and efficient.

Yet this is essentially a definition of a thing that is beyond all natural law and must therefore be spiritual. But there will be plenty who are cold-blooded and hard-boiled and honest enough in these days to reply that there is no spiritual, whether you call it soul or by some name less naïve. Maybe they are right, but if so it devolves upon them to answer to their satisfaction and our own the question as to why men go right. If they cannot do so, it may be that Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche can help them. He argued, you remember, that it doesn't really matter, and that anything is right if you can get away with it and wrong if you can't. This is a poor alternative to the conception of man as a free and responsible spiritual being, but it is about the only one there is.

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## The S. & N.

### Alphabetical Education

#### No. 17. Dentistry

Dentistry is a painful business, and not suited to sensitive and temperamental natures. Those who are susceptible to the suffering of others or who have an inborn antipathy to inflicting punishment on dumb or inanimate objects, may not be able to bear the

dying agonies of an extracted tooth as it gasps out its last breath in a pool of iodine. There are also those who are opposed to vivisection and some whose nerves cannot endure the mere sight of a buzz saw. These sensitive souls had better recognize their limitations, and go into undertaking or paperhanging or some other clean and kindly business.

Those who have a natural appetite for excavation can become either subway contractors or dentists. If they choose dentistry, they should first learn the names of the teeth. These are divided into incisors, molars, canines, felines and cuspidors, and all animals have them except babies, hens and mushrooms. As far as mankind is concerned in his present low estate, they are a trouble to acquire, a grief to maintain, and an abomination to be without; it is equally painful to get them, keep them or lose them. They have an almost unlimited capacity for trouble, and although one man's mouth contains not more than sixty-five teeth, it will supply enough business to keep an enterprising dentist occupied for three months in the year. This makes it rather nice to be a dentist.

The preliminary education of a dentist should include practical bricklaying and cement work, a brief course in the use of the brace and bit, and the elements of resuscitating the drowned. His essential equipment includes an assortment of files, chisels and augur bits; a steam-shovel, an artesian well driller and a pile-driver; and a selection of mild anæsthetics, such as cocaine, gasoline and strychnine. He also needs a rubber blanket.

When you have secured these, together with a diploma from a college or correspondence school or something that looks like one, you will need a young lady attendant and at least two patients. If the young lady attendant is chosen with care, she will attract approximately as much business as you will drive away, and the law of supply and demand will be left free to operate unhindered. Since there are a great many teeth in the world and more coming, you will eventually get a patient.

Take the patient unawares, and tie him tightly in an ordinary barber's chair or second-hand electrocution equipment, muffling all protests in the rubber blanket, which is to be stretched across the esophagus and fastened with tenpenny nails. Now answer your telephone, open your mail and read the morning paper, engaging meanwhile in pleasant and improving conversation. If the blanket is properly attached and has no holes in it, there will be no serious difficulty with the patient. When the patient shows signs of drowning in his own perspiration, you may start walking around inside his mouth in hob-nailed boots, discussing meanwhile your last fishing trip and the baseball prospects. Continue the discussion while conducting test excavations in the mouth, remarking occasionally, "Does that hurt?" If the patient tries to nod, the drill will go through the roof of his mouth, and this will soon discourage him. Continue the motion until your primitive instincts are thoroughly satisfied.

Extraction is one of the most fascinating features of dentistry, but should not be carried to excess as it rapidly limits the scope of future operations. Extraction should be practically painless, particularly to the dentist, if the patient is stunned by an assistant in advance of the operation. An ordinary piece of lead pipe is very satisfactory for the purpose, and will be found capable of standing up under years of continued service.

If these simple suggestions are followed, a dentist will rapidly build up a good business, and spend a busy life filling aching voids in people's faces.

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## The Endurance Record

This has been a season of strain and suspense, rather than of excitement. For the world's fickle interest has turned away from the pursuit of speed and appointed the endurance contest as the proper study of mankind. Honors and emoluments have been heaped upon marathon dancers, flagpole sitters and airplane pilots. A champion has been crowned in the person of the gentleman who has commuted continuously for forty-eight years and missed his train but twice. Mr. Pyle's bunion derby has limped across the continent, striking terror to the heart of every railroad on the route by blazing a new trail to California. An earnest and serious-minded young man set out in the spring to push a peanut up Pike's Peak with his nose, and at last reports had worn out his twenty-ninth peanut though his nose showed as yet no signs of cracking under the strain.

The airplane endurance flights have most

engrossed us, and the airminded public, the newspapers, and the gasoline companies rejoice and give thanks that of such feats and flights there need be no end. When five Army men were successful in remaining away from home for a week, it was simply a challenge to somebody to get off the earth for two weeks at a time. Thereupon somebody went after a month's vacation in the upper air, and when that is over there still remains the possibility of a full year's endurance flight. At last the time will come when an airplane and its crew will take off on an endurance flight and never come down again, which will be all right with us.

The nice thing about these endurance tests is that anyone can do them, and thereby contribute something to science and a great deal to the dignity of man in a world that never intended to take him seriously. In our own family we hold numerous endurance contests. There is one that goes on when the baby cries in the night, its object being to determine whether my wife or I can successfully feign sleep longer than the other. An endurance test of the utmost scientific importance goes on perpetually between my collars and the laundry, to determine how many times these singular pieces of civilized neckwear can go back and forth to the cleaners without decapitating their owner or separating into their components parts. And I am conducting some very personal tests into the endurance powers of razor blades and the face that is shaved by them.

My first test broke down when I inadvertently used toothpaste for shaving cream on the third shave. Starting with a new blade I reached the fifth shave before my wife borrowed the blade to clean paint from a window. After several relative failures I got up to the seventh shave with a blade of unusual staying powers, but broke out with poison ivy on my neck before I could carry the experiment through to a resounding record. Later I did better. I reached the seventh shave without trouble, the eighth with a few involuntary tears, the ninth with minor lacerations. I got through the tenth by first rubbing my face with sandstone and soaking my whiskers in vinegar to soften them. The whole family stood around while I went through with the eleventh, the razor groaning and straining under its burden. But I managed it, though a few surviving whiskers here and there would do no more than bend to the weary edge that passed over them.

I had hoped to hang up a record for all time with twelve full shaves from the one faithful and enduring blade. I tuned it to perfection, oiled all its joints, and soaped my face a full half hour. Half way across it went smoothly and sufficiently well, pulling out by the roots those hairs that would not fall. The family cheered and urged me on. I clenched my teeth and went on. Reporters waited outside the door for news of my triumph. But alas, just as I started up the other side I blundered. Forgetting the natural flow of my whiskers I turned the razor at an unfortunate angle, full against the sturdy crop on the northeast corner of my cheek. The blade balked once, went on again and stopped. Its edge curled up and died. It crumpled and crashed, its resistance sapped by the long grind of eleven successful shaves. Bleeding a little from the chin and with bare patches here and there about me, I fell into the waiting arms of my wife. Human endurance had outstayed machinery once again.

I wait now for the vaudeville contracts, the publishers and the syndicates. I am prepared to name the razor, the soap, the oil, the court plaster and liniments with which I made this outstanding record. Others, no doubt, will better my record, but I am content. Progress must go on and if I have contributed my mite, it is enough. And if the rewards of my achievement are as good as they ought to be, I'll never shave myself again.

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EXCELSIOR

The shades of night were falling fast;
The baseball game was o'er at last;
The umpire died without a sound —
They opened up his head and found
Excelsior!

# The Safety Valve

## *Is This Our Oldest Subscriber?*

As I renew this subscription it occurs to me that the editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW may be interested in the fact that the magazine has been taken constantly by the club of which I am a member ever since 1827. I have the old records from the time the club was formed and your magazine was always on the list.

The first meeting of the club was on October 31, 1827, at the home of Mrs. Ebenezer Gay here in Hingham, Mass. There were fifteen members and we have always kept the same number. It was voted at the first meeting to call the club The Friendly Book Society.

Among our first members were three sea captains, one colonel and one captain in the army, one doctor and one minister. We have always tried to keep descendants of the old families in the club, as in the case of General Benjamin Lincoln whose son joined in 1828.

Although a club member, I am not a Hinghamite. I came here a bride forty-three years ago, and thought it quite an honor when I was asked to be secretary and treasurer. My children are however, as my husband is a descendant of the first minister, Rev. Peter Hobart. —— MRS. OSCAR H. STRINGER, Hingham, Mass.

## *Plight of Mr. Pitkin*

During my last year at the University of California I attended a seminar, one of the members of which was fond of remarking: "Nothing good *ever* came out of Columbia." I argued with this young man, telling him he was ridiculously prejudiced, but every month or so he would produce some magazine article by a member of the faculty of Columbia University which left me speechless. He has now produced the article by Professor Walter B. Pitkin in your June issue, *Can Intellectual Women Live Happily?*, which you index as "The Plight of Women with Brains." I have given up trying to defend Columbia. There is simply no use trying to understand their selection of a professor of journalism who is capable of writing an essay as bad as this one. But I am curious to know your reasons for publishing it.

As to Professor Pitkin's reasons for writing it, a possible explanation may be found in the first paragraph of page 266 in his book, *How to Write Short Stories:*

> I am speaking now of the great mass of mankind. I recognize, of course, that we find small groups of readers whose maturity and intellectual development give them literary tastes quite apart from those of the public our magazines try to reach. . . . There is no profit, however, in reckoning with this small class. Writers who appeal to it, as Henry James did, cannot hope to win either popularity or bread and butter.

Professor Pitkin must have been short on bread and butter, because it is difficult to imagine the sort of reader with whom such an essay would give him popularity. And it is rather a surprise to learn that THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is making a bid for that kind of readers.

His statement that "Nearly a million superior women can't find contentment in maternity and are denied other outlets" requires some proof, and if Mr. Pitkin were a freshman student in English at any reputable institution, instead of a teacher of the subject at Columbia, he would be told that if he is to prove his thesis, he must show that the unrest, unhappiness, and discontent of the women he describes is entirely due to their superior intelligence, and any examples chosen must not only be examples of superior women, but their difficulties must not be traceable to any other condition except their unusual mental equipment. Mr. Pitkin's three examples are women of thirty-eight, forty-five and fifty, whose common characteristic is middle age, and the fact that they are following professions outside the home, leading lives more natural and appropriate for a man than a woman, competing with men, and probably denying themselves most of the satisfactions of the average married woman. If his examples prove anything at all, they indicate that the average middle-aged woman, intellectual or otherwise, needs a home and a husband. Everyone knows that, and it has nothing whatever to do with what he set out to prove.

Professor Pitkin goes on to state that there are only three ways that a woman can spend her life: "she may do nothing, and call it leisure, while other people call it loafing; or she may work either for profit or pleasure or both; or she may bear children and devote her years to them."

Now these ways of spending one's life are not mutually exclusive, as Professor Pitkin seems to imply when he attempts to show that in no one of these can the intellectual woman find happiness. Most college women marry and keep house. All of them have lives that include some leisure, some work, and in most cases, some children. There are so many dimensions to life which Professor Pitkin has overlooked! He describes the woman of leisure saying her life is "hell. . . . Pity the poor she-bum who has money enough to do nothing! She lives in a vacuum and either becomes a vacuum herself or else ends up a neurotic, whimpering her days away, hanging around her favorite doctor, sleeping badly, worrying, wishing she were dead — which she might better be". He evidently refers here to the woman without employment who can spend her leisure as she wishes. But his picture is of the woman with no mind at all, instead of an intellectual. I know several college-bred women who are women of leisure. They are all widely travelled, widely read. They have time to attend all the concerts and plays; they subscribe to twenty or thirty periodicals; all of the worth-while books are delivered to their homes the week of publication. One wonders if Professor Pitkin has ever known an intellectual woman of leisure. Surely the phrases "she-bum", "living in a vacuum", "wishing she were dead" do not apply.

The only conclusion which the reader of such an article can reach is that Professor Pitkin knows no intellectual women, and is therefore not qualified to write of them; and that although he defines happiness as self-realization, he has never read Aristotle on the subject, or he would have discovered how many kinds of activity enter into such an ideal of the good life. But we are not asked to recommend a remedy for Professor Pitkin, whose chief need is freshman logic. We are asked what to do about the intellectual woman whom he describes as "restless, neurotic, a pursuer of psychoanalysts and swamis." He quotes her as saying, "I ought to devote my highest abilities to politics or to social reform. In that way I can help the world progress toward a higher and finer civilization." Well maybe graduates of Columbia go around making such remarks. Certainly not graduates of any other institution. Professor Pitkin may reply that he isn't referring to college graduates, or even college women, and that he was careful to define an intellectual woman as one with sufficient intelligence to graduate. If so, the answer to his pathetic plea for something at which these women can use their keen minds is easy. Let them do the required work for an A.B. degree in any university, (except, perhaps Columbia). No girl who ever took psychology in college pursues psychoanalysts, and just one course in philosophy would nip any tendency to chase a swami. If she goes to a university as good as the University of California she will discover that her four years in college are but the beginning of her education, which is a life-time process. And for intellectual excitement, or for amazing things to wonder about, she won't have to chase a swami or a psychoanalyst; not as long as there are Professor Pitkins to write articles for THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. — GRACE MANERHAN, Berkeley, Cal.

## *Argumentum ex Femina*

"The lady doth protest too much."

She thinks I sought popularity. On the contrary! She also thinks I must have sought riches. Far from it! The article aimed only to submit facts drawn from thousands of observations by scores of vocational workers in many fields.

She thinks I described the three ways of a woman's life as "mutually exclusive." I did not. Indeed scores of my cases show women who both work and have children. The one problem is of statistical frequency of opportunities and mental-physical types. Alas, this is too hard a problem for most people, as I have lately learned. Even some competent biologists do not grasp it. Several have lately admitted this.

It always pains me to find literate women lapsing into bad logic, inaccurate reading, and emotionalism. For I have long maintained that women have minds as keen as men — or rather, that some of them have. My latest critic resorts to so many *argumenta ad hominem* that the total effect is that of an *argumentum ex femina*.

By the way, dozens of intellectual women have commented on the essential truth of the picture I drew. Thus far, only three have submitted their own careers as excellent exceptions to the common rule. But these exceptions are all allowed for in my statements. There are several thousand such. — WALTER B. PITKIN, Universal City, Cal.

## *Wanted: Thinkers*

I am interested in your historic magazine and in your programme. I often wonder how you are making headway amid the whirl of flashy stuff that is poured out on our newsstands.

It seems to me that America needs more funda-

mental thinking than is being offered in the average periodical — in particular about the very processes of politics (after the style of *The Federalist*, our greatest book on the subject) and fewer symposiums by tired and busy men on "problems." But who can bend the bow? We have a lot of "facile" writers, but where in the United States are first-class minds at work on the underlying realities of politics?

The thing that impresses me in American history is the fact that the major parties do not develop and define issues. They deal with issues forced upon them by economic and technological changes (the railroad or the radio, for example) and by third parties or minorities. When compelled to think they equivocate as long as possible until the pressure is so great that they must "do something." The exceptions seem to prove the rule. We have no national newspapers that take leadership in defining issues with respect to large concepts of national grandeur. Chauvinism, as expounded by Babbitt, is national grandeur. Newspaper editors are all too frequently party hacks more interested in defending old fictions than in wrestling with new realities. Meanwhile technical changes steadily transform the face of the earth and man's work on it. —— CHARLES A. BEARD, New Milford, Conn.

## *We Bow!*

You certainly have made THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW much better. It is now the best magazine that comes to my table, and I am a subscriber to nine. —— WM. D. MAGRUDER, Brunswick, Mo.

## *Just What We've Done*

I suggest that you get an article by an able and logical writer to nullify *The Farce of Enforcement*. It looks like a conspiracy on the part of publishers and editors to belittle enforcement and by mere volume of noise make it appear that the country is overwhelmingly against enforcement when the contrary is true. I believe it is time to become militant and force lawbreakers to behave. The remedy is "Treat them Rough," with a big *R*. —— M. C. SHERA, Philadelphia.

## *An Error*

I enclose copy of Chapter 268 of the Laws of 1929. I should think you would want to look more carefully after the correctness of your articles. —— WM. TUDOR GARDINER, Governor of Maine.

## *The Explanation*

The Governor of Maine calls attention to a law setting the age of sixteen as the minimum age of marriage without court consent in his State, whereas my recent article *The Mills of Marriage*, quoted the age as twelve.

The explanation is simple. The law referred to is Chapter 268 of the 1929 Public Laws of the State of Maine. It was passed this spring, in the interval between the writing of my manuscript and its actual appearance in print.

I trust that this commendable change in Maine's marriage laws may have the notice in your columns which is due to such an inaccuracy, unavoidable though it was.

Since *Mills of Marriage* was concerned chiefly with flaws in our present marriage arrangements, the sooner the article becomes thoroughly obsolete and inaccurate, the better the writer will be pleased. Yours for more inaccuracies as quickly as possible. —— F. EMERSON ANDREWS, New York City.

## *Laus Malti*

President Hoover, before being taken up into a high mountain and shown the kingdoms of the world, once spoke a kind word for 2.75 per cent beer, remarking, with great truth, that it is exceedingly difficult to get drunk on it.

So that beer has been endorsed in the very highest quarters, and beer well deserves it. Of all the progeny of old King Alchol, the product of fermented malt and hops is surely the most innocent and the most salubrious. And, of course, the best has suffered the most under the blight of Prohibition. The supply of distilled spirits has always equalled the demand and always will. The quality, indeed, has suffered more or less, and the combined extortions of rapacious bootleggers and blackmailing Prohibition agents have sent the prices soaring to unreasonable heights, but whiskey, gin, etc., are everywhere obtainable in quantities to slake the thirst of drys and wets alike. The consumption of wine steadily increases, to the great satisfaction of the prosperous Prohibitionists of California who own the vineyards. Cider and other fermented fruit juices, frequently of a most astonishing voltage, stock the cellars of the rural population and inspire the rugged farmer to heroic warfare against the wicked scofflaws of the cities.

But Gambrinus is an outlaw and an outcast everywhere. Some devoted worshippers, it is true, still purchase canned "malt and hops" and carry on the sloppy job of home-brewing in their kitchens. A heavy proportion of their bottles

burst, making a horrid mess. Most of the rest spout and geyser over everything when opened, and the final product, however highly praised by host and guest, is, in truth, rather depressing in most cases. And there are numerous more or less shabby and furtive dens where "real beer" is ostensibly supplied to those who are known or believed to be honest customers, not *agents provocateurs*. Alas! In nearly all of these resorts what you get is merely vile de-alcoholized "near beer," "spiked" with gin, ether, or some other atrocity. Needless to say, the resultant slop is an insult to the human palate and gizzard.

One schooner of beer that I met more than twenty years ago still lingers in my memory — so sweet! so sad! I went with my friend, Tom Emory, on a drive to Shrewsbury and Stewartstown, Pennsylvania. This was, of course, before the automobile era. Tom drove a tandem team to a high road-cart. It was a broiling hot summer's day, and the dust was thick and choking. We had "local option" in Harford County, but York County, Pennsylvania, was wet. Tom said, "Pretty soon, we'll cross the Mason and Dixon line, and then we'll get some beer!" The idea was entrancing. The sun beat down on our heads, the dust accumulated in our throats, but the thought of that cold, wet lager beer ahead filled our minds and made us happy. The more we thought about it, the more we longed for it, the more delectable it grew. Presently, "Here is the line!" cried Tom, "now we'll soon come to a tavern!" Sure enough, a few minutes later we rounded a curve in the road and there it sat, a wayside inn under the shade of a great tree. I can shut my eyes and see it now. We hitched the horses and entered the dim, cool bar, fragrant with the aroma of malt and hops. "Two beers, please!" and in a moment there sat before us two beautiful, foaming mugs. How delightful they looked! At that moment a strange voice at my elbow said, "Give me a beer"; — I looked around — there stood one of the very blackest negroes I ever saw, and the bar-tender calmly sat his beer beside the two he had just drawn for us! I looked at my beer, I looked at the negro, I looked at Tom, I looked back at that lovely, cold, foaming schooner of beer, and then Tom and I walked out, leaving untouched, untasted, the drinks we wanted so badly, climbed sadly into our cart and drove way.

I have never learned to like the sweet, mawkish "soft drinks" that flabbergast civilized foreigners visiting our unhappy country. They are neither cooling, refreshing nor inspiring on a summer day, or on any other day, for that matter. As for "near beer," it is simply an insult and an ignominy. —— A. F. Van Bibber, M.D., Bel Air, Md.


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# The Financial Outlook

By Alan H. Temple

## *Accepted Peaks*

The juggernaut of the bull market rolls on, relentless to those who get in its way and infinitely rewarding to those who ride. In the average prices of stocks and in the amount of credit that it is using the market long before midsummer had set new high records, advancing far beyond the peaks reached in March, when those peaks had caused such concern and had been followed by such severe reactions. Now, however, concern seems strangely lacking. There is a dearth of warning statements from conservative bankers who urged then that unless speculation was curbed the country must surely suffer. The Federal Reserve authorities for two or three months have not found occasion to smite the ungodly speculators. The renewed price advance, which has left the old record quotations so far behind, is accepted calmly, with acquiescence. Have the former critics of the new business philosophy which underlies the bull market been converted to it, and come to believe in the "new era"? Are their opinions unchanged and are they quiet merely because they are convinced of the uselessness of railing at something which obviously the country as a whole believes in? Or do they fear that inasmuch as their previous outgivings proved premature (to use the kindest word) a reiteration of them would excite only ridicule? These are inviting questions, but as they are merely bypaths of investment interest it is hardly worth while to explore them. The essential fact is that the advance in stocks, and the maintenance of business activity at such astonishingly high levels, has crushed the prophets of reaction, not only those who by their position and training might be assumed to have, if any, a bias toward the conservative, but also some of the modern statistical forecasting agencies, dedicated to the scientific study of the trend of business. Neither long experience and rule of thumb, nor the guidance of economic research has correctly anticipated the course of the markets, and only those have been correct who were animated by a belief that the weapons of the "new era" constituted an impervious defense against the assaults of the old time "business cycle."

Therefore the bears either have deserted to the enemy or laid down their arms temporarily. Wall Street and the newspapers are strangely quiet. The lack of vocal bearishness is itself a disturbing sign to the experienced, and not improbably before this is read a reaction of some magnitude in the stock market will have occurred. But if that is so the question will still have to be answered whether the reaction is merely a punctuation mark in an ever ascending movement, or whether it is of more far-reaching significance than any of the breaks thus far in the five years that the bull market has lasted.

## *The Bearish Lull*

For the more general acquiescence in the June–July rise, and the lack of concern which it aroused, there are several explanations. One is that the country has become habituated to higher prices and to the failure of bearish prophecies. Another is that the prices of last March, which the conservatives bitterly complained of, now appear cheap not merely in comparison with present prices but in comparison with earnings, which in many cases showed such astounding gains in the first half of this year; in that respect the earlier highs were correctly discounting events. A third is that the forecasts of business recession have been so generally mistaken; instead of being greater than usual the seasonal slump that is expected each summer is emphatically less than usual, and in some industries, notably steel, it has not appeared at all. And a fourth reason is that the stock market climb has been financed with less of credit expansion, relative to the advance in prices and the volume of new issues, than in any previous phase of the market. The position of the Reserve System is easier, and its officials have therefore modified, to some extent, the stringency of their repressive policies. They are expected to modify them still more before the autumn arrives, with its expansion in commercial and crop-moving requirements. These four reasons probably account for the fewer expressions of alarm that are heard in the present market.

On the habituation of the public mind to the higher prices it is scarcely necessary to dwell; it is the normal accompaniment of the gradual acceptance of the "new era" philosophy which circumstances have brought about.

The maintenance of business at such high levels is unquestionably the most important chapter of

the country's present economic history. A slight summer decline has occurred, to be sure, in a number of industries, but in virtually every case it has been less than usual at this season, and it has left activity substantially higher than it was a year ago. In the automobile industry, for example, sales and production of the medium and high priced cars have slumped considerably below the spring peaks, but to the country's capacity to absorb Fords, Chevrolets and Whippets there seems no end, and the manufacturers of those cars have been running virtually at capacity for months. The tire industry has followed the course of automobiles; it has fallen off slightly, and its huge inventories indicate that it will fall off more, but it is still unprecedentedly active, judged by any previous standard. The textile industry is less busy and planned greater curtailment as the summer wore on, but its consumption of raw material and sales of finished goods at retail, if not at wholesale, were substantially larger than in the summer of 1928. The electrical and aviation industries are tremendously busy and prosperous. The machinery industries have no reasonable cause for complaint, and the shoe business, improving, exceeds earlier forecasts.

## *Steel, Prince or Pauper?*

It is in steel, still the basic industry of the country, that the absence of a summer slump stands out most clearly. For years, ever since the productive capacity of the steel mills first exceeded the normal requirements of the country, the steel business has been a succession of ups and downs. Carnegie called it "prince or pauper." In the swings of the business cycle it went from the heights of prosperity to the depths of depression, and even in a normal year it traversed a wide range from full operation to curtailment. Usually it reached its peak of activity in the late winter or early spring, supplying material for construction and other enterprises and slumping off thereafter, with perhaps a second burst of speed in the autumn.

But during the past five years or so the annual history of the steel industry has changed. No longer is it prince or pauper. Most of the time hereafter, apparently, it will be prince. The severe ups and downs of the old time business cycle have not afflicted the industry recently. This year even the summer recession has been eliminated. During July the steel industry was actually working at a higher rate than in March, and at capacity if the necessity for shutdowns for repairs and for other unavoiadable reasons be recognized.

This is a fact of great import in its relation to the "new era" philosophy. The keystone of that philosophy, it will be remembered, is that business has become stable, that its managers control it instead of being controlled by it, that for the violent fluctuations of the past a continuing steady progress is being substituted which contributes vastly to efficiency and economy of operation. Apparently that is really happening in the steel industry, to a greater extent, thus far, than in any other. Users of steel have ceased to anticipate their requirements as far ahead as they once did. A steady flow of orders comes to the mills instead of a flood in the spring and a trickle in the summer. Unfilled orders of the steel companies, once a business barometer of significance, have lapsed into unimportance because of the greater regularity with which orders are placed. Purchases are in smaller amounts, but are made more frequently; deliveries are adjusted to the actual needs of consumption, with the object of eliminating stocks everywhere in distributive channels. The steel industry is now harvesting the fruits of these changed business habits; other industries also must be reaping them, though in none other do they show up so plainly.

In another respect the absence of the seasonal slump in steel this year is important. It perhaps indicates that the requirements of the country have at last caught up to the capacity of the mills to produce iron and steel. For many years the overcapacity of the country's industries has been unnecessarily great. Important to society because it preserved competition and spurred on to efficiency, it has nevertheless been the source of endless woes to the managers of industry who were compelled to carry the burden of an unproductive overhead expense. Now the signs indicate that in our greatest industry productive capacity has been nearly, if not wholly, caught up to. Capacity operation in the spring did not fully satisfy needs for summer; hence there must be capacity summer operation also. The steel manufacturers can employ their surplus plant for a longer period than ever before; probably they can continue to operate, even in times of business recession, at a higher percentage of their capacity than ever before. They can spread their overhead expense over a greater volume of business, and make larger profits not only in that way but because they will be operating in less of a buyers' market. With their increased skill of management and their coöperative practices they can avoid their previous error of too rapid expansion in prosperous times, and put on new plant capacity only as the requirements of the market call for it. Thus they can operate in the most efficient and economical manner possible, earn greater profits, and expand steadily with the growth of the coun-

try, avoiding the lean years which heretofore have so often wiped out the fat ones.

This picture of the steel industry of coming years is exactly as the prophets of the "new era" visualize all industry. In addition they see it gathered into the hands of constantly fewer corporations. As the new era thus seems nearer realization in steel than in any other of the older "saturated" industries the steel shares have once again become stock market leaders, and the common stock of the United States Steel Corporation has been bid up to above 200 upon the expectation that the Corporation will earn $20 a share this year.

## *Autumn Forecasts*

ABSENCE of the summer slump does not necessarily mean autumn prosperity, of course. Nevertheless business sentiment has been greatly heartened by the advance in wheat which toward the end of July was approximately 50 cents a bushel above the lows reached on the spring decline. The advance was caused, to be sure, by the prospect of a small crop of spring wheat. Canada will suffer from that more than the United States, and our wheat growers will have many millions of dollars more to spend this fall than seemed likely earlier in the year. A midsummer advance in cotton also roused hopes of a better farm income in the South. Under the leadership of agricultural products the commodity price trend has been upward and doubtless has had much to do with the optimism that is so evident with respect to the business outlook for autumn. The momentum of industrial activity, the huge retail trade, and the absence of excessive commodity stocks and price inflation all indicate that business will be good during the autumn, and those who had prophesied recession have in most cases postponed their expectations until 1930, falling back on the generalization that the two years of business expansion which we have enjoyed have been most unusual, and that we cannot possibly expect three.

The third of the reasons given why the renewal of the stock market advance has aroused less apprehension than formerly was that the prices of a few months ago, which were so much criticized, appear so cheap in retrospect not merely in comparison with present prices, but in comparison with corporation earnings. Final figures of corporation profits during the first half year are not yet available, but it is clear that they will break all records, and the increase over the first half of 1928 may run anywhere from 25 to 40 per cent. To that extent the stock prices of last winter — in the fortunate cases of those companies which participated in the increase of profits — have been justified. Of those companies which did not live up to expectations little need be said; like the poor, they are always with us.

But if the first half year's earnings of the prosperous corporations justify the prices of last winter do they also justify the prices of this summer, which are so much higher? The answer of the stock market bull, of what these articles have previously called the business "modernist," is of course in the affirmative. And unquestionably the modernists are becoming more numerous as they receive recruits from the fundamentalist ranks. The belief that the soundest theory of investment is to buy the stocks of the great corporations and to participate with them in their long-time growth has become so widespread that vast numbers do not hesitate at the price they must pay to obtain these stocks. As they cannot be purchased upon the basis of what they are intrinsically worth now these buyers pay what they hope the shares will be worth a year from now, accepting the handicap of a year's start in the race with their eyes fixed upon a goal perhaps five years ahead, perhaps a lifetime. Over such a period, they say, a few points more or less difference in the price of a stock will be insignificant. Nor does the possibility of a recession worry them much, so strong is their belief in stability,

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in the new era, in the destiny of the large corporations.

Probably we must wait for the researches of some Ph.D. of the future to discover how well this theory of investment works out. If the buyer could always pick the winners, purchase them outright, and divest his mind of any susceptibility to the fluctuations of their quotations upon the exchanges, it should prove to be the best theory of investment yet evolved. But the qualifications enumerated suggest that the application of the theory has its difficulties. How many, in their early days, picked United States Steel and General Motors as the corporations in their respective industries to cling to? And where are the gilt-edged investments of other days, the ferry-boat companies which operated across the East River at New York, for example? What of the effect upon the value of even the best stocks of the purchases and sales of the many buyers who do not own them outright, and who purchase them not with the idea of growing up with the company but in the hope of reselling them at a higher price? These are merely some of the considerations to be applied in the present position of the stock market. It is obvious that the policy of buying stocks at prices which have already discounted the future to a considerable extent constitutes an amendment to the theory of common stock investment as originally outlined, and the amendment conceivably may destroy its validity. That remains to be determined. Meanwhile the advocates of the "new era" are in the saddle, and the would-be stock buyer must either participate with them wholeheartedly or not at all.

According to the compilations of one of the leading statistical companies the advance in stocks up to the first of July had not quite kept pace with the increase in earnings. At that time the average yield of industrial stocks was 4.9 per cent compared with 4.7 on January first, and they were selling at only 14.9 times earnings compared with 15.3 at the earlier date. But if prices to July first had inexplicably lagged behind earnings the difference was quickly made up, and more, by the advance during July, which in steadiness and steepness, up to nearly the end of the month, had rarely been equalled. The notable strength of rail and public utility shares was mainly a reflection of their good earnings, but in part also traces back to the O'Fallon decision directing the Interstate Commerce Commission to give adequate weight to the cost of reproduction in determining the valuation of the railroads for purposes of rate-making and recapture of earnings.

## *Credit Conditions*

THE credit situation likewise has played an important part in the markets. The advance in stock prices to an average some 15 per cent higher than the previous peak reached in March was accompanied by but a trifling expansion in brokers' loans; the new high up to the time of writing was but a few millions above the record set toward the end of March. Going back to the comparatively quiet days of one year ago, the reporting member banks have no more of their funds tied up in securities now than they had then, for they have diminished their own investments to almost exactly the same extent that they have increased their loans upon stocks and bonds. The reserve position of the Federal Reserve Banks, helped by imports of gold from Great Britain and Argentina, is distinctly better than it was a year ago, and less Federal Reserve credit is in use notwithstanding the expansion of both business and security trading. Dr. David Friday, in fact, declares the past year has been one of credit deflation, extraordinary as that appears considering that business emphatically has been passing through the boom phase of the cycle.

Be that as it may the Federal Reserve authorities have assumed a somewhat more liberal attitude toward the release of credit to the markets. They are either victorious, and satisfied with the moderate deflation to which Dr. Friday calls attention, or they are defeated, according to the point of view. If one looks at the bank statements they are victorious and their policies justified despite the criticism which they faced from both the fundamentalists and modernists. If one looks at the new high stock prices and the new high totals of brokers' loans they are defeated. Yet they always declared that their purpose was not to regulate stock prices but to prevent the undue use of Reserve credit by the speculative security markets. Therefore it seems fairer to judge them by the bank statements, and they have emerged from their difficulties with more prestige than appeared probable a few months ago.

In recent weeks the Reserve Banks have become a little less rigorous in their guard over the rediscount privilege. It is universally expected that they will release credit to the market as crop-moving and autumn demands pile up, in order that these may be met without stringency. It is safe to assume that no firmer money is to be expected, and the outlook to that extent is favorable. Money rates thus far maintained have not hurt business, and new capital can be readily raised through the sale of stock issues.

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# North American Review

*October*

## The War Against War
By General James G. Harbord

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*Tells a Strange Mystery Story*
The Doom of the Darnaways

Richard E. Enright
*A Famous Police Commissioner on*
Our Biggest Business — Crime


Your Stake in Foreign Trade . . . . . O. K. Davis
Richardson, General Server *A Passing Type* . . . Stella G. S. Perry
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When Is a Teacher Not a Teacher? . . . . . Max McConn
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The World's Got to Have Me! . . . . . Whiting Williams
One Up *A Short Story of the Submarine Zone* . . Frederick B. Watt
A Body and Soul Clinic . . . . . John Lee Maddox
Other Games for Golfers . . . . . Raymond Walters
What the Churches Must Do . . . . . Chauncey J. Hawkins
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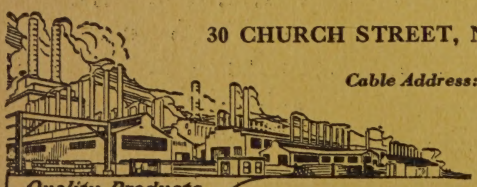

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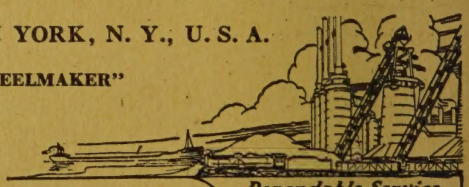

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THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW: Published monthly by The North American Review Corporation. Publication office, Rumford Building, Concord, N. H. Editorial and executive office, 9 East 37 Street, New York, N. Y. 40c a copy; $4.00 per year; Canada, $4.50; foreign countries, $5.00. Entered as second-class matter Dec. 18, 1920, at the post office at Concord, N. H., under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

WALTER BUTLER MAHONY
*Editor*

KENNETH WILCOX PAYNE
*Editorial Director*

# The North American Review

ONE-HUNDRED-FIFTEENTH YEAR

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Published by the North American Review Corporation
Editorial and Executive Office, 9 East 37th Street, New York, N. Y.
WALTER BUTLER MAHONY, *President*; CHARLES BATES DANA, *Secretary*
ERNEST FISHER, *Business Manager*
The price of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, appearing monthly, is forty cents a single copy, or four dollars a year, in the United States, Porto Rico, and the Philippine Islands. Subscribers in Canada should add to the yearly subscription price, 50 cents for postage, and those in foreign countries one dollar. THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is on file in public libraries and is fully indexed in *The Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature*.

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# BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION

RICHARD E. ENRIGHT (*Our Biggest Business — Crime*) was for seven years Police Commissioner of New York City.

STELLA G. S. PERRY (*Richardson, General Server*) is proud of New Orleans as her birthplace. From the colleges of the South she entered professional life in New York and specialized in advertising and editorial fields.

GENERAL JAMES G. HARBORD (*The War Against War*) having been Chief of Staff of the A. E. F. in France — as well as in command of the Marines at Château Thierry — and being now President of the Radio Corporation of America, has had unusual experience of war and international communications upon which to base his opinions as to the progress of the movement for world peace.

MARY DAY WINN (*Submerged Husbands*) is a New York newspaper woman, co-author with Dr. Ira S. Wile of *Marriage in the Modern Manner.*

MAX MCCONN (*When Is a Teacher Not a Teacher?*) will be remembered for his article *Tired Business Men of the Campus.*

JOHN GUNTHER (*A Macedonia Robin Hood*) knows his Balkans from first-hand experience as a *Chicago Daily News* man abroad.

JANET RANKIN AIKEN (*In Defense of Didja*) is a Doctor of Philosophy and instructor in English at Columbia University.

A. A. BRILL (*The Why of the Fan*), a psychiatrist now practising in New York, has been a member of psychoanalytic associations and has written extensively along Freudian lines.

WHITING WILLIAMS (*The World's Got to Have Me!*) feels competent to interpret the mind of the working man because he himself from choice has earned his day's wage side by side with laborers in varied industries in the United States and in Europe.

FREDERICK B. WATT (*One Up*) confesses that a passion for *Treasure Island* caused him to add three years to the fifteen he already possessed in order to see the last two years of the war in the North Sea as a Canadian naval reservist.

O. K. DAVIS (*Your Stake in Foreign Trade*) is a well-known newspaperman, experienced on the staff of *The New York Sun* in the famous Dana days. He saw action in Cuba during the Spanish-American War, and in the Philippines. He covered the Boxer Uprising, has travelled widely in China, and has represented the press in many foreign cities.

JOHN LEE MADDOX (*A Body and Soul Clinic*) is a retired Army captain, now engaged in writing and lecturing. He has toured twice around the world, has tried his hand at mountain climbing in the Alps, has investigated the customs and religions of primitive tribes, and has made a speciality of religio-medical subjects.

RAYMOND WALTERS (*Other Games for Golfers*) is a graduate of Lehigh University, where he taught English and served as registrar before becoming Dean of Swarthmore College in 1921.

CHAUNCEY J. HAWKINS (*What the Churches Must Do*) is pastor of the First Congregational Church, San Francisco. His present article is a condensation of certain chapters of his book, *Do the Churches Dare?* which is to be published in October by the Macmillan Company.

CHARLES MORROW WILSON (*On An Ozark Store-Porch*) comes from pioneer stock in the Ozark Mountains of which he writes so sympathetically.

FRANK D. LOOMIS (*My Pickpocket's Day in Court*) is Secretary of the Chicago Community Trust. As a respite from his duties he bowls and plays golf.

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# The Literary Landscape

By Herschel Brickell

*THE BALLAD OF MR. B. W. SMITH*

*His dollars would have paved his house for him —*
*ten bedrooms, seven baths, all told —*
*and yet they could not buy what would not bore him:*
*sunshine when he was cold.*

*At fifty-six he needed little sleep.*
*Digestion poor, he couldn't eat.*
*Had twenty good teeth, which he hoped to keep —*
*preserved from sweet, or meat.*

*What should he buy, now that he owned all things?*
*Mountains, and sea, and sky, and God?*
*And the wind's flute sounds, and the thrush that sings?*
*His checks came back. How odd.*

*He opened up his checkbook to the sky,*
*but the sky showed no expression.*
*Between the clouds there peeped no envious eye.*
*Great was Smith's depression.*

*See him sitting there, with twenty good teeth,*
*and six porcelain — five gold,*
*chagrined and disappointed, underneath*
*a sun not bought nor sold.*

—From J. L. Wetcheek's American Song Book, *Pep*, by Lion Feuchtwanger.

The foregoing verses are from a collection of satirical poems about our beloved America, written by the distinguished German author of *Power* and *The Ugly Duchess*, and Englished by Dorothy Thompson with considerable skill. Mr. Feuchtwanger had never been in the United States when he wrote his poetry. He declares he was not hitting at the American people in his satire upon the life of a gentleman named B. W. Smith, but rather at the European bourgeois "who more and more adopts for himself those characteristics which he likes to think are American, but which suit his tendencies. In Europe today there are wide classes of people who are, perhaps, more 'American' than most inhabitants of the United States." It is this Americanism, not America, which is the subject of *Pep*. *Pep* is published by the Viking Press, at $2, with excellent illustrations by Aladjalov. Despite Herr Feuchtwanger's explanation of his aims, there lingers a strong suspicion that its verses give us a very fair opportunity for a realization of that consummation put into Scotch dialect by one Burns, a poet. . . .

The Landscaper writes these lines between sneezes and much wipings of his eyes, having been most inopportunely set upon by one of the innumerable species of bacteria that bring about head colds in the human race, and engender, incidentally, all sorts of bitter reflections upon life as a whole. For example, almost since the first sneeze, the Landscaper has been wondering why it is that the contemporary world is so full of well-done novels that are just about worth the paper they are printed on, because everything about them is forgotten within twenty-four hours after they have been finished except a faint recollection of their competency of execution. They are like well-contrived and well-acted plays, mildly diverting for an evening's entertainment, but with no residue of pleasure, furnishing nothing to think back upon. They seem to be growing in numbers, these competently written novels, in which thinness and bloodlessness are so strikingly characteristic; they are small, neatly turned out, highly polished, and Lord, how meaningless!

## *Are There Celestial Libraries?*

Perhaps these feelings are not due altogether to the physical condition of the Landscaper. Perhaps it is, partly at least, that old age is coming on, and through the rush and hurry of life, there creeps in every so often the thought that only so much more time is left for reading — there being some doubt about the library equipment of either of the future states once believed in by the orthodox. Given such rapidly narrowing limits, why spend the remaining moments in the company of the small-minded? Regretfully, it must be added, in order to escape the small-minded, one would be forced to make a flying leap outside his own generation, and if these be fighting words, the corre-

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Denis Saurat is a Frenchman, a Doctor of the Sorbonne, head of the French Institute in England, Professor in the University of London. His "Milton, Man and Thinker" is a classic of research. For imagination and brilliance allied to sound scholarship he has few rivals in his field, the study of English Letters.

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spondence columns of this ancient and respectable magazine are open to all comers. "Yes, we have no gusto" would be a very good motto for most of the literary art of the times.

Having thus relieved himself of a certain amount of the venom engendered by a succession of sneezes, the Landscaper will pass along to his survey, gazing out across the literary peaks and valleys through eyes misted with tears. Perhaps it is just as well to say before beginning to look over the current fiction that the pessimistic observations made a few paragraphs above did not arise so much from an examination of the immediate supply of novels as from recollections of the supply for the past several years, although it must be admitted that the most recent offerings are not free from the faults specified.

## *Mrs. Millin's Fiddler*

IT MAY not be exactly fair to pick on one novelist, but Sarah Gertrude Millin's *The Fiddler* (Boni and Liveright, $2.50) is such a good example of the Landscaper's point, it must suffer for its brothers and sisters. Mrs. Millin is, to this reviewer's way of thinking, one of the best of living novelists, a woman who has written enduring literature in such books as *God's Stepchildren*, *Mary Glenn* and *The South Africans*. The first-mentioned, in particular, is a really significant book, admirably done as a piece of fiction, and excellently interpretative of the problems of mixed blood in South Africa. *The Fiddler* is a triangle novel, in which a wife runs away with a violinist, who becomes a murderer, and turns out to be a cad. The husband, in a noble gesture, takes back the erring wife, and there you are. It is all very neat, and mildly exciting while in progress, but the feeling is inescapable that the material is not worth the time and effort spent on it by a really good novelist. It might have been made into a short story for a popular magazine and thereby helped to keep the pot boiling, but that's about all it deserved. One hears that the motion picture companies are eager for it, which is, perhaps, commentary enough.

Then there is the new Julian Green novel, *The Dark Journey* (Harper, $2.50), which has just been awarded the Harper prize by a group of distinguished literary high priests. As an exercise in the technique of the psychological-realistic type of fiction, in which the youthful Mr. Green has shown himself a master — *Avarice House* and *The Closed Garden* are both technically brilliant — *The Dark Journey* strikes the Landscaper as quite remarkable. But it reads much more like a case-study than it does a piece of fiction in which life is seen clearly and wholly, and there are some of us who prefer our case-studies straight. This is rank blasphemy, to be sure, but what of the great books of other days that sprawled all over human nature, recognizing laughter as a part of living, taking into account the sensual pleasure to be had from eating and sleeping, seeing people filled with the strangest and wildest of contradictions, and, in general, refusing to fit life into neat little patterns? Mr. Green writes like a trimmer Flaubert, but there is a loss of vitality because of the trimness, and not much in the new book that any one would care to look back upon, unless his primary interest were in the mere technique of writing.

## *Some We Have Liked*

LEST this instalment of the Landscape begin to resemble a "panning party," it may be just as well to mention a few books that lately have given the Landscaper pleasure. High up on this list would come a novel that deserves a much better title than it has been given, *Sense and Sensuality* (Payson and Clarke, $2.50), by an Englishwoman whose *nom de plume* is of all things, Sarah Salt. The combination of title and author inevitably recalls the reputed sewing of soldiers' socks by sister Susie, but the book is a thoroughly interesting one, with a vital topic, which is none other than the results of the current attitude toward sexual freedom for all, married men and women included. It tells the story of a young couple in London, who, with their first child, have at hand just about all the ingredients for a happy life. But there are mistakes and misunderstandings on both sides, complicated by the fact that they move in a set where the male and the female are supposed to be free of all inhibitions, and the upshot is tragedy. Perhaps the ending is a little too much in the Camille tradition, but Miss Salt's characters are likeable and understandable, her problems are among the everyday problems of a great many of us, and while she writes with economy, her book has richness of a sort. She introduces the device of the letter written by a character in the drama to someone outside it, and succeeds in drawing a remarkable portrait of the sex-starved nurse, who lives in the midst of all the loose goings-on. Miss Salt's first appearance in this country was made in the spring with an excellent volume of short stories called *A Tiny Seed of Love*.

## *Black Ulysses at War*

IT IS A little difficult to classify as pure fiction so exact and careful a piece of documentation as Howard W. Odum's *Wings on My Feet* (Bobbs-Merrill, $2.50), which is the second instalment of the adventures of Black Ulysses, so well begun in *Rainbow Round My Shoulder*. If this book may be regarded as a novel,

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it takes its place as one of the Landscaper's recent favorites. Mr. Odum tells in it of the war adventures of his ramblin' black man, whose journeyings up and down the United States were related in the earlier volume. Perhaps its primary value is that it gives for the first time the point of view of the uneducated negro who was snatched from a Southern cotton patch or piece of "public work," tossed into a uniform, and as soon as he had learned squads right from present arms, was sent off to France to make the world safe for something or other. It is a rambling book, integrated only by the personality of the narrator — the whole story is a monologue, with interpolations of songs, many of which are familiar folk-songs to which new words, suited to the occasion, have been fitted — but a book that does not allow the interest of the reader to flag, and that succeeds quite extraordinarily in giving the impression that one is actually listening to the narrator. The Landscaper rather suspects that it is not only one of the best of recent books about the negro, but also one of the best of the books about the war yet written in this country.

If the Landscaper confesses that Maristan Chapman's *Homeplace* (Viking Press, $2.50), the successor to the popular novel by Mrs. Chapman, *The Happy Mountain*, is also one of the recent novels he has most enjoyed, there may be a few hoots and jeers from those who have read the foregoing remarks about the new Green novel, and the suspicion may arise immediately that the Landscaper is just a sentimental sap, with the most ordinary tastes in literature, and all sorts of sectional and other kinds of prejudices. It would be unfortunate for this suspicion to arise, because a thorough investigation might prove it justified. . . . But there is critical judgment enough left — even after a new attack of sneezing — to realize that *Homeplace* is not a great work of art, that it suffers from a well-worn plot, that it ends sentimentally, and that its mountaineers are probably too romantic for any practical use. It is also true that within a world she has apparently imagined, Mrs. Chapman has made every character in her book quite real, that she has put into their mouths fine Elizabethan speech, filled with echoes of the Bible and the ballads, and that she has salted her book with earthy wisdom. With all its faults, it is a book that may be re-read with the positive assurance of pleasure, and those who love words will find its pages rich with fresh and highly expressive verbiage.

## *Miss Ertz Scores Again*

SUSAN ERTZ'S *The Galaxy* (Appleton, $2.50) is another of the current novels that should prove good reading for nearly everyone. Miss

THE ELEMENTS OF CRIME
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"A valuable contribution to the understanding as well as to the literature of crime." — *Boston Transcript.* "A remarkably learned, yet lucid survey of conditions in our own and the principal European countries." — *New York World*

SURVEY OF INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS: 1927
BY ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE $8.50

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A HISTORY OF ITALY: 1871–1915
BY BENEDETTO CROCE $5.00

"A splendid volume for those to whom Italy's history does not begin with the rise of Mussolini." — *North American Review.* "Inspiration for young politicians of every country and creed." — *Manchester Guardian*

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, NEW YORK

Ertz is fortunate in being able to do books of such literary excellence that also have a wide popular appeal, and this new story, which relates the life of a woman over a period of some sixty-five years, with the swiftly changing backgrounds and their effect upon the principal character, brought out with great skill, is certainly one of the best the author has yet done. Alfred Noyes's first venture into the field of the novel is a more or less satirical farce which concerns itself with the adventures of a curate who took literally some of the popular advice about the benefits of lying naked in the sun. The book is called *The Sun Cure* (Cosmopolitan, $2), and is a diverting, if slight, yarn. Another new novel that may safely be recommended to those who have followed her previous work is Mathilde Eiker's *Strange Infidelities*. This is a riper and, on the whole, a wiser book than its predecessors, *The Lady of Stainless Raiment*, *Over the Boatside* and *Mrs. Mason's Daughters;* it is the story of a youthful French widow, who marries an American officer and comes with him to the United States. In the background is a love affair with another American soldier in Paris, and from this situation arises the "strange fidelities" — one love and three fidelities. The novel displays a keen understanding of the character of the French woman.

## *Novels for Entertainment*

A NUMBER of novels on the current lists belong to the category of entertaining stories, against which the Landscaper has not even a remote prejudice. Among these are such books as Dale Collins's new one, *Idolaters* (Little, Brown, $2.50), a melodramatic and slightly cinemaesque story of Java, with a beautiful dumb girl as the heroine, and a great deal of local color; *Cup of Gold*, by John Steinbeck (McBride, $2.50), a retelling in good writing of the famous story of Henry Morgan, the pirate of the Caribbean, who captured Panama City, then known, for its richness, as the "cup of gold"; and *Soldiers of Misfortune*, by Percival Wrenn (Stokes, $2), a corking adventure story centering around the Foreign Legion, by the redoubtable author of *Beau Geste*, etc.

Frank V. Morley, one of Christopher's brothers, who is at present engaged in publishing books in England, has written an excellent tale of adventure on the high seas in *East South West* (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50), so well done in fact as to elicit something like "Damned good" from the pen of Edmund Garnett, ordinarily a much more restrained critic. It is the story of a boy who ran away from Baltimore in 1806, and went to Liverpool and London, engaged in whaling and treasure hunting, and in general had the sort of time any boy worth his salt would like to have. Mr. Morley

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*Does Science Lie?*
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asserts the laboratory can never safely guide mankind. —*November North American Review.*

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has based his story upon old records, but it is his own in every respect, and is a thoroughly well written, lusty chronicle of brave deeds and high adventure that should delight young and old.

Recent novels that deal with social questions of a more or less serious nature include Owen Johnson's *Sacrifice* (Scribner, $2.50), in which a modern couple decide to abandon divorce, giving up their extra-mural love affairs, for the sake of the children, a not unfamiliar scheme only passably worked out by Mr. Johnson; *The Son of Perdition*, by James Gould Couzzens (Morrow, $2.50), whose good story, *Cockpit*, will be remembered by many readers; the new book gives another picture of life on the Cuban sugar plantations, with Americans as principal characters; *The Under Dogs*, by Dr. Mariano Azuela (Brentano, $2.50), a story of the Mexican Revolution, with an introduction by Carleton Beals, that is very much worth reading, and, incidentally, an important addition to recent books about war in general; and *Lanes Lead to Cities*, by Georgina Garry (Dutton, $2.50), the second novel by the author of *Pigsties with Spires*, a book that had a remarkable career for a first novel, becoming a best-seller not long after its publication and so remaining for weeks. The new book takes a young couple from their rural idyll into London and brings them in contact with the sophisticated world of a great city; it has much to say of the urban underworld that lives so close to the surface, and a great deal to say, also, about the complications in the relations of men and women.

## *Mr. Cobb on Red Likker*

Among the current works of fiction is a novel by Irvin Cobb that makes one wonder why it is not much better than it is. The book is called *Red Likker* (Cosmopolitan, $2), and tells the story of a whiskey-manufacturing family in Mr. Cobb's own Kentucky. It is moderately entertaining, but somewhat managed and artificial, and so far inferior to Mr. Cobb's best short stories as to make one realize anew that there are good writers who cannot manage the novel form, no matter how hard they try.

André Maurois, whose forthcoming life of Byron will probably rival in popularity his *Ariel* and *Disraeli*, makes his strongest bid for the American fiction market with his new novel, *Atmosphere of Love*, which has been translated by Joseph Collins (Appleton, $2.50). The Maurois novels offered up to this time have not had any hope of wide popular appeal, but *Atmosphere of Love* is another matter. It comes bearing the strong recommendation of Virginia Woolf, and it has a theme that will not exactly act as a handicap. It tells the story of a man and two women he loved; in the earlier chapters, Philippe Marcenat relates his version of a mad love affair, while in the later chapters, his second wife gives her own estimate of Philippe. The two impressions match up into an excellent portrait. Among other important recent importations are Herman Hesse's strange psychological study of a man of fifty years called *Steppenwolf* (Holt, $2.50), a book that kept pace in Germany with *The Case of Sergeant Grischa*, and one of moving beauty in many of its passages; *The Sword in the Soul*, by Roger Chauviré (Longmans, Green, $2.50), an Irish novel translated by Ernest Boyd, and with a preface by James Stephens, which is the story of an aristocrat and his love for the common people and the complications that arise from this love; and *Congo Gods*, by Otto Lütken (Coward McCann, $2), a Danish best seller-which concerns itself with the fortunes of a little Belgian clerk who goes out to the Congo and there meets curious adventures, coming home at last by lucky chance a sort of hero and a great authority on Belgian colonial government. Lütken draws some strong negro characters, and the flavor of his book is distinctly ironical. It is a thinnish story, however, and in spite of the Danish fondness for it, does not strike this reviewer as of any great consequence.

## *Critics Turn Novelists*

In the current crop of first novels, perhaps the most interesting offering is Edmund Wilson's *I Thought of Daisy* (Scribner, $2.50), not, as it happens, because of the intrinsic worth of the book as a piece of fiction, although it has its distinct merits, but because Mr. Wilson is a distinguished critic, who after years of reviewing other people's novels, has at last written one of his own. Proustian in form, *I Thought of Daisy* is set in what has sometimes been called the post-Dellian period of life in Greenwich Village, and may fairly be assumed to contain large autobiographical elements. Around New York, at any rate, the game of identifying the characters, many of whom are undeniably drawn from life, has amused a good many people. If Mr. Wilson has not written a perfectly successful novel, he has at least made an engaging literary experiment, and there is, as might be expected, a great deal of good writing in the volume, including a number of passages that are complete essays as they stand. The chorus girl, Daisy, is the most carefully and thoroughly rounded character of the gallery.

Another distinguished critic makes his début as a novelist with the appearance of Richard Aldington's *Death of a Hero* (Covici-Friede, $2.50), which is the story of three generations, the hero of which is Captain George Winterbourne, killed in the World War in somewhat doubtful circumstances.

Mr. Aldington's long book exhibits many modern influences, and is not likely to make its appearance upon many best-seller lists, but it will interest those who have followed the fine translations and the many admirable reviews and literary essays its author has written in the past few years.

A début far more auspicious from the point of view of returns in dollars and cents is that of Freeman Lincoln, the son of the Sage of Cape Cod, Joseph C. Lincoln. The young Mr. Lincoln has written, with his father, a mystery story with a Cape Cod setting called *Blair's Attic* (Coward McCann, $2.00), which is almost certain to please the popular taste. Such a father-and-son collaboration in literature strikes the Landscaper as unusual enough to justify some comment; it is so seldom that a son follows in the footsteps of his father at all, especially in a country of such swift changes as our own.

## *Remote Spots and Older Ages*

OLIVER LA FARGE, of the family of artists bearing that name, has gone into an unexploited field for the theme of his charming first venture as a novelist in *Laughing Boy* (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50), which is a story of Navajo life, of a love affair between Laughing Boy and Slim Girl, handled tenderly and sympathetically and in poetical prose. Mr. La Farge has lived for months at a time among the Navajos, and has been admitted into many of their secrets. His book is sponsored by Owen Wister, who, in a blurb on the jacket, expresses himself as quite optimistic about the future of American literature. *Coucou*, by Evelyn Pemberton (Houghton Mifflin, $2), is another first novel of more than usual promise, with the French Riviera for setting, and a gay and attractive girl as heroine, who gives the volume its title. The book is written in a sustained holiday mood, and is quite pleasant reading.

Another interesting first novel, which turns a literary searchlight upon still another remote corner of the United States, is Evans Wall's *The No-Nation Girl* (Century, $2.50), which tells the story of how a college graduate fell in love with a half-breed swamp girl in the South and of the tragic results of this yielding to the lure of beauty that so often results from the mixture of blood.

Of new books of history that may be expected to appeal to the average reader, there are *The Restauration and the July Monarchy*, by J. Lucas DuBreton (Putman, $4.50), another volume in the National History of France series, this one covering the reigns of Louis XVIII, Charles X and Louis-Philippe; and *The Age of Grey and Peel*, by the late H. Carless Davis (Oxford University Press, American Branch), the Ford Lectures for 1926, with an introduction by G. M. Trevelyan.


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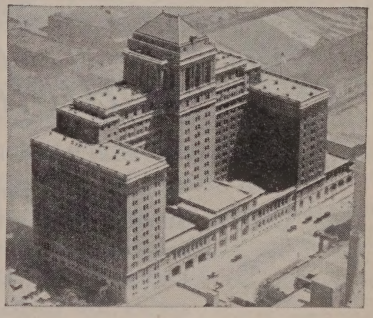

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# The North American Review

VOLUME 228 OCTOBER, 1929 NUMBER 4

# Our Biggest Business—Crime

BY RICHARD E. ENRIGHT

Formerly Police Commissioner of New York City

LEST the reader doubt the truth of my title, considering it a mere catch phrase, let me at once offer corroboration. Such a shrewd social student as Governor Gardner of North Carolina backs me up; he used the phrase as recently as this summer in his address before the Governors' Conference. In addition I can offer facts and figures. And while it is not to be denied that some figures certainly lie, there is no reason to believe that these do. They come from unbiased, soberly judicial sources.

Crime is the nation's biggest business. George Gangster, Bill Bootlegger and Company, Unlimited, operate an industry whose annual return reaches a figure so much larger than that of any legitimate corporation in the country that a comparison would be farcical — if it didn't happen to be such a humiliating commentary upon the nation's social inefficiency.

I said I could offer figures in proof. Here are some. Two totals. One puts the yearly Crime Budget of these United (but on the showing not very orderly) States at a round thirteen billion dollars. The other, attempting greater precision, puts it at $11,800,000,000.

THE first is the estimate of Wade H. Ellis, formerly an Assistant United States Attorney-General, and is based upon the findings of the American Bar Association's Crime Commission of which Mr. Ellis was a member. The second is the estimate of *The Manufacturers' Record*.

Both totals are convincingly recent, as of the year 1928, and while it is my measured judgment that the first is more nearly correct it doesn't really matter which we accept. Either finds itself safely in the lead when compared with the $5,000,000,000 value of the annual output of the motor industry, the nation's largest legitimate business. Either takes on a dominant size

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when set alongside the $5,129,000,000 which represents the value of the nation's annual exports; or alongside the four and a half billion dollars which represents the annual budget of the Federal Government, the largest governmental budget in the world, but no more than a famine ration for the nation's criminals.

And while it may be that either represents a total so large as to be all but meaningless, do not overlook that there is a meaning of the most direct importance to the pocket book no less than the social peace of every citizen in the United States. For although you may never have had the misfortune to do business with George Gangster *et al.*, may never have been the victim of a robber, a burglar, a bucket-shop shark, a confidence man, a pick-pocket, you help to support the outrageously costly criminal population of the nation. You and I and all of us pay some portion of that annual, illegal twelve or thirteen billion dollars.

We pay it in actual dollars and cents in increased taxes and public expenses. For the maintenance of the machinery which organized government has built to resist and (how ineffectually) control crime represents a colossal entry on the debit side of the country's ledger. In addition we pay in such intangible items as retarded social and economic progress; and in the loss of the potentially useful services of imprisoned convicts no less than their guards, a wastage of men greater than that entailed in our wars and beyond all calculation in money values.

The inescapable truth is that the annual toll of the country's criminals, of whom 400,000 are in cells and a million are at liberty, is the most disturbing feature of our social order, the gravest problem confronting America.

Parenthetically, the enormous size of this criminal force, employees of our biggest business, holds a large significance, too. Taking it into consideration one grasps more readily the accuracy of that other figure of $13,000,000,000. One finds it easy to see more than optimism in the recent opinion of a newspaper editorial writer that if all our crime costs could be wiped out for eighteen months and the money applied to our national debt that also could be wiped out — although the efforts of one of the most capable Secretaries of the Treasury that we ever have had have resulted, after almost ten years, only in a reduction of the debt from $25,482,034,419 to $17,604,290,563.

But beside the toll America pays to crime in cash, consider for a moment her loss in the more precious currency of human lives. Consider that last year 12,000 citizens were killed by criminals. That is five times as many as we lost in battle in the Spanish-American War. It is a full fourth of all our battle losses in the World War. Consider that someone is killed by a criminal in this country every forty-five minutes and that in addition at least five are seriously injured, permanently in many instances.

With such statistics before us am I wrong when I say that crime spells Big Business — the nation's very

biggest business? In truth it is more than the nation's biggest, it is the biggest in the world.

What are we going to do about it? How are we going to achieve those changes which we must have to secure a proper peace? How are we going to solve this most baffling riddle of our time? There are many answers to that question.

SOME people say we must have more policemen, although already we have 300,000 policemen, detectives, sergeants and State constabulary enrolled to guard us against the criminal workers. And we do need more police. Our needs in this regard are far different from what they once were — for example in old Dutch New York, when a "Rattle Watch" of six men patrolling the town to warn against night fires and violence gave adequate protection.

It is humanly impossible for the police of today to do adequately the work required of them. Police departments in every American city are under-manned, far below the standards prevailing in other nations of the modern Western world; indeed far below the standards which prevailed in ancient civilized centres with which we like to compare our own civilization. Imperial Rome, with only about a million inhabitants, had a force of 7,000 policemen. Athens, much smaller, had 4,000 Scythian slaves to do police work. Proportionately New York City of today should have 42,000 policemen instead of the actual 18,000 entrusted with the guardianship of its citizens.

We need more policemen, certainly. And in addition the policeman needs a better chance to do his work.

As far back as records go politics have exercised a blighting influence, corrupting, thwarting police administrations throughout the country. Just why the citizens permit their police departments to be eternally the football of politics is a riddle almost as baffling as the crime problem with which it is so inextricably mingled. No other branch of Government exercises such influence upon public life. The policeman is the natural protector of the citizen, and the guide and friend of the ignorant and alien. And until he is freed of corrupt influence crime will remain the nation's biggest business.

As matters now stand the cautious observer is unwilling to say more than that the forces of law and order are holding that business to its present proportions. And they may not be able to do as well in the near future. The present situation, while it challenges the thoughtful consideration of all who seek the good of the State and the larger good of mankind, must be considered better than that which soon may be at hand.

THIS country has been riding high on a wave of prosperity for many years. There has been, in consequence, a minimum of unemployment, of poverty, of all the conditions which breed criminals. Despite this our criminal courts are congested and the numbers of evil-doers increase. We may well consider what may happen if a period of economic depression sets in. Present conditions, disquieting though they are, might be accentuated into a

veritable reign of anarchy and bloodshed.

Our greatest hope of security from such a catastrophe lies in more police and freer police. But we need more than these if we are to curb criminal Big Business. We need to modernize our whole view of the problem, for we are dealing with the most modern of business men. The days of the simple highwayman and desperado have long since gone into the discard. Jesse James is a far back number. The criminal of today takes full advantage of every discovery and invention of his time no less than any other industrial operative in this fiercely competitive age. And if we are to meet him and beat him we must do likewise.

For example, we must throw over the fallacious theory that the majority of our crimes are perpetrated by the so-called foreign element. If we continue to look for most of our criminal offenders among the newly arrived aliens many of the biggest culprits will continue their nefarious businesses unmolested.

Frederick L. Hoffman of the Babson Institute, an authority on criminal statistics, recently published some figures which bear out this statement. His records show that in those cities leading in one of the major products of the crime industry, homicides, the native born are vastly in the majority, constituting in some cases 90 per cent of the population. Memphis leads with 60.5 homicides for every 100,000 population. Birmingham and Jacksonville follow with 54 and 52.6 respectively; while New York City, with probably 60 per cent of its population either foreign born or the immediate offspring of foreign born parents, has only 6.7 homicides per 100,000; and Cleveland, possessing a large foreign born population, is only a little worse off with an average of 8.8.

The truth is that the foreign element is just about as law-abiding as those citizens whose families have been in America for generations. No single element of our heterogeneous population contributes the bulk of our criminals. They may be from any walk of life — captains of industry, children of the aristocracy, men and women in public office. In short, they may be, if the records mean anything, as often from the best blood of the nation as from the lowest social stratum. And the sooner we rid our minds of the contrary view the sooner we shall be able to cope with the big business of crime.

After we have accepted and acted upon this fact it might be well for us to consider the conglomeration of laws which is almost as often a help as a hindrance to the criminal industry.

Thirty-five hundred years or so ago the first Police Commissioner came down the side of a mountain bearing tables which held the unchanging and unchangeable, the immutable, the eternal laws of God. And those laws still endure — the Rock of Ages upon which rest the ideals of our Western civilization. All the other laws we have, the 89,000 or more which stand upon our statute books, do not go a word beyond those original ten. Indeed, more likely they merely confuse them.

To my mind the existence of nearly one hundred thousand laws governing human conduct is in itself a crime. Mohammed burned the whole magnificent Alexandrian Library because those books in it which did not agree with the Koran were heretical and those which did agree were unnecessary. How our concepts of modern crime would be clarified if some similar conqueror were to burn away the absurd growth of statutes which has sprung up around the Decalogue and the Golden Rule.

If this were to happen, or at least if we might reduce the present confusion, and if immediately thereafter we set out to gain a real understanding of the causes of crime, we might, with our larger and freer police force, hope to bring the nation's biggest business within more easily controlled proportions.

LEADING among the causes of crime upon which we should seek enlightenment is that factor which is making criminals of younger and younger men. When I entered the police service thirty-five years ago about 65 per cent of the most dangerous criminals were over thirty years of age. Today 65 per cent are under twenty-five. And this does not include thousands of dangerous malefactors of juvenile age. The amazing increase in crime perpetrated by the youth of the country is one of the most disturbing elements in the entire problem. The underlying cause of this must be diagnosed and intelligently treated if we are to curb the evil.

Certainly, too, the undesired growth of the biggest business in America would not be helped if we were to organize a National Police Bureau of wide scope and authority for the collection of criminal records. Such a national clearing house, whose data should be available to every law enforcement agency in the country, is greatly needed. And, to go back for a moment to the question of laws, one of the services of such a bureau should be the recommendation to the various Legislatures of steps aimed to standardize criminal statutes the country over. In addition, of course, it should supervise a finger print system. There is much mistakened protest against finger-printing honest men. But the law-abiding citizen has nothing to fear from such a procedure, while the criminal has much.

A NATIONAL POLICE BUREAU would cost no more than a quarter of a million dollars to set up, no more than a half million dollars a year to operate during the first ten years. We spend far more than that to collect weather data for airplane transportation. And in behalf of agriculture, an industry which more nearly parallels in magnitude the crime business, we spend unlimited sums from which we get far smaller returns than we could expect from a police bureau.

In addition, the police departments of the various States and cities should be brought under Federal control. There is no reason why such an important service should not be so standardized. It is what is being done in most of the important nations of the world. In my opinion the fact that the British service is semi-national is one substantial reason

why crime conditions in the British Isles compare so favorably with those in the United States.

Congress, further, should enact a law regulating the manufacture, sale and distribution of pistols. It is stated with good authority that the pistol plays a part in 85 per cent of our murders, robberies, burglaries and other serious felonies. We need a good Federal law to control the use of firearms, for although some States have such laws, others haven't and from these last a criminal may now obtain a weapon by mail at no risk whatever.

THE judicial procedure of the nation also demands reform. Our court machinery is cumbersome beyond description. A high justice of New York City recently said that a criminal in his city has forty-one chances to evade capture and punishment against one of conviction. Former State's Attorney James J. Healy of Chicago, analyzing records of that city, found that in a single year, out of 13,117 felony prosecutions only 492 were carried through to a complete jury trial, and only 184 convictions were obtained. We shall find it difficult to convince the proprietors of America's Biggest Business that our opposition to their industry is serious so long as such records continue to be made.

For my own part (and I take a personal responsibility here because I know many disagree with me) I should like also to see the convicted criminal forced to pay not merely a part, but all of his debt to society, and in addition to his victim as well. I mean to say that the criminal should be made to suffer in his pocketbook as well as otherwise.

At present, as is well known, the criminal pays neither the money loss which his victim so often suffers nor any of the costs of law enforcement of which he is the cause. It is, on the contrary, the victim who is penalized. Why should not the total loss of the victim be honestly estimated and assessed against the criminal together with a reasonable portion of the costs of conviction? This total having been arrived at, the criminal should be put to work at a fair wage. His accumulated earnings could then be turned over first to his victim and then to the State. When he had compensated both in full he could be released.

SUCH a programme would teach more respect, or wholesome fear, of law than any now in force. Nor do I believe it would brutalize the criminal as much as methods now used. For he could all along tell himself that he was truly balancing his books, and that when the prison gates swung open he would have the right to re-enter society as a fully paid up member.

Such proposals as these are, of course, difficult to put into practice, but they are not impossible. Nothing is needed save a reasonable amount of intelligent thought. We can be thankful that some, at least, are putting forth that thought: The recently active Illinois Crime Commission, the newly named twelve specialists who will conduct a nation-wide crime survey for Columbia University, and more important than either of these President Hoover's Crime Commission. I say

more important, for local efforts will never bring the business of crime under control. It is imperative that we call forth all the nation's vast energies. Like the World War, America's Biggest War — the continual war with the underworld — puts upon the country a burden which can be lifted only by the nation's united effort.

As to what the individual citizen can do, President Hoover made that plain just a little while ago when he saw fit to devote the whole of one of his rare public speeches to the subject of law enforcement. What he said made it plain that he rests under no misapprehension as to the evil influence of the vast crime industry.

"Let reverence for law be . . . taught in the schools . . . preached from the pulpits . . . proclaimed in Legislative halls. Let it become the political religion of the nation," he said.

If every citizen were to act upon this admonition, we should shortly cease to note, in our newspapers, the daily reports of crime's prosperity which now fill our eyes — $30,000 payroll robbery; $60,000 jewelry theft; $90,000 stolen from financier's home; $200,000 in securities snatched from messenger; $1,240,000 booty of mail bandits. America's Biggest Business would soon cease to menace our social and economic peace.

# Richardson, General Server

By Stella G. S. Perry

*A poignant sketch of a type that is passing*

His intonations and his drawl were characteristically Negro; but his diction was good in the main and his pronunciation fair. His face was the color of old oak with a *patina*, but his features were delicately turned and his nose was aquiline. He was tall and thin and, when my memory of him begins, which was early in childhood, already grizzled. He said he had "lost his voice in the war", but his very low tones were not whispers and could be followed without strain.

He described himself, "I'm a carpenter by trade, and a general server by profession."

That about explains his position in our family. He did not live on the place, nor come every day, as other servants did. He was "off on carpentering jobs" whenever he could get any to do. All the rest of the time, which was most of the time, he appeared at our house at whatever hour of the day suited him and did whatever there was to do, whether it was going to school with the rubbers and "gossamers" for the children when the sudden Louisiana showers came, or cleaning out the cistern when the water "went bad", or serving as bank messenger with our money. He was trusted completely and deserved to be.

I don't know on what terms he was paid, but "Richardson's wages" was always an item on the family budget and he felt, and was, always quite free to go into kitchen, refrigerator, pantry or garden and take away without express permission whatever he needed. This privilege was never abused.

Richardson's presence accompanies all the records, all the memories of our childhood.

When I was born, in the little house back of the big magnolia, his wife Célèste — our cook, a rotund, kind, capable and unmoral mulatto — made him get the step-ladder and take it upstairs and put it outside of my mother's door on the upper floor of the two-story house.

"Now, you jess watch dat do'," she commanded him, "an' if de white folks start to take dat chile downstairs, don't you let 'em. You take her right plum' outen dey hands an' carry her up dat step-ladder."

Célèste's theory was that if a new babe were brought down the stairs before going up, descent in life would follow; but if the child were first

taken *up* stairs, its chances of "going up in de worl'" were good.

So my first journey from my natal chamber was up the step-ladder in Richardson's careful arms. I know his earnest prayers for the success of this white magic went with me; and in them at least I have always believed.

MY EARLIEST actual memory of him concerns the ruby-red magnolia seeds. He used to make my initials with them on the stones of the garden path; first mine and then his own.

"Dat baby's too young to learn her ABC's," Célèste would call out. "You'll wore out her mind. Ain't you got no sense? Teachin' a small li'l baby her ABC's!"

"No, ma'am. I'm not *teachin'* her at all," Richardson would say in his low drawl. "We're just *playin'* letters. Ain't that so, missy?" He was something of a modern educator.

He himself knew only print letters, or very little script, I think. For in later years, I know, when I was eight or nine and could write, he used to ask me to write to this Senator or that, or to some other notable at Washington, about his pension.

I used to kneel on my little sister's semi-high chair and write on the shelf-table in the butler's pantry. Every Saturday — or so it seems to me; it may not have been so often — Richardson and I used to write to Washington and petition someone to busy himself about getting him that pension.

We'd begin by telling how Richardson had served in the Northern army. I was secretly ashamed of this. But I supposed that Richardson could not help it; he was just an ignorant colored boy at the time, I told myself, and knew no better; they'd probably taught him that the war was fought to free the slaves. I myself had been carefully instructed that State sovereignty was the issue. So I tried not to let him see how I regretted it. We'd explain in our letter how he had "caught the misery" from exposure and had had rheumatism — from which, ever since, he often suffered tortures — and how a bullet had given him a limp, scarcely perceptible; and how he had "lost his voice from dampness."

I wonder where those letters went. I never saw any answers to them. But Richardson did somehow get his pension at long last.

HE LOVED my brilliant young father, as, indeed, everyone did, and when he saw that the Shadow had fallen upon him, served him with a tenderness that even a little child appreciated. And when the tragedy fell upon my childhood and the loss of my adored companion and father cut more deeply and more lastingly than most adults could understand, I often had a comforting cry in Richardson's arms, in the woodshed, behind the barrel of sweet potatoes. I can see the tears on his thin cheeks now.

Even before that, when things were well with us and our father still more or less robust, and we lived in the big house with the arbors, Richardson knew how to comfort childish griefs.

It was he who restored my self-respect after my shameful revenge upon Lewis and his celery.

Lewis was a merry coal-black man,

with perfect snow-white teeth and an entrancing smile. He was a fine butler and yardman and was married to Célèste's successor in the kitchen, our superb cook, the handsome, imperious, vociferous Emily.

Célèste, by the way, had "done quit" both Richardson and us by that time and kept a little restaurant with a new "husband" and a smart parrot in Gretna, "crost de ribber," where Richardson, quite in the modern manner, sometimes took my little sister and me on friendly visits.

This Lewis was loyal and good, but an incorrigible tease, and I, a sensitive child, was a constant temptation to him. I loved Lewis and found life more interesting because of him; but sometimes Richardson had to be mediator between us.

He was too late, though, in the matter of the sheep and celery.

THE sheep, Victoria, came as a consolation prize when they had taken the dog, Prince, away. That gorgeous Newfoundland was too affectionate for the safety of very small girls. He had a habit of leaping fondly upon us, with his front paws on our shoulders; and over we'd go backward, usually on the lawn or on the earth path in the grape arbor, but once or twice on the paved walk with disastrous results. My mother became alarmed and Prince was deported. We've never quite gotten over his going. It was then that somebody, to console me, gave me a lamb as a safe pet. And, even when my lamb became a very big sheep, I yielded no jot to the famous *Mary* in loving him so.

Lewis often teased me with the suggestion that that "big nuisance beast" ought by rights to be turned into good mutton, with the report that the gardener had said he'd surely kill Victoria if she ever got again into the star-shaped bed of pansies, and with Lewis's own threat, "Jess lemme see her one time in my celery! Jess one time! It'll be good-bye sheep and never mo' return."

LEWIS's celery beds were the joy of his heart. They ran one on each side of the gravel road that led beside the house back to the stable. Lewis had planted them himself, banked and tended them, wouldn't let even the gardener touch them, and was inordinately proud of the health and flavor of his product.

"Yes, ma'am! If ever I see dat sheep so much as nibble a nubble, she'll have some celery sure 'nough—but it'll be in her *gravy*."

Well, one day the sheep died. I was told later — it sounds incredible — that she was accidently poisoned by some red stable-door-lining paint's having got mixed with her food. Victoria was dead. I was heartbroken. And Lewis, with very little imagination, told me that the sheep had eaten celery and been executed by him as threatened.

Of course, it was not true; but I believed it, and in a white rage I went my devastating way down that gravel drive like a little fury, yanking up celery with both small hands until the ground was strewn with wreckage.

But all the anger and revenge turned to shame and sorrow when Lewis wept and to remorse when I found that he had been "only fooling" about the sheep.

Richardson found us — husky, black Lewis and little skinny, big-

eyed me — sitting side by side on the kitchen step, both crying bitterly.

He sat between us and did not laugh then, though many a laugh we had over it in later years, and talked to us both.

He told Lewis how "fun ain't fun when it hurts somebody. And it wasn't li'l missy destroyed your celery; 'twas your bad onconsiderate joke that went boomerang on you, to teach you what you needed to learn." And he told me that he was glad I'd found out so young and so sharp I'd never forget it — and I never did — that "there isn't any possible way of gettin' any good out o' gettin' even with folks. You can get over what *they* do to *you*, if you try; but it's much hurtinger and harder to get over the hatefulness *you* do to *them;* and that's what's making you feel so bad right now."

THEN he turned to consolation and told us he'd get some much better celery for Lewis to plant, that he knew where to get it; and he would help Lewis to plant it and that I must help, too. And he made Lewis and me shake hands and, best of all, took me aside and said, "It was only because you was so *little*, honey, and hadn't learned yet how to stop and think when you're mad and sorry; but from this here time on you know how, like a big girl, and you'll stop and think every time. Richardson knows you will. So you forget all 'bout it and run play. And I'll fix it up with the grown folks and they won't say not a word to you."

I have said he could qualify as a modern educator; at least he had ways of pointing a moral that have now the stamp of expert approval. For instance, when I was over-sensitive, as I was inclined to be, "Hurt feeling again, child? Tss! Tss! Didn't you never see those touch-me-not plants that grow along the top of the levee and curl up and shut themselves whenever anybody or anything touches 'em? H'm, *umm!* Seems to me like they miss a lot o' sunshine and good times and what the world's doing, shutting up their eyes in the daytime like that — just 'cause something hit 'em a li'l bit; maybe without meanin' to, at that."

HIS stories were wonderful. He was a born *raconteur* and could hold us enchanted, with variants of the tales you know from *Uncle Remus* and with many, many others of his own.

"Shall it be about animal folks or person folks?" he'd offer us. But there was small choice as far as realism was concerned, for his animal folks were as much like persons as his humans were.

He knew the clever narrator's trick of changing the tales from airy nothings into reality by giving everything a local habitation and a name. He did not say, "Brother Rabbit went into a flower garden," but "Brother Rabbit went into Mr. Whitney's flower garden over yonder on St. Charles Avenue." And when Brother Fox, after justly severe punishment, had to go to the doctor, he'd say, "And it wasn't *your* Dr. Holcombe that gives you out li'l sugar pills and sweet powders and kisses. Um, *mm!* No; 'twasn't no homopat' like that. 'Twas that doctor I went to that time up by Carrollton Avenue that could win the prize for makin' up the nastiest medicines they is."

When we were rather older, back in another small house then, it was part of our daily duty to clean and feed the birds. The servants took care of the parrots; our clients were two clever canaries and several Java sparrows, white and gray, with heavy pink bills. They all bore the names or the initials of the donors and we had been led to feel that we showed disrespect to these generous friends if the cages were not spotless.

Good old Richardson pretended that he liked this task, which was not popular with us; and when we were late with it on a school morning or eager to be at play on a holiday, he'd ask us, as if it were a favor to him, please to let him do it for us. His eyes would twinkle. We knew it was a game and he knew we knew it. But we all kept up the pretending. I'm afraid that we sometimes took the initiative: "Richardson, would you like to clean the birds this morning?" "Oh! Can I? I surely would just crave to."

I DON'T know where he got the big paper-shell pecans he used to bring to us; I only know I've never seen their like, even in Louisiana. They had scarcely any wooden barriers, that only drawback to the best of nuts, and when he cracked them for us they came out in unbroken halves. "Easy now!" he'd say. "Your insides ain't in a bit of hurry for those nuts. And the slower you chew 'em the longer you've got 'em."

He'd go to the river when the big fruit steamers came in from the Indies and the South and bring back cocoanuts and great bunches of bananas. He made a pulley for these and hung up the huge bunches to ripen more fully, on the downstairs back "gallery." Whenever we wanted a banana, we'd let the bunch down and pluck one.

He always understood us; I never knew anyone with swifter or more kindly intuitions. When I was old enough to be self-conscious about it I had hesitated at sharing with Richardson, as I shared other enthusiasms, my hero worship of General Beauregard. Because Richardson had fought in the Northern army.

I HAD met General Beauregard in the corridor of an old-fashioned hotel in New York, then frequented by New Orleans people, when I was about ten years old. I had been sitting in a window seat reading a very large storybook which kept falling to the floor and embarrassing me. Many adults had laughed and one had even asked offensively what the big book was doing with the small girl. But General Beauregard had treated me as a young lady, hurrying towards me with that matchless carriage of his, "Allow me, miss!" and "May I have the pleasure of sitting here beside you and helping you to hold it?" We became instant friends and when I returned home I just had to tell everyone about him.

I yearned to speak of him to Richardson. But that pension matter and the Northern army deterred me until, one day, Richardson said, "Funny thing, missy, about being a Southerner born. Nothin' can't ever make you get over it. Look at me, now. I tried to be a Yankee. And, during the war I was a good Yankee, to be sure. But now I'm — like they say — tho'oughly reconstructed Southern."

So I told him about my General

and found, to my delight, that Richardson knew him. "Old gentleman like he is, he come right out in the yard whar I was workin' and showed me how to put a nice round dome on the chicken house. And can't he stand and step! Yes, missy; he certainly is a *complete* gentleman," Richardson appraised him; and *complete gentleman* was the inevitable description of Beauregard.

TELLING of a big book reminds me of how Richardson used to lift the huge illustrated Shakespeares from their shelves and spread them on the rug before the coal fire in winter, or on the big couch in the bay window behind the wistaria vine in warmer weather, so that I could lie flat propped on my elbows and read them. We began this when I was still too small even to move the books about. "But you read 'em now," he advised me. "Your father could say 'em all by heart — your mother will tell you so — and if he was here — I mean if he was here so we could *see* him; 'cause he is here, just the same — he'd be sayin' those books out to you. So, small as you is, if you want to read 'em, you read 'em." I needed no urging and when I told the stories, doubtless in sadly garbled form, or read alluring lines to Richardson, I know he thought we had a listener.

We essayed the big Dante's *Inferno*, too, but the Doré pictures frightened both of us off. We delighted in an illustrated *Masterpieces of Art* and in *World-Renowned Women*, with steel engravings, a collection including some ladies whose records fortunately went harmlessly over both our heads.

When I came to Dickens days which was early, I fear that many chances to do carpentering went by the board.

"Poor li'l man!" he always said of David Copperfield. "He was brave, but too gentle for his good."

"Once he *bit!*" I defended him against the charge of effeminacy.

"Un-hum. And *then* what?"

"What could he do, Richardson? Just a little boy?"

"Shrieked and hollered and yelled for the neighbors. Must o' been somebody around would tuk up for him."

It was very real to us.

What carpentering Richardson did was always well done, even the least important things.

"No wonder you's slow!" Emily would scold. He was indeed slow, and I know now that he was not well and was getting old. "No wonder you's slower den cold molasses. Takin' as much time an' trouble over dat old bench fo' de coke furnace to stand on as if it was somethin' special. You ain't got no discretion, nigger."

"Well, you see, Emily," Richardson would defend himself amiably, "somehow I like things to be just right."

THE first glimpse I had of him as of someone growing feeble was in that emotional moment of parting, when I went North to college. I had bidden him take good care of my mother and sister and of everything while I was gone.

"Well, missy," said he in his gentle way. "Haven't I *been* taking care of all of you ever since your father left us here together? A long time, now. Long time. Richardson's gettin'

an old, old man, lady-child. But the old man'll try to hang on till you're through your learnin' and able to take care o' things without him."

"Why, Richardson!" I began, but I saw with a pang what he meant.

I thought of it often when I was away and I was conscious of relief when I saw him apparently well on my return home for my first long vacation.

It was in my sophomore year that he died.

He had come to our house one evening when my mother was out and had waited long for her. He said he felt he *had* to see her that night. But, of course, she did not know he was waiting; and when the cook grew sleepy and wanted to put out the lights and go to bed Richardson said he'd go home and *try* to come again in the morning. The cook noticed that he seemed frail and weak, but saw nothing more alarming.

Before morning he had died in his sleep.

They did not write to me about it. And when, missing his welcome that summer, I asked for him and had to be told, it was in the midst of merry-making — family and kind friends celebrating my return, baskets of pink crêpe-myrtle to greet me, everything gay, a festive occasion — I had to take it calmly.

But late that starry summer night, while everyone slept, I slipped my kimono over my night dress, and stole softly down the back out-door stairway and across the yard to the woodshed. And there I sat behind the barrel of sweet potatoes and thought of Richardson.

I remembered how he had described himself, "A carpenter by trade and a general server by profession," and I knew that in both capacities, Richardson had successfully followed a great example.

## The Temple

By Evelyn Haven Coulter

Out of the whirling waters and God,
A clod;
Out of the clod and God,
Man —
Frail caryatid sprung from the sod,
Measuring the span
Back up to God.

# The War Against War

By General James G. Harbord

President of the Radio Corporation; formerly Chief of Staff of the A.E.F. in France

*While statesmen strive anew for world peace by pact and conference, science is lending practical aid by breaking down national barriers and jealousies*

The Western World is clinging to its hope of peace with a tenacity which would have been laughed at before 1914. But the memory of that sacrificial host of eight and a half millions of men who died then and in the years that followed, is one which even in our land of brief regrets has survived the resistless hand of Time. In spite of reverses which all thinking men admit, and malign forces which all observing men recognize, the war against war appears to be gaining ground. The forces of Peace are moving against the works of War.

The dream of permanent peace has attracted mankind in all ages. Homer sang of it; Christ preached it; women of all time have prayed for it. But in no previous century has so much thought and effort, or so many spoken and written words, been devoted to the problem of abolishing war, as in the decade just ended.

Waves of pacifism have always followed war, even righteous wars. Those loudest for peace have not always been most willing to fight for it during war, but the present movement has enough support from those who responded when their country needed them, to command the respect of all those to whom patriotism and love of country are still the highest duty of citizenship. Results are becoming apparent. At the very least the world is becoming accustomed to the thought and language of permanent peace. There remain now but a few who question the sincerity of those to whom "the war to end war" was a slogan which helped millions to carry on to the end. True enough, war was not ended by the World War. We cannot ever abolish the institution of war. But we may, perhaps, limit it to righteous war, and even the likelihood of that can be enormously lessened by the deliberate international coöperation which we may count as one of the major results of the World War.

Professor Gilbert Murray, in *The Ordeal of This Generation*, remarks that, "Whereas formerly the Foreign Secretaries of the Great Powers never saw each other from the cradle to the grave . . . now they meet intimately in private and public about every three months and discuss

the smallest clouds on the horizon like friends." A man need not be a super-optimist to recognize this changing relationship of the world's leaders as a thing of solid promise. Nor is it any less truly so because at times, as in the recent Hague Conference of the Allied Nations, the old passions flame up, and irritating and uncompromising utterances seem for the moment to indicate the contrary. Fundamentally the evidence is unmistakable that the leaders of our modern world are moved by the same desire for peace which so strongly motivates most of the rank and file.

BEFORE the war it was quite the tacitly accepted function of diplomacy to work in devious ways for the aggrandizement of one nation at the expense of another. Now — as witness General Dawes in London — it is the effort of diplomacy to work in open and straightforward ways for the mutual conciliation of national aims. And behind this change of diplomatic method lies a constantly growing demand of the people in all lands for an assured state of world peace. We read the evidence of this demand every day in every paper. Such constantly occurring expressions of important groups of individuals are exemplified by the recent resolution of the International Advertising Congress pledging its support to "all movements working to attain those objects (peace), thereby helping toward better understanding and closer relationship between the nations of the world."

All these tentative strivings toward international accord trace back to the terrific impact of the World War upon the conscience of civilized men. That was a blow which brought the nations up standing and faced them in a new direction. And moving in the new direction they have made coöperative effort, or reasonable compromise, the order of the day.

Whether or not this order continues in force need not, however, depend alone upon the surviving memory of the last world conflict. A new factor is becoming every day more important. The all but incredible technical development over the past decade of methods of swift, world-wide communication should facilitate the movement toward peace. Properly used the new agencies of communication may make out of the imperfect present a future vastly better. And of all the methods of communication which should help to this culmination, the newest promises to be the most potent.

RADIO represents a force of incalculable value upon the side of those who are seeking world peace. True, it undoubtedly represents also in some ways a growing problem to the Powers; already there is rivalry between them for leadership in world communication. But while it may bring its own problems, radio brings also new promise. For the hitherto hindered and inarticulate small nations it may become an open door on to the world stage. No invention since printing holds out brighter hopes for mankind of every color and creed the world over than does radio with its allied potentialities in telephoto transmission and television.

Truth must be the rock upon which international accord is built, and more than any agency which

brings men's minds together the radio is a guarantor of truth. For, as Professor William Bennett Munro says in *The Government of American Cities*, "Here is a channel of propaganda that cannot be easily controlled by any single interest or by the promotors of any single cause."

THE peril of nations in all epochs has been the demagogue. The multitude always listens to the strong-willed man who knows how to impose himself upon it. Men in the mass lose individual will and instinctively follow one who possesses the quality they lack. One of the major virtues of radio lies in this: that though a single leader may address millions (President Hoover doubtless will speak to more than one audience of fifty million before his term expires) the old, often harmful contagion of the mob is gone. The magnetism of the spellbinder does not reach beyond the microphone. His purple periods emerge colorless except for the color of truth. His flashing eye can exert none of its old hypnotic power. We sit at home and amid accustomed surroundings weigh his words temperately. We come to know our man as we never knew him when we were one of an excited crowd. The very tones of his voice, over the radio, proclaim his hypocrisy or his sincerity.

It may well be that the greatest of all the contributions of science to mankind is that of radio which enables the average man to achieve that detachment which is necessary if he is properly to measure the righteousness of the honest leader, the unrighteousness of the demagogue.

"Radio," says Sir Eric Drummond, Secretary-General of the League of Nations, "and the League are both in their youth. They are growing on somewhat the same lines. Assuredly their fruitful coöperation will make for the peace of the world."

"By means of radio," he goes on, "information can be put on the air in London, received in New York, and re-transmitted to London in the space of a few seconds. It is not easy, even for those who serve the cause of peace, to realize the enormous new force which now makes for that better understanding between peoples upon which peace must ultimately depend. Before it, distances and time almost cease to have importance. People hear each other and know each other."

I CANNOT go all the way with the League's Secretary-General. Distances and time still have a great importance. Indeed, they constitute the two greatest barriers to that understanding upon which Sir Eric rightly puts such a high value. Time in particular! While one half of the world is engaged in its vital activities the other half is asleep, and in consequence all too often misses first hand knowledge of what has taken place.

For example, any programme broadcast from our Atlantic Coast after seven o'clock in the evening (and the most important programmes are given then or later) can hardly find an attentive ear in the British Isles. Seven o'clock in New York means midnight and sleep on the other side of the Atlantic. Again, radio transmission and reception of oral programmes is still hampered by great distances; and the barrier of

different languages must be taken into account. We are considering, however, not only the accomplished fact, but the inherent promise. We must not forget that the nations' confusion of tongues has in itself been one of the sources of international division; and since the most appealing of broadcast entertainment is in English, there should be in future days a stronger incentive for other peoples to master English as a second tongue. People distrust what they do not understand; let them develop a common medium of communication and still another cause of international mistrust will fall by the wayside of human progress.

CERTAINLY then, this much can be accepted: more and more the people of one nation will come to know the people of other nations, thanks in part to the future progress of radio communication. And in knowledge lies sympathy and understanding. There have already been marked advances of this kind. I listened to President Coolidge's address on February 22, 1927, in a London hotel. At the time I was impressed by the indifference of the Englishmen about me. They were interested in the fact of the address, not in what it contained. I very much doubt if such indifference would be as marked today. It was less in the case of President Hoover's pre-election radio addresses. I believe it will be still less noticeable in 1932.

So, while national representatives are conferring more and more frequently, the individual citizens of their respective nations are more and more inclined to establish those common contacts of education, amusement and news which radio is making possible. The result which we may reasonably hope for is that result which newspapers, motion pictures, motor cars and increasing travel have already promoted to a large extent — the spread of a more universal culture.

IT IS obvious that in this new world of ours we are witnessing the breakdown of isolated and self-sufficient national cultures. Already even the Chinese coolie, the Brazilian cattleman, and the European peasant are coming to crave the same material luxuries that are standard in the world's capitals. As the communication of ideas and the transportation of commodities expand still further, we will see ways of thinking, standards of living and intellectual ideals likewise approach uniformity.

It is hardly to be argued that the conspicuously differentiated cultures of nations in the past have too often bred distrust and even conflict. Amid all the complicated causes of wars, the crusading sense of superiority felt by one people as regards another cannot be ignored. We need go no farther back than the World War to find an outstanding example of this. Whether the cause of a war be economic rivalry or imperial aggrandizement, the motive power that permits its prosecution is often the popular feeling that it is a holy war for the imposition of a superior culture on a lower. In this, and in many other ways besides, discordant national customs and systems of thought have promoted belligerence. Hence we may well see the hand of destiny in that inventive genius which is slowly blotting out national

idiosyncrasies at the very moment that the possibility of world peace has become an international ideal.

Surely the unfounded jealousies between national populations will diminish as the citizens of each come to adopt the same fashions, share the same interests, enjoy the same amusements, hear the same public speakers and profit from the same educational opportunities. Through future decades this auspicious movement toward common cultural sympathies will be increasingly promoted by radio in alliance with the press, the talking motion pictures, the phonograph and the automobile.

Parenthetically, the United States may feel the satisfaction of a leader in this forward movement, for her inventors and industries have devised or perfected each of these agencies. It was, for instance, from the pioneer American station, KDKA, that broadcasting spread to many lands until today it embraces every part of the civilized world.

Not broadcasting alone, either. The swift transmission of news and commercial communications is now a major task of radio, and in that, too, the United States has led. Today, in New York City alone, the corporation which I serve offers to individual business men direct touch with England, France, Germany, Italy, Belgium, Sweden, Norway, Poland, Turkey, Argentine, Brazil, Colombia, Venezuela, Porto Rico, Dutch Guiana and Portugal. San Francisco is the centre of a network which reaches to China, Japan, the Philippines, the Dutch East Indies and French Indo-China. Let us not forget that while trade rivalries and international business competition increase through such facilities, this ever more tightly interwoven business fabric is itself another guaranty of peace.

True enough, such lightning communication may be a cause of dangerous misconceptions. With news correspondents closely reporting every meeting of international leaders whose hands hold the peace of the world, a thoughtless, intemperate utterance may be flung to millions of readers and given an importance the statesman never meant it to have. The careless reader, the irresponsible headline writer and the half-baked participant in an international conference, are a trinity very dangerous to the tranquility of our modern world.

But granting such a possibility of harm, I doubt if it ever could be as great as the harm done in earlier days by more slowly travelling bulletins. Then the dangerous report, when it finally did arrive, festered in the national consciousness long before any ameliorating word came. Now the *amende honorable* can follow so closely that the original statement has hardly struck before the assuaging statement is at hand. The truth formerly never overtook the lie, while in these days it sometimes catches it.

People tend to think in inherited patterns. Today we think too much in the disjointed pattern which our fathers and grandfathers made for us out of their conception of a disjointed world. Universal intercommunication has begun to weave a more harmonious world upon which

we can build a more harmonious pattern to hand on to our children. That pattern, while it will be far from perfect, will contain less of suspicion among peoples, and will inspire efforts better calculated to promote peace. Perhaps more than all the diplomatic conferences in history, radio is helping promote peace, and clearing the way for a long step upward upon the shadowy trail which leads toward Utopia.

## Wave Music

By Wilbert Snow

Behind this bowlder on the shore,
After a night of wind and rain,
I lie and let the waves restore
The jaded tissues of my brain.
Why can no inland mountain strain
Weave me the spell of waves that break,
No inland waters float a seine
To catch my fancy's silver hake?

There is an undertow in me
That only moves when some great gale
Kicks up an undertow at sea
And wakens the coast with artillery hail:
The surface drums' loud rolls assail
Huge cliffs in bristling undismay;
Beneath, orchestral basses flail
Dark ledges hidden in the bay.

There may be in an island birth
A need unknown to inland men —
Need for an armistice with earth
To let salt tides flow in again.
"Dust to dust" was spoken when
The tribes had not yet found the sea —
A deeper call has come since then —
"Salt brine to blood" for men like me.

# Submerged Husbands

By Mary Day Winn

*Keyserling calls American men a subjugated caste—but is it possible that they are deliberately finding new freedom beneath the yoke of dominant wives?*

Man, according to one cynical observer, made his first great mistake when he allowed Woman to learn the alphabet; since then he has been steadily slipping. Now, in this country at least, the waters have closed over his head, and all that is left to indicate his presence are a few bubbles breaking at intervals on the calm sea of female domination. . .

It must be admitted that even the most casual survey of our newspapers, together with the comments of foreign lecturers, seem to confirm this melancholy picture of the status of the American man, and especially of the American husband. Washington dispatches, last spring, in discussing the internationally important question of where Mrs. Gann should sit at social functions, were so disinterested in the social position of *Mr.* Gann that the question came up as to whether or not such a person as Mr. Gann actually existed; in his case there did not seem to be even any bubbles.

And this incident is only one of many which the prophets call attention to as indicating the descent of Man. Not long ago, the respected *New York Times*, with no apparent shame, published a record of the previous year's cases in one of Manhattan's largest hospitals and observed that, if spending their time in hospital beds is any indication, men seem to be now the weaker sex. Before masculine pride had a chance to recover from this blow, William H. Harford, English merchandizing expert, walked down the gangplank of the *Aquitania* and announced that he was here "to find out what American women want to buy." He had discovered that women, principally those in the United States, dictate 95 per cent of the world's purchases.

"At the moment," he said, "as far as trade is concerned, women are ruling the world." His statements have been supported by another recent news item in which Captain Henry Wolfson, making a public address, shed light on one of the reasons for the tremendous success of chain stores: new units, he said, are placed on streets which, by actual test, can boast the largest

number of women pedestrians; in making the computation men are not even counted.

Such are the general outlines in the picture of man's physical, social and financial eclipse.

Individual vignettes sketched by the soothsayers are even more heart-breaking; as particular women forge to the front and to the headlines in various forms of activity — business, the arts, the professions — their husbands, it is claimed, become psychological paralytics, cheated of their birthright of leadership, thwarted, stunted, weakened by lack of responsibility, and enervated by that modern bogy, the Inferiority Complex.

Keyserling, on his last visit, summed up the whole point of view in a few of his trenchant phrases. "America," he said, "is a two-caste country — the women forming the higher caste, the men the lower. . . .The problem of America is not to emancipate woman, but to emancipate man."

If we accept this verdict, not much imagination is required to envision a future American civilization patterned on that of the industrious bee, with woman as queen of the hive and man allowed to exist only for the purpose of providing for her culinary and amatory needs.

I wonder. I listen to the wailing of these prophets and I am very skeptical. Through the eyes of the (now, apparently) stronger sex I survey the situation and I do not find that the American husband is the cringing and helpless individual that one would expect him to be as a natural deduction from these observations. I do not discover in him that attitude of cowed humility, that skulking around corners which one looks for in a subject people. Instead, I detect a vast satisfaction, almost a cat-and-cream expression.

I am forced to the conclusion that although some of our husbands may be submerged, they are not sending any rescue calls to the surface. I believe that they are finding the gardens of the deep quite diverting and are in no hurry to come up.

Psychologists, who have such a disquieting way of perceiving the real facts beneath the "defense mechanism," tell us that marriages in which the woman is the dominating half show a higher percentage of success, or at least stick together in a greater number of instances, than those which are the other way around. They give us several reasons for this. Some men, they say, unconsciously fall into a comfortable mother-and-child relationship with their wives; others satisfy their egos by that same form of auto-flattery which makes a fisherman boast of his catch, or a hunter have himself photographed beside the lioness he has brought home. Still others are content to let their wives occupy the family show window because of our ardent national conviction that it pays to advertise; expensive wives serve much the same purpose as double-page ads in *The Saturday Evening Post*, — they proclaim the prosperity of the business which is able to pay for them.

These explanations are very good and certainly apply in a number of cases, but it does not seem to me that they explain the case of the American

husband in particular. For his (only apparently) downtrodden state there is another reason, and one of which he need not be in the least ashamed.

I found a striking illustration of this reason during a recent reading of James L. Clarke's interesting book, *Trails of the Hunted*. Most of us, thinking of Africa, regard the interior of the continent as peopled by vast herds or packs of animals, each group led by the biggest, strongest, wisest male, who finds the safest way to the water holes, knows where the game is most plentiful, and is the first to scent danger and the fiercest in attack and defense.

THIS picture, it seems, this vision of the grand old male snorting ahead is all wrong. After twenty-five years of observing animals in their natural habitat, Mr. Clarke declares that he has "never seen a herd in which there *were* any females that was led by a male." (The italics are mine.)

As though this were not startling enough he continues with an explanation even more candid. After remarking that a herd of elephants, for instance, "is an interesting group in which many characteristics are almost laughably human", he adds that the old females which lead the herds have been allowed to assume this position by old bulls astute enough to realize that "the feeding is better at the rear" where there is comparative freedom from annoying responsibilities.

So here, from the pen of a man franker than the rest of his sex, you have the key: The psychology of the American husband is much like that of the bull elephant; if he has taken up his position at the rear of the domestic herd, it is by his own choice; it is because he finds that position more restful and pleasant, and because he is so sure of his own strength and power that he does not need to bolster up his ego by continual affirmation of it.

For the American husband's somewhat inglorious status in his own family does not in reality imply a weakness, as foreign critics would like to believe. These back seat observers grudgingly admit that we are the most vigorous and successful nation in the world, and that the power, resourcefulness and efficiency of the American business man are beyond dispute. They marvel at the business man's energy, but salve their jealous pride by scornful comments on his docility in all matters where women are concerned.

THIS king of the office and the counting room is, they declare, the slave of the home, the mere provider of bread and honey. This industrial giant, who may have spent his morning tying together the railroad systems of a continent, or grabbing an entire nation's supply of wheat, each evening allows himself to be thrust into the background of the marital scene and assumes without protest a kind of my-lady-the-carriage-waits rôle. Such abdication of masculine prerogatives is, foreigners tell each other, a sign of weakness and national decay; obviously, they say, America is on the downward path.

It is the old story of the man who sees only what he wants to see, who does not realize that the American woman's power and freedom are in reality a sign of the American man's strength.

How can this be? The answer lies in the psychological principle of compensation. The masculine ego, generally speaking, demands that it enjoy a mastery over some thing or some person. Without the sense of power which mastery gives a man, he finds it hard to look his fellow men in the eye and hold his own in the struggle for existence. If his desire to dominate is thwarted in one direction, or if he finds himself dominated instead by those who are stronger than he, he will often seek compensation for the blow to his pride by an excessive show of power over someone too weak or too disadvantageously placed by circumstance to prevent it — perhaps his wife or his dog. He may even, collectively, compensate by rattling the saber at a smaller nation. He may keep a harem, or become a peacetime army officer.

From such a necessity for compensation the American man is freer than most. He has won mastery over vast natural resources and over the realm of business. He has conquered the air and has cracked a commanding whip over the world's money markets. He is Lord of the Machine. Everywhere great monsters of iron and steel obey his lightest touch — even, with some of the newest inventions, his whispered word of command. Though he may be the veriest high-grade moron, he can, and does, know the thrill of power that comes when his hands touch the wheel of an automobile and his foot presses the accelerator.

With all these things to give him a sense of mastery, the American husband does not need to bolster up his ego by demanding that he be master in his own home, as does the industrially stagnant Spaniard or the Turk.

The wife of the immigrant staggers after him down the gangplank at Ellis Island leading the children and carrying all the family possessions on her back; the wife of the immigrant's Americanized son walks in front, weighed down by nothing but her handbag and her husband's check book. The difference is not entirely due to the husband's desire to become a part of the new land by adopting its customs; it springs in part from a sense of pride and achievement which his Old World father did not possess. Not only has he the personal satisfaction of having been admitted into the so-hard-to-enter country, and of having pulled himself up to a higher scale of living; he is also a sharer in the glory of every American victory over man or nature. He flew with Lindbergh, and when "We" landed at Le Bourget he felt a somewhat bigger man because of what another American had done.

The same thing holds true in other walks of life. The man who can close the mouth of a river with a hundred-foot dam can afford, when at home, to let his wife do most of the talking. The higher the husband rises in the scale of achievement, the more power he will probably let his wife assume in the family. It is the ditch digger, not the corporation president, who comes home and beats the partner of his sorrows — and we have in this country a larger proportion of presidents, and a smaller percentage of ditch diggers, than are found in any other land.

It is therefore obvious that the old bull does not need leadership in the family in order to make him realize his worth. He is perfectly conscious of it without any domestic kow-towing. He can well afford to graze in the rear, especially, as Mr. Clarke has pointed out with such refreshing candor, since there are so many pleasant aspects associated with that location. Notably its greater freedom. For while the American wife may be making after-dinner speeches, or basking in the limelight of artistic appreciation, or leading her favorite cause to a glorious finish, her husband can, perhaps, play around with some other emancipated female!

Public life has its personal drawbacks. Mrs. Gann was recently quoted as refusing spirituous refreshment at the British embassy "out of consideration for my country." Mr. Gann, in his comfortable obscurity, could enjoy his beer and skittles — if his tastes happened to run that way — without anybody's caring or mentioning the fact.

After all, it is obvious to anyone who can remember or read history books that if American men had really wanted to remain masters in their own families, they could have done so. They were originally greatly in the majority and still are in all pioneer lands where customs are still in the making. Of what value, though, would the harem type of woman have been to the early settler? He preferred the type of mate into whose hand he could put a musket and a hoe and go off about his own business with some feeling of confidence in her ability to look after their joint interests. Now that she no longer needs to wield these particular instruments of labor and defense, he has no objection if she carries on aggressively with more subtle weapons; especially since he is astute enough to realize the many advantages of grazing at the rear.

# When Is a Teacher Not a Teacher?

By Max McConn
Dean of Lehigh University

*Parents are finding a costly truth behind the standing jest of ambitious professors that "College would be a fine place if it weren't for the students"*

*WHEN is a teacher not a teacher?* There are a good many persons nowadays who like to ask this nonsense question and who have an answer ready and pat: *When he is a college professor.*

This feeble attempt at humor is obviously frivolous. Obviously, also, it is unjust to many fine college teachers. In short it is altogether reprehensible. But like many another reprehensible jibe it points a sure finger at a real evil. This evil, widespread among our institutions of learning, arises from a one-sided exaltation of research above good teaching. The successful investigator is crowned with promotions in rank and salary, while the man who is "merely" a good teacher is passed by. The unintended but inevitable result is a progressive neglect of the teaching function, especially among the younger men, the oncoming generation of professors. There is no denying that this state of affairs is far too general, no denying that a good many are beginning to ask why.

The largest group of those who are inclined to raise this query consists of college students, who discover in very many cases that the instruction given them is definitely less effective than that to which they were accustomed in secondary schools. These students will concede, in their semi-articulate fashion, that the college teachers "know their stuff," know more, generally, than the teachers in the lower schools, but "they cannot teach" — cannot, or do not, put their material across to young men and women of eighteen to twenty-two as well as do the teachers of boys and girls of fourteen to eighteen.

THE second largest and by far the most influential group concerned consists of parents — the parents of these same college students, to whom their offspring have more or less casually reported the phenomenon in question. The parents are likely to be unpleasantly surprised, and in some cases they become quite volubly incensed. They have sent their sons and daughters to college to be taught — at a cost to themselves of any-

where from $1,000 to $2,000 a year each. They understood that the college invited young people to come to it to be taught — in other words, that it was primarily a teaching institution, as the lower schools are. If the college is not primarily a teaching institution, if it is not doing the job of teaching as well as it could, nor troubling much to do it better, they feel they are being in some measure cheated. This line of argument is difficult to answer, and the angry insistence thereon of a good many parents constitutes one of the forces that is going to induce, and in fact is already inducing, the college to mend its ways.

There is still a third group, composed of certain college teachers. These are men and women who happen to be primarily interested in teaching. They are themselves, or consider themselves to be, excellent teachers. The act of teaching is the thing that especially appeals to them. They have an aptitude, a flair, a love for it. It is their form of creative activity. For no one will deny, I suppose, that teaching may be a form of creative activity, or, incidentally, that it may be a very useful form.

TO THESE persons the fact that their own special creative activity, namely teaching, does not in colleges receive much recognition and does not lead very directly to promotion in rank or increase in salary, is of course displeasing. They are indeed more vitally and permanently affected than even students or parents. They come to feel it highly unjust that they, who are doing in superior fashion the job which is after all the job which the college in its literature professes to do, should see other persons, who are less interested in that job and do it less well, promoted over their heads. Some few of them become the most articulate and bitter critics of the existing situation. (Only some few, because a good many others who secretly share their sentiments are discreet enough to keep their mouths shut.) The articulate few have some further queries to add to my initial nonsense question. For example:

WHY does a college teacher have to write a learned book, or a series or a miscellany of learned articles, in order to win promotion *as a teacher?*

Does the investigation of some obscure and recondite problem on the advanced frontiers of some field of knowledge, and the summation of the results (if any) in a "paper," really contribute anything whatever to one's ability to present comparatively elementary phases of that subject to immature young men and women?

For example (and this example is not made up, but is taken from an actual case within my own knowledge), is a study of the expletives in Old Norse — i. e., a collection of the cuss words of the Vikings — a particularly useful employment of some hundreds of hours for a highly successful young teacher of German grammar and modern German literature? The only definite, practical addition to the equipment of this investigator was the acquisition of a fluent profanity in strictly modern English, developed by his own irritated consciousness of the futility of his scholarly labors.

Are not the time and energy devoted to such investigation (and the time at least is a very large item) obviously subtracted from the time and energy available for the primary job of teaching?

Nay, are not the point of view and attitude of mind needed for and developed by research definitely different from, and in some measure inimical to, the point of view and mental attitude most useful to a teacher of undergraduates?

At any rate, why promote *teachers* almost exclusively on the basis of their success as *investigators?*

Why not appraise good teaching directly as such and give it its due reward in rank and salary?

Or is it true that good teaching no longer, in colleges, entitles one to anything much in the way of reward?

Is it true, in other words, that most college professors and most college executives now look upon teaching as merely a by-product, or perhaps as a form of pot-boiling, necessary because only on account of its teaching function can the college obtain the funds it needs — fees from students and donations or appropriations — but to be surreptitiously slighted as much as possible in favor of research? Just as a would-be poet or novelist may write advertisements with his left hand in order to pay the butcher and baker, but will steal every hour he can for his sonnets or his novel?

All these questions are confessedly rhetorical, and like all rhetorical questions suggest, somewhat unfairly, the answers desired by the asker. Let us pass them all except the last one, which I shall attempt to answer, making every effort to frame a statement which shall be accurate and just.

There is no denying that a large and dominant group among college professors and college executives feel so strongly the value and attraction of advanced study and research that the teaching of undergraduates has, in fact, come to rank in their minds as a secondary thing, a necessary minor evil, an activity to be provided for and carried on chiefly because it cannot well be dispensed with — for financial reasons.

The professorial members of this group feel that as mature adults and members of the world-wide fraternity of learning they cannot be expected to be exclusively or even primarily interested in going over the mere elements of their subjects year after year with very young and often uninterested undergraduates. They continue to do this, because they must eat, but they quite openly reserve their real interest for the book they are writing, the article they have just had accepted by a learned journal. Their standing jest is that the university or college would be a fine place if it were not for the students. And their idea of heaven on earth, which a very few may hope to attain, is a research professorship, in which they would be set free to devote all their time to advanced study and investigation, except perhaps for sporadic supervision of one or two graduate students, who would incidentally work out for them some of the less interesting phases of their own studies.

Among the executive members of

the group — presidents, deans, and heads of departments — the principal motivation is the same as for the mere professors, because nearly all the executives were professors and investigators before they achieved executive rank, and a majority of them still give a part of their time to teaching and research. But with the executives the original bias is reinforced — usually without their being clearly conscious of the fact — by two additional considerations.

THE first of these is the advertising value of publication. An executive is responsible, among other things, for the standing, reputation, prestige of his university, college, or department. Learned books and articles undoubtedly enhance prestige in the world at large, whereas fine teaching remains unknown and unappreciated except by a few youthful students and possibly by their parents. The publications come, therefore, to have for the executive an extremely practical value over and above their inherent value as contributions to human knowledge, which may or may not be very great.

The second consideration arises out of budgetary problems. The executive must make up the budget of the university, college, or department — the annual list of salaries and allotments for books, equipment, and clerical service. He has a fixed sum to distribute. Ordinarily this sum will cover some few increases of salary and of the other allotments; but never in this imperfect world does it cover all the increases which all the members of the staff desire or even all they may, ideally speaking, deserve. To whom shall the plums go?

No one who has not been intimately concerned with the actual making of a college budget can have any idea of the difficulty of this question. Practically all the considerations to be weighed are imponderables. They include, for every member of the staff, training, teaching ability, research ability, and general academic usefulness (committee service etc.). I have said that all these considerations are imponderable: there is no scale in which any of them can be truly weighed.

BUT two of the items lead to results which have at least an ostensible definiteness. One of these is training (advanced study), which leads to degrees. The other is research, which begets publications. These things can be written down after a man's name or under it, and they are cumulative. One man has them and is getting more; the next man hasn't and isn't. Whereas there is no known way of definite comparison of one man with another with respect to the fruitful stimulation of undergraduate minds. And even if it be well known that some professor is a superior teacher, that fact seems to remain the same year after year and tends to become an old story. Is it any wonder that the perplexed executive inclines to give the major weight, in his award of promotions and increases, to those results which he can set down on paper and look at and enumerate, and which seem to represent tangible growth and achievement — and the enhancement of institutional or departmental prestige?

Of course the fact that executives tend to react in this manner cannot be concealed from the faculties. It has become generally understood, and the newest young instructor is speedily tipped off to the effect that if he desires promotion he must acquire degrees and publish papers. He can infer for himself that his teaching does not matter much. Being, naturally, in the highly imitative stage of youthful snobbishness, he quickly adopts the view that his classes represent a form of unavoidable hack-work and that research is the mark of distinction in his profession; and his zeal for the advancement of knowledge will quicken in proportion to his desire to get married or the imminence of a baby.

THERE are a good many college professors and college executives who, if they have the misfortune to read this article, will be highly irritated by it, and may wish to present several points in refutation:

(1) That the situation is by no means as bad as I seem to imply, because there is a great deal of good teaching and a reasonable amount of really fine teaching done in our colleges.

(2) That research *is* the mark of distinction in a scholar and is an activity of incalculable value to society which is all too little supported and encouraged in this country.

(3) That every teacher, at the college level at least, needs, for the sake of his teaching, to keep constantly abreast of a rapidly developing subject matter and is most likely to do this if he himself engages in research.

(4) That the college professor who does not become an investigator but devotes all his time to routine teaching is almost certain to get into a rut and so become the worst possible teacher.

This is the standard, orthodox defense of the existing situation, and I think it is good, but not good enough.

ONE may grant all four of the points advanced. In particular, I wish to grant, and even to emphasize, the first one: many college teachers, including those who are distinguished or competent investigators, do a fine job of teaching in spite of a system and atmosphere which give little encouragement to pedagogical excellence. This is because the college group consists in general of men who are distinctly superior to the general run in conscientiousness.

Let us grant, also, the other three points: the enormous value of research in its own right; the teacher's need of constant study; and the dry rot which overtakes the professor who devotes himself to routine teaching. But that is where the catch comes:

*He should devote himself to teaching which is* not *routine.*

And teaching that shall *not* be routine is in itself a man's size job — a job to engage all the scholarship and all the creative energy and original genius that any man can bring to it. The man who is doing that will be studying constantly, studying his subject and related subjects, studying also his students, reorganizing his courses and modifying his methods.

Let us return for a moment to our newest young instructor. Is he likely, under the existing system, to become that kind of teacher, original, creative, experimental? On the contrary, the existing system of giving substantial promotion chiefly for degrees and research fortifies the continuance of the routine teaching.

But at least the existing system promotes research. Does it? I wonder if more than one-tenth, say, of the army of college teachers now "producing" under compulsion contribute anything of substantial value. For most of them research is also routine. Their little papers clutter up our learned journals (the editors of which are constantly complaining of the pitiful mediocrity of most of the contributions they receive), and they get their salaries increased. Does it come to much more than that in most cases? I suspect that most of them are mere camp followers in the army against ignorance, intent not on the campaign but on the commissary. Real creative genius, real talent even, for scholarship, must be comparatively rare, as it is recognized to be in literature and the arts. And, as in these fields, the man who really has genius or talent will find a way. Suppose as a college teacher he had enforced upon him a full-time schedule of non-routine teaching. Still he would get in his research, taking it out of his holidays and sleep. It is through similar handicaps that the real creators in other fields are winnowed out — not by bribing all and sundry to "produce." If in such a situation a young teacher displayed a real flair for research, by all means reward him. Promote him to a research job and give him everything in the way of facilities and emoluments. I wonder if under that kind of plan we should not do better even at the advancement of knowledge.

Is there hope of any change in the present policy and system and routine?

Indeed there is, and it is coming fast. The beginnings of the change are to be found in the numerous experimental or experimenting colleges and courses which have developed within the last two decades. Dr. Meiklejohn's Experimental College at the University of Wisconsin is one; the Swarthmore Plan is another; and there are the Antioch Plan, the Rollins Plan, the Claremont Plan, the Sarah Lawrence Plan, the Tutorial System at Harvard, and the Honors Courses in a score of colleges.

The ideas and theories underlying these numerous experiments are various, and some of them are contradictory — which is as it should be at this stage. But they have one tremendously interesting factor in common:

*In all of them teaching as such is restored to supremacy*, recognized as central (for the college as distinguished from the graduate school), and as creative and experimental.

Most of these plans include an increased selectivity with respect to students. The lad in whose mind college consists really of a fraternity and a football team is to be conspicuous by his absence. All the students admitted are to be of real intellectual ability who have already demon-

strated established intellectual interests.

Most of the plans, also, abolish or minimize routine requirements — prescribed attendance, prescribed courses, and the like. Some take the final step of abandoning "courses" entirely. All of them emphasize the student's own, self-motivated, individual study in the library or in the laboratory or in his own room beside the midnight tungsten, under the general oversight, direction, and leadership (instead of the policial compulsion) of an older scholar and learner.

Of course there are only a few of these new experiments at present. But they are multiplying. No faculty and no administration can long escape their infection.

The evil of routine teaching *plus* routine research is still widespread, but I expect that within the next fifty years it will be in many places, if not everywhere, overthrown. A real renascence of college teaching is on its way, and many happy results may be expected from this rebirth.

First and most important, we may hope that our colleges will again become inspirers and moulders of youth in the same measure and degree in which they used to be in this country a couple of generations ago — in which measure and degree few will maintain they are functioning now. Possibly the term "student" may gradually lose its present definition of raucous rooter at athletic contests, reckless driver of a battered Ford, and expert performer on the ukelele, and may resume its nearly obsolete meaning of lover of learning. For a considerable number of those "students" who are now, in our colleges, devoting themselves chiefly to extra-curricular activities have it in them to become, under creative teaching, real lovers of learning. If the side shows now dwarf the main tent, it is partly because the performances in that main tent have become routine and tame. And the large number of other "students" now swelling our enrollments who have no capacity for learning would soon, under creative teaching, discover for themselves that college was no place for them and pass on to some more useful employment.

I believe, too, that the reinstatement of the great college teacher as such in his old-time preëminence in the faculties and the community will tend to enhance the status of teachers in general, including those in the secondary and elementary schools. If so, the benefits of the coming change will spread far beyond college walls; for the present lack of prestige of the teaching profession is widely recognized as one of the greatest obstacles to improvement in all our schools.

But how about research? I suspect that even that immensely valuable activity may profit in the long run, by a diminution in quantity, compensated by a notable improvement in quality. For routine is an infectious thing which has tended to spread from teaching to research itself and thus to damage the very cause for the sake of which it has been allowed to fasten itself upon teaching.

# A Macedonian Robin Hood

By John Gunther

*A tale of fantastic patriotism and intrigue in the Balkans*

There is something ludicrous in the extremity of most fanaticism. This sense of the ludicrous may take the oddest and most disfigured forms, it may express itself in grotesquerie, in mysticism, or in plain foolery, but almost always, in a maniacal necessity of reaction, it is there — the twisted outgrowths, the little blazing buds, of the fanatic's tree.

I was in Sofia and I had a job. It was to burrow into the confidence of the Macedonians, get up into the hills where their secret State was functioning, and find out what motive spurred their brigandage which was tumbling Bulgaria and Yugoslavia to the very edge of annoyed, angry, useless war. Finally, if possible, I was to interview and photograph their leader, the infamous Gavriloff. Infamous? That's what the Serbs told me. It was what the Bulgars told me. But I wondered.

It was no easy job to establish contact with the Macedonian organization, which exists, of course, in secret; but I had sealed letters from a Macedonian committeeman in Paris, and through them I met, after some weeks of waiting, Ivan Tomalevsky, who appeared to be a sort of outside political agent, a "contact" man. A strange sort of revolutionary! Speaking perfect French inside a richly lined library! And a Bulgar policeman just outside! But he was the right man, and after cross-examining me pretty thoroughly, he promised to find me a guide and a car, and smuggle me out into the hills.

My guide was named Vladimir. His first name, I suppose. One can never tell in the Balkans. But I was told no other.

I liked him. He had to an unusual degree something which I admire, suppleness. He was burning up inside; you could see fire so thick it clouded his dark eyes; but outside he was smooth, suave, supple. He was nervous as a monkey and talked with passion in his very breathing; and yet, meeting other people, was positively silky in his suppleness.

Vladimir looked me over, and said we might as well begin.

"Things are quiet in the hills just now. I haven't got a thing to do," he assured me.

"Shall we see Gavriloff?"

"Ah!" Vladimir nodded quickly. "Of course we shall see Gavriloff. But we must find him first."

Gavriloff must be, I knew, a pretty elusive son-of-a-gun. Of course he had to be elusive. Heavens! The Serbs had 20,000 *dinars* on his capture, and the Bulgar government, officially anti-Macedonian at the moment, would have paid ten *comitadji's* ransoms for his head. Two senior members of the Macedonian Central Committee had been killed before him. Gavriloff was the survivor. His father and half-brother had been shot the week before, in Istip — revenge by Serbian soldiers for the murder some time before by Macedonians of a Serbian general, Kovatchevitch. The whole Macedonian movement is splashed with blood.

THE Macedonians, I discovered, had two paramount qualities. The first was desire for publicity, and the second was secretiveness. I never saw such a paradox before, with such intensity in the combination. They gave me two whole weeks, for instance, simply because I was a foreign newspaper man, and might give their side of the story some "play" in America. I have never had such an assault on me, of documents, of speeches, of polemics, of frantic, flaunting, almost ridiculous chauvinism. And, on the other hand, I never met a crowd which, telling me so much, showed me so little. They were extraordinarily eager to get their side of the case before the world; and extraordinarily chary about producing their precious Gavriloff for anyone to see.

Vladimir and I had a fortnight together. I liked him better all the time. But he certainly was a volatile person.

"I could tell you so much more than this! I could show you the most incredible things!" Then his face would darken. The fire would go out. "No. We must wait!"

Of course he didn't trust me fully; Macedonians never trust anybody. But he had a grand sense of humor. We drank a lot of *slivovitz* (plum brandy), and laughed together through the mountain evenings.

Very sketchily I must give some impression of that trip. We were, of course, hunting for Gavriloff. But that became almost an incidental, so exciting were the other details.

PEASANTS with their feet wrapped in tattered wool instead of boots. Lonely *gendarmes* hailing us, their white uniforms bright. (Vladimir always had some sort of pass ready.) The Greek-Bulgar frontier, and the soldiers on the different ends of the bridge, the Greek a little fellow, swarthy; the Bulgar tall with hazel eyes. The cotton bazaar at Radomir. Incredibly barren hills, with the bare rock showing through, like dandruff in a giant's scalp. Nights in camp, with gnarled trees drawing blunt designs against the sky. Vicious dogs. The Struma Valley, and the road, perhaps the most magnificent in Europe, dodging down toward Salonika. Every village a concentrated cluster, no houses being isolated in the country stretches — and for a reason. (Bandits — heritage of Turkish days.) The high cheekbones, the down-turned mustaches, of the Mongol-looking Bulgar peasants. Vladimir shouting, then stopping the car, then praying, when we reached the invisible Macedonian border. Caravans of covered wagons,

drawn by incredibly spindly horses. Women with children strapped to their backs, like papooses. And nearer day by day to the westward, the barren, cloudy, purple-scrawled mountains of the Yugoslav frontier.

"And your Gavriloff — he is a fighter himself — he plays gun against gun — himself?"

I was trying to get, say, some Robin Hood legends about this chieftain.

"Of course he has killed people," Vladimir said. "Say fifteen or twenty. But not many."

"Oh," I said.

"And of course," Vladimir said, "he works with the rest of us. Every man does his job, whatever that may be. We are never idle. Nor he."

IDLE or not, I got an amazing impression of a State within a State. And it *is* a State. Macedonia has no recognized frontiers, it has no "government," you won't find facts about it in any Almanac; but in those barren, patchy hills, it does exist, to some degree it does work. Divided between Bulgaria and Yugoslavia, with a little seeping downward into Greece, denounced and outlawed by all three Governments, yet it survives, and as a single "country" too. It has, for instance, its own newspapers, secret of course; its own tax-collecting system, even more secret; and even its own postage stamps. This latter is unbelievable, but I have some of them and can swear to it. Give a letter to a friend in Petritch; it gets to his friends in Monastir, across the border, almost as soon as by ordinary post. Perhaps in a priest's hat. Perhaps in a donkey's ear. To *stamp* the letter is, of course, pure flaunting swank. Which is one of the things Macedonians especially seem to like.

I heard plenty about Gavriloff. Naturally. My companion, young Vladimir, had a hero-worship for him, passionate, single-eyed, almost tremulous in adoration. Often, I heard, Gavriloff walked boldly into the streets of Sofia. (Usually he was hidden by the "outside" man I met, Mr. Tomalevsky.) He had gone to school in Germany, and knew at least two Western languages. He was only twenty-nine. He had directed assassinations of every member of the counter-group which had betrayed and murdered Todor Alexandroff, his beloved chief, and not a man had escaped. The long arm of Gavriloff's organization was indeed relentless. I was told in detail of numerous "cases". I must say I shuddered a little. The loneliness of those hills, I suppose, was getting on my nerves, together with the passion of that boy Vladimir.

And there was Kunitza!

"Of course," Vladimir told me, "you know *that* story!"

KUNITZA was another traitor. He was followed to Vienna. There a girl of twenty-six waited for him, found him one night in the Burg Theatre, and shot him as you and I might post a letter. The girl, Maria Parensoff, was freed (as the killers of the traitors in Prague and Milan had been freed) after a long, sensational trial. Now, Vladimir told me, she was back in the hills again, working, organizing, praying for a free Macedonia.

"I always liked that episode," Vladimir observed, half-chuckling. "Of such stuff is our leader made,

our Gavriloff. There happened to be no one else available. And so he sent his own wife, Maria Parensoff, to Vienna — to murder the enemy, Kunitza."

You will understand, I hope, from this very slight sketch of the Macedonian background, some of the difficulties naturally to be encountered in a search for Gavriloff.

"And when will we find him?" I kept asking.

"Tomorrow," Vladimir would say.

And it was always "Tomorrow."

One day we would pop into a town, say Gorna-Djumaia, talk to the "friends," and Vladimir would return with a scowling forehead to tell me dramatically — he was an extremely dramatic young man — that Gavriloff had been in Gorna-Djumaia only the day before, but had left it early in the morning . . . for the hills. We would go to the hills, and miss him there. Once we were to intercept him near Kustendil, that lovely town; but he was held up at a conference further along the frontier. I was impatient by this time. Once we took to donkeys, and I put on a sort of disguise, that is, I donned an old flannel shirt, and Vladimir, shouting with laughter, fitted me to a pair of native moccasins, *opintsi*. We rolled into the mountains, actually did get across that wired, mined frontier, and then had to go back because we missed Gavriloff in Istip, where, Vladimir swore to me, he certainly *had* been. I began to get annoyed. Yet every day was fascinating.

"But, my dear fellow," I would protest to Vladimir, "I simply can't go on taking your time this way."

"I am working," he would smile. "Don't mind me. And I am giving you really an intimate view of our organization."

This was true, and I could not complain. And, "Patience," Vladimir would say. Meantime I saw the meetings of the council men, the workings of the secret printing press, and even, one exciting night, a "court" in session; for the Macedonians have their own secret civil justice, too. I got samples of their stamps and saw samples of what Yugoslav prisons did to Macedonian offenders. And for the flamboyant vigor and comprehensiveness of the invisible organization I daily gained respect.

But we did not find Gavriloff. Reluctantly, after the end of the fortnight, Vladimir said he must return to Sofia. We drove like a blizzard over 240 kilometres of savage road; we almost froze, for it was getting into November and the last of my French cognac was gone. We did the trip in a day. I disembarked at my hotel and promised to have Vladimir to lunch the day after the next; we shook hands, really intimately; and regretfully I saw him go. I did like him. Yet at the very end, from his eyes, I knew that he had not quite trusted me; that for this reason, and probably for this reason only, I had missed Gavriloff. I wired my office so, apologetically. I had a good, perhaps a unique story. But I had not seen Gavriloff.

My lunch with Vladimir fell through because I was suddenly busy at the Foreign Office (which, I did hope, knew nothing of my Macedonian adventure). A few days later, re-

turning to the hotel, I ran into the American Consul, and that pale, phlegmatic man was excited. "They got him!" That was all he said. He shivered. "Who?" "Gavriloff — at last." I rushed up to my typewriter. This was a story! Gavriloff had been trapped on a Sofia street as he had turned into Macedonian headquarters, somewhere back of Tomalevsky's house — astounding, how careless, how flaunting, these extremists were! Six soldiers spotted him. Evidently the Government had decided the time was ripe. He was slain in a pitched battle in which one of the soldiers was killed, and two others wounded; and an innocent bystander, the extremely indignant new second secretary of the Spanish legation, painfully wounded in the loin.

"Let's go and see him," the Consul suggested, when I had sent my story.

I nodded. I felt awfully sorry that it had happened.

We went toward the barracks where Gavriloff's body was exhibited. People chuckled; other people looked grim; there was a great running of confused bitterness and laughter.

I looked at the face, and the Consul thought I had been suddenly taken ill. There it was, the dead face of my guide, young Vladimir. I had seen Gavriloff.

# In Defense of Didja

By Janet Rankin Aiken

*Sadly granting that convention binds her to careful diction, an English teacher challenges the purists who would crystallize English as it is now printed*

TODAY'S paper reflects in many news items the popular interest in how we speak, an interest which extends from Siam to Peru and back again. The current news informs me that Russia is contemplating loosening the grammatical trammels which now lie too heavily upon the Communist school-boy. Another story deals with the fact that English is now the "preferred" foreign language study in the gymnasia of Germany. Another dispatch from London deplores "slovenly American speech" as a menace to the purity of English. This menace, we are told, is invading Great Britain by way of the phonographs, the talkies and radio.

Finally—and perhaps most significant—is the recent announcement of a survey which is planned to study the local dialects of these United States, the five-year programme of its researchers to burgeon into the first Dialect Atlas of our nation.

So the once despised localisms, the *frying-pan* of the Southerner, the *skillet* of New England, the *spider* of my own Middle West childhood, are to be dignified by learned study! Soon we shall know the boundaries separating *gallery* from *porch*, *front stoop* from *veranda*. *You all* will be put in its place, and the haunts of *barbecue* outlined. Not only this, but the elusive *r* will be run to earth; *hyar* will be separated geographically from *here*; and *the goil's earl* will attain topographic differentiation from *the girl's oil*.

A GOOD starting point for such a survey would be the very college campus from which the surveyor hails. For it is a mistake to suppose that localisms are confined to the walks of unlettered life. I know a scholar who is inwardly prostrated at the slightest slip in English, whose books might well be used to illustrate all that is best in English prose. Yet in a classroom lecture let him but utter the little word *whole*, and you hear Maine speaking; it is *the hull truth*, plain as day. Another scholar confessed that for years after leaving Virginia he pronounced *pork* to rhyme with *joke*.

The plain fact seems to be that much of the diction portrayed in the comic strips is embedded deep in the

everyday life, not only of Mutt and Jeff, but of our college professors. Try it on yourself; do you or don't you say, in actual speech, *ast im, thasso, sojer, sez, didja, howsat, whereya goin'?* Who will have the nerve to maintain that in ordinary rapid conversation he says *didn't you* and not *didnya, don't you* and not *doncha, how do you do* and not *howjadoo?* I am acquainted with a fair sprinkling of individuals who are relatively well educated; but I know of none who fail to take at least some of these linguistic short-cuts.

And in truth, why should they not do so? For every one of these locutions represents a definite simplification of English speech, an approach toward greater linguistic effectiveness. And this is plain from the fact that every one of them is part and parcel of the general current of change or development which has made English what it is today, the development which has given us our rightly admired and admirable English language.

It is a demonstrable fact, and one well known to students of the history of the English language, that our brief, forceful Saxon idiom has become so, not in spite of, but actually because of, centuries of bad grammar, mispronunciations, circumlocutions, and especially drawling, slurring, and mumbling, which would appeal to any elementary school teacher as positively frightful. That stark, terse speech which stands as a monument to the Nordic character, which we display as an ideal to budding writers, the speech of Shakespeare, Milton, Emerson, and Lincoln, breathing of the soil and of the character of a (comparatively) free people, could not possibly have attained this eminence save for every one of those speech defects which we now condemn so heartily.

Damaging as the fact may be to the reverence popularly felt for our linguistic ancestry, Anglo-Saxon is not particularly terse or brief, and could not by any stretch of the imagination be called forceful. The Anglo-Saxon idiom did not possess brevity and vigor, but has gradually acquired them through a variety of causes which include all those evil habits mentioned above, and especially mumbling. The evidence to prove the statement is easily available.

First, Anglo-Saxon was by no means a language of monosyllables, as might appear from its modern descendant. On a page of *Beowulf* containing 140 words, I find only 54 monosyllables, and these are largely pronouns, prepositions, and the small change of speech generally. There are 60 words of two syllables, and 26 of three or more.

Taking Vachell Lindsay's *The Congo*, as a narrative poem in the modern fashion perhaps roughly equivalent in intellectual level to *Beowulf*, I find, out of an equal number of consecutive words, 96 monosyllables, 35 dissyllables, and only 9 words containing as many as three syllables (none with more).

Evidently Vachell Lindsay is to be regarded as far more Saxon than the Saxons themselves, in this matter of terseness. And he is by no means alone among moderns. Try counting words in almost any recent book of poems, and you will find that sub-

stantially the same comparison holds good. Or, if the poetry test is felt to be one-sided, try prose of equivalent character, and I think you will agree that modern English has far outdone the parent dialect in the attainment of brevity.

And what about the term forceful? Can that justly be applied to the ancestor of our tongue?

Not if you care for the exact use of words. Let me translate with fair literalness one of the "high spots" in *Beowulf*, where the hero is in danger of being overborne by the efforts of Grendel's mother, who has come to the hall Heorot to avenge her son's death. This is a very representative sample of the starkness of Anglo-Saxon. The parentheses are mine.

> Then the hall-guest (Grendel's mother) sat upon him (Beowulf), and drew her dagger, broad and brown-edged; she would avenge her bairn, her own offspring. To him on the shoulder lay a woven hauberk; that saved his life, barred the entrance against point and against edge.

Even in the translation you will feel the halts and jerks of the original, the repetitions and the clumsinesses. Every one of the verbal tricks of this brief passage is characteristic of Anglo-Saxon poetry; we see the succession of adjectives following their noun, the frequent use of appositives which merely echo their antecedents, the reiteration of unimportant details.

Now compare *The Congo*.

> Then along that riverbank
> A thousand miles,
> Tattooed cannibals danced in files.

This is stark, if you like, but far from Anglo-Saxon. Notice even with the poetic inversion, the orderly way in which the picture is built up, the economy and efficiency of the language. There is not a word to spare. Considered from a strictly linguistic aspect, the comparison is all to the advantage of the modern poem.

It seems impossible to deny that Anglo-Saxon, so far as we know it, is as a language both long-winded and clumsy. But it is just as impossible to deny that our modern "Saxon" words deserve the praises heaped upon them. Somewhere between *Beowulf* and Vachell Lindsay, Saxon speech did acquire the athletic energy it possesses today. How did it get that way, if it was not always so?

The present monosyllabic character of our Saxon vocabulary is almost entirely due to long-continued mumbling. Somewhere in the centuries immediately following the Norman Conquest, English developed a strong first-syllable accent, so that, for example, Anglo-Saxon *su'nu'* became strongly *súnu*. The second syllable then became slurred more and more, until finally it disappeared entirely, giving us the good old English monosyllable *son*.

How have we developed *lord* from the former *hlaf-weard*, *world* from *wer-aeldu*, *Kingston* from *cyningestun* and our Saxon monosyllables in general from Anglo-Saxon polysyllables? The answer is simple: by mumbling. Mumbling has given us *cough* from *cohhettan*. Precisely the same process which now gives *atta* in *attaboy* or *gonna* for *going-to* has given us *about* for *onbutan*, *say* for *secgan*, and *such* for *swa-lic*.

Even the many Anglo-Saxon words which look like monosyllables in the vocabularies, *word*, *folk*, *gold*,

*horse*, *hoard*, *land*, *sore*, *sheep*, and a host of others, which have come to us with little change, were not really monosyllables in practice save in their nominative and accusative cases. In genitive and dative, singular and plural, these words carried the case-endings which made them dissyllables, and if one asks how the second syllable got lost, the same mournful answer must be given. It is the mumbling of generations of our forefathers which relieves us of the necessity of using *wordum* as the dative plural of *word*. Mumbling has given us *had* as a sort of "bos'n tight and midshipmite and crew of the Nancy Brig," for *had* has swallowed up a whole raft of its messmates, among them *haefde*, *haefdest*, *haefdon*, *haefden*, and *gehaefd*. And even these were but mumbling survivors of a shipload of Primitive Germanic words; the evidence of Gothic shows that *habaida*, *habaides*, and the giants *habbadedeima* and *habbadedeiwa* were among that crew.

THUS the Anglo-Saxon speech mumbled its way to monosyllablism. To describe how it acquired vigor as well, how circumlocutions were short-circuited, how verbal excrescences were removed, how words were taught to run straight instead of hopping crooked as in *Beowulf*, would be a long and complicated task. Various factors helped. One was the rubbing of the language against other dialects, Danish and Norman-French especially, with the resulting simplification and welding together of all three into English. Another factor was the continuous and persistent striving of the human mind toward easier and more effective forms of speech. And a third and very potent factor was the neglect of English by the grammarians, who fortunately during these formative years turned all their attentions to Latin! It is safe to say that Anglo-Saxon could never have developed into English had the guardians of its purity been as vigilant and as militant as the guardians of English are today.

FOR we must remember that every change, every innovation which added to the strength or the ease of our Saxon idiom, broke a current convention of linguistic correctness. To the Elizabethan *its* was as novel as *yous* would be today. To King Alfred *they* and *them* were not English at all, nor was *she*. To Chaucer, *lady's* was unknown, and *eyes* and *shoes* would have seemed as peculiar as *oxes* and *childs* would seem to us.

Yet there was a difference in the attitude of earlier periods toward such grammatical new-comers. Where *oxes* and *childs* would be resisted with the grammarians' full powers today, Chaucer and Shakespeare unquestionably would have regarded such innovations as *its*, *eyes*, and *childs* with tolerance if not with enthusiasm. It was not until the Seventeenth Century that the grammarians really got under way, and viewed such innovations with an alarm which was in any degree effective. It was even later before the grammarians, reinforced by the printers of books, became powerful enough to reduce the rate of linguistic change from a torrent to a trickle.

Certainly linguistic change has been retarded, or even reversed in some instances. Between 1000 and

1500, English altered almost out of recognition; between 1500 and 1900, it has changed comparatively little. And between 1700 and 1900, the heyday of schools and of printing, it has changed practically not at all. Indeed, many good English words such as *Injun*, *offen*, *ishoo*, which had all been simplified in pronunciation though not in spelling, have during the final period been recast to accord more closely with the spelling, so that now too frequently we hear *Indian*, *often*, and *issue* pronounced as spelled.

Not all linguistic change is an unmixed advantage, to be sure. Local dialects do not contribute toward the internationalization of speech, nor has every other deviation from standard English helped toward the Saxon ideal of starkness and terseness. There is no doubt, however, that linguistic change has on the whole been a boon to users of English. Who can contemplate our adjective with its one unvarying form, *good*, *bad*, *hot*, *cold*, and then compare the ten forms of each Anglo-Saxon adjective, without admitting that changes such as this have been beneficial to English?

If it could be proved that during the middle period English achieved all the changes necessary to make it a perfect medium of spoken or written thought, then of course we might acquiesce comfortably in attempts to hold English permanently in one mold. But in the nature of things this cannot be true. English cannot reasonably be regarded as a complete and perfect creation; any school-boy finds it too easy to pick holes in its methods of spelling, of pronouncing, and of putting words together. English still needs change, and plenty of it.

It is noticeable that the more one knows of the history of the English language, the more tolerant he is apt to become of those who know nothing of the rules and rigidities of the schools, but who speak as the genius of the language gives them voice. Indeed, how could anyone contemplating *had* as the stark, terse survivor of *habbadedeima*, *habbadedum*, and the rest, quarrel with the youngster who says *gonna* or *attaboy*? How can one who realizes clearly the process by which English has attained its present degree of effectiveness, oppose a continuance of that process? May it not be possible that the guardians of the purity of the English language are mistaken in opposing all linguistic innovation with one breath, while with the next they laud the results of linguistic mistakes made by uncounted poor ignorant speakers of centuries ago? May not the genius of the English language really be wiser than its professors?

It seems almost unnecessary to give a detailed account of the linguistic simplifications which are opposed by the schools, but we may consider *gonna* for *going-to* as an epitome of all. Now *gonna* has nothing in its sound to condemn it. It is a pretty word, far more euphonious than *going-to* with its awkward juxtaposition of *ng* and *t*. Secondly, *gonna* is perfectly clear in meaning. It may be a mumble, but it is an entirely comprehensible mumble. No one hearing *I'm gonna town* would mistake the speaker's import.

Moreover, in some of its uses, e. g., *I'm gonna read*, *gonna* gives English a new method of forming a future tense, and so eliminates the difficulties of *shall* and *will*, themselves linguistic parvenus of an earlier day. *Gonna* is uninflected; it has but one form for all the numbers and both persons. If we take as pronouns *Im*, *your*, *hes*, instead of the conventional *I*, *you*, *he*, we arrive with the aid of *gonna* at a novel and most interesting grammatical structure, which might well be an improvement upon our present somewhat clumsy methods of indicating future time.

WHAT then are the arguments opposed to *gonna?*

First, you may say it is not traditional. But indeed it is. It is in the very oldest and best tradition of English speech, the tradition of linguistic change and progress.

Second, it is not pronounced as it is spelled. If we spell *going-to*, we must not say *gonna*. But why spell *going-to*? Why not spell *gonna*?

Third, you may say that *gonna* is not good grammar. True, it is not good 1880 grammar, but then, 1880 grammar is very bad 1480 grammar. If *gonna* is good 1940 grammar, who cares about 1880?

Finally, you may remark crushingly, "*Gonna* is merely a localism and is not used by persons of pretensions to culture. Indeed, you yourself would neither use it nor teach it to your children." And here, if anywhere, you have me. It is true that I neither use *gonna* nor encourage my children in its use. But this is because I follow the convention of my group, just as I have shiny shoes because others do; whereas if unshiny shoes are accepted, I have those.

And note this. My reason for eschewing *gonna*, *coupla*, and other interesting and reasonable locutions, is a matter of fashion. My reasons for preferring them go deeper and have regard for considerations of intrinsic linguistic worth. Hence, if *gonna* is able in any degree to emerge from the class where it is now current and to become even slightly respectable, I too shall embrace it. I may not flout the schools altogether, but I will contribute my mite wherever possible, toward loosening the shackles which they have laid upon English speech.

In the same way, I believe *doncha* is a linguistic improvement over *don't-you*, *didja* over *did-you*, and *howja* over *how-do-you*. My heart if not my practice is with those pioneers who drop the *ly*, needless for comprehensibility, and say *go slow* and *speak correct*, instead of the older forms. I believe English would be improved if we said *I go*, *you go*, *he go*, or else *I goes*, *you goes*, *he goes*, with the many artless speakers who do that very thing.

I SHOULD like to see some learned body undertake a Survey of Tomorrow's English, which would assemble these outcast waifs of speech and decide with authority which of them are improvements over today's English, and which are not. We might even have a United States Bureau of Words much as we now have a United States Committee on Place Names. Such a bureau would pursue a dynamic rather than a static course in its recommendations. It would make linguistic prog-

ress conscious. It would be capable of laying down the law to the Talkies as a British committee is doing to the British Broadcasting Corporation; and it would certainly give a measure of ease to the countless toiling school-children continuously being bound to the chariot wheels of linguistic tradition.

Thanks to the comic strip, the radio, the talkies, and an increasing tendency of educated people to cling to their speech errors, English (at least American English) is again becoming fluid after centuries of grammarian crystallization. Signs are not wanting that many of the linguistic inefficiencies from which we suffer will be eliminated in the course of time. Mumbling may again have its patient work, and evolve an English language nearer to the ideal.

Sometimes, when I visualize the results which might have accrued had the schools and the grammarians always been as powerful as they are today, I have what amounts to a nightmare. I see a Late Primitive Germanic classroom, with little Johnny Horsa (the cousin of Tommy Hengest, with whom he later takes that trip to England) on the floor. "Don't mumble," the teacher is admonishing. "Pronounce every syllable distinctly, and for goodness' sake, don't get your habbadedeimas mixed with your habbadedums!"

Her efforts are successful. Johnny, Tommy, and all the Johnnies and Tommies thereafter, follow her rules. The purity of Late Primitive Germanic is preserved even to the present day!

Then I awake shivering.

# The Why of the Fan

By A. A. Brill, M.D.

*America's football mania and the worship of sporting heroes justified against the cynics by a psychiatrist who believes that many of us might better watch games oftener and play them less*

Are you a fan? Does many a summer afternoon find you shouting for the home team at the ball park itself or in the crowd around the bulletin board and the loud speaker? Does the World Series mean more to you than the fate of nations? Now that twilight descends on the diamond and the dawn of a brief but crowded day rises over the gridiron, will you frequently join the stadium crowds and strain your vocal cords under the sway of a gymnastic cheer leader? Are you to be found in the gallery that presses around Bobby Jones or Johnny Farrell? Do you cry for blood at the ringside?

In short, are you a fan? It is altogether to be hoped, for your psychic health and well-being, that you are. In fact, and in spite of the advice and warnings so freely offered by alarmists and loose thinkers, it is equally desirable for your physical health. Faddists, fanatics and busybodies — some of them with M.D.'s after their names — are forever telling us that when we take our excitement, adventures and sports vicariously, we do our bodies no good, and at least by omission may do them harm. Deny yourselves, cry these Jeremiahs, the vain joy of watching the Babe put them over the fence or the foolish ecstasy of yelling "Hold 'em, Yale!"

Instead of merely watching games, play them — instead of being a spectator, be a doer! Vigorous physical exercise, according to these theorists, is necessary to health; the modern office worker, from the executive who is always "in conference" to the humblest clerk or bookkeeper, gets no exercise during business hours, and even the skilled mechanic has been relieved, by all-but-human machines, of the need for muscular exertion; therefore, it is plausibly argued, we all should get out and play golf, tennis, handball — we all should swim, hike, ride — anything rather than swelter in the grandstand or broil on the bleachers. The physical culturists who exhort us in this vein are ardently seconded by economists who deplore the waste of precious time, by sociologists who

lament that the frivolity of sport should divert us from the great problems of society, and by the young intelligentzia who sneer at mass-mindedness and the herd instinct.

With due deference to all of these learned gentry, they are wrong on all counts. So is your wife when she grumbles over dinner grown cold because you couldn't tear yourself away from ball park or stadium while a chance remained for another run or a last minute touchdown. Vigorous physical activity is by no means an invariably sound prescription for the man whose normal occupation is sedentary or inactive, and indeed it may be distinctly dangerous. Besides, no matter how much the doctrinaires may urge him, the average man, for perfectly simple psychological reasons, just will not muster much enthusiasm for the idea of getting out and playing instead of watching the game. On the other hand, through the operation of the psychological laws of identification and catharsis, the thoroughgoing fan is distinctly benefited mentally, physically and morally by spectator-participation in his favorite sport. And his wife might find him a much less pleasant animal to have around the house, when he was there, if he did not absent himself from time to time to let off the accumulated steam of ancient instincts.

To understand the psychology of the fan, let us first examine the origin and reason for athletic games — for all games, in fact, since bridge and chess and parchesi spring from the same root as baseball, football, tennis and boxing. That root is what psychoanalysis calls the "aggressive component," which in turn is an active expression of the "mastery impulse" — the "*bemachtigungstrieb*," as the mouth-filling German has it. Every human being, every animal indeed, is born with this mastery impulse and this aggressive component because they are the primary weapons in the fight for survival. For great numbers of the human family the conditions of life have relaxed so that the reality of the struggle has almost been lost sight of; but the old instincts are there, ready to be called upon in time of need. Meanwhile this primary instinct — the aggressive component — must have exercise. For this purpose man has invented games, which are simply artificial struggles, contests, sometimes artificial dangers.

Among the animals there is practically no play after the days of cubhood. The animal is much too busy foraging for itself and its family. Primitive man likewise was too busy to feel any need of games. It was only when civilization brought periods of peace and security to certain nations that games were invented; and the ancestry of sport is written very plainly in the fact that the first games among all nations were simple imitations of the typical acts of warriors and huntsmen. The pleasure-principle was not the motive of games, but rather a discovery stumbled on in the course of playing. Even today, when we think we play for pleasure, we are being benevolently duped by life which holds out pleasure as a kind of alluring premium for activity which is necessary to the preservation of the vital aggressive component.

For as human society took on its present outlines, with the majority of men primarily organized for peaceful labor and normally free from the shadow of possible death at the hands of an enemy, the aggressive component tended to become atrophied. The spread of Hindu and Buddhist quietism in the East, and of Christian morality in the West — both of them efforts to make secure the respite won from primitive struggle — greatly furthered the softening process. The ideal of physical strength and the exaltation of beauty and of pride which grew out of strength were replaced by an ideal of weakness and an exaltation of ugliness and humility for the sake of favor in the sight of God.

But life organized too well becomes monotonous; too much peace and security breed boredom; and old instincts, bred into the very cells of the body, though occasionally transcended by the rare saint and martyr, still move the masses of normal men. Games and sports, often frowned on, sometimes banned, have survived as a human institution and today are firmly established over almost the whole earth because they are necessary substitutes for the old struggle of tooth and claw—necessary by-paths and outlets for the aggressive component.

Related to this is the fact that games and sports give us opportunity to satisfy the exhibition instinct. If today a man of puny body but powerful mind can rise to leadership, nevertheless our race-memory still exalts physical strength and prowess by which alone, in older days, primacy could be achieved in tribe and clan. An example of the persistence of this thought came to my attention in the case of a certain Irishman obsessed by a harmless delusion.

Big in stature and of great physical strength, Liam came of a family of athletes, had been a man of prowess in his youth, and later had written sports news for the press. Brooding once upon some grievous troubles of his own and upon the trials of his native land, he had come to the conclusion that the only thing that would save Ireland would be for her people to acknowledge their rightful king. And who was the rightful King of Ireland? None other than Liam himself, because the only man fit to be King of Ireland was he who could prove himself the best horseman in that ancient land of cavaliers — and Liam was fanatically confident that he could sit a horse more in the manner of old Finn MacCool than any other Irishman living in these degenerate times.

Here plainly was a case of a man whom the restrictions of modern life had deprived of the activity and scope, the triumphs and *réclame*, which his physical equipment would have won him under more primitive conditions, dreaming himself into an exalted position as compensation, and revelling, in fancy, in the applause and reverence of multitudes. The same desire to be looked up to — the instinct to strut and "show off" — lurks in the mind of every athlete, as today, in fact, in the minds of those who strive for proficiency in bridge or cross-word puzzles. The element of artificial danger, obviously present in football and fisticuffs, has disappeared from

the quiet contests around a table, but the related exhibitionist instinct is still present.

The reference to the exhibition element leads us directly to the explanation of why the great majority of adults prefer to watch games rather than play them — and why the crowd at a single World Series game outnumbers, I should suppose, all the players on all the golf links in the country in a week. It is the ancient and undying itch for supremacy which drives people to the bleachers, the stadiums and the ringside; for the great majority, unable to surpass and shine, unable to become champions and heroes, prefer the vicarious triumph of a chosen idol to the dull level of mediocrity. It is not laziness which makes ninety-nine fans to one player; it is not even the difficulty of inventing and providing games for multitudes of players, for that could be solved easily enough if there were the will for it. No! It is the fact that an ancient instinct — and a very sound one — impels the average man to identify himself with Babe Ruth and Jack Dempsey and Red Grange, with Bill Tilden and Walter Hagen and Johnny Weismuller, rather than to play himself, without distinction, or contest without reaping the sweet reward of applause.

THE more the individual is removed from the necessity of struggle, the greater the security afforded by peace, rank, position and wealth, the more marked is likely to be the tendency toward identification with some hero selected because of his proficiency in a sport requiring physical prowess. I knew the family of a very wealthy man, who had every advantage and luxury which affluence could provide; and the six children of this family lived, breathed and existed every summer wholly in and for the triumphs of Christy Mathewson. Identification with the hero or heroes will sometimes take extreme and amusing forms. I have a friend who has with difficulty curbed a habit which used to get him into a good deal of trouble. He is a football fan; and whenever one of the backs of his college team got an opening and started a long run, my friend would jump up and dash down the narrow aisle parallel to the player, elbowing and treading on the feet of all who were in his way.

THE fact of the matter is that sports are a great and necessary catharsis, indispensable to civilized man — a salutary purgation of the combative instincts which, if damned up within him, would break out in disastrous ways. In the Russia of pre-Soviet days there was little play, few sports; and the result was that the *moujik* as a matter of regular routine got drunk on vodka and then beat his wife. In Germany, war-torn for centuries, and compelled to maintain a military system which absorbed so much of the energies of its young and middle-aged men, athletics languished up to the time of the Great War; but in a disarmed Germany athletics flourish. In England, on the other hand, protected by its insularity from war upon its own soil, with only a fraction of its manpower able to find outlet for aggressive instincts in mercenary military service or foreign adventure, sports have long flourished as a national institution; and the notable good

nature of the average individual Englishman can be attributed, I believe, to the fact that this militant people have constantly found catharsis in sports. But note the fact that in England, as in America, few players and huge gatherings of spectators is the rule. For the salutary catharsis cannot be achieved without satisfaction of the mastery impulse and the exhibition desire. To play the game, win or lose, would serve our physical need; but only triumph, the downing of an opponent, the chrism of applause, can preserve our psychic health. That is why I, for instance, gave up playing golf. The exercise, the walking and the rhythmic swing of the arms were good for my body; but my inability to turn in a card below one hundred was bad for my ego. I obtain more pleasure as a fight fan. It is better for me. Even if my man takes the count of ten, I have achieved purgation by identifying myself with him in a few tense moments of the most elementary of all kinds of strife. If my man lands the knockout punch, my ego struts within me. Not only that, but unconsciously my appetite is sharpened, my digestion is toned up, the rhythm of my breathing is deeper, my very muscles feel a flow of power.

THIS is not an exaggeration of the extent to which the spectator may identify himself with the hero. Far from it. Only a short time ago, during the Dempsey-Tunney fight, two fans, not even spectators, but merely auditors of the blow-by-blow story as told by the vivid Mr. Graham MacNamee over the radio, fell dead of excitement as they listened.

While I am on the subject of prize fighting, let me leave no doubt that I believe this sport, at which many nice people shudder because of its brutality, serves the same psychologically prophylactic purpose as the more reputable baseball, football or tennis. Being myself a fight fan, I have had much opportunity for observation. When a fight is swift and savage the crowd departs happy and good-tempered, even if the action has lasted but two or three minutes. I remember this to have been true, for instance, after the Dempsey-Carpentier "battle of the century". That was all over "in no time", but because it was fast and furious while it lasted, everyone was happy.

IT IS complained that boxing matches bring together underworld denizens, gunmen, yeggmen and the like. It is also true that the emoluments and kudos of clerical life attract Elmer Gantrys to the cloth, and there was once a Borgia on the throne of St. Peter. Whatever thugs and criminals may gather at the ringside, they are not the true fans; and I am convinced that no fight fan could be a criminal, for in his favorite sport he finds the most thorough purgation of the more violent instincts. It is a commonplace that lynchings occur and the Ku Klux Klan flourishes in those sections of the land where active participants in sports, and sporting fans are alike scarcest.

The whole human race has been benefited down the ages by this purgative effect of sports. Observe that the young child, the only natural and purely instinctive human being, has no sportsmanship and no generosity in his games. The child will take ad-

vantage of its opponent and will wail and cry when it loses. To it the contest is grim reality, until advancing years, adult example, social pressure modify its reactions. That the contestant in a game or sport can forego an accidental advantage and the spectator cheer him for it — that the loser can smile and congratulate his vanquisher — these are among the major achievements of the human race.

So I conclude that our national habit of watching rather than playing games, despite all the head-shaking of physical culturists and economists, sociologists and intellectuals, is a salutary habit. The life of man in America or in any of the industrialized countries today, laboring on the farm, in the factory, in the office, is not the natural life of man. He is still an animal formed for battle and conquest, for blows and strokes and swiftness, for triumph and applause. The need of these things cannot be satisfied, for the vast majority, by participation in games, because only a few can triumph and surpass; and those whose lot is mediocrity will not persist, no matter how much they may be exhorted. Here psychological instinct joins hands with hygienic instinct, and prevents men who are past the physically exuberant years of youth from indulging in violent exercise, which, in most cases, would merely be harmful. The man who sits quietly in an office chair or stands passively at a machine all week does himself no good if on the seventh day he suddenly calls upon muscles, lungs, heart and nerves to exert themselves suddenly and violently. But let him join the crowd around the diamond, the gridiron, the tennis court or the ring, and watch the college boys who are not yet chained to the social-industrial machine, or some of the small class of professional athletes, play out the games which mimic the stern and dangerous contests of primitive times. Let him identify himself with his favorite fighter, player or team. He will purge himself of impulses which too much dammed up would lead to private broils and public disorders. He will achieve exaltation, vicarious but real. He will be a better individual, a better citizen, a better husband and father.

# The Doom of the Darnaways

By Gilbert K. Chesterton

*England's master of paradox calls upon his famous Father Brown to solve a weird mystery with a subtle twist*

Two painters stood looking at a landscape, which was also a seascape, and both were curiously impressed by it, though their impressions were not exactly the same. To one of them, who was a rising artist from London, it was new as well as unaccustomed. To the other, who was a local artist, but something more than a mere provincial celebrity, it was better known; yet the scene was perhaps all the more strange for what he knew of it.

In terms of tone and form, as these men saw it, it was a stretch of sands against a stretch of sunset, the whole scene lying in strips of sombre color, dead green and bronze and a drab that was not merely dull, but in that gloaming in some way more mysterious than gold. All that broke these level lines was a long building which ran out from the fields into the sea, so that its fringe of dreary weeds and rushes seemed almost to meet the seaweed. But its most singular feature was that the upper part of it had the rugged outlines of a ruin, pierced by so many wide windows and large rents as to be a mere dark skeleton against the dying light; while the lower bulk of the building had hardly any windows at all, most of them being blind and bricked up and their outlines only faintly traceable in the twilight. But one window at least was still a window and, oddest of all, it showed a light.

"Who on earth can live in that old shell?" exclaimed the Londoner, who was a big bohemian-looking man, young but with a shaggy red beard that made him look older; Chelsea knew him familiarly as Harry Payne.

"Ghosts, you might suppose," replied his friend Martin Wood. "Well, the people who live there really are rather like ghosts."

It was perhaps a paradox that the London artist seemed almost bucolic in his boisterous freshness and wonder, while the local artist, a more shrewd and experienced person, regarded the other with mature and amiable amusement; indeed the latter was altogether a quieter and more conventional figure, wearing darker clothes and with his square and stolid face clean-shaven.

"It is only a sign of the times, of course," he went on, "or of the passing of old times and old families

with them. The last of the great Darnaways are living in that house; and not many of the new poor are as reduced as they are. They can't even afford to make their own top-story habitable; but have to live in the lower rooms of a ruin, like bats and owls. Yet they have family portraits that go back to the Wars of the Roses and the first portrait painting in England, and very fine some of them are. I happen to know because they asked for my professional advice in overhauling them. There's one picture especially, one of the earliest — but it's so good that it gives you the creeps."

"The whole place gives you the creeps, I should think by the look of it," replied Payne.

"Well," said his friend, "to tell you the truth, it does."

THE silence that followed was stirred by a faint rustle among the rushes by the moat; and it gave them, irrationally enough, a slight nervous start when a dark figure brushed along the bank, moving rapidly and almost like a startled bird. But it was only a man walking briskly with a black bag in his hand; a man with a long sallow face and sharp eyes that glanced at the London stranger in a slightly darkling and suspicious manner.

"It's only Dr. Barnet," said Wood with a sort of relief. "Good evening, Doctor. Are you going up to the house? I hope nobody's ill."

"Everybody's always ill in a place like this," growled the doctor, "only sometimes they're too ill to know it. The very air of the place is a blight and a pestilence. I don't envy the young man from Australia."

"And who," asked Payne abruptly and rather absently, "may the young man from Australia be?"

"Ah," snorted the doctor, "hasn't your friend told you about him? As a matter of fact I believe he is arriving today. Quite a romance in the old style of melodrama; the heir coming back from the Colonies to his ruined castle; all complete even down to an old family compact for his marrying the lady watching in the ivied tower. Queer old stuff, isn't it? But it really happens sometimes. He's even got a little money, which is the only bright spot there ever was in this business."

"WHAT does Miss Darnaway herself, in her ivied tower, think of the business?" asked Martin Wood dryly.

"The same that she thinks of everything else by this time," replied the doctor. "They don't think in this weedy old den of superstitions; they only dream and drift. I believe she accepts the family contract and the Colonial husband as part of the Doom of the Darnaways, don't you know. I really think that if he turned out to be a hump-backed Negro with one eye and a homicidal mania, she would only think it added a finishing touch and fitted in with the twilight scenery."

"You're not giving my friend from London a very lively picture of my friends in the country," said Wood laughing. "I had intended taking him there to call; no artist ought to miss those Darnaway portraits if he gets the chance. But perhaps I'd better postpone it, if they're in the midst of the Australian invasion."

"Oh, do go in and see them, for the Lord's sake," said Barnet warmly. "Anything that will brighten their blighted lives will make my task easier. It will need a good many Colonial cousins to cheer things up, I should think; and the more the merrier. Come, I'll take you in myself."

AS THEY drew nearer to the house it was seen to be isolated like an island in a moat of brackish water which they crossed by a bridge. On the other side spread a fairly wide stony floor or embankment with great cracks across it in which little tufts of weed and thorn sprouted here and there. This rock platform looked large and bare in the gray twilight; and Payne could hardly have believed that such a corner of space could have contained so much of the soul of a wilderness. This platform only jutted out on one side, like a giant door-step and beyond it was the door; a very low-browed Tudor archway standing open but dark, like a cave. When the brisk doctor led them inside without ceremony, Payne had, as it were, another shock of depression. He could have expected to find himself mounting to a very ruinous tower, by very narrow winding staircases; but in this case the first steps into the house were actually downward. They went down several short and broken stairways into large twilight rooms which, but for their lines of dark pictures and dusty bookshelves, might have been the traditional dungeons beneath the castle moat.

Here and there a candle in an old candle-stick lit up some dusty accidental detail of a dead elegance; but the visitor was not so much impressed, or depressed, by this artificial light as by the one pale gleam of natural light. As he passed down the long room he saw the only window in that wall, a curious low oval window of a late Seventeenth Century fashion. But the strange thing about it was that it did not look out directly on any space of sky but only on a reflection of sky; a pale strip of daylight merely mirrored in the moat, under the hanging shadow of the bank. Payne had a memory of the Lady of Shallot who never saw the world outside except in a mirror. The lady of this Shallot not only in some sense saw the world in a mirror, but even saw the world upside down.

"It's as if the house of Darnaway were falling literally as well as metaphorically," said Wood in a low voice; "as if it were sinking slowly into a swamp or a quicksand; until the sea goes over it like a green roof."

EVEN the sturdy Dr. Barnet started a little at the soundless approach of the figure that came to receive them. Indeed the room was so silent that they were all startled to realize that it was not empty. There were three people in it when they entered; three dim figures motionless in the room; all three dressed in black and looking like dark shadows. As the foremost figure drew nearer the gray light from the window he showed a face that looked almost as toneless as its frame of hair.

This was old Vine, the steward, long left in *loco parentis* since the death of that eccentric, the last Lord Darnaway. He would have been a handsome old man if he had had no teeth. As it was he had one,

which showed every now and then and gave him a rather sinister appearance. He received the doctor and his friend with a fine courtesy and escorted them to where the other two figures in black were seated. One of them seemed to Payne to give another appropriate touch of gloomy antiquity to the castle by the mere fact of being a Roman Catholic priest, who might have come out of a priest's hole in the dark old days. Payne could imagine him muttering prayers or telling beads or tolling bells or doing a number of indistinct and melancholy things in that melancholy place. Just then he might be supposed to have been giving religious consolation to the lady; but it could hardly be supposed that the consolation was very consoling, or at any rate that it was very cheering. For the rest, the priest was personally insignificant enough, with plain and rather expressionless features; but the lady was a very different matter. Her face was far from being plain or insignificant; it stood out from the darkness of her dress and hair and background with a pallor that was almost awful but with a beauty that was tensely alive. Payne looked at it as long as he dared.

Wood merely exchanged with his friends such pleasant and polite phrases as would lead up to his purpose of revisiting the portraits. He apologized for calling on the day which he heard was to be one of family welcome; but he was soon convinced that the family was rather mildly relieved to have visitors to distract them or break the shock. He did not hesitate therefore to lead Payne through the central reception room into the library beyond, where hung the portrait; for there was one which he was especially bent on showing, not only as a picture but almost as a puzzle. The little priest trudged along with them; he seemed to know something about old pictures as well as about old prayers.

"I'm rather proud of having spotted this," said Wood. "I believe it's a Holbein. If it isn't there was somebody living in Holbein's time who was as great as Holbein."

It was a portrait in the hard but sincere and living fashion of the period, representing a man clad in black trimmed with gold and fur, with a heavy, full, rather pale face but watchful eyes.

"What a pity art couldn't have stopped forever at just that transition stage," cried Wood, "and never transitioned any more. Don't you see it's just realistic enough to be real? Don't you see the face speaks all the more because it stands out from a rather stiffer framework of less essential things? And the eyes are even more real than the face. On my soul, I think the eyes are too real for the face! It's just as if those sly quick eyeballs were protruding out of a great pale mask."

"The stiffness extends to the figure a little, I think," said Payne. "They hadn't quite mastered anatomy when mediævalism ended, at least in the North. That left leg looks to me a good deal out of drawing."

"I'm not so sure," replied Wood quietly. "Those fellows who painted just when realism began to be done, and before it began to be overdone, were often more realistic than we think. They put real details of

portraiture into things that are thought merely conventional. You might say this fellow's eyebrows or eye-sockets are a little lop-sided; but I bet if you knew him you'd find that one of his eye-brows did really stick up more than the other. And I shouldn't wonder if he was lame or something, and that leg was meant to be crooked."

"What an old devil he looks!" burst out Payne suddenly. "I trust his reverence will excuse my language."

"I believe in the devil, thank you," said the priest with an inscrutable face. "Curiously enough, there was a legend that the devil was lame."

"I say," protested Payne, "you can't really mean that this fellow was the devil; but who the devil was he?"

"He was the Lord Darnaway under Henry VII and Henry VIII," replied his companion. "But there are curious legends about him, too; one of them is referred to in that inscription around the frame, and further developed in some notes left by somebody in a book I found here. They are both rather odd reading."

PAYNE leaned forward, craning his head so as to follow the archaic inscription on the frame. Leaving out the antiquated lettering and spelling it seemed to be a sort of rhyme running somewhat thus:

In the seventh heir I shall return
In the seventh hour I shall depart
None in that hour shall hold my hand
And woe to her that holds my heart.

"It sounds creepy somehow," said Payne, "but that may be partly because I don't understand a word of it."

"It's pretty creepy even when you do," said Wood in a low voice. "The record made at a later date in the old book I found is all about how this beauty deliberately killed himself in such a way that his wife was executed for his murder. Another note commemorates a second tragedy, seven successions later under the Georges, in which another Darnaway committed suicide having first thoughtfully left poison in his wife's wine. It's said that both suicides took place at seven in the evening. I suppose the inference is that he does really return with every seventh inheritor and makes things pleasant, as the rhyme suggests, for any lady unwise enough to marry him."

"On that argument," replied Payne, "it would be a trifle uncomfortable for the next seventh gentleman."

WOOD'S voice was lower still as he said, "The new heir will be the seventh."

Harry Payne suddenly heaved up his great chest and shoulders like a man flinging off a burden.

"What crazy stuff are we all talking?" he cried. "We're educated men in an enlightened age, I suppose. Before I came into this damned dank atmosphere I'd never have believed I should be talking of such things, except to laugh at them."

"You are right," said Wood, "if you lived long enough in this underground palace you'd begin to feel differently about things. I've begun to feel very curiously about that picture, having had so much to do with handling and hanging it. It sometimes seems to me that the painted face is more alive than the dead

faces of the people living here; that it is a sort of talisman or magnet; that it commands the elements and draws out the destinies of men and things. I suppose you would call it very fanciful."

"WHAT is that noise?" cried Payne suddenly.

They all listened and there seemed to be no noise except the dull boom of the distant sea; then they began to have the sense of something mingling with it; something like a voice calling through the sound of the surf; dulled by it at first but coming nearer and nearer. The next moment they were certain; someone was shouting outside in the dusk.

Payne turned to the low window behind him and bent to look out. It was the window from which nothing could be seen except the moat with its reflection of bank and sky. But that inverted vision was not the same that he had seen before. From the hanging shadow of the bank in the water depended two dark shadows reflected from the feet and legs of a figure standing above upon the bank. Through that limited aperture they could see nothing but the two legs black against the reflection of a pale and livid sunset. But somehow that very fact of the head being invisible, as if in the clouds, gave something dreadful to the sound that followed; the voice of a man crying aloud what they could not properly hear or understand. Payne especially was peering out of the little window with an altered face and he spoke with a changed voice.

"How queerly he's standing!"

"No, no," said Wood, in a sort of soothing whisper, "things often look like that in reflection. It's the wavering of the water that makes you think that."

"Think what?" asked the priest shortly.

"That his left leg is crooked," said Wood.

Payne had thought of the oval window as a sort of mystical mirror; and it seemed to him that there were in it other inscrutable images of doom. There was something else beside the figure that he did not understand; three thinner legs showing in dark lines against the light, as if some monstrous three-legged spider or bird were standing beside the stranger. Then he had the less crazy thought of a tripod like that of the heathen oracles; and the next moment the thing had vanished and the legs of the human figure passed out of the picture.

He turned to meet the pale face of old Vine, the steward, with his mouth open eagerly to speak and his single tooth showing.

"He has come," he said. "The boat arrived from Australia this morning."

EVEN as they went back out of the library into the central salon, they heard the footsteps of the newcomer clattering down the entrance steps, while various items of light luggage trailed behind. When Payne saw the bags, he laughed with a reaction of relief. The tripod was nothing but the telescopic legs of a portable camera, easily packed and unpacked; and the man who was carrying it seemed so far to take on equally solid and normal qualities. He was dressed in dark clothes but of a careless and holiday sort, his

shirt was of gray flannel and his boots echoed uncompromisingly enough in those still chambers; as he strode forward to greet his new circle his stride had scarcely more than the suggestion of a limp. But Payne and his companions were looking at his face, and could scarcely take their eyes from it.

HE EVIDENTLY felt there was something curious and uncomfortable about his reception; but they could have sworn that he did not himself know the cause of it. The lady supposed to be in some sense already betrothed to him was certainly beautiful enough to attract him; but she evidently also frightened him. The old steward who brought him a sort of feudal homage, yet treated him as if he were the family ghost. The priest still looked at him with a face which was quite undecipherable, and therefore perhaps all the more unnerving. A new sort of irony, more like the Greek irony, began to pass over Payne's mind. He had dreamed of the stranger as a devil, but it seemed almost worse that he was an unconscious destiny. He seemed to march towards crime with the monstrous innocence of Œdipus. He had approached the family mansion in so blindly buoyant a spirit as to have set up his camera to photograph his first sight of it; and even the camera had taken on the semblance of the tripod of a tragic pythoness.

Payne was surprised, when taking his leave a little while after, at something which showed that the Australian was already less unconscious of his surroundings. He said in a low voice, "Don't go . . . or come again soon. You look like a human being. This place fairly gives me the jumps."

Thus it came about that Payne and his friend saw a good deal of the inside of that dark house during the week or two which preceded its crowning and most mysterious catastrophe. Payne felt a little guilty about going so often; for he was already conscious of the magnet that drew him; and was not very clear about his own standing in face of the alleged family compact of marriage. Strangely enough, it was upon this very point that the new heir himself asked for enlightenment; calling a sort of family council at which he put his cards on the table.

IT MIGHT be said that he flung down his cards on the table. For he did it with a rather desperate air, like one who had been harassed for days and nights by the increasing pressure of a problem. In that short time the shadows of that place of low windows and sinking pavements had curiously changed him and increased a certain resemblance that crept through all their memories. The five men, including the doctor, were sitting around a table; and Payne was idly reflecting that his own light tweeds and red hair must be the only colors in the room; for the priest and the steward were in black and Wood and Darnaway habitually wore dark gray suits that looked almost like black. Perhaps this incongruity had been what the Australian had meant by calling him a human being. At that moment the young man himself turned abruptly in his chair and began to talk, and the dazed artist grasped that he was talking about the tremendously inscrutable thing.

"Is there anything in it?" he was saying. "That is what I've come to asking myself till I'm nearly crazy. I'd never have believed I should come to thinking of such things; but I remember the portrait and the rhyme and the coincidences or whatever you call them and — I go cold. Is there anything in it? Is there any Doom of the Darnaways or only a damned queer accident? Have I a right to marry or shall I bring something that I know nothing about on myself and on somebody else?"

His eye had roamed round the table and rested on the plain face of the priest, to whom he now seemed to be speaking. Payne's submerged sense of practicality rose in protest against the problem of superstition being brought before that supremely superstitious tribunal. He was sitting next to Darnaway and answered him before the priest could reply.

"Well, the coincidences are curious, I admit," he said, rather forcing a note of cheerfulness, "but surely we —" And then he stopped as if he had been struck by lightning. For Darnaway had turned his head sharply over his shoulder at the interruption, and with the movement his left eyebrow jerked up far above its fellow; and for an instant the face of the portrait glared at him with a ghastly exaggeration of exactitude. The rest saw it; and all had the air of having been dazzled by an instant of light. The old steward gave a hollow groan.

"It is no good," he said hoarsely, "we are dealing with something too terrible."

"Yes," assented the priest in a low voice, "we are dealing with something terrible; with the most impossible thing I know — and the name of it is nonsense."

"What did you say?" said Darnaway, still looking toward him.

"I said nonsense," repeated the priest. "I have not said anything in particular up to now; for it was none of my business; I was only taking temporary duty in the neighborhood and Miss Darnaway wanted to see me. But since you're asking me personally and pointblank, why it's easy enough to answer. Of course there's no Doom of the Darnaways to prevent your marrying anybody you have any decent reason for marrying. A man isn't fated to fall into the smallest venial sin, let alone into crimes like suicide and murder. You can't be made to do wicked things against your will because your name is Darnaway, any more than I can because my name is Brown. The Doom of the Browns," he added with relish. "The 'Weird of the Browns' would sound even better."

"And you of all people," repeated the Australian staring, "tell me to think like that about it."

"I TELL you to think about something else," replied the priest cheerfully. "What has become of the rising art of photography? How is the camera getting on? I know it's rather dark downstairs, but those hollow arches on the floor above could easily be turned into a first-rate photographic studio. A few workmen could fit it out with a glass roof in no time."

"Really," protested Martin Wood, "I do think you should be the last man in the world to tinker with

those beautiful Gothic arches, which are about the best work your own sect has ever done in the world. I should have thought you'd have had some feeling for that sort of art; but I can't see why you should be so uncommonly keen on photography."

"I'm uncommonly keen on daylight," answered Father Brown, "especially in this dingy business; and photography has the virtue of depending on daylight. And if you don't know that I would grind all the Gothic arches in the world to powder to save the sanity of a single human soul, you don't know so much about my religion as you think you do."

The young Australian had sprung to his feet like a man rejuvenated.

"By George, that's the talk!" he cried; "though I never thought to hear it from that quarter. I'll tell you what, reverend sir, I'll do something that will show I haven't lost my courage after all."

The old steward was still looking at him with quaking watchfulness, as if he felt something *fey* about the young man's defiance. "Oh," he cried, "what are you going to do now?"

"I am going to photograph the portrait," replied Darnaway.

YET it was barely a week afterward that the storm of the catastrophe seemed to stoop out of the sky, darkening that sun of sanity to which the priest had appealed in vain, and plunging the mansion once more in the darkness of the Darnaway doom. It had been easy enough to fit up the new studio; and seen from inside it looked very like any other such studio, empty except for the fullness of the white light. A man coming from the gloomy rooms below had more than normally the sense of stepping into a more than modern brilliancy as blank as the future. At the suggestion of Wood, who knew the castle well and had got over his first æsthetic grumblings, a small room remaining intact in the upper ruins was easily turned into a dark room, into which Darnaway went out of the white daylight to grope by the crimson gleams of a red lamp. Wood said laughing that the red lamp had reconciled him to the vandalism; as that bloodshot darkness was as romantic as an alchemist's cave.

DARNAWAY had risen at daybreak on the day that he meant to photograph the mysterious portrait; and had it carried up from the library by the single corkscrew staircase that connected the two floors. There he had set it up in the wide white daylight on a sort of easel and planted his photographic tripod in front of it. He said he was anxious to send a reproduction of it to a great antiquary who had written on the antiquities of the house; but the others knew that this was an excuse covering much deeper things. It was, if not exactly a spiritual duel between Darnaway and the demoniac picture, at least a duel between Darnaway and his own doubts. He wanted to bring the daylight of photography face to face with that dark masterpiece of painting; and to see whether the sunshine of the new art would not drive out the shadows of the old.

Perhaps this was why he preferred to do it by himself; even if some of the details seemed to take longer and involve more than normal delay.

Anyhow he rather discouraged the few who visited his studio during the day of the experiment, and who found him focussing and fussing about in a very isolated and impenetrable fashion. The steward had left a meal for him as he refused to come down; the old gentleman also returned some hours afterwards and found the meal more or less normally disposed of; but when he brought it he got no more gratitude than a grunt. Payne went up once to see how he was getting on, but finding the photographer disinclined for conversation came down again.

FATHER BROWN had also wandered that way in an unobtrusive style, to take Darnaway a letter from the expert to whom the photograph was to be sent. But he left the letter on a tray; and whatever he thought of that great glass house full of daylight and devotion to a hobby, a world he had himself in some sense created, he kept it to himself and came down. He had reason to remember very soon that he was the last to come down the solitary staircase connecting the floors, leaving a lonely man and an empty room behind him. The others were standing in the salon that led into the library; just under the great black ebony clock that looked like a titanic coffin.

"How was Darnaway getting on," asked Payne, a little later, "when you last went up?"

The priest passed a hand over his forehead. "Don't tell me I'm getting psychic," he said with a sad smile. "I believe I'm quite dazzled with daylight up in that room and couldn't see things straight. Honestly, I felt for a flash as if there were something uncanny about Darnaway's figure standing before that portrait."

"Oh, that's the lame leg," said Barnet promptly. "We know all about that."

"See here," said Payne abruptly but lowering his voice, "I don't think we do know all about it or anything about it. What's the matter with his leg? What was the matter with his ancestor's leg?"

"Oh, there's something about that in the book I was reading, in there, in the family archives," said Wood. "I'll fetch it for you;" and he stepped into the library just beyond.

"I think," said Father Brown quietly, "Mr. Payne must have some particular reason for asking that."

"I may as well blurt it out once and for all," said Payne, but in a yet lower voice. "After all, there is a rational explanation. A man from anywhere might have made up to look like the portrait. What do we know about Darnaway; he is behaving rather oddly —"

THE others were staring at him in a startled fashion; but the priest seemed to take it very calmly.

"I don't think the old portrait's ever been photographed," he said. "That's why he wants to do it; I don't think there's anything odd about that."

"Quite an ordinary state of things, in fact," said Wood with a smile; he had just returned with the book in his hand. And even as he spoke there was a stir in the clockwork of the great dark clock behind him and successive strokes thrilled through the room up to the number of seven.

With the last stroke there came a crash from the floor above that shook the house like a thunderbolt; and Father Brown was already two steps up the winding staircase before the sound had ceased.

"My God!" cried Payne involuntarily, "he is alone up there!"

"Yes," said Father Brown without turning, as he vanished up the stairway. "We shall find him alone."

When the rest recovered from their first paralysis and ran helter-skelter up the stone steps and found their way to the new studio, it was true in that sense that they found him alone. They found him lying in a wreck of his tall camera, with its long splintered legs standing out grotesquely at three different angles; and Darnaway had fallen on top of it with one black crooked leg lying at a fourth angle along the floor. For the moment the dark heap looked as if he were entangled with some huge and horrible spider. Little more than a glance and a touch were needed to tell them that he was dead. Only the portrait stood untouched upon the easel and one could fancy the smiling eyes shone.

An hour afterwards Father Brown, in helping to calm the confusion of the stricken household, came upon the old steward muttering as mechanically as the clock had ticked and struck the terrible hour. Almost without hearing them he knew what the muttered words must be.

> In the seventh heir I shall return
> In the seventh hour I shall depart . . .

As he was about to say something soothing, the old man seemed suddenly to start awake and stiffen into anger; his mutterings changed to a fierce cry.

"You!" he cried, "you and your daylight! Even you won't say now there is no doom for the Darnaways."

"My opinion about that is unchanged," said Father Brown mildly.

Then, after a pause he added, "I hope you will observe poor Darnaway's last wish; and see that the photograph is sent off."

"The photograph!" cried the doctor sharply. "What's the good of that? As a matter of fact, it's rather curious; but there isn't any photograph. It seems he never took it at all, after pottering about all day."

Father Brown swung round sharply. "Then take it yourselves," he said. "Poor Darnaway was perfectly right. It's most important that the photograph should be taken."

It was more than a month later that Payne returned to his London house to keep an appointment with Father Brown, taking the required photograph with him. His personal romance had prospered as well as was fitting under the shadow of such a tragedy, and the shadow itself therefore lay rather more lightly on him; but it was hard to view it as anything but the shadow of a family fatality. In many ways he had been much occupied; and it was not until the Darnaway household had resumed its somewhat stern routine and the portrait had long been restored to its place in the library, that he had managed to photograph it with a magnesium flare. Before sending it to the antiquary as origi-

nally arranged, he brought it to the priest who had so pressingly demanded it.

"I can't understand your attitude about all this, Father Brown," he said. "You act as if you had already solved the problem in some way of your own."

The priest shook his head mournfully. "Not a bit of it," he answered. "I must be very stupid, but I'm quite stuck; stuck about the most practical point of all. It's a queer business; so simple up to a point and then — let me have a look at that photograph will you?"

He held it close to his screwed short-sighted eyes for a moment and then said, "Have you got a magnifying glass?"

PAYNE produced one and the priest looked through it intently for some time and then said, "Do you see the title of that book at the edge of the bookshelf beside the frame; it's *The History of Pope Joan* . . . now I wonder . . . yes, by George; and the one above is something or other of Iceland. Lord! What a queer way to find it out! What a dolt and donkey I was not to notice it when I was there!"

"But what have you found out?" asked Payne impatiently.

"The last link," said Father Brown, "and I'm not stuck any longer. Yes, I think I now know how that wretched story went from first to last."

"But why?" insisted the other.

"Why because," said the priest with a smile, "the Darnaway library contained books about Pope Joan and Iceland, not to mention another I see with the title beginning *The Religion of Frederick* which is not so very hard to fill up." Then, seeing the other's annoyance his smile faded and he said more earnestly:

"As a matter of fact this last point, though it is the last link, is not the main business. There were much more curious things in the case than that. One of them is rather a curiosity of evidence. Let me begin by saying something that may surprise you. Darnaway did not die at seven o'clock that evening. He had been already dead for a whole day."

"SURPRISE is rather a mild word," said Payne grimly, "since you and I both saw him walking about afterwards."

"No, we did not," replied Father Brown quietly, "I think we both thought we saw him fussing about with the focussing of his camera. Wasn't his head under that black cloak when you passed through the room? It was when I did. And that's why I felt there was something queer about the room and the figure. It wasn't that the leg was crooked; but rather that it wasn't crooked. It was dressed in the same sort of dark clothes; but if you see what you believe to be one man, standing in the way that another man stands, you will think he's in a strange and strained attitude."

"Do you really mean," cried Payne with something like a shudder, "that it was some unknown man?"

"It was the murderer," said Father Brown. "He had killed Darnaway at daybreak and hid the corpse and himself in the dark room; an excellent hiding place, because nobody normally goes into it or can see

much if he does. But he let the body fall out on the floor at seven o'clock, in order that the whole thing might be explained by the curse."

"But I don't understand," observed Payne. "Why didn't he kill him at seven o'clock then, instead of loading himself with a corpse for fourteen hours?"

"Let me ask you another question," said the priest. "Why was there no photograph taken? Because the murderer made sure of killing him when he first got up, and before he could take it. It was essential to the murderer to prevent that photograph reaching the expert on the Darnaway antiquities."

THERE was a sudden silence for a moment and then the priest went on in a lower tone.

"Don't you see how simple it is? Why you yourself saw one side of the possibility; but it's simpler even than you thought. You said a man might be faked to resemble an old picture. Surely it's simpler that a picture should be faked to resemble a man. In plain words, it's true in a rather special way that there was no doom of the Darnaways. There was no old picture; there was no old rhyme; there was no legend of a man who caused his wife's death. But there was a very wicked and a very clever man who was willing to cause another man's death in order to rob him of his promised wife."

The priest suddenly gave Payne a sad smile, as if in reassurance. "For the moment I believe you thought I meant you," he said, "but you were not the only person who haunted that house for sentimental reasons. You know the man, or rather you think you do. But there were depths in the man called Martin Wood, artist and antiquary, which none of his mere artistic acquaintances were likely to guess. Remember that he was called in to criticize and catalogue the pictures; in an aristocratic dust-bin of the sort that practically means simply to tell the Darnaways what art treasures they have. They would not be surprised at things turning up they had never noticed before. It had to be well done and it was; perhaps he was right when he said that if it wasn't Holbein it was somebody of the same genius."

"I feel rather stunned," said Payne, "and there are twenty things I don't see yet. How did he know what Darnaway looked like? How did he actually kill him? The doctors seem rather puzzled at present."

"I SAW a photograph the lady had which the Australian sent on before him," said the priest, "and there are several ways in which he could have learned things when the new heir was once recognized. We may not know these details; but they are not difficulties. You remember he used to help in the dark room; it seems to me an ideal place, say, to prick a man with a poisoned pin; with the poisons all handy. No, I say these were not difficulties. The difficulty that stumped me was how Wood could be in two places at once. How could he, while he was downstairs in the library looking for a book, take the corpse from the dark room and prop it against the camera so that it would fall in a few seconds? And I was such a fool that I never looked at the books in the library; and it was only in this photograph, by very un-

deserved good luck, that I saw the simple fact of a book about Pope Joan."

"You've kept your best riddle for the end," said Payne grimly. "What on earth can Pope Joan have to do with it?"

"Don't forget the book about the Something of Iceland," advised the priest, "or the religion of somebody called Frederick. It only remains to ask what sort of a man was the late Lord Darnaway."

"Oh, does it?" observed Payne heavily.

"He was a cultivated, humorous sort of eccentric, I believe," went on Father Brown. "Being cultivated, he knew there was no such person as Pope Joan. Being humorous he was very likely to have thought of the title of *The Snakes of Iceland*, for something else that didn't exist. I venture to reconstruct the third title as *The Religion of Frederick the Great;* which also didn't exist. Now doesn't it strike you that those would be just the titles to put on the backs of books that didn't exist; or in other words on a book-case that wasn't a book-case?"

"Ah," cried Payne, "I see what you mean now. There was some hidden staircase — "

"Up to the room Wood himself selected as a dark room," said the priest nodding. "I'm sorry. It couldn't be helped. It's dreadfully banal and stupid, as stupid as I have been on this pretty banal case. But we were mixed up in a real musty old romance of decayed gentility and a fallen family mansion; and it was too much to hope that we could escape having a secret passage. It was a priest's hole; and I deserve to be put in it."

# The World's Got to Have Me!

By Whiting Williams

*One who has worked side by side with many toilers shows how each glories in the sense of industrial power no matter how small his part in machine age routine*

"Wull, it been plain to see," so old Evan, the repairman in the Rhondda Valley mine would call back to me when, tools on shoulder and lamp in hand, we would start for our next chore after we had cleared the rails of the "fall" of rock and thus permitted the colliers or real miners to continue loading their cars, "it been plain to see, they cawn't run the bloody mine — nor all the shops and factories oop outside — without you and me!"

"Course I couldn't *see* him when I hit him," the kindly engineer explained as we followed the white tunnel of his headlight into the darkness, "not with sixty feet o' boiler 'tween the cowcatcher and me. And this old Mallet-compound's too heavy for me to *feel* him. But I knowed I'd killed him *when I smelt his blood!*"

Instead of being demeaned by his hours of grimy, dangerous wage-earning, the engine driver knows that the mastery of his machine has grown him into so great a giant that he crushes out the life from one of his fellows and never knows it but by his nostrils. By virtue of his pick and shovel, similarly, the repair man feels himself an indispensable link in the whole great chain of interlocking services, not simply there in his mine, but throughout the whole world's work and livelihood.

Somewhere between these two, so I am convinced after several years of close-up contact with the world's hardest laborers, almost every type of manual worker likes to place himself.

What most of us who earn our living with our heads tend usually to miss is this, that the man who works largely with his hands comes with amazing ease completely to dominate and to absorb into himself the great black beast of steel and steam or electricity before which we head workers stand awed and impotent. By a process altogether natural he finds no difficulty in breeding out of his tools in combination with himself a new blood-and-iron creature which he is perfectly willing to call familiarly, "*WE*"!

This is the reason the modern factory worker finds astonishingly

slight difficulty in feeling much that same pride which marked the village craftsman "under the spreading chestnut tree." To be sure, it is not at the cost of brawny arm and shoulder but at the mere touch of a lever, that the great drop-hammer falls with world-shaking *Blam!!* — *Blamity* — *Bla-am!* and in the twinkling of the eye forges the red-hot bar into the smoking crank-shaft.

But even if he is saved those hours of grimy strain and craftsmanship which gave the blacksmith his creative thrill, the man at the lever knows well enough that it is not his engine that makes the earth to tremble and the shaft to form, but instead the engine's driver, he himself! So even with him who all day tightens Bolt K-487 on the evolving car or motor as it moves up to and then away and beyond him there on the assembly line. This feeling serves astonishingly to lessen the evil of what appears to the non-manual-minded observer as nothing but monotonous, soul-wearing repetition. Instead of giving his thought to each repeated movement one after the other — "Now this, now that! Now this again!" — his mind is "coasting," surprisingly disengaged from the process and therefore free to day-dream or perhaps to frame effective wise-cracks for impressing near-by Tom or Gertie.

"The heaviest yet!" so, brush and stencil in hand, my attention would gear in and out of the business of catching from a near-by worker each of a stream of 3,000 empty barrels for steadying it on the scales. "I must sure stop in at the 'Y' tonight and try to find that sailor chap — Forty three pounds. It *is* the heaviest!" (Twirling of stencil for painting '4' and '3') "And if he's there, maybe he'll tell a fellow how ." . . . Barrel responds to complicated, and therefore distinctly pleasurable, twist of hand and wrist, and skids down to the filling room as another rolls upon the scales for a repetition of the manual, but a continuation of the mental, process — a process which, if unbroken enough, has the distinct advantage of bringing the quitting whistle with surprising speed!

This is one reason why so many holders of so-called monotonous jobs refuse to change to less repetitive work on the ground that "It'll take me away from the gang!", or "I'll have *no time to think!*"

Another reason is that in all the world of modern industry no function exists by itself; nearly always it is as essential to the next job just above as that, in turn, is to the next above it — and so on out to the farthest edge of the whole periphery of organized work and life.

"Mr. Engineer," whispers the locomotive fireman back over his shoulder, when his varied duties allow him a moment on his cushion, "thinks he's the whole thing around here. But all the same, he couldn't get his engine very blamed far down the line unless he got his power (business of tapping chest) from *me!*"

"If I," explains the engineer, "didn't get down to the (Round) 'House' on time and feelin' fit-like and ready to go, then those lawyer fellows back there in the parlor car would miss their date with the judge and everybody'd be sore!"

"Of course," says the railway president, "you could have your States without railroads, but they would not be the *United* States!"

"Establish Thou the work of our hands. Yea, the work of our hands establish Thou it!" So have prayed at all times such lone-hand creators as the blacksmith, simply because nothing else so fully as a finished article can give such visible, such tangible demonstration and assurance of its maker's value in the world of things and people. Today precisely that kind of soloist satisfaction is perhaps scarcer. Nevertheless what every worker knows is that the modern mine and factory offer immensely greater opportunity than ever in history for the more social satisfactions of membership in the orchestra; that to a degree never known before every piece of modern work — and therefore every worker — not only cogs in with every other job everywhere, but does so with an interlocking dependence whose limits stretch daily farther toward the Seven Seas and whose exacting requirements, whose "tolerances," move constantly closer to the inch's thousandths and ten-thousandths!

THUS today nothing so touches the heart of the question under discussion as this: in every one of these close-woven chains of associated effort which we call modern industry, each human link, with the help of his sense of mastery over his machine, tends to feel that he is indispensable, and therefore entitled to enjoy the dignity of the entire chain!

"But," protests the drummer to the observer who would describe his job in terms of so many hand and arm motions, "you can't know my work unless you know my orchestra!"

"Youse all remember, doncha?" asked a rough, near-down-and-outer anxious to impress us new acquaintances, "that big dam up behind Shoshone where they changed a desert into hundreds of square miles of 'A-1' wheat land? Well, I worked on that!"

NOW this is only to say that industry, in moving away from stardom to partnership, from spotlighted individual to spotlighted team, has only done what practically all other fields of modern life have done. In *Who's Who* even the most famous personage is described in terms of little else than his participations: "Chairman of the So-and-So Corporation, President of the Whatnot Association, Founder of the Society for the Advancement of This or That; member of the such and such party, church, clubs," and so on.

In industry and everywhere else, of course, we purchase the satisfactions of these newer coggings into the great wheels of the rest of the world at the price of certain older rights and freedoms. Just as the crowding autos force me to surrender my personal ideas as to speed limits, so the present-day dependence of thousands on the engine driver for their safety virtually deprives him of his personal liberty to drink or not to drink. The soloist shoe-maker can "vacation" as often and as long as his few friendly patrons are willing. But for the machine tender to absent himself unduly from the shoe factory may be as catastrophic as if the

French Horn should nonchalantly telephone that he happens to be indisposed!

Indeed it is hardly too much to say that this "orchestration" of the modern job has made all sorts of changes in our whole morality. So far from stressing all the things that a man could not do and still be "good" as in the days, for example, of my own youngsterhood, we seem to feel today, in every department of our lives, the prod of the orchestra, not so much toward our biggest possible individual contribution to the scheme of things, as away from the sheer disgrace of lessening the contributions of the other members of the team.

"We carry on," Coningsby Dawson wrote from the trenches, "because if we don't, we shall let other men down —"

"You see," explains the hobo, "if we don't get there on time then crops go to waste and millions of dollars are lost — and the whole blame country goes to the devil!"

TO BE sure, exactly the same prod is likely to mean standardized ideas under the standardized hats of standardized members of standardized teams. But it may well be that this is only a present and temporary stage in a social and industrial orchestration of a sort calculated to give greater individual value than was ever known before to not only the mass of members but also to an enlarging staff of leaders and assistant leaders. Certainly it is proper to say that these leaders of the newer orchestrated industry are only just beginning to get down to the study of those deeper satisfactions which are the real mainsprings of their individual performers.

Thus it was in an oil refinery that I encountered the only human being I have ever had a deep-down hankering to murder.

"Do I have to tell you bumps-on-a-log," he would yell at us laborers, "what to do with that skid?"

The trouble was that when, the day before, several of us newer men had started to carry the skid toward the new job, he had roared his, "Hey! Where you goin'? That skid belongs to the company! I'll give you orders what to do with it!"

After that, of course, we would hold the skid throughout the livelong day rather than dream of handling it under our own starting power.

THE greatest complaint of our working orchestra members is not against their machines but against the gang-boss and his tendency to "hog" away from them the satisfaction of doing the job so far as possible under their own steam. And all too frequently, it must be said, the gang-boss steals this pleasure from his subordinates only because his own superior has stolen it from him, and that superior in turn has been the victim of similar spiritual thievery which finally started with some thoughtless higher-up near the very top.

"When you see workers unhappy in the assembly line," so one of my employers used to say, "take a look at the Board of Directors. If you don't find the trouble there take a look at the President. If you don't find it there — take another look!"

The fault likely to be found there is, I believe, not at all inherent

either in the system or its machines. Rather is it that the president, like most of the rest of us, has been taught to believe that nobody except, of course, himself, takes any interest in work except to get from it the maximum of money with a minimum of time and effort. But if he is eager to find out whether even laborers want something beside their pay-envelopes, he need only recall the experience of the foreman who asked a gang of foreign-born to "Dig a hole six feet deep here!", then later, after a glance — "Won't do! Another over there!" and then a third time, "Another! Quick!"

"Deeg here, deeg dere!" his men protested as they rolled down their sleeves, "all day for not'ing, like dam'fool. We quit!"

Of course, when he explained that their stopping would continue the stoppage in the lost pipe of drinking water and hence "let down" their companions on the hot rolls inside, they went at it again with their: "Sure! Whada hell! Help find-em dam'fool pipe!"

But just because modern industry and modern life are so tangled up together not even the best conductor of the working orchestra can by himself contrive to give his followers the maximum possible satisfactions of membership. The reason is that he is himself dependent upon one great higher-up who lords it over *him* — I mean the public. The satisfaction that both he and his team-members are to get from their mastery over their tools and from the service this mastery permits depends finally upon the esteem and recognition awarded them by their ultimate judges, the users of their product, the beneficiaries of their efforts.

"I like my job fine," said a friend of mine who worked in a glue house. "Glue, you know, is wonderful; it holds the world together — and I make it. But I'm going to quit it all the same. I just can't stand having people, when I tell them where I work, say 'Oh,' and change the subject as if I were a no-good."

Luckily more and more orchestra leaders share with all their members the craftsmanly thrill they themselves seldom fail to get from their own mastery, not of a single tool or engine, but of their whole great coördinated organization of machines and men. Still more luckily, both this thrill itself and the wider sharing of it are being daily made easier by the newer products of orchestrated industry itself.

Thus not long ago I stood in a crowd of nearly forty thousand workers while their chief, speaking into a telephone at his desk a thousand miles away, uttered the words which dedicated as a part of their factory's permanent equipment the amplifying device which was itself a product of their own hands.

"Today," he said, "we work in larger groups than our forefathers because no one person and no small group can design and make and assemble and test and finally sell our finished product — the telephone which makes neighbors of a hundred million of our fellow citizens. In the great scheme of modern life you and I are doing our full part. We are not parasites nor slackers. We are useful people. That alone makes our lives worth while. And because the work of each of us depends upon the skill and faithfulness of others no one of us can be sufficient to himself. So I dedicate this apparatus to the

doing of our job and to the doing of it in the spirit of fairness and friendliness."

In somewhat similar fashion several hundred machinists enjoyed the thrill of shared exploit when, on their own bulletin boards, one historic morning, they saw the pictures of the engine which they had fabricated, while above it stood the proud legend, "How we all helped Lindbergh get to Paris!"

With the newer tools of communication now at our disposal there is daily less and less reason why tens of thousands of men, scattered perhaps among the continents, but with each playing his indispensable part, should not call the whole great machine "We" as easily and as proudly as did Lindbergh.

SUCH sharing in the emotions as well as the motions of the common task will go far, I submit, to create that mutual respect and understanding which underlies all true coöperation. Trust such mutual respect and understanding to discover and develop an interest in the beauty and the quality of its output rather than merely its quantity or cheapness! Trust it also to continue the spread of employee ownership and all the other steps toward lessening the old gap between capital and labor, master and man, boss and bossed. As also, further, to open those lanes of opportunity in training, transfer, and promotion which will secure from each his utmost abilities and capacities helpful to the well-being of every member of the whole, whether owner, director, worker, customer, or citizen.

Similarly, this kind of sharing is sure, I believe, to bring about a successful effort by the whole great team of industrial society to free itself of the great blot now soiling it — I mean irregularity of work. And finally such sharing will make it easier for every worker to find in industry the assurance of his value among his fellows because it will encourage more leaders to mix in along with the blame for him who lets his work-mates down, the nod of recognition for everyone who, at his lathe or throttle, adds his proper share to the aggregate dignity and credit of the whole.

ODDLY enough, the Great War helped to just such widsom by demonstrating as never before how important every member, in the trenches or out, is to the whole team, and how gladly men will meet death itself if only they feel sure their contribution will not be overlooked. So it was old Evan, the repairman, who made me optimistic about our ability to master the whole vast tool we have created, once we fully understand it.

"Yesterday the oonder-manager," he said of the new boss who had just come back from Flanders Field, "do sye to me, 'Pugh, thot been a good job!' Awnd I do sye to 'im, 'In forty-three year o' workin' in this pit, in forty-three year, thot been the first time thot any Company man do sye to me a compliment.' But, fer a kindly word, a mon will work 'is bloody guts out! Awnd every mon o' feelin' and sensibility do know that the w'ip o' the tongue and the lash o' the lip been worse fer 'im thon any dawg. Every mon moost 'ave a chawnce 'ere on the job to show himself a mon!"

# One Up

By Frederick B. Watt

*A tale of friendly rivalry in college reaches a grimly dramatic conclusion when a German submarine and a British "mystery ship" meet at sea*

Had H. M. S. *Galloper* been a modern destroyer, with a kick or two to spare in her propellers, she would probably have had better luck on that chill December morning when the leading signalman observed the telltale wake of a torpedo on her starboard beam. She wasn't a modern destroyer — just an obsolete old torpedo boat pressed into service when anything that could carry a gun and keep afloat was requisitioned — and so the "fish" caught her just abaft the quarter deck twelve-pounder and tore away the stern as though it had been paper.

Lieutenant Stanley Groves, naval reservist, was much put out. The *Galloper* was his first command. Landsmen can't appreciate what that means.

Fortunately the bulkheads held and the ship remained afloat. But deprived of her motive power, her stern deep in the sea, she lay helpless, waiting for the next torpedo. Even the most ordinary of ordinary seamen realized that the craft was entirely at the mercy of the enemy. It would be only a question of time before the *coup de grâce* would be administered.

The terrific seconds lengthened into minutes. Once the forward gun fired an impulsive round at what looked like a periscope, but it proved to be a false alarm. For an hour the ship remained unmolested. Then the wireless operator trotted to the bridge with a signal.

"Somebody going to give us a hand?" hazarded Groves.

"Hardly, sir," replied the operator. "Damned if I know what to make of it. It's in straight international code."

The young commander took the slip.

"Lieut. Groves, H. M. S. *Galloper:* Dear Stan: Sorry I couldn't finish you, but it was my last torpedo and my gun's out of commission. I imagine I am one up now. Love and kisses. Ernest."

"Well, I'll be damned," said Lieutenant Groves.

There was no mistaking the sender. Ernest Weber was well known to many of the men against whom he made war but he was best known to

Groves. They had been roommates prior to 1914 at a well known educational institution where Ernest had been perfecting his knowledge of English.

They had, surreptitiously, made youthful advances to the same barmaid. Ernest, the sophisticated, had won out. Stan, six feet two and broad of shoulder, had retaliated and captured a position on the crew, but the nimble German had beaten him to a place on the rugby team. Up and down the balance had gone, but at night, over their mugs of beer and smouldering pipes, the spirit of competition had slowly but surely reshaped itself into a frank respect for each other's prowess; and at the back of this was a downright feeling of friendship.

So, in a way, Groves was glad that, seeing someone had to do it, Weber had earned the credit for torpedoing him. He cursed the foe who had killed his men, but somehow Ernest was not included in the malediction. With that rival of college days it was only another tilt in their apparently endless struggle for the last and winning point. As the German had stated, he was one up.

Lieutenant Stanley Groves, after tying up all that was left of the *Galloper* to the quay, was sent south to one of the big bases and failed to reappear in his old haunts.

"Tough on Stan," said the wardroom. "Probably slated for a land job for the rest of the show. Damned shame."

Lieutenant Groves was no more on view at the base, however, than he was with the fleet. In fact he had ceased to exist except to a favored few. There was a rickety old windjammer lying in an East Coast port, though, and the dirty, bearded skipper who spat so venomously over the after rail was six feet two and broad of shoulder.

There were strange goings-on aboard the disreputable sailing craft in the hours of darkness. Muffled figures came and went when decent folk were abed, and the sound of the riveter's hammer chattered in the interior of the vessel at odd moments. By day she casually loaded lumber into her gaping holds.

One morning her place at the quayside was empty. Another of Britain's seemingly helpless, actually deadly "mystery ships" had put to sea.

Twice in the next few weeks German submarines were posted in their home ports as missing. Lieutenant Stanley Groves was taking his new work no less seriously than he had taken his old.

One forenoon watch as the disreputable decoy vessel wallowed along a conning tower appeared far to starboard. The visibility had been poor owing to fog, but the air had cleared slightly when the ominous gray bulk rose from the depths. Calmly Groves gazed through his glasses for a moment at the U-boat; then he let out a yell of exultation.

"Kismet!" he cried. "That's Weber's ship, unless he's been shoved somewhere else since the last report. I can read the number. Careful now, boys. I've been waiting for this bird too long to allow any mistakes."

As the submarine rose awash, figures crowded out of her conning tower and manned the gun on the forecastle. The windjammer appar-

ently made every effort to escape into a nearby bank of fog until a shell burst under her bow. Then she came about obediently, her brown sails flapping, and, working hurriedly, the crew lowered a couple of boats and rowed frantically away from the doomed vessel. But they left Groves and five seamen behind, crouched about a 4.7 in a dummy deckhouse.

WEBER was a careful soul, however. Without diminishing the distance between his submarine and the prize, he ordered a couple of rounds to be fired into the deserted vessel. Whang! went the gun, and splintered woodwork showered the crouching men.

"Here, that's not done," complained Groves. "Down on your bellies. He doesn't intend to sink us by shell fire. This is only a bit of his damnable caution."

A second shell burst with a muffled roar in the after cabin.

"Looks like we're for it next," suggested one of the seamen. "He's hit us fore and aft. Next one 'midships?"

"Shut up!" snapped an overstrung shipmate. "He'll come closer before long. We'll have our innings then."

Groves was very much undecided as to what his course should be. He had his 4.7 destroyer gun which could more than hold its own with the submarine. But there was a dangerous possibility that the U-boat might succeed in making a getaway without attempting to fight. That would have dire results. The usefulness of a "mystery ship" lasted only as long as it remained unidentified by the enemy.

"Sorry, men," he apologized. "I don't enjoy being pounded without hitting back any more than you do. I've got to make sure of him, though. He must come nearer."

The undersea boat did begin to slide closer. A small group of men produced a collapsible rowboat from its mysterious interior.

"That's better," said Groves grimly. "They're going to sink us with a charge of dynamite, after all — at least they think they're going to. Close up, Ernest! A couple of hundred yards more and we'll talk business."

"Coming on thick again, sir," warned the gunlayer. "The fog's walking right down on us in a solid lump. There'll be no visibility in a minute."

"Got to take a gambler's chance on it holding off," replied the skipper stubbornly. "Stand by! The curtain's going up!"

The submarine steamed slowly within hailing distance and prepared to launch her small boat with the bomb. She offered her broadside.

"Let go," Groves shouted.

THE dummy deckhouse collapsed in an orderly little pile and the businesslike 4.7 stood grimly stark in full view of the enemy. Hardly had the flimsy wall fallen from before the muzzle than the gunlayer pressed the trigger. There was a flash and a roar. As though by a stroke of magic the small boat on the submarine's stern and the men surrounding it disappeared in a fleecy puff of shrapnel. There were a few splinters and some unpleasant splotches thrown into the surrounding sea.

"Get the conning tower!" yelled Groves.

The gunlayer would have complied had not the submarine returned the fire at that moment. The shell buried itself in the broad flank of the windjammer almost directly below the 4.7. Groves and his men were scattered about the deck as carelessly as straws in a high wind. Fortunately it was the concussion, not solid metal. Groggily, like a rugby player who has been downed but automatically lunges to his feet again as he shakes off the tackle, the lieutenant rose and lurched to the sights without waiting to see whether the gunlayer was fit to continue at his post or not. A couple of dazed loading numbers staggered forward as did the trainer.

"Hurry, hurry, for God's sake," pleaded Groves. "The blighter's running for the fog. One clean shot at him and I'll die happy."

THE submarine was most certainly not looking for a fight in the open. Although it meant that her gun must cease fire, she came about and headed for the friendly fog, presenting the smallest possible target as she lay hull down. Weber's reputation for quick thinking lost nothing by the manœuvre. He could make the shelter of the mist in a few less seconds than he could submerge.

His eye glued to the telescopic sight, Groves saw the vertical hair come to bear on the conning tower as the trainer slewed the gun around. With an almost impersonal deliberation, he slowly turned the wheel until the horizontal hair came down to the proper level and the target lay squarely where the thin black lines crossed.

"Hurry, hurry!" he whispered fiercely.

Clang! came the sound of the closing breech, followed instantly by the "Ready" of the breech worker.

It was Groves's moment of moments. There was Weber's ship. There were the crossed hairs bearing beautifully on the conning tower, with the visibility still perfect. His fingers closed on the trigger.

Click!

"Misfire! Recock!"

THE order came in a tone of desperation. The dead snick of the firing pin had jarred more on the ears of the little gun's crew than if it had been the belching roar of exploding cordite. The shape of the conning tower in the telescopic sight grew filmy. For a moment Groves thought that it was his eyesight going back on him. Then he realized that his quarry was being swallowed by the fog.

"Ready!" came the chant of the breech worker again.

Click!

A moment later, before a new firing tube could be inserted, the mist took the submarine completely under its protecting shroud.

The gun's crew cursed as only men of the sea can. Groves silently seated himself on the bulwarks, experiencing that sensation of hopeless deflation which follows a fruitless battle for high stakes.

He had some difficulty in rounding up his small boats with the remainder of the crew in the fog but finally he had them all mustered on the quarterdeck. With characteristic frankness he addressed them.

"I know it's hardly the thing to talk over a situation with one's

crew, but you all know how we stand as well as I do. First I must apologize" — he smiled wanly — "for sicking you on to that particular sub. The owner is a special jinx of mine and I should have known better than to tackle him. However, the harm's done. This mystery ship isn't a mystery any longer. I don't know how soon my friend, Weber, will be able to enlighten his pals, but there's a pretty fair chance that if we run up against any Heinies before we get back to port they'll be wise and deal with us accordingly. There is, of course, a chance that we may be able to turn one last trick before we're paid off — as we most certainly shall be once we get back. Now, the question before the house is whether, if we meet anyone, we shall run like a *bona fide* merchantman or whether we'll gamble on the opposition still being in the dark and try our usual stunt on him. You're entitled to the former."

THE gunlayer elected himself spokesman for the crew.

"You're jokin', sir," he said, "about that runnin' away stuff. Why the beggar we've just left won't think of anythin' 'cept his own dirty 'ide till he gets 'ome; an' by that time the 'arm'll be done to any of 'is maties that gets in our way. Carry on sarj — lieutenant — says I."

"Aye, aye!" approved the crew vociferously.

"As like as not we won't see a periscope but —" Groves reflected.

As it happened, though, they did sight a foeman an hour after dawn the next day. The orthodox scheme held good. The submarine came to the surface at a cautious distance and let fly with her gun. Anxiously Groves surveyed the slim craft through his glasses before giving the order for the "panic party."

"Righto," he shouted finally. "Away boats. I can distinguish her number and at least it's not Weber's tank."

THE crew, minus those serving the concealed gun, abandoned ship in quick time, urged to greater efforts by another shell which brought down the foremast. It was a breathless moment for the little group left aboard, the big stick falling just clear of their flimsy protection.

"Looks promising," jerked Groves. "If he lives up to schedule he'll come within range now. Godamighty! He's submerging!"

Casually, as though it had lost interest in the proceedings, the submarine dipped, leaving the sea tenantless save for the windjammer.

"What 'appens next?" asked the puzzled gunlayer.

The answer was immediately forthcoming. A short distance from where the German had submerged a thin white streak started towards the sailing craft. To anyone unaware of the deadly import of the thing it would have seemed no more than the drawing of a straight line of chalk across the slaty surface of the sea. There was no such casual thought in the minds of Groves and his men, however. They had followed the course of a torpedo before. Instinctively they crowded to the rail on the far side of the ship. One man had already jumped overboard when the crash came.

It was a nightmare of suddenly

extinguished daylight, of flashes that bore every color of the rainbow, of flying timber and gagging fumes. Groves felt that he was rising crazily in the air, probably already on his way to the place where reasonably good sailors may expect to arrive, but somehow it didn't bother him at all. Then came an unpleasant consciousness. A giant had placed a massive foot on his chest and was trying to press the air from his lungs. Yet he dared not exhale. Gradually the pressure relaxed. The next sensation was one of intolerable chill. Lieutenant Stanley Groves finally became aware that he was swimming for his life in the cold waters of the North Sea.

BEHIND him, his ship had broken in two and the halves were on the point of sinking. Desperately he kicked off his seaboots and plowed away from the wreck, fearful of being sucked down in the vortex. A shattered spar offered him momentary rest. Hurriedly surveying the scene, he discovered a single head bobbing in the light swell. His fellow survivor wallowed towards the spar with long, ungainly strokes. It was the gunlayer. In impressive silence they watched the last of their ship disappear beneath the surface. Immediately they both began to chill in the all but freezing temperature.

"Our boats are only a mile away and they'll be back for us in a jiff," comforted the officer.

"Aye," replied the seaman sourly, "provided the 'Un don't blow them sky 'igh. You know what 'is 'abits are when 'e's 'uffy."

In the distance Groves could see the two boats starting back for the scene of the disaster, but the wind, which had assisted their retreat, was hampering their return.

"Think you can hang on for a while?" he questioned the purple-faced gunner.

"Aye, aye sir," replied the man weakly, even as his fingers began to slip from their hold on the spar. Being blown up twice in two days and then immersed in an icy sea was proving too much for the stamina of even the toughened sailor. The lieutenant could see the fight dying in his eyes and slid along the spar until he was able to get a firm hold on the neck of the gunlayer's jersey. A moment later the man's body was dead weight on his arm.

As though in a vindictive mood the wind freshened and made the situation more hopeless by bringing the progress of the boats to a standstill. Groves's overtaxed arms throbbed dully. He appreciated fully that the only hope of saving his own hide was to release the unconscious gunlayer, yet he clung to him tenaciously. The impulse was three parts stubbornness and one part gallantry.

THE losing fight finally reached its climax, though, and almost with relief he felt himself sliding into the sea, his fingers still tightly clenched to his companion's collar. While he held his breath instinctively, the water closed over his face as the descent to eternity commenced. Then his progress was arrested. His feet touched a bottom. His head emerged. He laughed hysterically, and like a man awaking from a nightmare fought off the maddening sensation of unreality. He was still an inhabitant of the world of men, his eyes

still focussed on a heaving expanse of sea and his lungs still inhaled salt air. But he was no longer resting on the spar. He lay on a tapered steel deck with the gunlayer sprawling beside him.

It was fortunate that Groves was a man who accepted things as he found them. Instead of remaining where he lay and waiting for developments, he rose shakily to his feet to take in the situation. It was apparent that a submarine had risen beneath him and snatched him from a damp resting place. It was also apparent, after a cursory inspection, that it was a German ship — undoubtedly the one that had already caused him so much grief. The remainder of the war in an enemy prison camp seemed inevitable. Well, it was better than death, in any case.

THEN the three parts stubbornness again took command of him. Feeling at his waist he discovered, with a grunt of satisfaction, his revolver, encased in a watertight holster. As quickly as his numbed legs would carry him he padded along the deck towards the conning tower, unsheathing his weapon as he advanced. Painfully he dragged himself up the iron rungs to the little bridge. He was barely in time. Even as he gained the vantage point, the hatchway swung open and a close-cropped head, mounted on a pair of bulky shoulders, protruded from the opening.

The German rose with his back to the lieutenant. For the first and only time in his life Groves attacked a man from behind. It was probably the most sporting thing to do in this instance, for the enemy never knew what was coming. Just as his hips were on a level with the deck of the conning tower Groves shot him at the base of the skull. Before the body could tumble back, he seized it and caused it to lie half in, half out of the opening, making it impossible for the hatch cover to be closed without the corpse first being removed. Taking a firm grip on the shoulders Groves waited, hoping that despite the cold, he could hold out.

THERE was a babel of foreign tongues below, then an eerie silence. A moment later he felt a tugging at the legs of the dead man. With a grim confidence he reflected that as long as he retained his grip on the German it would be necessary to pull the man in half to clear the opening. A pair of gnarled hands next appeared, gripping the edge of the hatch on the side opposite to which the body hung, followed a second later by another bristly head. Groves coolly shot the newcomer between the eyes. There was a horrible staring moment; then the face disappeared and there was a dull thud below. Again a confused shouting. Again a deadly silence. Startlingly clear from the hatchway came a voice, speaking perfect English:

"Perhaps if you will surrender," it said, "I will forget that you have killed two of my men and merely take you prisoner."

Groves came alert, then grinned triumphantly.

"A few years' absence hasn't spoiled your accent in the least, Ernest," he declared.

"Stan!" The voice in the submarine had electric qualities.

"Aye! How are you, Ernest?"

"Oh, so so," answered the German composedly. "Come below and have a drink."

"No, thanks," said Groves. "I'm sitting on top of the world. In fact, it looks as though I'm one up."

"Momentarily, perhaps," Weber said crisply, "but I wouldn't bank on it for long. Be sensible, Stan, I don't want to kill you."

"Nor I you," Groves assured him.

The gunlayer had recovered consciousness and had crept to the conning tower.

"Good egg, man," whispered Groves. "I haven't got anything for you to use, but hang around, anyway."

"I wouldn't mind a smack at 'em, even with this," returned the seaman, brandishing a ham-like fist. "Hist, sir —"

HE POINTED excitedly. Slowly, silently, a blue metal barrel was being shoved over the edge of the hatch. Groves waited until the hand that held the automatic appeared. His shot blew away the fingers, and the heavy Luger rattled to the deck, accompanied by a shriek of agony.

"Take the automatic," exulted Stan, "and stand watch over the after torpedo hatch. If anyone shows himself you know what to do." He said it loudly enough for Weber to hear.

The gunlayer nodded happily and took up his position.

"I only 'opes they try comin' out this way!" he shouted.

For ten minutes the deadlock continued without conversation. The Germans realized the futility of attempting to reach the deck. It was impossible for Groves and his companion to improve their position. The crux of the situation still sprawled across the edge of the hatch, his glassy eyes staring at the sky.

"Can you see reason yet, Stan?" came Weber's voice at last.

"Yes, and I'm abiding by it," answered his antagonist.

"There is nothing to prevent my steaming into port on the surface," advanced the German.

"Try it. I'll wager you had a hard enough time getting out even when you were submerged."

"Well, I suppose I'll have to dip and we'll all go down together," Weber said resignedly. "I'd rather do that than wait until someone comes along and sinks me."

"Idle talk, my lad," Groves reproved. "Perhaps, if it were just a case of you and I, you might carry out such a threat, but there are a number of men down there with you who are too good to be thrown away as a bit of bravado. Better hold your horses, old son, and wait until one of our ships come up. We really treat our prisoners quite decently."

"YOU always were a pretty fair psychologist," Weber laughed, not unpleasantly. "As you say, it would be a useless sacrifice. Undoubtedly the thing for me to do is to wait until you have nearly frozen to death. Perhaps then you will talk sense. While you cool off, though, we might as well make the most of our association which, I fear, is to come too soon to a finish. How is little Jessie Myles — you know, the brunette I was rather keen on?"

For half an hour the two former comrades talked casually. But as their tongues sounded easy pleasantries, their active brains worked at

top speed in the silent battle of wits. It was a question of life and death, the closing act of a play of all but lifelong rivalry. The odds were heavy in the German's favor. As he had said, Groves and his companion could last only a limited time on the icy deck. But the Englishman was determined to score half a victory at least. A glance towards his two small boats revealed them with sails rigged, taking advantage of the wind to make a getaway. Doubtless they were wondering why the submarine was making no attempt to shell them. Groves realized that if he could keep Weber incapacitated for a little longer the "panic party" would in all probability be saved. It was rapidly becoming apparent, however, that he and the gunlayer were done for unless a miracle happened. Lack of action and the biting breeze was rapidly draining them mentally and physically.

"Still feel that you're one up?" asked the taunting voice of Weber.

"Perhaps I'm not," Groves replied. He was stiff from the cold. "But I'm going to have the satisfaction of knowing that you'll go home blind."

HE PUNCTUATED the remark with a shot that shattered a portion of the periscope.

"That was a well-thought-out move," admitted Weber, poorly concealing the fury in his voice. "It's my time to think one up."

Groves's attention was drawn by the frantic motions of the gunlayer. Gazing to port he beheld a blob on the horizon.

"Somebody gets a break," he breathed. "If there's any justice, it's my turn."

The speed with which the oncoming ship approached was cheering. Nothing less than a destroyer or a light cruiser could rip out knots at that rate. When it was two miles away a flashing lamp at the ship's masthead winked a challenge. Throwing discretion to the winds, Groves let go his hold on the shoulders of the dead German and stood on the conning tower rail. Speedily, with stiffened arms, he semaphored the secret answering signal, following it with a terse, importunate summons. Then, silently, he returned to his former position.

TEN minutes later Weber again spoke.

"For the last time, Stan, will you stop this foolish business? I warn you, I'm fed up, and unless you're willing to come below right away I won't be able to answer for your life."

"Oh?" said Groves blandly.

"I might as well tell you," the German said thickly, "that I've just completed a very messy operation. With the assistance of a straight razor and a bottle of schnapps I have successfully halved the unfortunate fellow whose shoulders you hold. A slight jolt and the hatchway will be clear. Will you come below or must I leave you to drown?"

There was an air of finality to the question.

"Seeing that you've been good enough to give away state secrets," answered the other cheerfully, "I'll return the compliment. At the present moment, Ernest, one of our destroyers is standing by, ready to blow you out of the water if you attempt to submerge. I would suggest that you and your crew come on

deck and surrender without any unnecessary bloodshed."

"Pretty weak, Stan. So that was why you wrecked the periscope?"

"If you must be convinced, come up yourself and have a look," offered Groves. "My word of honor that I shan't plug you."

"Fair enough."

THE reply was followed immediately by the speaker. He glanced in a friendly way at Groves as he emerged from the hatch, but the look gave way to one of immense dismay as his head cleared the conning tower rail and he saw that the other had spoken nothing but the truth. For a moment he glared vindictively at the destroyer, then his expression softened and he turned to his former roommate, a half smile on his lips.

"One to you, Stan," he said, "and it's the winning point. It's been a good fight and there's nobody I'd sooner have lost to. I surrender my crew to you personally. Before we go through these formalities will you shake hands with me?"

The victor's big fist closed over the slender, wiry one of the vanquished. For a moment the two men gazed steadily into each other's eyes, the war forgotten.

"Good-bye," said Weber simply.

"Good-bye, hell!" was Groves's retort. "We'll meet again before many months have passed."

"Perhaps," replied the German quietly, "but I hope not."

Before the surprised lieutenant could interrogate the other further, he had again slid through the hatchway. Immediately the crew of the submarine began to clamber through the opening and upon the deck, from which they were picked up by seaboats from the destroyer.

"Hi! below!" Groves shouted down the hatch. "Shake a leg, Ernest. The prize crew's coming aboard."

"Off you go, Stan, and make it fast," Ernest cried back. "This submarine is going to be an unhealthy spot in five minutes."

"Ernest, for God's sake—" Groves pleaded in bewilderment.

"No use," was the sharp reply. "There are two reasons why I'm going to explode one of my own torpedoes. One of them is because it would be a bad business for your chaps to grab one of our newest submarines in perfect running order. That is the least important of the two. Mark you, thirty seconds of that five minutes have gone already. I'm timing it by my watch."

EXACTLY four and a half minutes later Weber kept his promise. The back wash from the explosion set the near-by destroyer rolling violently and the air was filled with flying fragments of the shattered submarine.

Groves, a downcast, haggard man, wondered who, after all, was one up. He is still wondering.

# Your Stake in Foreign Trade

By O. K. Davis
Secretary, National Foreign Trade Council

*We constantly increase our great production but unless we distribute that increased production in other markets we shall surely invite disaster*

"The next speaker" said the toastmaster, "will be the distinguished Governor of the great State of Illinois, who will address you on 'The Meaning of Foreign Trade to the Middle West.'"

The occasion was a banquet of foreign traders in Chicago. More than a thousand of them, representing thirty-eight of the United States, were present. Many were from the Middle West, from States that hum with industry, whose thousands of factories annually produce millions of tons of export cargo, and consume millions of tons of imported raw materials that are absolutely essential to their continued activity.

Hundreds of men in that room keenly realized the significance of the occasion and looked to the Governor (not the present incumbent) for a brilliant presentation of his subject. The Governor rose and smilingly greeted his sympathetic audience.

"The meaning of Foreign Trade to the Middle West," he said, repeating the subject after the toastmaster. "I don't know what that means and I doubt if the man who assigned it to me knows."

Which showed that a man may rise even to the Governorship of one of the great States in the Middle West without understanding the economics of foreign commerce. That was several years ago. Recently another Governor, head of another of the great States of the Middle West, disclosed a singular incomprehension of the same thing.

Writing in The North American Review for September, Governor Theodore Christianson of Minnesota starts off by saying: "The present issue between agriculture and industry arises out of a new conception of the economics of foreign commerce."

There is no "issue between agriculture and industry". In asserting that there is, Governor Christianson permits himself to fall into the old error of those who cling to the outworn theory of division — or divisibility — of interests among the various factors of our life.

The fact is that agriculture and industry are partners in interest, not antagonists or competitors. And they are joint partners with several other

factors, of equal importance, in the maintenance and prosperity of all. It is not agriculture alone that is the mainstay of this country, despite all the talk from the days of Alexander Hamilton down about its being "the basic industry" of the United States. It is not industry alone. It is not transportation alone, or communication, or finance, or commerce. It is all of them together in strong coöperative team work. That is what produces the results.

What need would there be for agriculture if industry were not in existence to create and maintain its huge demand for agricultural products?

What possibility would there be for anything like our industrial development if agriculture were not producing the food and clothing materials for the millions of industrial workers?

And what possibility would there be for either agriculture or industry if transportation were not available for their products?

What transportation systems would there be if agriculture and industry were not in operation, producing articles to be transported?

And how would any of the three get on without the service of finance, commerce, and communication?

"Industry has a stake in agriculture," says Governor Christianson, at the close of his article. Right. So has agriculture a great stake in industry. Surely agriculture sells more wheat and corn and potatoes and other foods to the wage-earners of industry than to any other market. And so do transportation, commerce, finance and communication have their stakes in each of the others. It is a common interest, and its maintenance calls for clear thinking on the part of all.

Since even today so many many men, whether in business or political life, persist in considering foreign trade an activity quite apart from our thriving domestic affairs, I want to present it here in its true rôle — as an integral part of the fabric of our prosperity.

But, to begin with, what is prosperity?

There probably isn't a person in the United States above the age of ten who hasn't an answer of his own to that question. Likely as not, a good many not yet ten are similarly ready with a personal definition. For prosperity is the object of practically universal desire and almost everybody has his own notion of what it is that he wants. But when the question turns upon the method by which prosperity is to be measured, then divergence of opinion arises.

The old saying that "self-preservation is the first law of nature" is dinned into our ears in early childhood, long before most of us are able to grasp more than its obvious meaning. But if preservation — or prolongation — of life is the first and strongest human impulse, then the desire to improve the conditions of life, to get the most out of it, is just as surely the second. First we want to live, and second we want to live reasonably well.

I have heard it suggested by some scientific gentlemen that the second proposition can hardly be sustained, because there are so many men and women, artists and scientists es-

pecially, who reck nothing at all of their personal condition, providing only they may continue their devotion to their chosen line of occupation. But that view seems to me to be no more valid against the second proposition than the number of suicides is against the first, and it certainly will not be seriously contended that because some men kill themselves the human race as a whole does not eagerly desire to save and prolong life.

Just as men have always striven to preserve life and improve their enjoyment of it, so they have always followed the same general method in seeking that improvement. The accumulation of property, of goods has been the chief means of increasing the comfort, the convenience or the entertainment of mankind. This has been so marked a human characteristic that "acquisition" is sometimes declared to be the second human impulse. The statesmen of today talk about improving the "standard of living", meaning, obviously, the ability of human beings generally to get and hold more of the multitudinous items of human production that in some manner or measure increase their enjoyment of life.

WHEN the individuals in any country are having general success in the acquisition of the things they need and desire, they are said to "prosper" and the situation is called "prosperity". The word is defined by the dictionary as "the state of being prosperous; successful progress in one's enterprises; advancement or gain in that which is desirable; attainment of the object desired; material well-being."

In the days of barbaric antiquity, before civilization had made any material progress, force and robbery were the chief means of acquisition. Then the ancient proverb of India that "the man with the biggest club owns the bull" was substantially true. But with advancing civilization mankind began to learn a better and surer way — the way of barter and exchange of trade — and from that period trade has been the chief agency in the accumulation of property which, by and large, is the measure of prosperity.

THE system of life that obtains today over almost all the face of this earth is based upon the production of different things by different persons, and the sale, or exchange, by the producers of the things they do not need or want for the things they do need or want. And it is to be noted that there is a great difference between our needs and our wants. The meeting of our needs will sustain life. The satisfaction of our wants is the mark of prosperity. We want tobacco, golf clubs, radios, ice cream, lip sticks, hot dogs and myriad other things that we do not need. But their possession makes the difference between merely sustained life and enjoyed life. Consequently all the world is busy every day making all kinds of different things, because somewhere great numbers of human beings want them. There was an exposition in Europe two or three years ago the catalogue of which listed about a hundred and twenty-five thousand different things, each of which was the subject of sufficient demand to warrant its general production. There is a steel concern in the United States

which turns out more than 11,000 different products. There is one rubber company which makes more than 30,000 different articles.

Some economists talk about the "division of labor". Others write about the "complexity of modern life". Both mean pretty much the same thing. If there ever was a time when individuals were really self-sufficient in the sense that they produced by their own labor all the things they needed to sustain life, it was very long ago and the state of their life was little removed from complete savagery. Today every civilized individual uses in the ordinary routine of his daily existence the labor, the services and the products of many other individuals, not only those of his own tribe or nation, but also those of other peoples in remote parts of the earth. There is no one in the United States, of whatever condition in life, who is not served repeatedly, every day, by all sorts of things that come from all the corners of the world. We eat, sleep and move about with the assistance of far-off individuals whom we never see and of whom most of us never think. It seldom occurs to any of us that every day we are not only liable but very likely to use the labor of Chinese, Patagonians and Paraguayans, as well as many other peoples of the more familiar regions of the earth.

And just as we are served in this way by the daily routine labor of remote peoples, they in turn are served in numerous ways by the labor and the products of citizens of the United States, and, in fact, by pretty much all the world.

The oncoming of summer in the United States is the signal for increasing activity in more than twenty different countries in every one of the six continents, in the effort to satisfy just one of the very numerous summer wants of our people. The pleasant days of spring see the same kind of thing occurring all over the United States. The highways are put into condition for the hordes of automobiles that begin to roll across the country in increasing thousands — not to say millions — in every direction and with every conceivable destination. All along these highways service stations are opened up and eating places are made ready, all the way from the humble hot dog stand to the more or less pretentious road house.

Of the ten countries in South America, six contribute a share to the supply of these roadside eating houses in the United States. The demand for hot dogs grows to colossal proportions when the season of baseball and automobile touring comes on in this country. It goes far beyond the capacity of this country alone to supply the casings in which these toothsome little sausages are prepared for public consumption. The purveyors of these sausages literally search the world for the casings that will enable them to meet this demand. There is no substitute for these casings, and no opportunity for the display of ingenuity that enabled the fabled maker of rabbit sausage to eke out his production with horse meat on the "fifty-fifty basis" of one rabbit to one horse.

When you lunch or dine at a famous restaurant and indulge in a crab flake cocktail you, in all prob-

ability, enjoy the service of several thousand persons in various countries on three continents. There are few restaurants in this country close enough to tidewater to get fresh crab meat locally. By far the greater quantity of this delicacy consumed here is imported through Japan, after having been prepared in Kamchatka. American manufacturers of tin plate ship thousands of boxes of their product every year to Kamchatka, where it is made up into containers for crab meat, a large part of which is imported into the United States through Pacific Coast ports.

THUS the tin in these crab meat cans is twice imported into this country. It came first, in pigs, from the Dutch East Indies, there being practically no tin produced in the United States. The steel sheets that form the basis of tin plates are mostly made out of iron ore that comes from Minnesota, but an essential component of the steel is manganese, of which there is very little in America. Most of that used by our steel makers comes from Brazil. The crab meat tins are decorated with fancy colored printed labels, involving the use of paper and printing materials that originate in various parts of the world.

And then, of course, steamships and railroads are involved in the transportation of the manganese, tin and iron ores, as well as the finished products, and there are the vast number and variety of machines necessary to the production of the ships and the railroads and the tin plate, and the cans and the printing presses and the labels.

So the great probability is that your enjoyment of a crab flake cocktail is made possible by the service of most of the world.

Every time you spend a five cent piece you have benefited a little by the labor of some foreigners. In all probability they were Canadians, but they may have been Frenchmen, or native subjects of France in the Pacific island of New Caledonia. The Indian on one side of the new United States five cent piece is a native American. The buffalo on the other side is also a native American. But the metal out of which the coin is made and from which it derives its name of "nickel" is a foreigner. It comes from Canada or New Caledonia. The United States geological survey reports flatly that "there is no nickel in the United States". So, to that extent, Uncle Sam's coinage system is dependent upon alien assistance.

WHAT has all this to do with prosperity? Everything. What has been said has given merely a glimpse of the marvellously intricate development of modern life, not only among Americans but just as much among almost every other people of the globe. There is no nation that is or can be sufficient unto itself. There is no individual above the state of savage who is or can be self-sufficient. Nations are self-sustaining by their own enterprise, just as individuals are self-sustaining by their own labor and effort. But nations and individuals accomplish this through the coöperation, conscious or not, of all other nations and individuals.

It is the growth of the great fundamental of all civilization — transportation — that has brought this about, the transportation of things,

of persons and of ideas, which latter we call communication. This is the means by which there has occurred that contact of human intelligences, one with another, which in the long course of human history has devised and produced all that advance civilization has attained. This is the means by which individuals in the most remote places are brought together almost as effectively as if they were face to face.

THUS there is actually a new world for all mankind. The Nineteenth Century gave us the railroad, the steamship, the telegraph and the ocean cable. The Twentieth Century has already given us the airplane, the automobile and the radio, and it is only one quarter gone. The isolation of peoples is ended and anyone who tunes in on a Saturday night on the radio station sending personal messages to the lonely men scattered far and wide over the great Canadian and Alaskan Northwest will realize that the isolation of individuals is rapidly coming to its end. It is related that the newspaper sponsoring the Byrd Expedition to the Antarctic checks the messages it receives from him on its own radio station by having one of its employees receive them also at his own station a few miles away in a nearby State. Recently, as the story goes, it desired to communicate by telephone with this checker, but could get no response to its call because he was listening to Byrd. Thereupon it radioed to Byrd to tell the checker to answer his telephone and in a few moments the checker was reporting to the newspaper that he had heard from the Antarctic that the office wanted him.

This New World is busier than the Old World ever dreamed of being in supplying the needs and wants of the people in every section of it, and those wants are steadily increasing in volume and variety. The process is cumulative, for the satisfaction of one set of wants not only creates a further set but furnishes the means with which they may be satisfied. Trade begets trade. Generally speaking the more trade there is the more there will be. There used to be somewhat prevalent in this country a theory that in any market there is only a certain amount of business which can be done, and that if a new concern comes in, whatever business it gets must necessarily take that same amount away from those already there. But that theory ignores the normal processes of growth, and leads only to depression and distress. Markets are elastic, not static, and the closer the contact of individuals, one with another, all over the world, the more work there will be to do and the more trade there will be for all.

IT IS still customary in this and other countries to speak of domestic trade and foreign trade as if there were some fundamental difference between them. But there is not. There is a difference in procedure and in method, but not in principle. Sales terms, credit conditions, packing and shipping requirements and financing methods will differ for trade with different countries and sometimes for different sections of the same country. But that is just what occurs within the United States. The basic principle is the same for all the varying transactions. The pur-

pose of the producer is to sell his product. It is the sale of the last ten to fifteen per cent of production that renders the whole operation profitable. And one sale has precisely the same effect upon disposition of output that another sale has, regardless of the locality where either is made. It is the fact of the sale, not its geographical location, which brings the desired result. As James A. Farrell, President of the United States Steel Corporation, said in a recent public speech, a man who makes a thousand machines in a year has a thousand machines to sell, and a sale in Buluwayo, Christmas Island or Novorosisk has exactly the same effect upon the disposition of the machines as a sale in Kankakee or Tallahassee.

If, then, we agree that prosperity is, in fact, "successful progress in one's enterprises; material well-being," and that it is desired generally by all men all the time, we must also agree that what we call "foreign trade" is an essential contributor to it.

ANY producer, or any trader will readily agree that "more" trade would be a good thing and is desirable. On what other possible theory did the man who started canning tomatoes in Penn Yan branch out into the canning of corn, peas and beans also, and then into canning fruits? On what other theory did he extend his sales from Yates into Tompkins county and then into Chemung and Broome and Monroe? And then why did he go on into other States and across the border into Canada and finally into other countries? Simply to get more trade, more business and more profit.

What was the effect of this expansion of his enterprise? First of all it called for more labor on the part of the producers of fruits and vegetables in the vicinity of his packing plant. They exerted that labor and got their reward in the cash he paid them for their product. Next it called for more labor on the part of the employees of his plant and they, too, got their reward in more wages for the greater amount of work they did. Next it called for more labor and service on the part of the transportation companies employed in delivering the canned fruits and vegetables to the jobbers and retailers in various parts of the world who sold them to the consumers. And there was more money put into more circulation as a direct result.

THEN the farmers who grew the vegetables and fruits spent the money paid them by the canner for various things they needed or wanted — food, perhaps, and clothing and shelter, and maybe automobiles or radios and movies. And the men and women who produced those things got their compensation accordingly and in their turn bought hats and shoes, watermelons and ice cream. And so it went, with the effect of that one plant ramifying all over the United States and into a lot of foreign countries. So it goes with the effect of the other 297,000 plants, of every sort and variety, all over this land, until all the people of the United States are linked indissolubly to all the myriad transactions that make up the volume of our huge commerce. When it is recalled that in these days some five billion dollars' worth of American products are shipped every

year to the peoples of other countries, and that every one of these products has a reflex upon all our people, it becomes a matter past question that the maintenance and expansion of our "foreign" trade is of importance to the well-being of all our hundred and twenty millions.

It is not difficult to state a fundamental rule for the prosperity of any people, anywhere, at any time. It is simply "occupation". Now occupation means production and production necessarily connotes disposition of the thing produced. The fact is that the industrial development of the United States has been such that, operating at normal rate and reasonably full handed, we are now capable of producing, and do annually produce, substantially more than the normal requirements of our people for consumption. Under such circumstances one of two things must happen. Either our producers must find other markets for a substantial part of their surplus or they will have to curtail their production. Curtailment of production means unemployment, stagnation of industry and business, distress and even disaster. The ultimate result is the soup kitchen, the bread line and public subscription to charitable organizations to aid in meeting and relieving the distress. It is the antithesis of prosperity. Finding other markets for their surplus — that is "foreign trade" — means, on the other hand, continuation of occupation for labor and capital, the payment of wages and dividends, the maintenance of business, and that successful progress in enterprise which, in a word, is prosperity.

The American people had a great object lesson in all this only a few years ago; so great, so far reaching in its effect, and so spectacular, withal, that it is a wonder anyone who went through it could ever let it get out of his mind for a moment. In the summer of 1914 this country was going along its usual course in its usual way, with hardly any sign of untoward development anywhere. There was a slight recession of business activity, the cause of which was a matter of lively discussion between the advocates of protective tariffs on one side and the protagonists of a revenue tariff on the other. But basically nothing whatever was wrong in the United States. The great factors of enterprise, production, transportation, communication and finance were functioning normally and well. The nation was at work, producing and distributing as usual.

Then came the outbreak of war in Europe, and in a single day bleak disaster smote this happy land. Every form of enterprise and every agency of business felt the effect, and there was immediate general curtailment of activities everywhere. At once there was a staggering volume of unemployment, with its myriad forms of consequent distress. In New York and other cities food houses were opened and bread lines were formed. Every day from my office window I could see long lines of men and women waiting in the street to receive from a charitable organization a dole of bread. The Y. M. C. A., Salvation Army and other organizations were soliciting public contributions with which to give employment to men who could not find work at

their regular vocations. Five hours a day was all they could give, and ten cents an hour was their rate of pay.

Yet only one thing had happened, there was only one cause for this distress. It was that our foreign trade had been checked. The nations in Europe which had gone to war owned most of the ships that were engaged in carrying our exports from our shores and bringing our imports to them. Less than ten per cent of our foreign commerce was borne in vessels under the American flag. The nations at war withdrew their vessels from their peaceful occupation and put them into belligerent service. Almost in a day our exports and our imports were reduced approximately to nothing, and it was not until the belligerent nations began to feel the need of military and other supplies from the United States, that they sent their ships here again. Even then it was not to carry our commerce that the vessels came, but to secure the supplies their owners needed for war purposes. Four or five months of dire disaster was the effect upon this country of this check to our foreign trade. There could hardly be a greater or more convincing demonstration of the true relationship of foreign commerce to the prosperity of every individual in the United States than this.

We are proud of the growth of our country, of its development in enterprise and industry. We constantly seek to increase our great production. But unless we also seek successfully to distribute that increasing production in other markets, we shall surely invite disaster.

# A Body and Soul Clinic

By John Lee Maddox

*Where clergymen and physicians mobilize the combined power of religion and science for the cure of human ailments*

"Heart absolutely normal." Lowering his stethoscope, the chief physician of the Body and Soul Clinic at St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie looked over the rims of his glasses into the face of the patient. The face was worth studying. Fear had been written in every line of it while the stethoscope was in position and great drops of perspiration still stood out upon the forehead. At the matter-of-fact "heart absolutely normal", the fear was supplanted by a look of bewilderment.

"What made you think you had heart trouble?" asked the physician sympathetically.

The story came jumpily, nervously, and with much emotion. The patient, plainly a man of intelligence and fair education, explained that he was forty years of age and of Irish extraction. Up to the outbreak of the World War, he said, he never knew he had a heart. Then, however, he began to worry. Suppose that he should be drafted, sent over seas — what then? He did not care about himself, but what of the wife and two children? He brooded over this gloomy prospect and could think of little else. In a short time, going about his daily tasks, he experienced a tired feeling and a thin, restless sleep was all that he could get at night. When the dreaded summons from the draft board came, the man was rejected for military service — because of his heart.

The seed had been sown; the prisoner had listened to his doom. He had heart trouble and although he would never be killed in battle he might drop dead at any moment.

He went home and at once began to have heart symptoms — pains in the chest, shortness of breath on exertion and rapid pulse. His work as a tenement house inspector took him up many flights of stairs and always, before the climb, he would sit down on the curb and give way to tears of terror. He could not enter an elevator without experiencing distress in the region of the thorax.

He went from doctor to doctor. One told him that his heart was sound, another heard an unusual noise in the chest, a third called him a fool, warning him that if he did not stop worrying he would shortly have cause for real worry. These contra-

dictory reports increased his mental perturbation, and he grew so cranky that his wife could not understand him and the happiness of his home was endangered.

At last he was advised to present himself for treatment at New York's unique Body and Soul Clinic, an enterprise of the church of St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie. Thither he went with little hope of benefit or relief.

"But," said the physician, "there is all the hope in the world for you. You have no heart trouble. Your difficulty is fear — fear, not of your heart, not even of death, but of the emotions which sweep over you at the thought of your heart and all the associations you have built up around it. You do not fear stairways, you do not really fear death, for no person could really wish to live as you are now living. What you do fear is the emotional upheaval which suffocates you and sets your heart to pounding when you are forced to face any one of the train of associations from which you are trying to escape."

THE patient replied that he saw the physician's point, but that he could not understand what good a knowledge of his trouble would do if the emotions persisted in sweeping over him.

The doctor answered that after an examination and diagnosis the sufferer would receive a definite, scientific course of physical and psychical treatment in response to which a sense of well-being would come over him and that, in due course of time, his fear would be completely assimilated.

The examination and diagnosis were made, the treatment was applied. Relief, according to the patient's testimony, was almost immediate. For some time he had ups and downs, but the downs soon lost their terror, and in a short time he was well. He came and went freely, fearing neither elevators nor stairways, and with restored health, happiness returned to his home.

This man is typical of thousands who have passed through the Body and Soul Clinic at St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie.

ST. MARK'S, it may be interesting to remark, is, for the United States, an ancient church. It stands in New York City upon the original site of Governor Peter Stuyvesant's Bouwerie, or country seat, and its crypt contains all that is left of the Dutch Governor's mortal remains. And in this old church something new in the way of physical, mental and spiritual healing is being attempted. Without pretense of magic, or divination, or miracle working, but operating upon a sanely scientific basis, the enterprise is apparently meeting with success. Since its beginning nearly six years ago, more than twenty thousand patients have passed through the treatment rooms and, according to the records, nearly every case has been benefited.

The importance, in the metropolis of the country, of such a free clinic will be borne in upon the reader by a contemplation of the recent rapid increase in the number of persons suffering from nervous troubles. According to Dr. Horatio M. Pollock, Director of the Statistical Bureau of the New York State Department of Mental Hygiene, the rate of increase

of nervous or mental diseases far exceeds that of the general population. In 1880 the number of such patients in public institutions was 40,942 or 81.6 per 100,000 of the general population. In 1890 the number per hundred thousand had increased to 118.2. In 1923 the patients in 105 hospitals for mental disease in thirty States were 218.5 per 100,000 of population; and by 1927, the latest year for which statistics are available, 226.9.

LET it be understood that, although the St. Mark's movement combines medicine with religion, it is neither an establishment for the practice and propagation of fads, nor an institution of psychoanalytic performance, nor a cult of divine healing.

The Body and Soul Medical and Mental Clinic functions under the direction of the National Association for the Advancement of Scientific Healing, an organization founded to promote scientific coöperation between religion and medicine, particularly for the treatment of those delicate, functional, nervous diseases known as psychoneuroses. On the board of directors are such distinguished men as William G. McAdoo, Samuel Untermyer, George Gordon Battle, the Rev. E. Clowes Chorley, the Rev. Guy Emery Shipler, and the Rev. Joseph A. Leighton.

For the work of physical, mental and spiritual healing, the church buildings are utilized not only on Sundays but throughout the week. Clergymen, social workers and physicians coöperate daily to the end that religion and medicine may bring peace and health to the whole man. The clergymen include, besides William Norman Guthrie, rector of St. Mark's, half a dozen other influential religious leaders of New York and New Jersey. Various well known physicians are identified with the project. And this last group is no less important in the work than the first, for although the clinic operates in, and is sponsored by, a church, it definitely recognizes medical supervision. Contrarily, it is the first clinic under medical supervision to recognize that religion has a vital place in the treatment of disease.

THE founder and director of the Body and Soul Clinic (and also the founder of the National Association for the Advancement of Scientific Healing) is Dr. Edward Spencer Cowles, a graduate of the University College of Medicine at Richmond, Virginia, and of Harvard Medical School. While a medical student Dr. Cowles determined to specialize in the field of psychoneurotic disorders. Eventually he worked out an independent technique of treatment and now constantly applies it, both in private practice and at St. Mark's.

At the clinic everybody, irrespective of race, creed or color, is welcomed without money and without price, and the authorities try to give close attention to every phase of a patient's life — physical, mental, moral, social and spiritual.

The first step is what a patient would encounter in any conventional clinic. It is — to the surprise of some who come vaguely prepared for exorcisms and anointing with oils and other superstitious practices too often associated with religious healings —

no more and no less than a thorough physical examination by skilled men of medicine.

This examination includes every modern medical test which may throw light upon the patient's condition.

If infections are found they are removed as far as possible by the clinic's physicians; if surgical interference is indicated it is arranged for with no expense to the patient; if so-called social diseases are found, the patient is put under active treatment until all traces disappear.

This searching entrance examination sharply differentiates the St. Mark's clinic from faddism, cultism and faith healing. And, thanks to it, the physicians often find and successfully treat conditions which if neglected might cost the patient his life.

JUST as the St. Mark's clinic differs from faddism so does it differ from the usual clinic and hospital. Here the distinction is the mental examination which follows the physical. In this the examiner leads the patient to tell his life's history in ten-year periods for the double purpose of revealing any mental conflicts, and of tracing them from their beginnings. The clinic staff then study and correlate the findings of both physical and mental examinations and diagnose the case upon a basis of all factors.

Not infrequently, examiners learn from the mental history that there are conflicts due to home conditions. Then a skilled social worker is sent to investigate. If he finds that unfavorable conditions are exaggerated, he endeavors by constructive explanation to remove the kinks from the patient's mind. But if he finds real troubles — a sick child, a husband out of employment, a household below the standard of decent living — he reports back to the clinic council. Then the most practical kind of relief is given — the sick child is cared for, a situation is found for the unemployed, and ways are devised to raise the standard of living. It is not difficult to understand how social service of this kind would greatly facilitate both physical and mental recovery.

The physicians at the clinic are heartily in accord with the theory that mental trouble is responsible for more physical sickness than is usually supposed. Many authorities assert that there is as much bodily distress caused by mental disorders as there is mental distress caused by bodily disorders, and the doctors at St. Mark's hold that fully eighty per cent of such physical ills as stomach and intestinal disturbances may be traced to mental causes.

AS REGARDS mental diseases, they contend that these, whatever their symptoms, are caused by a superimposition of mental and emotional disturbances upon nerve cell exhaustion. The nerve cell in its normal state represents one hundred units of energy. An individual, in the routine duties of the day, may use up twenty units and suffer no injury, provided he has a good night's rest. But when overwork, or fear, or worry reduces the nerve cell energy so that it ranges permanently between eighty and sixty units, the patient is in the neurasthenic field. When the nerve cell energy drops to between

sixty and forty units the patient is in the field of melancholia where he has the despair of a lost soul and suicidal intentions. When the nerve cell energy drops to between forty and twenty units, the patient is in the field of mania, his symptoms being characterized by flight of ideas — the mind leaping like wildfire from thought to thought. When the nerve cell energy falls below twenty degrees the patient is in the field of delirium and exhaustion.

THE St. Mark's physicians do not tell a patient in whom one of these conditions exists that he only imagines he is sick and that if he does not stop worrying he will eventually fetch up in a madhouse. Instead they treat the sick mind so as to restore it to health, thus enabling it to stop worrying, by a method as exact and certain, in the hands of the man who understands it, as is the knife in the hands of the brain surgeon. By application of this method, combining medicine and suggestion, they maintain that painful bodily sensations are eased, nerve cells take up nourishment and increase their energy content, and the impulses which had been violently breaking over the nerve threshold are held in check.

It is remarkable to learn from this class of sufferers how their symptoms in a short time subside, their digestions improve, their appetites increase, a pervasive sense of well-being comes over them, they recover their balance, and become well and able again to take up life and work.

The organist of a large New York church characterized his malady as doubt obsession. A short time before, a fire had broken out in the church and damaged the organ. He began to wonder whether the accident had been caused by carelessness. After every practice hour he would carefully examine the organ, lock it up, and start for home — twenty miles from the city. But after he had taken his train a distressing doubt would often drive him to get off at the first station and return to the church only to find that all was well. Sometimes the pernicious doubt would flare up, banish sleep, and compel him to get out of bed. He made that trip to New York one grewsome night three separate times, reviled himself as a hopeless idiot, and the next morning presented himself at the clinic, certain that he was insane. After a few weeks' treatment he was well, sleeping soundly, with the torturing doubt forever dispelled.

A YOUNG lawyer, a few years after having established himself in a lucrative practice, found himself obsessed by an unreasonable fear of entering his own office. He could not muster sufficient courage to pass through the door because of an undefined fear of meeting his employees. This fear upset his entire nervous system and he was really a sick man. In only a few weeks, after treatment at St. Mark's, he was completely cured.

An actor for twelve years had been afraid, during the summer months, to venture into the open lest he suffocate. For two years before submitting to treatment he had not been outside his house in July and August. He thought he was the only person in the world harassed in such a manner and was ashamed to tell anyone. After two or three weeks at St. Mark's he

was entirely well and could go to any place in any kind of weather.

An interesting feature of the clinic is the periodical gathering of patients, new and old, sick and well, young and middle-aged. The attendance is always so great that there is scarcely standing room in the parish hall. A programme, in which prominent dramatic artists often take part, is rendered, refreshments are served, and the evening is brought to a close with dancing.

IT HAS been found that these parties stimulate new patients and quicken the interest of others; that they satisfy the instinct for healthful play in the lives of individuals who have little opportunity for pleasure; that they furnish occasions for young persons to meet in a proper manner; besides affording the staff opportunity for observing all patients under ordinary environmental conditions. That the warm human atmosphere and hospitable spirit react upon patients favorably is evident from their sympathetic behavior toward one another. The attitude of all toward a young mother who fancied that she loved neither her baby nor an older child illustrates this. As she began to improve, the others were gratified.

"Have you seen Mrs. T. today? She has brought the baby's picture to show us. And she is telling everybody how well the other little fellow is doing at school. You can see that she is very proud."

As to the part of religion in this work, it is believed at St. Mark's that man has a soul and that if body and soul are to be kept together, in the highest sense, account must be taken not only of the sick body and mind but likewise of the sick spirit. The clergymen, therefore, give their services, not as spirit exorcisers, but as re-educators of the unfortunate whose condition may be owing to theological conflicts.

The clinic records indicate that the prevailing theological burden is the fear of having committed the Unpardonable Sin. Although none can tell what this sin is, many believe they have committed it. So, after the physician does his work, the clergyman begins his ministrations by explaining that authorities disagree as to what constitutes the Unpardonable Sin. The most reasonable definition, he points out, is that those guilty of this offense are dead to every impulse of good, incapable of any beneficent thought, word, or deed. It is not difficult to prove to the patient that he does not belong to so low a category; and the instant he is convinced, his cure begins.

A CASE in point is that of a nervous, delicate girl. One Sunday in church she conceived the idea of substituting the words "holy post" for Holy Ghost. She was at once conscience-stricken. The tortured and keenly sensitive mind began to find substitutes for every sacred word and phrase and presently these substitutions grew unclean in character. Presently she became convinced that she was the vilest of the vile and that there was no hell deep enough for her. At St. Mark's a wise clergyman took her in hand. He convinced her that she was not a wicked girl; on the contrary, it was her pureness of mind that made her suffer from the belief that she had insulted God. He finally

led her to see that if she were sinful and sacrilegious, she would glory in the fact, flaunting her blasphemies openly and brazenly. After three months the patient had recovered, went into training, and is now herself nursing sick bodies and souls.

The conviction at St. Mark's that whatever a patient's illness and whatever the treatment, a spiritual revitalization is of decided benefit, is further attested by a religious gathering held each clinic day in the main body of the church for all patients who are approximately normal. The physicians have completed their work, and patients sent to outside specialists have returned. All assemble in the sanctuary. The light stealing through the stained glass windows is soft and dim. The church is enshrouded in an atmosphere of quiet, beauty, and peace. A deep reverence for holy things wells up in every heart. After a few moments of restful, worshipful quiet, a clergyman, or an educator, or a physician, makes a short address, re-educational and spiritual in character. The speakers do not attempt to teach any particular doctrine or creed, but they try to open up spiritual horizons. They stress an active as well as a passive faith. They strive to impress upon the patients that the faith which moves mountains is not a faith that waits for mountains to move, but a positive act of conquest. This stimulating ideal is set forth for the purpose of making the listeners appreciate that man will conquer every difficulty, rid himself of all sickness and disease, and rise to an ascendancy over nature, when he has the persistent faith to discover, and the obedient faith to comply with, the necessary laws. At the close of the address, everyone is asked to relax during a simple service of meditation consisting of words of spiritual comfort and consolation taken for the most part from the Scriptures. After this service all sit quietly for a time. Then every patient goes out into the sunshine of a freer and happier life of body, soul, and spirit.

# Other Games for Golfers

By Raymond Walters

*In which the Dean of Swarthmore offers some intellectual equivalents to solace the devotee of the links when weather prevents his major pursuit*

To list the charms of golf as golfers see them would be to pile up the poetical tributes of lovers to their ladies from Herrick down to Yeats. "Aye!" comments a veteran of the links; "but the golfer is more constant!"

Analyzing these charms with the scientific detachment of a devotee of the rival goddess tennis, I find three compelling explanations of why golfers leave home: First, the lure of playing oneself, instead of merely watching others play; Second, the difficulties of the game, entailing an assiduous and interminable wooing; Third, the combination of the unexpected and the familiar in every shot.

Now tennis also has these — but that may pass. Let golf, in view of the numerical supremacy of its millions of followers, stand for both of these ancient games which keep their lovers from final bliss, "though winning near the goal".

Since our industrial and business system grants most of us a weekly bonus of leisure undreamed of by our fathers who knew not golf, the question arises as to our use of the time when links are dark, icy or soggy with spring and summer rains. (Our veteran of the links here remarks: "Cold, mud, rain, may deter the dilettante; snow and Stygian darkness are the only inhibitors of the true golfer.")

Are there indoor equivalents of these outdoor fascinations? To limit the question, What are the intellectual parallels of golf? Our use of the term intellectual will arbitrarily rule out such exercises of mental agility as bridge and poker; and it will similarly eliminate the radio, the movies, most stage plays, most concerts, and much reading. For our purposes the term (following the Greek conception) will include the artistic as well as the intellectual; each for itself and not for educational or ethical by-products.

Others may name their alternatives. I cite five intellectual parallels for golf; parallels pursued not professionally but as a diversion; possessing golf's characteristics of difficulty, unexpectedness, familiarity; and above all demanding that the individual shall not merely see and

hear but shall himself participate — swing his own driver at his own ball.

The first parallel may be found in systematic reading. How widely such reading prevails is indicated in the figures of the American Library Association. During the past few years more than two million persons have purchased, in public libraries throughout the country, pamphlets in the *Reading with a Purpose* series, published by the Association. Among varied types of library patrons there has been an extraordinary response to the recommendations of these introductory pamphlets, grouping books in philosophy, history, economics, international relations, psychology, music, sculpture, painting and other fields. Thousands have taken up the thirty-one reading courses of the United States Bureau of Education. President Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books and similar collections continue to sell largely. Beyond these general recommendations other thousands are taking advantage of reading plans for their individual tastes offered by staff experts of the Chicago Library, the Detroit Library, the Cleveland Library, the libraries of Newark, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, Seattle, Milwaukee, Syracuse, Dayton, Grand Rapids, and other cities.

IN RURAL parts of the South and West, where free library facilities are meagre, some of the State Universities are supplying by mail both books and guidance. There has been a great popularity in the home reading courses conducted by seventeen institutions: the Universities of Arizona, Arkansas, Colorado, Florida, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, North Carolina, North Dakota, Oregon, South Carolina, South Dakota, Utah, Virginia, State College of Washington, and Wisconsin. Dr. Learned cites one farmer who reported to his book station a co-operative enterprise by which his wife read aloud to him over ninety books in one year — while he milked the cows!

THAT college men and women may, as alumni, have the continuing intellectual guidance of Alma Mater is the aim of a movement now becoming national in scope. Princeton made a beginning in this field in 1920. Amherst, Michigan, Pennsylvania, Smith, Vassar and a few others have done pioneer work in affording their alumni services which included reading courses, reading lists, loan libraries and personal advisory counsel. One college enrolled 1,700 alumni for reading courses. And now the American Alumni Council, composed of alumni secretaries of colleges and universities in all parts of the United States, is joining with the American Association for Adult Education in a plan for continuing education after graduation.

These several enterprises are, it should be stressed, not courses for vocational or professional training; they aim to make systematic reading for the individual an intellectual project.

The possibilities of reading as a game — a true parallel for golf — are hinted at in the Faerie Queene Club of Professor Phelps, and in the American Legion group numbering legionnaires who have read in its entirety Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. Since they did

not read to get their salaries raised nor too patently for self-improvement, these readers do not hesitate, any more than do golfers, to tell their score.

WHAT opportunities there are here, if only we avoid the pedantic and the second-rate! Not anthologies nor excerpts nor books about books, but entire writings (in separate volumes, whenever possible). Inviting the reader is the rich range of human thought: poetry, history, biography, the drama, philosophy, science; with fields stretching beyond and beyond, an infinite variety defying boredom. Whatever his tastes, the reader may have his round of nine holes or eighteen or thirty-six in Chaucer's *Troilus*, or Shakespeare's historical plays, or Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, or Grote's *History of Greece*, or the philosophy of Kant or of William James, or the science lectures of Huxley or of Tyndall, or the complete novels of Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Trollope, or Galsworthy.

Someone should devise rules for reading as a game, with a variety of areas for personal inclination, with a scheme of scoring for a winter season and a summer season, *but no system of academic credits or diplomas*. Then we could make the realm of intellect a playing-field and proceed, in Santayana's words, "to sport according to the rules of the game, and . . . do things for the sake of doing them, rather than for any ulterior motive."

A second intellectual parallel for golf is amateur authorship. There are no statistics, but the uncounted host of non-professionals who are working on poems, stories, essays, movie scenarios, novels and plays probably approaches the number of golfers; attest, magazine editors, book publishers, movie and theatrical producers.

Far from being deplorable or laughable, this condition is healthy and prognostic. One authentic sign of a nation turning intellectual is a luxuriant crop of amateur writers. As Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch has said, "in poesy as in every other human business, the more there are who practise it the greater will be the chance of *someone's* reaching perfection." If it is "the impetus of the undistinguished host that flings forward a Diomed or a Hector," America may look for a revival of letters such as the era of Emerson and Hawthorne.

MEANWHILE, as with the undistinguished golfer, the undistinguished writer finds satisfaction in trying to better his game. He is happier when, like the amateur golfer, he keeps away from professional competition until long practice in literary driving and putting has developed expertness. That numerous amateurs are obtaining such practice in Pepysian recording is suggested by the brisk sale of diaries reported by publishers. This revival of an old-time custom may have been stimulated by the diarising of newspaper column conductors. In these columns hundreds of amateurs each year make fledgling flights, with contributions of verse and paragraphs that are often of praiseworthy quality.

Both for practice in writing and as a literary form in itself, the paper

read before a women's club is affording the intellectual woman a real opportunity. The same thing is true for the man who addresses a business or professional association or a "service club." Precisely because they are so often bored, club audiences are appreciative of really clear thinking, felicitous phrasing, humor and brevity.

Music may furnish a third intellectual parallel for golf. Among the millions in America who hear music with pleasure there are now a multitude who have learned to listen to it with understanding also. More eager than any golfer, if you should ask them, are those lovers of music who follow by score the concerts of the symphony orchestras in Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Cincinnati, Detroit, Los Angeles and other cities. Here, as with the reading of books, there may be apprehension at once active and intellectual.

The ideal parallel with golf is when your lover of music is an amateur performer. Even though his performance reminds neighbors of Keats's lines, "Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter," your amateur is happy with a happiness comparable with that of the golfer who is sure his game is improving.

The number of musical amateurs throughout the country is increasing prodigiously. Canon Fellowes has told how, in Elizabethan England, it was quite expected that one should join the after-dinner group in playing the lute and in part-time singing of madrigals. A forecast of something approaching this in the America of the future may be seen in the hundreds of orchestras and bands in schools and in the new standard of taste and attainment of college musical clubs.

What a community chorus may accomplish is demonstrated in the annual festivals of the Bach Choir at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. Conductor J. Fred Wolle has proved that men and women without exceptional voice and without previous professional training may combine to produce, as a chorus, singing of a standard transcendently beyond their individual capacities. Because of their enduring ardor and Dr. Wolle's leadership, these singers experience the joy of artistic rendition of Bach's mighty works.

The field of the fine arts furnishes a fourth parallel for golf. Until day before yesterday, the atmosphere of the art museum was that of an expensive and correct jewelry store. Museum directors changed that almost overnight. Today they utilize department store methods of advertising and salesmanship to attract the public to view their own and loan exhibits, to listen to lectures and gallery talks. How successful the new policy is may be illustrated in the record of the largest of American museums, the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City. The 1928 record shows a total of one million visitors; attendances of more than 50,000 persons at 850 lectures, and 70,000 at eight free concerts; 31,000 receiving staff instruction, 4,000 receiving special assistance, and 3,000 borrowing loan collections.

Dealers in artists' supplies will tell you that business men frequently come to their stores, somewhat on

the sly, to buy paints, brushes, canvas, drawing materials. The first organization of business men to meet regularly to draw and to paint under guidance was the Amateur Art Club of Chicago, established several years ago. The plan is spreading, and clubs of business men in Denver, Cleveland, Minneapolis, Philadelphia and other cities now find art effort an absorbing and rewarding hobby.

What the exhibitions of art museums offer to residents of large cities and suburbs is partly duplicated for those in smaller communities and rural districts through the activity of the General Federation of Women's Clubs. The Federation lends travelling exhibits of painting and sculpture to women's clubs in localities away from the art centres.

A FIFTH form of intellectual golf may be found in certain of the enterprises which are catalogued as adult education. In this market-basket term are included workers' education, corporation courses, private correspondence courses; public evening schools, schools of the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations, the Knights of Columbus, and the Hebrew Associations; library and museum offerings; Chautauquas, lyceums, open forums, etc. — a group of activities now coördinated in the American Association for Adult Education.

Of the legions of men and women thus engaged, probably ninety-nine out of every hundred are studying and reading to advance themselves in their vocations. But there are, in large cities and small, in rural districts, and on ships at sea, many men of many minds who are one in pursuing adult education with the spirit expressed by the Workers' Education Association of England: not bread and butter subjects but sustained intellectual effort. Such individuals surely qualify under our definition as intellectual golfers.

A CLOSING thought. Golf unquestionably holds the record for sports begun by players no longer youthful. There now comes evidence that the intellectual parallels for golf have the same possibilities. Experiments of Dr. E. L. Thorndike, the eminent psychologist, showed that a group of an average of forty-two years acquired various forms of knowledge nearly as fast as a group averaging twenty-two years, and that the ability to learn declines so slowly that "persons under fifty years should seldom be deterred from trying to learn anything they really need to learn by the fear that they are too old. And to a lesser degree this is true after fifty years also."

Anything which we really need to learn! That should embrace, I think, learning to make the intellectual world a playing-field where the amateur plays the game for the game's sake.

# What the Churches Must Do

By Chauncey J. Hawkins

*Religion, says a prominent clergyman, must send men forth, not as sinners unto Judge, but as co-workers with Deity, to create a more livable world*

Sincere churchmen are attempting to shut their eyes to the crisis that confronts them, but they manifest a restlessness which indicates that they are not entirely blind to the situation before the Church. The conspicuous fact about modern Church life is that the leaders of organized Christianity are using every effort to stimulate "activity." They have adopted the methods of propaganda which have been used successfully by the secular world. Every denomination of Protestantism, as well as the Roman Catholic Church, makes use of the newspaper, the religious press and tracts to scatter ideas and methods over the earth. Every minister and priest is deluged with plans, appeals and commands issued from a central office. Committees are trying to drag young men into holy orders, a sign that the Church has lost her former spiritual compulsion. Missionary programmes and "study classes" are issued to the multitudes, who wonder what it is all about. The "social gospel" is proclaimed from professorial chairs, but its zeal is checked by its vagueness. We cannot escape the impression that all of this activity is an unconscious effort to cover a fundamental sickness, which is depleting the Church of spiritual power.

The disturbing fact is, that while the Churches, both Protestant and Catholic, are engaged in this "revival of propaganda," they are rapidly losing the more intellectual classes, while their recruiting is largely from the less intellectual strata of society. Their appeal is chiefly to the emotions. They make free use of ritual, pageant, drama and effectively staged sermons. Guignebert, professor of Christianity in the University of Paris, says: "In our days many (Catholic) priests bring their instructions to bear solely upon the great spiritual affirmations of religion and ethics; they neglect dogma deliberately, and in this way adjust Catholicism to the practical needs of the faithful." The result of this "practical" attitude of the Church is that she is continually losing her hold on the thoughtful element in society, while the scientific spirit, spread broadcast through magazines and

newspapers, continues to make disciples at a rapidly increasing rate.

The Protestant Church confronts an equally trying problem. When Luther and his followers broke with the Roman Church, they took with them from Scholasticism all that had been vital to the thought of the period. They renounced the Papacy and most of the ritual and ecclesiasticism of Rome, but they reaffirmed mediæval dogma.

PROTESTANTISM continued the traditional concepts of God, man and salvation. It differed chiefly in its emphasis on the methods by which this salvation was to be attained. While it denied the authority of the Church, it soon substituted the authority of the Bible and hence closed the door to free inquiry, which was rapidly becoming the spirit of modern culture. It was an authority which could not be enforced. The result was that Protestantism soon broke into a chaos of theological opinions and ritualistic abuses. With the exception of a comparatively small group of Modernists, Protestantism still clings to the infallibility of the Bible and closes the door to the method of science. Every effort it makes to effect a reunion of the Church only serves to emphasize its hopeless divisions, while the fight which the preponderating Fundamentalism makes against science, whether in the realm of biology or historical criticism, and her bitterness against Modernism, reveals the fact that Protestantism is as hopelessly committed to Scholasticism as is the Church of Rome. Nothing could be a more searching comment on the state of religion in Protestantism than the fact that showmen, like "Billy" Sunday and, we might add, show-women like Mrs. McPherson, represent an outstanding tendency in the Church of America, while over fifty per cent of the pulpits are occupied by uninformed ministers. Like Catholicism, the Protestant Church is making a mighty show of "activity." It is becoming a "seven day Church," with all sorts of clubs. But it has no doctrine which has been won out of its struggle with the modern world. We are inclined to affirm of Protestantism, as Guignebert did of Catholicism, "Logically, as well as historically, it does not seem as if it will find any other fate than that which remains for us when we have used up our strength and filled up the number of our days — to break up and die, to return to Nature the elements lent by her, that she may use them again according to her good pleasure."

THE last hope of the Church is in Modernism, as its followers are struggling to bring religion into harmony with the scientific spirit. Whether she will succeed is a debatable question. Already the Church of Rome has been triumphant over Modernism within her ranks and has silenced the voice of her scholars who sought to work a reform which would save the historic faith by bringing it into harmony with modern thought.

Modernism within the Protestant fold has not fulfilled the promise it gave the world a few years ago. The chief reason is that it has not yet created a dogma it can proclaim. The negative results of the Modernist have been important. He gave to the world the science of historical

criticism which took men back of Scholasticism to the Christ of history. He has destroyed the dogma of the infallibility of the Church and the Bible. He has reconstructed the Bible by telling us how it was written. But the results of historical criticism leave us cold when we ask for a religion. Professor Whitehead wisely remarks, "It is a curious delusion that the rock upon which our belief can be founded is an historical investigation." We are not living in the First Century of the Christian era; we cannot go backward. It is immaterial to us what Jesus taught, unless what He taught can be fitted into our world of the Twentieth Century. If we live in such a world as Nietzsche described, it may be logical to declare that Christianity is the most immoral blot upon our history. If this world is a blind machine, where things happen by chance, then why take any idealist in earnest?

If the Modernist is to contribute to the religious needs of our day he must create an adequate dogma in harmony with modern tendencies. Every great age in religion has had to do this and our age will be no exception. If we have said anything about the higher critics which might be construed as unkind, we affirm that such has not been our purpose. These men have been necessary to our age of transition in religion. There was much superstition that had to be cleared away and much dogma which was proclaimed on the authority of the inspired word of God which could not justify its claim. But now that the work of the critics has been done, the question arises whether the Church can create an adequate metaphysics on which a new theology can be built and which will be a satisfying explanation of religious experience.

Albert C. Dieffenbach, in his recently published book, *Religious Liberty*, utters a severe criticism against the Church, declaring that it has surrendered its search for truth and that the Fundamentalists are in possession in all the larger fields. "To-day the Modernists in all the denominations have retired. Not a notable figure remains in the field. . . . The movement to give us a liberated Church has bolted and collapsed." We do not think the situation is quite as black as Dr. Dieffenbach points out. Yet if we grant his contention, it does not follow that we are to accept his explanation of the cause of this disastrous retreat.

If Fundamentalism is entrenched in the Churches, it is only because men are reluctant to break away from old moorings until they are given something better. Modernism has failed to give us a Gospel to be preached. It is true that it has cleared the way for the creation of such a Gospel, destroying much of the "higher foolishness" that has accumulated about religion; but the day has come for the philosopher to build upon the critic and to create a message of good news for a generation that has been looking for bread and has been given a stone. The hope of the Church is in neither the Modernist nor the Fundamentalist, but in the man who can translate religious experience into the thought-forms of our day and through this language can fill the lives of men with a new hope.

Religion must prove its worth through the experience of the reality of the object worshiped. If we could prove by reason the existence of God, we might still have a God who is no real help to us. The astronomer might prove by abstract mathematics that there is a sun, yet the sun would not be real to us until we could feel its warmth. The final test of our religion will not be whether our logic is conclusive, but whether our worship is satisfying.

The worship of the Christian Church, during the past centuries, has gathered largely around the promise of the forgiveness of sins. It had reality to the worshiper because his whole conception of God and man made forgiveness the chief issue of life. It conceived of the world as a vast court. God was the Judge; man was the guilty culprit who had sinned in his first parent, Adam, and has continued to sin ever since. He was under condemnation and justly deserved the punishment which had been given to him. His greatest need was to escape this doom and when the Church, through its sacraments and theology, offered a way of escape, it was providing what was vital to man. It made possible escape from future doom and the winning of future happiness.

But in the light of our belief in an evolving world and our faith in Deity immanent in the process, we no longer regard this world as a court of justice nor God as the Judge. Our world is not primarily a place where rewards and punishments are dispensed to the righteous and the wicked, but a place where the chief object of life is to adjust itself to its environment. We know that life survives only as it is able to meet and fit itself to the world in which it lives. It must be remembered that our environment is not a static, dead-level world, but a world that is always changing, becoming more complex and requiring greater complexity and richness of life in the individual who is to meet it. What was environment, for instance, to the passengers on the *Mayflower* would be a very simple affair compared to the man who lives in New York in this generation. The requirements to meet the world of New York, with its complexity of business, social and political relationships, are much greater than the needs of the Pilgrim community.

The question arises, does the Church, through its worship, have anything to offer that will enable man to fit himself into this environment and build a better world? Can the Church meet men who have ceased to think of their world in the ancient fashion and who are now intent upon building a manhood and a womanhood which will make a better social order? The present day dramatization of mediævalism is offered to a generation that has ceased to be mediæval. The worship of the Church must be more than a sacred concert or a religious lecture, if it is to meet the present day needs. Through its worship it must lift men to a new level of life, giving to them the consciousness that it fits them to meet present demands and overcome the drag of the past, and send them forth fitted to build a new and better world.

We do not forget that not all men are builders. There are wounded

souls, men who have lost in the battle of life, who have been cut and scarred by their sins and who are crying, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me?" Sorrow frequently leaves a sting that numbs life and makes the future dark and unpromising. Disappointment takes courage from many lives and leaves them crippled along the way. Such people reach for cosmic support. They want a God who is a place of refuge in the time of trouble. Religion has always offered to such people a way of escape and it is not conceivable that any religion can long survive which does not offer help to the submerged in spirit. On the other hand, worship must never create a race of lazy men who excuse the ills and shortcomings of society by removing from men the responsibility to correct these evils, and push it on to the inscrutable mystery.

There is probably no danger that the Church will cease to speak of hope for the broken-hearted; but until the Church, through its worship, arouses men to go forth as coworkers with God for the creation of a more livable world, there will always be a much larger proportion of sufferers on the earth than there is any need to be.

Worship, both in the Roman Catholic and Protestant Churches, has lost many of the most intelligent Christians because the fundamental idea upon which it rests is no longer real to them. It no longer brings to them a feeling of the presence of God because it still presents God in the garb they have discarded. Protestants go to church and become an audience, a group of listeners. They no longer pray, but listen to the minister pray. They wait restlessly through the "opening service" for the sermon to begin. Professor Pratt, writing of the Catholic service, says: "In Italy and France, for example, there are a great many good men — nominally Catholics — to whom the Mass is simply foolishness. To them, the Latin mumbling of the priest is a useless repetition, and the incense and candles are a kind of earnest nonsense. Not believing strongly or at all in the Real Presence . . . they fail to get anything out of the service, hence they stay away."

Nothing can be more evident than the fact that both Protestants and Catholics remain away from the Church because they feel the meaninglessness of the worship, yet retain a feeling of sympathy with the Church. They would like to see it offer them something real and they believe it could do so. But the Church fails to give them what they ask.

Before the Church will meet this need it must break with the past and clearly recognize and define what its task is. This will not be easy to accomplish. The Church has never yet seriously undertaken the task of lifting the present world to the emergent level of Deity as it was manifested in the moral attitude of Jesus. The actual degeneration of the Church began when she conquered Rome. For generations she had not given any thought to the redemption of the present world. She expected daily that all governments on earth would suddenly come to an end, Christ would return and the faithful

would be taken by Him to His eternal kingdom. But, as the generations passed and Christ did not return, and as the Church became a ruler over the secular affairs of Rome, and Christians turned to the creation of government and the social structure, then they faced the question as to what manner of men they should be as they undertook these tasks.

THE moral standards of the Christ seemed too high for mortal men to follow. The result was that they remained churchly in their dogmas and became secular in their conduct. The ethics of the pagan European became their ethics, while their lips mumbled the ritual and theology of the Church. As statesmen, as social builders and in their private life, they followed the ways of their barbarian inheritance, while they took the Mass as their guaranty of salvation from future torment. The statesmen of Europe, for the most part Churchmen, have never risen above the trickery and selfishness of their early forbears, and the Church, whenever it has entered the temporal realm, has made no attempt to rise above the moral level of contemporary life. It is much more than a half truth that Christianity has never yet been tried. Until the Church sincerely faces this fact and has the courage to attempt to bring the world to a new level of life, it will have no leadership to offer men who are crying for a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness.

It is the task of the Church to bring men to the realization of a world that has Creative Purpose at the heart of it, a living God Who is the Power by which emergents emerge. No wonder men feel they have been given a stone when the whole liturgy of the Church drags them away to the conception of a God Who apparently has nothing to do with the making of the present world and Whose only function seems to be that of a parole officer who gets them out of prison. The man of our day waits for a new worship that will send him back to his task with the feeling that he is working through mechanism with a God Who is in the whole process, Who has been manifesting His glory through successive levels of moral values, that the Deity in the process of nature and history has burst upon the world at a new level in the Christ, a level of love and good-will, toward which all the nations look for deliverance.

NOTHING can have any place in the worship of the future which does not make man feel that he receives in the Church a motivation which will enable him to dedicate his life to the task of building a world of which he has learned through the cultural agencies and the idealism of his time. Instead of causing him to feel when he enters the Church that he has entered into an atmosphere which is foreign to the world with which his daily life has made him familiar, he must find that the Church is a place where his whole life, and that of the world which he has temporarily left behind, are lifted into the presence of God and that he is fitted through worship to make the world to which he will return more Godlike.

Added to the work of education

must come the work of motivation. This is the most important function of worship. The man who is brought into the presence of the God of moral values must rise with his lips touched by the coals from the altar, crying from the depth of his awakened soul, "Here am I; send me." Instead of making him feel his helplessness in the winning of his salvation, he must be made to feel that he is a crusader, who by the help of the indwelling Deity can yet make a world which will be a more glorious manifestation of the Divine Striver at the heart of the evolving social order.

INSTEAD of erecting miracle, either of nature or grace, as the centre of worship, the Church must place the Christ of moral idealism as the centre of its worship. The Virgin Birth, the Immaculate Conception, the miracle of the Mass and the Resurrection belong to a conception of Deity that once played an important part in the life of nations, but miracle belongs to an age that has passed. Miracle failed to lead the Church to answer its prayer, "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done, *on earth* as it is in heaven." From the days when the Church became triumphant in Rome, exalting dogma and sacrament to the rank of first importance, the Church lost its moral idealism and left its membership to walk the ways of secularism in the affairs of life. The world has passed beyond the dogmas and sacraments which grew out of Greek metaphysics and the mystery religions and now asks for the very idealism which the Church has so long neglected. The day has come when the Church must again place the ethical Christ at the centre of its worship, that the worshipers may be lifted to a moral level for which the world longs as it confronts war and discord between nations.

The only sure way of leading man to such an end is to inspire him to turn with enthusiasm to a life of positive and constructive moral values. In proportion as a *new mind* possesses him and a new motivation comes to him from the realization of that mind, he will be redeemed from his past and set his face toward a better future.

Such worship will not create in man a feeling of safety but a mood of adventure. This is the point of most radical departure from the past. Worship, to satisfy our day, must create the spirit of courageous adventure.

WEAK-MINDED people may enter the Church to be lulled to sleep, but people who have any strength of character are "willing to take the universe to be really dangerous, without backing out and crying 'no play'." They know they are not alone in the adventure. There are other people to help them. They believe there is also a God to aid in the battle. God is only one force among many, but He is a very real Power Who worketh in men to will and to do for His good pleasure. By all the forces together, if men are faithful, a better world may be won. Men wait for the Church to unite all these agents, to make life one great adventure, that evils may not be treated by imaginary remedies, but that they may be dropped overboard, one by one, and, thus far, that the world may be saved from moral and social tragedy.

# On an Ozark Store-Porch

By Charles Morrow Wilson

*There, in a golden haze of do-nothing, you find men who lazily ignore your modern world, who feed and fatten upon an ancient spirit of mirth*

The store-porch American is a kindly soul and a neighborly one. He is a keen observer and a good listener, grasping in large, casual measures what life brings him of waiting, of pity and of speculation. He is a sentient philosopher. He is interested in storm and sunshine and growth and earth, the primitive enduring interests of our race.

The breed, I have no doubt, is found everywhere in these United States where a store with a porch is to be found. But the type which I have particularly in mind, which I love to watch and to whose words I will attend while far more important issues go uncared for, lives in the Ozarks. In those pleasant and not too precipitous hills I have come to know the gentleman of the store porch as one who has the spirit of laughter within him. He laughs at ambling drolleries, at stray turns of irony, at verbal horseplay and absurdity. He has a jocundity tethered so securely to his vitals that it endures even as the generations. It suffices grandfather and father as well as son that Uncle Ameriky Hansen got religion at the Schooner Bald revival meeting only to lose it again when his buggy bounced down a couple of ledge boulders and broke a left fore wheel; that Aunt Marthy Pippitt set twenty-six hens and hatched three pullets and three hundred and ninety-six roosters; that Parson Milsap absent-mindedly ate a mink in place of a gray squirrel. Slight enough causes of mirth, and trite perhaps, but satisfying and often as colorful as noonday sun on a whiteoak forest.

"Do I know Bill Stallins? Why, that there creek was named after him. He's been right puny this winter but he's perter now. He'd killed ninety-nine bar in his lifetime and war fixin' fur another hunt when he tok sick with a misery in the stummick. The doctor told him he'd got to die. But he prayed the good Lord to raise him up to kill jest one more bar. And shore enough He done it."

The Ozarks are old hills, forested by old timber, a haven for old, laughing ways of living. They were first peopled by English and Scotch Irish, directly or generally from

Elizabethan England, and their inhabitants' humor, as one encounters it on the store porches of such drolly named hill villages as Loafer's Glory, Belindy's Aprons, Squabble Creek and Monkey Run, has that leisurely, earthy quality which I like to believe was characteristic of England in the days of Elizabeth. A humor little curbed by sophistries or finesse, washed over with a golden haze of do-nothing.

In the Ozark backhills you are in another world. You can tramp for a week along woodland paths or half-forgotten roads without sighting an automobile; you find century-old villages in counties untouched by railroads and but lightly touched by wagon roads; counties without high schools; counties wherein one-room school houses are far scattered and becoming fewer. But there are also sun-flooded hills and swaying acres of tiger lilies and fields of goldenrod and wild daisies. The rivers are youthful and joyous. Ranging cows, dangling their copper bells, munch at road-side pastures and long-snouted razor-backs roam in quest of grass and grubs.

You may be tramping alone unsuspectingly, when all at once the road widens and there you are come to town, in Red Star, or Blue Eye or Loafer's Glory or whatever the name may be. The chances are that you will see a general merchandise store with a high front porch, approachable at either end by a ramshackle flight of steps.

The scene, we shall say, is Kennicott's store at Blue Eye, a situation but slightly commercial, an oasis of abundant time. The ensemble includes Dave Beatty, Forgy Dell, Marcus Feitz, Henstep Creaseley, Tola Summerlin, Homer Bullteeter, Homer's hired boy, Bill Skeats, and the store-keeper. These occupy poultry crates and such. They whittle matches into infinitesimal slivers. They draw strange diagrams on the dusty porch floor and whistle tunes which take after nothing in particular. They indulge in slight sounds, twitterings, slow gyrations, sundry slight parleyings, patterings of feet, uproarious yawnings, and unforetold stretchings in the forms of capital x's and y's.

Their relish for the wise-crack inevitably forthcoming is enhanced a dozen-fold by such an interlude of speculative waiting. For illustration we will say that the first to speak is Bill Skeats — for hired boys are among the most frequent sources of store-porch mirth.

Bill Skeats, then, sitting in sunny oblivion on the lowest estate of the store-porch steps, opens in dialect at his boss:

"Homer, how'd hit do for me to ride your hoss home?"

The employer quivers.

"O, it wouldn't do so good, I've got to ride him myse'f." Then with soft ripple of merriment: "Mought be you would walk alongside me though."

"No, I reckon I'd better jest be pattin' on down the road now. If I was to walk aside you I'd have to open and shet ever' gate and fence gap between here and thar."

There is hearty and freely given laughter. The afternoon's jocund flow has begun. Homer faces unsteadily towards his lolling hired help.

"By the way, how come it you ain't workin' today?"

The youth readjusts his battered felt hat and takes his revenge.

"W'y, I was workin', bit I got hurt. You see I was plowin' corn in that fur squirrel patch and drexly I come to the end of the field . . . I fell off . . . and wranched my knee."

STORE-PORCH humor of the Ozarks hangs upon pegs that are unashamedly obvious: the old gentleman who can't get any satisfaction out of reading the dictionary because it changes the subject too often; the itinerant parson who agrees that a spring wagon and a span of mules are fool-proof but not necessarily damn-fool-proof; the upbrush politician who craves a postmastership within easy walking distance of a distillery; the clodhopper who overwhelms the school teacher's suggestion that the burning of Mart Miller's barn must have been the work of an incendiary with "Incendiary, hell! Somebody sot it." Store-porch humor carries an amiable plentitude, too, of anecdotes of stupidity and quaint unknowingness.

The sheriff of a brush county in Southwestern Missouri was forming a posse to recapture a depraved culprit who had broken jail while the defender of justice was investigating the merits of a finding of moonshine. A store-porch commentator reported that the fugitive had spent half the afternoon strolling about the village; that he had last been seen taking out westward down the old wire road. Then the observing countryman added that he had personally seen the sheriff pass by the escaped prisoner not an hour before. The upholder of sovereign justice admitted it.

"O, yes, yes! I seed him all right — passed him on the town branch bridge a while after dinner-time — passed him and spoke howdy to him. But I didn't know the low hound reprobate was out of jail!"

The store-porcher relishes so simple an episode as that of the rural lad and his first banana. The youth from Hog Eye was taking his first train ride and when the newsman came through acclaiming "chawklets — bernanners!" the mountain lad invested readily in the latter. On a subsequent round the seller stopped to inquire after the qualities of his wares.

"Well, mister, I can't say so bodaciously much fer it. In the first place it was mainly all cob and when I'd throwed that away what little they was left was bitter and sort of 'onery to eat."

THEN there is the humor of verbal helplessness, of drifting thought and inept and laborious correction.

"As a songer I ain't so good." A depressed and self-corrective silence. "As a singster I'm a failure. I always feel wuss when I commence to sang, and so do them about me."

And sometimes the gentleman of the store-porch is tickled almost beyond endurance by no more than a ludicrous jumbling of words, a particularly complete *non sequitur*.

"I seen a barber in Missouri who hadn't any teeth — not a tooth in his head. But that feller could play a bass drum better than anybody I ever see."

He is, too, enormously amused by ignorance of rural ways, by unfamil-

iarity with the dictates of soil and season which he himself knows so well. The outlander who figures to get rich off a few slanting acres of stump ground; the new-comer who would bear down on his plow shares, tie up fodder with string, buckle the throat-latch of a bridle before he set the bit, undertake to keep the birds from his cherries or the squirrel from his corn — such a yahoo provides material for slow perceptive smiles based upon first-hand understanding of the ways and wiles of wooded hill and brushy dale.

THE conversation on the store-porch had drifted around to the chinch bugs, which had descended upon the tasseling corn in leeching multitudes. The drummer from Saint Looie wanted to know what a chinch bug looked like.

"You say it's no bigger than a seed tick?"

Nods and salivary assent.

"Why I wouldn't have my crops wiped out by a little thing like that."

The sitters nudged one another and one soberly asked what the commercial ambassador might figure to do about it.

"Do about it? Why, I'd get me a good two-handed brush and frail 'em off my place."

The store-porch humorist is not, of course, above a pun, and more than occasionally he achieves one of which a wit could be proud. An old codger from about Red Star was telling of his family:

"Yes suh, they come three boys, then a girl, then another boy. An' what you reckon I called 'em? Well suh, I named 'em Matthew, Mark, Luke, Ann, John."

And he knows the value of hyperbole. One time I asked an old countryman why he preferred cushaws (large, crooked squashes) to pumpkins. He spat.

"Well suh, if I was to grow punkins on them slopin' fields they'd likely break loose from the vines and roll down and kill somebody. But cushaws — they can hook theirselves to corn stalks and ketch on."

THE store-porch humorist is in no wise immune to the potency of slap-stick. There is no good reason why he should be. Mimicry can also put him into high rhapsodies of mirth. And the countryside idiot is another recurring source of laughter. The backwoods have many, many half-wits and imbeciles, far more than their proportionate share, for there are few asylums and intermarriage of blood kin is frequent. There is never a backwoods countryside without its own particular idiot, or to make matters the merrier, half-a-dozen idiots. These proverbial disseminators of truth go about giving birth to sayings which range from the most ludicrous blabberings to the most pertinent veracities. They discern and they speak. They opine on the sagacity of the schoolmaster, on the relative virtues of the rural belles, on where the Gulick boys trek after nightfall. They put questions and in turn are put upon with questions, and a good time is had by all.

Half-wit Tom, hot in search of a supply of victuals, sets forth the argument that one must eat to live. Thereupon the storekeeper proposes:

"Now Tom, if you'll jest answer this one I'll give you a cut of cheese and a bellyful of sody crackers.

Supposin' now they is two black-snakes, each eighteen inches long. Now them two snakes gets into a fight and each one starts swallerin' the other at the rate of a inch a minute. What would be left at the end of eighteen minutes."

Tom ogles, hems and speculates.

"Uhm, a gark, uhm! I don't reckon they'd be nothin' left."

The laughter is general and the store-keeper doles out the crackers and cheese, a benevolence which he would likely have tendered in any case.

THE run of store-porch humor is withal a gentle humor, a garnishment for extensive leisure, corn meal mush, sun and rain, dew and moonlight and backwoods stillness. It rarely carries bitterness. It may be brusque but it is seldom vengeful. It is sometimes naïvely risqué but seldom ribald. It is rarely ulterior. The backwoodsman does not use witticisms to sell his hen's eggs or acquire a soft job or swarm with the village social bees. He laughs because he sees no reason why he should not.

An example of the kindliness of store-porch humor is the anecdote of the lad from Gulch Hollow who, on first coming to Springdale, was lured by the tempting yellowness and likely strangeness of the store-window lemons. He had never seen the fruit before and he figured to sample it, so he bought a dime's worth and proceeded to try out his purchase. A first attempt to bite through the tough rind revealed an appalling mistake, but before half-a-score of onlookers the lad from Gulch Hollow did not once hesitate. He ate the first lemon whole; not only the first but the second, and — after a careless pause — the third. Nobody laughed. There was not even the suggestion of a smile. The youth addressed a sober audience.

"Yes sir, fer a considerable spell I've been honin' to get my fill of these here tropical fruits because I shorely do pleasure in the flavor of 'em and bein' here in Springdale I aim to revel in it."

Casually, he took his puckering lips off towards the village pump, his departure unmarred by laughter, his sensitive spirit unchafed by derision.

Another time the folks were having a moonlight supper up at the Brush Ford schoolhouse. Uncle Zeb Hatfield, who hadn't been about any fun-makings for a month of lean moons, was a bit unsteady and in consequence poured buttermilk instead of cream into his coffee. An observing farm wife moved to fetch him another mug. Uncle Zeb would be the subject of no such bother. He blew at the murky fluid with composure and assured the assembled celebrants that he invariably took buttermilk in his coffee. Steady faces accepted this declaration. There was not even an adolescent snigger.

STORE-PORCH humor has a subtle side, too. The commoner from Low Gap Ford is capable of a genuine cerebral chuckle now and then; more capable, perhaps, than his town brother. Not because he has a heaven-given superiority of intelligence, but because his life is more generous in its servings of leisure and occasions for cogitation. But in general the store-porch humorist most enjoys simple drolleries.

He enjoys Aunt Lulu Pettigrew's

complaint of a pain in her abominable muscles or her contention that most of her kinfolks have died of nobility — (debility). He relishes such picturesque generalities as those of Judge Patton of East Kentucky who offered these instructions to his jury:

"Gentlemen, whenever you see a big over-grown buck settin' at the mouth of some holler or at the fork of some road, with a big slouch hat on, a blue collar, a celluloid rose in his coat lapel and a banjo strung acrost his chest, fine that man, gentlemen! Fine 'im! Because if he ain't already done somethin' he blame soon will."

He enjoys hearing that the Tannehill child assured his younger brother that if he'd only behave and stop hollerin' he could watch the old gent fall off the hay wagon or the saying of Mose Thorpe who hadn't done a lick of work in half a century, "You know I'm mighty thankful I ain't one of them city perlicemen. It must be awful tejus to be hangin' aroun' all the time, jest loiterin';" or even that of the benign old parson, on being directed by a Turtle Grove roughneck to innumerable perditions answered, "Gentle stranger, your slightest wish expressed in such courteous language is to me a command"; or instances such as that of the thrifty old lady of didactic leanings who remonstrated with the little boys for snitching a pocketful of pears and by way of benevolent emphasis assured them that if they would only be forward and honest about it and bring along something to take the fruit home in, she would be glad to give them the pears, and who was faced within five minutes by youngsters bearing an old-style clothes basket capable of holding at least two bushels.

There is an ephemeral freshness to backwoods humor due in part to its nearness to the vital earth; in part to the ways of its perpetrators — their slowness of speech and droll manœuvring of expression; their postures and inflections and sundry sorts of quaintness which cannot be expressed even in the most obliging of type. The majority of store-porch jests are neither scrupulously original nor sparklingly clever. They are mere earthy cracks which, once sprung continue springing. Often enough as I have said a store-porch gem will shine for generations. And this is the easier to understand when you understand that in the Ozarks, one generation is very much like another. There, during the past three decades, the population has hardly increased at all, and its individuals have changed to no greater extent. They continue the same languid, leisurely way of living. Their social life is made up of the same old bazaars, pie-suppers, hay-rides, barn warmin's. Why should not the humor of such people as these be made up of the same old jests?

# My Pickpocket's Day In Court

By Frank D. Loomis

*A Chicago banker's little adventure with an habitual offender sets him to comparing our antiquated jury system with modern progress in other fields*

I HAVE just completed a course of experience in criminal procedure, the incidents of which are freshly and vividly in mind. These incidents were not unusual, but are, I am assured, normal and fair illustrations of what is happening every day. Their course ran true to average form and was completed in good time. Their result was not extreme nor unexpected. As a social study the experience was illuminating.

Six months ago I had my pocket picked. I was riding on a crowded street car, hanging to a strap in front of a seat which ran lengthwise of the car. Suddenly I was disturbed by the unusual behavior of a man standing slightly to my left and rear who brushed past me at my left side, motioned to a woman on the seat to crowd over and sat down in front of me. His rudeness to the woman attracted my attention no less than hers. I looked at him closely. The sallowness of his complexion, his puffed lips and peculiar, large eyes impressed me. He was lame in one leg. There was an unwrapped electric bulb protruding from one of his overcoat pockets and he had a soiled paper bundle in his hands, as if he might be carrying home a loaf of stale bread.

An hour later I discovered that a small roll of bills — six one-dollar bills — was missing from my left trousers pocket. Instantly my mind flashed back to the incident on the street car — that was the time, I felt certain, when the money had been taken.

EXASPERATING as such an experience is, my first inclination was to ignore it; the amount of money taken was too small to worry over. But as a measure of protection to others, I decided to report the incident to the street car company. This I did by letter the following morning. I was surprised to receive a reply stating that my description fitted exactly a notorious pickpocket — name, aliases, police record number included — that the company would put inspectors on the line to watch for this man, and that the case was being reported to the city detective bureau.

A month later I received a telephone call from the detective bureau

asking me to come to the police station and look over some men who had been picked up. I went and a group of about a dozen prisoners was marched before me. Near the head of the line was the man I had seen on the street car.

NEXT morning at ten I was in the police court for the hearing. While waiting for the case to be called I talked with one of the detectives who had arrested the man. He showed me the police record. The prisoner had been a professional pickpocket for many years, had served time in various city workhouses and reformatories and in two different State prisons. The detectives had found him and another well-known pickpocket "working" in the crowds at a busy transfer corner at the evening rush hour. He said that several of the men I had seen in the lock-up were pickpockets. They had been found working; they would be held for a few days, then, if no one came to identify them, they would have to be released. After a month or so they would probably be picked up again and thus the arrest-release process would be repeated indefinitely until evidence of some particular theft could be found and proved.

The detective complained of the difficulty of securing convictions, even when good evidence was available and there seemed every certainty of guilt. He said most professional thieves belong to some kind of a ring and have ample funds for defense. I would probably be approached, as many witnesses are, and urged for reasons of sympathy or by other methods to drop the case. He said it would doubtless be very annoying to go through with it, because of the many hearings, continuances, delays, but he urged the importance of the public service — that it was more necessary to give testimony in such a case than to serve on any jury.

When the man was brought in before the police magistrate his lawyer appeared also. The detective presented his evidence, I presented mine, and the lawyer began to argue that the case should be postponed, as he had had only a short time in which to talk to his client. The magistrate weighed the evidence, ignored the argument and promptly ordered the man bound over to the Grand Jury under $5,000 bond.

FIVE weeks later, I appeared before the Grand Jury. This was in answer to a summons, one copy of which had been sent by messenger to my house twenty miles from the centre of the city and another copy delivered to my down-town office. The detective called me by telephone also. The summons said that I should be at the office of the Grand Jury at 9.00 A.M.; the detective said it would not be necessary to come until ten, as that is the hour when all the courts and the Grand Jury begin business. I was there at ten. The outer offices were crowded with people who were waiting to be called as witnesses. The detective spoke to one of the clerks with the result that after a wait of only about thirty minutes I was called before the Grand Jury and told my short story. The man was indicted.

Seven weeks elapsed before the next hearing of the case, which was before a judge of the County Crimi-

nal Court. For this hearing also I received two copies of the summons — one at my house, one at my office. I happened to be at home on the Saturday afternoon when the summons was brought to my house. It was a bitter cold day, the temperature below zero, and the streets were covered with a glare of ice so slippery that very few automobiles were venturing out. The messenger had driven out from the sheriff's office. The sheriff is a friend of mine. A few days later, in his office, not knowing that I was concerned in any criminal case, he was telling me how heavily his staff was over-worked. He complained particularly about the serving of summonses. The courts had been working vigorously to clear up the criminal docket which was far behind and the jail was over-crowded. In order to get the summonses out on time, the sheriff said his men had had to work nights and all day Saturdays and Sundays until they were worn out. He had petitioned for additional men and was urging all his friends to use their influence with the County Board to get an appropriation. The County Board complained that it had no more money. It had used its power of taxation to the legal limit, and tax-payers were complaining bitterly.

IN THIS first trial before the Criminal Court, the accused came in from jail without a lawyer. He told the judge that he had written to the man whom he wanted to engage (a well-known criminal lawyer) but had received a reply stating that the lawyer was ill, out of the city. The man said he thought this lawyer would be back in two or three weeks. The judge asked to see the letter which explained that the lawyer might be absent for months and might not resume practice at all and advised the accused to get another lawyer. The judge then said he would appoint a lawyer to represent the defendant and the case was postponed for two weeks.

Another double summons — one to the house, one to the office. All summonses read that I was to appear in court at 9.00. I went, of course, at ten. This second trial morning found this particular branch of the Criminal Court engaged in an important case. This would probably continue for some days — the court could not take up anything else. So a number of minor cases, including mine, were quickly disposed of by sending them back to the Chief Justice "for reassignment." Another delay.

THREE weeks later, in answer to two more summonses, I was in the court room of the Chief Justice. The defendant was there, brought in from jail, also the lawyer appointed by the court to defend him. But now the man complained that he did not want this lawyer — he had another lawyer in mind whom he wished to retain, but, as it appeared, he had not yet made any effort to get in touch with him. He said he had not known his case was to be called so soon. The judge said he would not give the defendant much more time. He set the case for trial ten days later.

On the morning appointed, at ten o'clock, we were again all in court — the defendant, the lawyer appointed by the court (the man had been un-

able to get his own lawyer), detectives and myself. There were many cases "on the call" that morning. The court room was full of lawyers and witnesses, the bailiff's room was full of jail inmates. It is the first duty of the Chief Justice to assign cases to the thirteen (or more) branches of the Criminal Court, effort being made to assign them as conveniently as possible, and the Chief Justice himself keeping some. A number of cases were so assigned, the entire party of lawyers, witnesses and defendants (the latter in charge of sheriff's deputies) going thereupon to the other court rooms. Finally the Chief Justice had a few cases to be tried in his own court and as a case ahead of ours was ready for trial we were told to come back at two in the afternoon.

At two, we found that the case ahead of us was not yet finished — it promised to drag out for some time — so our case was then assigned to one of the other courts — to the very judge who had first had it. In that court we found a trial in progress, but at half-past three it was finished and we were called.

At this interesting juncture the defendant's attorney came to the Assistant State's Attorney and offered to advise the defendant to plead guilty to petty larceny — a lesser crime than charged in the indictment since picking a pocket is in its nature, regardless of the amount taken, a grand larceny. The petty larceny would carry a sentence of not more than one year in the city workhouse — the penalty in our State for grand larceny is one to ten years in State prison. The detectives and I were quickly called into conference. They and the Assistant State's Attorney advised that the lesser plea be accepted. They thought it exceedingly doubtful if we would secure a conviction before a jury. The recommendation was presented to the judge. He hesitated. He said he was aware of the difficulty of convicting a pickpocket, but in view of this man's record and of his menace to the public peace and safety, he thought he ought to be put to trial for the longer sentence. The case went to trial.

But the case presented to the jury was a much different case from that considered by the judge. The defendant himself was not put on the witness stand, so, under the laws of our State, no reference could be made in any way to his record or to the fact that he was a known pickpocket. I was not allowed to refer to the contents of the letter I had written to the street car company or to the letter I had received from them. Stripped of these important considerations, my evidence on the witness stand amounted simply to this: that on a crowded steet car on an afternoon nearly six months before this defendant had brushed past me and had sat down in front of me; that an hour later I discovered the loss of six dollars and suspected this defendant. The detective could testify only that late one afternoon on a crowded street corner he had arrested this man and another man because he suspected that they might be pickpockets.

Now the defendant's lawyer, after the trial was over, frankly told me he had no doubt that this defendant,

probably with the aid of an accomplice, had actually picked my pocket. But he did not talk that way before the jury. To them he derided the Assistant State's Attorney for his amazing ignorance of law and his disregard of human rights in asking for a conviction on such trivial and inconsequential evidence. How would they, the members of the jury, feel, he asked, if after riding on a crowded street car they should be accused of picking some one's pocket because some hours later that one discovered he had lost some money? He called attention to the law and its tradition, developed over hundreds of years, as a safeguard against injustice and persecution and emphasized that any man accused of crime must be presumed innocent until proved guilty beyond all possibility of doubt. He argued that the proof submitted was absurd.

SINCE the lawyer himself knew facts about this case which the jury did not know — which he, taking advantage of the technical rules of procedure, would not permit them to know — since he himself had recommended and his client had consented to plead guilty to the charge upon conditions involving a light sentence; since he himself later acknowledged to me that he had no doubt the defendant was guilty, it is apparent that this lawyer regarded the trial by jury as a farce. In keeping with this farce, the jury promptly brought in a verdict of not guilty and the defendant with the rest of us walked out.

As I review the incidents of this case, the various appearances, hearings, transfers, and continuances, the futile expenditures of a great deal of public and private time and money, I do not find any direct fault in any of the officers or courts concerned with it. The detective bureau, so often blamed for failure to find criminals, showed intelligence and commendable fidelity in following the case through to its unsuccessful conclusion. The prosecuting attorneys were earnest, honest and industrious. The courts showed fairness, courtesy, desire to avoid unnecessary delays, sincerity in protecting the rights both of society and of the accused individual. And yet, reviewing the matter as a whole from a practical standpoint, the system seems hopelessly archaic, ineffective, wasteful and stupid.

WOULD any business man or any corporation called upon to deal with some infraction of discipline in its own organization have gone about the matter in such a cumbersome way? Would any modern Bureau of Charities, assigned such a case, have been so hopelessly inept? I cannot say that justice and mercy are always nicely weighed either in business or in charity; but, laying aside for the moment the antiquated rules and false assumptions which govern our legal criminal processes in favor of the simpler and more direct methods of business or of charity, what might have been an intelligent and reasonable procedure in this case?

First, I imagine, the man's past record would have been sent for. Such a case, or any case of misbehavior or irregularity cannot be properly understood without some knowledge of the individual himself, which his record reveals. Then there

would have been an assignment to a trained case-worker who would have proceeded immediately to bring the record up to date. It would have been considered important to know what the man had been doing since his last discharge from the State penitentiary. In the year or more that had elapsed had the man had any job at any time, or any regular means of making a living? Some mercy might be due in this connection, for new jobs for unskilled men had not been plentiful in the past year; moreover this man was a cripple, of slight physique, and he had for reference only a long prison record. Where had he been living and with whom had he been associating? Had he any close relatives or friends of his early youth in this vicinity, or elsewhere, who might befriend him now? Had he shown any disposition to follow a regular and industrious life if opportunity were given him?

THEN there is another kind of examination which ought to be made of any individual who shows signs of serious social misbehavior, an examination by psychiatrists, experts in mental hygiene, to determine the state of his health and the state of his mind, his conscious or sub-conscious attitude toward life and society. Some course of treatment may be needed.

There is, indeed, machinery provided for the collection of just such information through the social service bureaus connected with many of our criminal courts. They are called upon more or less intermittently by the courts in relation to the sentencing of first offenders and in cases of probation. But they are manned largely by political appointees, largely unfamiliar with the technique of case-work, unqualified by education or character for any constructive social service. And whether good or bad, they are often utterly ignored by the courts. What good are they, anyhow, when the entire decision regarding any case, on a plea of not guilty, rests wholly and exclusively with the jury to whom any facts concerning the record or life of the accused may not be presented unless the attorney for the accused, for purposes of securing the freedom of his client, chooses to admit them?

THE procedure indicated is not wholly strange nor unknown in some of our modern courts. The Juvenile Court is a Criminal Court, but if you are admitted to the room in which some case of delinquency is being heard you will behold something very different from the ordinary criminal contest. All the pomp and nonsense of a rigid court trial, the summoning of witnesses, the testing and swearing in of the jury, the tricks and arguments of opposing counsel, the trials, errors and retrials, are abandoned. In a small room at an office desk the judge examines the record which trained investigators have brought in, he confers with the parents and friends of the accused boy, with the doctor, the psychiatrist or the social worker, he talks informally with the boy and then decides, often with the concurrence of all concerned, on the treatment to be ordered, both for the good of the boy and for the adequate protection of society.

The idea is spreading. Similar procedure is now followed in some Boys'

Courts, which deal with boys just above the Juvenile Court age, boys eighteen to twenty-one. It is being used also to some extent in Morals Courts, where the cases of delinquent women and girls are handled.

But why not apply it in all cases of confirmed social delinquency? Given such facts the judge should be able without much further ado to determine what should be done with the man now in court. And it is vital that he should have such latitude for the complexities of modern civilization require him to solve a far different question from the traditional question which, standing alone, and without reference or relation to all other questions, has for centuries been presented to juries. The question nowadays is not: Did this man at a specific time and place then and there commit a specific crime, punishable under our law by a specific sentence? The question now is: Is this man, in his present condition and his present state of mind, a safe man to be allowed his liberty in society?

IN THE tradition of the Common Law great emphasis is put upon the individual's right to "liberty of the person." The emphasis in cases of chronic crime is somewhat overdone. There are many other types of cases in which the safety and liberty of society at large weigh more heavily. If a man is found insane he is deprived of his liberty. That is done by order of a court, also, and without the formality or sanction of a jury trial.

If an individual has the smallpox, or scarlet-fever, or diphtheria, he is very promptly deprived of his liberty and without the formality of any court order at all. There would be a very drastic court order, issued *instanter*, if the order of the health department in such a case were ignored. Chronic criminality is a form of social disease, to be diagnosed and treated by specialists; and until a cure is effected the diseased individual's rights to liberty of the person are subordinate to the rights and liberties of other individuals, just as are the rights of the insane man or the smallpox patient.

MOREOVER it is a weak and futile assumption of the Common Law, out of harmony with present-day knowledge of psychology and behavior to suppose that an individual may justly be judged upon the basis of one act alone. An act is but an incident in a man's life; in a trial for crime the whole man is on trial; if found guilty the whole man will be dealt with; the incident is not justly separable from his record. Crimes do not come out of the clear sky of a man's life; a crime comes at the end of or in connection with a course of action which, if properly understood, must throw great light upon the nature and fact of the occurrence itself — whether it was a crime or only an accident. Hence the Common Law's assumption also that a man is innocent until proved guilty is weak and false. A man may fairly be presumed to continue to do what he has been in the habit of doing.

Trial by jury is a device of the Common Law based upon all the above assumptions and upon the further assumption that a man when accused is, through the jury, to be tried by his "peers." When the jury

system was first established in England, the travelling court and the prosecuting attorneys were representatives of the Crown. The jury, as a measure of protection, was made up of neighbors and peers of the accused, men who could understand him and his way of living. If accused of stealing a pig from the Baron, these peers could judge fairly whether the man had really stolen the pig, whether it had merely strayed into his herd, or whether perhaps it were justly his pig. If the Crown or the Barons sought to encroach upon the man's rights, or, under pretext of crime, to drive him from his land, the jury of his peers could detect and resist the attempt.

CONDITIONS are very different today. Our judges and our prosecuting attorneys are elected by the people from among the people — they are no more than peers of the people. They are elected because they are supposed to be and usually are honest, competent, and earnestly desirous of defending the rights of all the people. They are qualified, as peers, to uphold and maintain the rights of all the people.

Over and against these judges and public officers, chosen deliberately by the people, competent and experienced in the important business of dealing with professional and habitual criminals, we have the jury, selected by chance, composed usually, in the great cities, of small-salaried people or owners of small businesses, honest and good men to be sure; but, confronted with the craftiness of professional criminals and the skill of their hired criminal lawyers, they are like babes in the wood, like Alice in Wonderland. They are in no sense the peers of these criminal elements. They know nothing about their modes of life, nor the nature and extent of their criminal business. They know nothing about the tricks or the methods that will be used to fool them as they sit high and mighty in their jury box, exalted for the time being in power and authority above the judge and all officers of the Court and qualified experts, flattered and cajoled by the crafty attorneys for the defense.

ADD to the gullibility and the colossal ignorance of the average jury the fact that they may hear only the evidence pertaining to a single incident, and that very much circumscribed; that some of the most essential evidence is not presented at all, and you have a situation rendering the proper analysis and treatment of modern crime exceedingly difficult. The machinery of justice breaks down; the police, the State Attorney's office, the courts, all maintained at enormous public expense, fail to function.

At the time "my" pickpocket was in the County Jail, the jail population rose to the unprecedented height of 1,396 inmates. More than 900 of these were awaiting trial in the County Criminal Court. And there were about an equal number out of jail on bond. This was at least 50 per cent above what has come to be regarded as normal in our county — a normal which is itself abnormal. Additional judges from our Circuit and Superior Courts, dealing regularly with civil cases, were assigned to the Criminal Branch and a proposal was made that all judges of

these courts should be assigned for a time to clear up the criminal docket. The proposal was abandoned. It was estimated that it would take six months to accomplish the result — meantime the business of the civil courts would be in chaos.

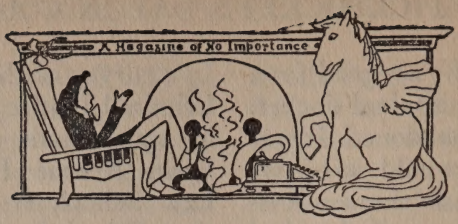
How do the Criminal Courts catch up? They never do catch up. They function in some of the criminal cases and the rest go by default. Witnesses disappear, evidence is lost, cases are *nolle prossed*, dismissed for want of evidence or prosecution, cases are finally adjusted or "fixed" without trial, the accused plead guilty to lesser offenses and accept light sentences or fines, many skip bail and are not heard of again until arrested for some other crime. In what proportion of cases justice thus miscarries it is not known, but a very authentic survey in 1922, directed by Dr. George W. Kirchwey of New York, showed that the percentage of convictions to jail population in 1914, 1916, 1919, and 1922 ran respectively 17.4, 16.1, 18.4, 17.1. Granting that politics has its hand in some of this failure, it is still apparent that the system at best is very inefficient.

Our Criminal Court system belongs to an ancient world. Civilization has moved on; the country has become the city; the railroad, the postal service, the telegraph, the telephone, the automobile, the aeroplane have taken the place of the covered wagon and the horseback messenger; but we still haul justice with cart ropes and issue summonses by person.

The jury system itself is on trial. In a survey of the Administration of Criminal Justice in Cleveland, Ohio, in 1921, made under direction of Dean Roscoe Pound of Harvard Law School, it was recommended that Grand Jury hearings be abolished, except that "at times it is needed to institute inquiry into the acts of public officials themselves." A number of States have substituted the simple "Prosecutors' Information," for the weighty "Grand Jury Indictment." The Petty Jury seems destined to go the same road. Especially as an instrument of conviction in cases involving habitual criminals it is unable to cope with present-day conditions.

One other weakness of the trial jury system must be mentioned in closing. The Common Law requires a unanimous verdict. A majority of the judges of the Supreme Court, over the opposition of a minority, may fix judgment in a matter involving the lives, property, and happiness of thousands of reputable fellow citizens. A majority of Congress may declare war. But in the conviction of a notorious, dangerous and habitual criminal, probably abnormal in spirit, in mind and in body, a jury of naïve laymen, selected by chance, must pass, on partial evidence, a unanimous vote.

The trial jury system is cumbersome, expensive, ineffective, wasteful of human life and human rights. What will take its place? Is it not reasonable that one judge or two or three judges sitting in a case, could hear and pass judgment with much greater justice?




# Stuff and Nonsense

By Donald Rose

*A Monthly Magazine of No Importance, Dealing Lightly with Matters Pertinent and Profound, and Weightily with Those of No Consequence Whatever*

OCTOBER, 1929 VOL. 5, NUMBER 10

## CONFESSIONS OF A COUNTRY SALE ADDICT

Aside from numerous and attractive weaknesses that I try to keep to myself, I confess a passion for the country sale. It is a periodic and perhaps climacteric disturbance, recurring regularly as the spring and fall fulfil their appointed rounds. I break out with it at the breath of the first balmy breeze or at the first flush of autumn's flamboyance. It is my own personal equinoctial upheaval.

My wife does not share my enthusiasm. She views it askance. I find that at a country sale I can spend an afternoon and three dollars very happily, and return with a wagon-load of plunder. My wife sits sobbing at home and wonders what next. She knows that when the shadows fall I shall come and after me the deluge, a flood of inconceivable débris to be absorbed and assimilated by our long-suffering household. At intervals of unproductive peace she argues with me that since I must periodically enlarge the house to take care of my bargains, I have failed to save any money. This is obviously specious reasoning. If one has no money one cannot save it.

As a consequence of the country sale habit my house is strewn with trophies of profound historical interest. The most comfortable chairs I own once graced a nearby barroom and every man of importance in our town has sat in them, including three pedagogues, a janitor, two politicians, a colored gentleman named Jim Morgan and a bishop. They have a sphere, a history and a wealth of associations and they are an unsteady green in complexion, but they fit the small of the back with the secret wisdom of antiquity. The most comfortable and impressive bed in the house cost thirty cents and has four posts. If it had three it might be more unusual but it would not be a genuine four-poster. There are antique andirons on my hearth, and a gypsy pot big enough for a fair-sized gypsy to take a bath in. It is all very interesting.

Periodically I swear off the vendue habit. I am suddenly appalled by the scrambled centuries scattered around my house and overflowing into the cellar, and I resolve that I will have no more of it. I will myself have a country sale and shift my burdens to other backs. I will realize the uncertain values of these doubtful treasures, and with the proceeds woo the harmonious mediocrity of Grand Rapids. I will come under the universal umbrella and abjure forever the fantastic flavors of individuality and idiosyncrasy. So my wife kisses me forgivingly on the brow and cancels our subscription to the county newspaper, and I walk briefly in the consciousness of virtue and steadfast repentance. But the day comes when word is passed along that at Hartsville or Piperstown or Five Points there will be a sale. I slip away, as though for golf or silent and solitary

meditation. I scurry up country, torn with fear lest I be late for the first fruitful moments. I edge into the crowd and fall again under the spell. And I find that the auctioneer is confidently expecting me and greets me with a satisfied smile.

Old-fashioned things grow daily rarer. They are vestigial remnants of other times, other manners, significant of lost links in our national evolution. They persist precariously for a while in the neighborhood of modern competition and then are suddenly gone forever. Among such vanishing Americanisms is the country sale. The real rural sale was an inevitable by-product of the last century; it is dying in the odor of gasoline. Some day it will reappear in history books as a tale and tradition, and old folks like you and me will shake gray hairs and grieve.

Already you must go far afield to find it. It has retreated into the hill country or hides away from the concrete highways which radiate spoke-wise from the sprawling cities. Elsewhere it is blighted by the business habit which is too sharp for sentiment. It becomes first cousin to the manipulated auctions of the city, which are as unlike their country ancestors as the Charleston is unlike the old-time barn dance. For where land is costly, small possessions are bartered cheaply and changed casually, and it is only where men measure their holdings in acres that household effects and farm tools are the signs of solidity and worth.

There is usually a dim background of tragedy to the comedy of the country sale. Someone has died and the grip of old hands on family treasures is loosed, the integrity of long custom broken. Or else a farm has failed and the family must follow its younger members away to the city. Or perhaps the local sheriff must lay unwilling hands on a neighbor's property to satisfy a careless debt. Something is dead and gone and these are the obsequies, the last rites.

So they pull up ancient roots with the carpets, and the ugly furniture on the porch is woefully embarrassed to be moved. The house itself is naked and ashamed and the garden is returning to primeval chaos under careless feet. Neighbors are there, solicitous but avidly curious as at an interesting funeral, and there are strangers with an appraising eye for spoil and junk dealers like birds of prey around a likely carcass.

The auctioneer is a commanding personality, with a miraculous capacity for continued oration and an instantaneous eye for the half-formed bid. He weaves a spell, fashioned equally of bullying and blandishment. Mounted on a kitchen chair or inverted pickle tub, he discourses of this and that and sells it for what he can get. He intones a hypnotic incantation, by which useless articles are made desirable and careless enthusiasts are entrapped. Anxious bidders forget values and remember only the competition of their fellows. There is infectious excitement against which none are proof save the cynical junk dealers. Let the amateur beware!

He begins with small tools, apparently as a matter of principle and tradition. He drops cunning bait by knocking down a good spade for fifteen cents and a hammer for five, and then sells three barn forks at a premium. He sells boxes of nails, screws and carriage bolts. When all else fails the scraps swell a heap in front of the dealers in old iron, who will here invest all of two dollars and carry away a wagonload of junk. These dealers are a savory crew, dirty of skin and flavored with gin. They buy anything and sell everything and have more money in the bank than you have.

Spread forth behind the house is the farm machinery, and odds and ends of Americana from dairy and slaughter house. You can buy a harrow or plough of obsolete vintage for twenty-five cents, a stone roller for a dollar, a grindstone for a nickel. You get a lot for your money but you don't have much. There are wagons and buggies and whips and harness and other equine accessories, and if a man has a horse for which he holds no particular regard he might here equip it adequately if not sumptuously. Likely there will also be a home-made sleigh and strings of sleigh bells, and no hint as to what in the world a purchaser might do with them.

Next come the cattle and horses, the pigs and scared sheep. These are at the peak of the picture, the most picturesque moment of the afternoon. It is pleasant to sit on a barn wall in October sunshine with the unmistakable smells of a farmyard drifting affectionately around, and watch the colored scene. Here is old-fashioned democracy in practice. The gentleman farmers, round and well-fed and attired with a nice sense for effect; the true

dirt farmers, lean and laconic, their jaws rhythmic over their chaw; the farm hands and laborers who are thinking of a first horse or cow; the veterinary doctor, known by sight and name to all and sundry; the squire, the sheriff and the horse-trader — all are here to rub shoulders and swap opinions. City folk like you and me walk around in the muck and look wisely as we can, and thrill a little at the spicy talk of stallion and gelding, of heifer and milch-cow, of shote and sow and sheep. A colored gentleman wanders through the crowd with bags of peanuts, urging that "the congregation be liberal." Small boys get in the way and run wild through the barn buildings. The auctioneer mounts a feed-trough and starts the parade.

A patient cow is prodded forth from the barn and listens without protest to an eloquent glorification of her past and future. She looks to me like any other cow, a little lean and notably angular and somewhat jaded by her long journey along the milky way, but the auctioneer considers her the one original cow. However, he gets only twenty dollars for her, which does not surprise him. Horses are galloped up and down by energetic assistants who try to inspire their steeds with some of their own enthusiasm. But when they come to rest again under the auctioneer's hammer they fall easily asleep and are sold for small money. A magnificent pair of black work horses, harnessed to a wagon gay with fresh paint and with harness bright with brass, stirs the crowd to professional and expert enthusiasm. Here is money on the hoof, a team built for profit and proud possession. They sell at a price impressive even in these days of the gilt-edged automobile.

Pigs are not particularly popular, and an innocent bystander who bids fifty cents apiece for some squealing youngsters, just to keep in the picture, is almost obliged to take them — greatly to his confusion. He is rescued by a farmer with an eye for the points of pigs, and the pork is picked up by its heels and loaded noisily into a wagon, disappearing odoriferously.

Back at the house the farmers' wives are rocking sociably in a variety of chairs, waiting their own opportunity. The auctioneer approaches the household furniture with a new audience and a new zest. He displays sleight of hand; a broken chair becomes miraculously whole as he displays its charms. By further magic ten-cent store stuff becomes cut glass and stained spoons and forks are transmuted to solid silver. Now, moreover, the auctioneer remembers his reputation for grosgrained wit. He becomes Rabelaisian over bedroom furnishings and appointments, and offers free advice with rolling pins. He affects ignorance of the purpose of kitchen utensils and sells a coffee-grinder for a phonograph. He peeps into canisters and smells at bottles and sells them with a wink.

There is brisk bidding for washtubs, churns, carpet sweepers and china; for monstrous vases and parlor lamps; for plush furniture stuffed within an inch of its life. But old-fashioned beds with a rope lattice in lieu of spring are hard to move. The gridiron design is no longer fashionable for evening wear, and even farmers now prefer a spring bed from the mail-order house to a rope bed from their ancestors. Concerning mattresses and pillows there is some evasion of the law. These cannot rightly be sold, but they are thrown in with a ponderous bed of pine or cherry and thereby get their price. Goose feather mattresses are still popular and sell by the pound at fabulous rates. For this there is a reason. In a cold farmhouse one is probably willing to be smothered to keep warm.

Visiting ladies who have come in big cars on a still hunt for antiques have their turn when an old hooded cradle is held up for bids. These cradles have practical advantages in addition to æsthetic values; if the baby falls out of them he has not far to fall. The natives eye the high-priced contention suspiciously and curiously, and will presently go home and rout out their own attics. But so far only faint echoes of the mystic alchemy of the word "antique" have reached this neck of the woods, and there are pickings. Old jugs and bean pots, for instance, with an occasional scrap of ancient glass; worth ten cents here and ten dollars in the city.

It is getting late. The auctioneer is not hoarse but he is thirsty. Folks are going home; the last of the furniture is suddenly knocked down for next to nothing and the sale is over. Wagons disappear down the road with furniture sticking out all over them; Ford cars

groan more than usual under unaccustomed loads; husbands loaded with dishpans and crockery are herded home by wives weighed down with pillows and pictures. The auctioneer and clerk retire to the devastated parlor to check their sheets and count their money. It is all there. For some reason that lies close to the soil the people who attend country sales are noticeably honest. The house is bare; the garden is wrecked and dotted with useless purchases which men are afraid to take home to the critical eye of their women folk.

Some folks enjoy the circus, others the prize ring or stock exchange. But for maximum satisfaction I prefer the country sale.

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## *Seashore Architecture*

I own a seashore estate. It is all of fifty feet square and it is covered with sand and mortgages. It was washed up by the Atlantic Ocean some centuries ago and lay there unnoticed until some gentlemen from New York saw it with eyes of vision. Then it blossomed like the rose in a prospectus in three colors and I bought it. It still looks exactly as it did before I bought it. But whenever I feel like it I can go down there with my little bucket and shovel and play with my own sand.

In a recent rash moment I thought of building a house on it. If I built a house on it I could live there for a few weeks every summer and talk to the neighbors for the rest of the year about my seashore estate. I could rent it occasionally for enough to repay all costs of building the house and wiping out the mortgages. So I walked up and down the beach, where the by-products of New York life are washed up every day by the tide, until I found an architect. I took him to my sand pile and we wetted our whistle and talked about plans and specifications.

I wanted a simple little house, appropriate to the scene and in harmony with the accepted principles of American seashore architecture. Something not too bizarre nor sufficient to arouse the complaining envy of the neighboring squatters. Just a little seashore home, compact and convenient, cheap, clean and classy.

The architect understood me exactly. He explained that he had designed thousands of such summer homes, hundreds of which were still standing. He would build me a house which incorporated all his experience and every accepted principle of beach architecture.

"We'll make it two and a half stories," he said. "The first floor, of course, will be a sort of cellar, with arrangements for hanging wet bathing suits. Some people like to hang them in the living room, but the best practice is to hang them in the cellar. We'll put in partitions, in case your wife's folks come down for week-ends. With a little care about sex and things like that you could easily sleep sixteen in the cellar. Over in this corner we'll put the refrigerator and a nice big linen closet. The hot water heater will have to go in the attic.

"On the second floor we will arrange for three bedrooms and a living room. The stairs will come up here, through the bathroom. Some people prefer to have the bathroom open off the living room, but I like to have the stairs go through the bathroom. The kitchen, of course, will be on the other side of the house, and you can reach it by going through the two small bedrooms. The kitchen stove will have to be in the main bedroom, because of the chimney.

"We'll put three closets in one of the smaller bedrooms, but the others will have to get along with hooks. I think I can arrange it so that all the doors open at once into this little hallway, and with a very little practice you will be able to get them so jammed together that nobody in the living room can see the kitchen sink. We'll have a shower at the head of the stairs. It's very nice to be able to take a shower just before you enter the dining room, which will be in the space between the second bedroom and the sleeping porch. It will be a nice big porch, four feet by five. You might screen it in, so that the whole family can sleep there on hot nights.

"If you want a garage it will have to go in the attic. You can have a spare bedroom in the attic too, but there's no room for any stairs from the second floor. However, it will be no trouble at all to get around that, after you've been living here a while.

"I don't think we had better put any door on the bathroom. A door that opened out would be a nuisance because the sink has to stand right in front of the doorway and

there isn't any room for a door to open inward unless you leave out all the usual bathroom furniture. We shall take care, of course, that none of the windows in the house will open and none of the outside doors will shut, and we must leave a few holes in the roof so that the rain will get in and take the wall-paper off. There's no sense in putting wall-paper on unless something can take it off again.

"We'll face the house toward the road and have no windows at all on the side toward the sea. We'll build some outside steps at the back, so that the garbage pail can stand there, but there will be no doors on that side of the house. Doors are expensive, and we have arranged it that the kitchen is on the other side opening on the sleeping porch, so we don't need to have the outside stairs leading to anything but the garbage pail. It's going to be a nice house."

"Is all this in accord with the local building laws and the most up-to-date principles of domestic architecture in these parts?" I asked.

"Absolutely," said he. "I couldn't build a house in any other way and keep my trade. I can do better with three stories, of course, which would give me a chance to work in more bathrooms. But it's a perfect plan as it stands and will give you a seashore home to be proud of."

We finished the bottle and played happily together in the sand for the rest of the afternoon.

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## *Foreign and Domestic News*

The paper speaks and yells and shrieks
Of political strife ahead;
And the raucous cries of the wets and dries
On its pages are overspread;
And someone has paddled the Channel,
And someone has circled the pole,
But louder the voice of my cellar,
As it cries for its winter coal.

An actor is dead and a prince is wed,
And a champion drops his crown;
Baseball is done and football begun,
And the market is going down.
And murder is rife, and storm and strife,
And distant war drums roll;
But louder the voice of my furnace,
As it cries for its winter coal.

## BULLETIN BOARD of the Heterogenius Club

### MURDER AT THE MANSE

*An incident of English country life, according to the foremost British detective writers*

*By* R. G. NEWMAN

Harlow, Lord Chukker Claverington's impeccable butler, burst rather more precipitately than was his wont into the ordered neatness of the cheerful breakfast room of Pinkish Towers, my lord's country seat at Upson Downs, Bucks, Hants, in the south of England. The butler's usually imperturbable mien was considerably shaken. Lord Claverington looked up from his breakfast of kidney and bacon, slightly annoyed at this unusual interruption.

"M-m-my lord?"

"Ah there, Harlow."

"M-m-may I speak freely, m'lord?"

"Certainly, Harlow."

"Something rawthaw unusual has occurred, m'lord."

"Damme, get on with it, my man."

"There's something wrong, sir, in the North Tower guestroom, m'lord."

"What is it, Harlow?"

"Mahdah, m'lord."

"Mahdah?"

"Mahdah, m'lord."

"Deuced inconsiderate of these mahderer chaps to disturb one at breakfast. No consideration for a chap's digestion."

"Quite, m'lord."

"Brandeh and the *Times* as usual, Harlow."

"Very good, m'lord."

"And, Harlow."

"M'lord?"

"You might give the local constabulary a ring and communicate with Scotland Yard."

"Very good, m'lord."

"And, Harlow."

"M'lord?"

"Another kidney and a spot of tea, what?"

"Quite, m'lord."

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*Question:* "What is the difference between Realism and Modernism in literature?"

*Answer:* Realism calls a spade a spade. Modernism tells you what is in the spade.

MERGED
MAY 6, 1929

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# The Financial Outlook

By Alan H. Temple

## *Changed Viewpoints*

As the "new era" philosophy of business and investment becomes more familiar and we become habituated to the price level for common stocks which its followers have established, it is gaining a steadily wider acceptance. It has not been easy for many investors to abandon the standards of a lifetime and to accept new ones which they have long considered perilous, but undoubtedly the facts as they are developed are fitting the theory of common stock investment (which is a section of the "new era" philosophy), and as long as they continue to do so new converts will be gained. Thus if we go back six months, and consider two possible methods of investment from which a choice could have been made at that time, the outcome has been wholly in favor of the buyer of common stocks of established, well-managed companies, although the prices even then demanded for such stocks seemed dangerously high. And this buyer has been successful not merely because he can resell his shares at a still higher price — which might signify little except that there are more fatuous optimists in the world than himself— but for the more fundamental and important reason that increased earnings and assets have put additional values behind the stock so rapidly that he is now in the position of holding it at a decidedly cheap price.

Consider Investor A, for example, who took the warning of the Federal Reserve Board to heart last February and put his funds into bonds; he has probably lost more in principal than he has received in interest during that period. On the other hand there is Investor B, who held his breath and took the plunge, paying a price for the common stock of an established, profit-earning corporation which yielded him a ridiculously small return, much less than he could have obtained on the bonds of the same corporation or by lending his money on call in the stock market. At the worst, probably, Investor B has found that his stock is quoted little if any lower, and that the asset values behind it have increased even if dividend returns to him have not been raised. At the best, the dividend yield has been raised or he has been given more stock so that the return on his investment is now adequate, and in addition the resale value has increased to an almost unbelievable extent.

Therefore the principles that governed Investor B are in the ascendant. A constantly growing number of investors who are not dependent upon current yields for their living — and prosperity is so great that more and more individuals are free from economic pressure and can afford to wait — are putting an increasingly larger part of their funds in common stocks. They expect, and with reason, that except for temporary recessions the earnings of the big corporations will continue to advance; that eventually the dividend yields will become adequate even though the present price seems exorbitant; and when that time comes the market value of their shares will be substantially higher, representing an increment of capital which cannot possibly come to them in bonds. Putting this policy into effect, they purchase stocks without too much consideration whether the price is five points more or less, and they buy particularly during the occasional market breaks. Whether they operate through the investment trusts which have become such important factors, or, merely emulate those trusts, the effect is the same: a stock market decline quickly runs into the sort of buying which takes stocks out of Wall Street and puts them into strong boxes. The extent of the break is therefore limited. That has been the case time and again during the past year, and never more impressively than upon the market break which followed the unexpected advance in the rediscount rate of the New York Federal Reserve Bank early in August.

## *Basic Support*

This investment buying is a basic support of the stock market. Upon it a good deal of speculative superstructure has been erected, which likewise is an important factor in the high prices. A new phrase is now being tossed about in Wall Street: the "scarcity value" of stocks. This means, of course, that such a large proportion of the outstanding supply of the best stocks has found its way into strong boxes that the "floating supply" offered for sale, the size of which importantly controls the volume of short selling that can be done, is greatly reduced. Once in strong boxes, a higher price is required to bring

stocks out than if they had been bought definitely for resale. Too many investors fear that if they sell out they will miss the market when they seek to get back in.

During the earlier stages of this Coolidge-Hoover market, when its doings filled newspaper front pages and its activity first climbed into the range of five- and six-million share days on the New York Stock Exchange, it was frequently asserted that the stocks were being purchased solely in the expectation that they could be resold at higher prices, and that when the anticipated final buyer failed to appear the collapse would come. This picture contained much of truth; but it is obvious now that it fell considerably short of an accurate analysis of the market set-up, for it underestimated both the proportion of genuine investment buying and the prices which investors were willing to pay for shares to "put away." Of course it is possible — extremely probable, as the snowball of publicity begins to roll — that Wall Street will make too much of this new-found "scarcity value," for there is always a price, related to monetary conditions and the business situation, at which even the strongest-held securities will be resold; but the real point of the matter is that during the past year previous conceptions of what that price level is have had to be raised.

This recapitulation presents nothing very new, but there is little new in the present position of the stock market or in the price-making factors that are operating; they are essentially the same that they were six months ago but they can be seen a little more clearly and the merit of the common stock theory can better be recognized after the test of the past half-year. Under the conditions of credit stringency that have existed, this test has been more severe than in any previous period, although the stamp of final approval certainly cannot be put upon the theory until it has been tried in an era of business depression.

## *Favorites of the Day*

THE preference of buyers for the shares of the largest corporations which already are selling at high prices — the so-called "blue chip" stocks — continues striking. It is these shares which are bought preponderantly for "locking up." It is also still characteristic of the market that the buying is extremely selective. While new high average prices for stocks as a whole were established in August, even then about 250 of the issues dealt in on the New York Stock Exchange were selling at or about the low of the year. Buyers purchase the shares of corporations which are making money or which they expect to make money, and they will pay dear for them; the others they do not want at any price. Among these laggard corporations are some of the favorites of last year; many of them are doing well, but as the saying goes they have "had their move" and must wait for earnings to catch up with prices. Doubtless the favorites of today likewise will lag behind tomorrow; but these are the short-term fluctuations that we are considering and have little bearing on the validity or non-validity of the common stock investment theory, which deals in units of time which run from five years to a lifetime.

The favorite group of shares in the market thus far in 1929 has been the public utilities; and by the same token this may be the next group to run into a pause and a reactionary period while public preference passes over to another. It is true, as a brokerage house comments, that some public utility shares have "gone far beyond any possibility of being justified by their operating earnings in the next ten years. Present earnings and book values are due largely to profits arising from the purchase and sale of one another's stocks. Interlacing ownerships have gone to such an extent that no matter which public service you choose you are pretty sure to buy an interest in all of them. Each company owns the other and the investment trusts own them all. This has so reduced the volume of shares available for transactions in the market that sensational advances are easily brought about. There is no question of the future prosperity of the electrical industry but serious thought should be given to the investment propriety of these petting parties in the powerhouse."

The truth of this comment has already been exemplified in the collapse of one public utility boom and probably others must follow. These are the instances in which the speculative froth is blown to a bubble, and they are not very difficult to detect; they will of course have to be remedied by acute deflation.

Among those who have kept an investment perspective in their view of the markets and who have avoided those stocks which have been pushed to such speculative extremes, these weak spots attract little attention. Isolated collapses have had no more than a temporary and limited effect upon securities as a whole heretofore, and probably they will not hereafter. The investor should be concerned not about these particularly fevered spots (provided he leaves them alone) but about the soundness of his individual position, and first of all whether he is stretching his capital too far, operating on too thin margins, and leaving himself vulnerable to a temporary recession which will destroy his ability to follow the longer swings upon which he must depend for the success of his

operations. How many investors have been unsuccessful not because they have been wrong, but because they lacked the means to support the over-ambitious ventures they attempted? Of how many speculators has it been said that "he was right on the market but he went broke before it turned his way"?

Granted that the investor is in a personally secure position, there appears to be no more reason now why he should sell out his stocks than there seemed to be six months ago; in fact, rather less, for business in the interval has been rather better than anticipated and the credit situation is no more unfavorable. True, stock prices are higher, but so are corporation earnings and assets. And although the business outlook certainly includes a prospect of industrial recession later on, it is so clearly visible in some cases that it must be discounted, and in others it is not particularly imminent.

## *Causes of Recession*

THE chief reason for dissatisfaction with the business outlook, and the probable cause of whatever recession may eventually occur, is the credit stringency that exists, as exemplified in rates for call loans of 7 to 12 per cent, for time loans of 8½ and 9, and for commercial paper of 6 to 6½. In other ways, too, credit affairs are out of joint. One is the excessive absorption of bank credit in security loans; the borrowings of New York Stock Exchange members are well over $7,000,000,000, and it has been estimated that total loans on securities in the United States are more than $18,000,000,000. Another is the high ratio of bank loans as compared with deposits. A writer in the *Annalist* recently compiled a synthetic bank statement covering all the banks of the United States for the past nine years, and he calculates that since June, 1925, the percentage of their assets represented by "loans not automatically self-liquidating" has increased from 14.50 to 24.75 per cent (at the end of 1928); the percentage of all other loans has decreased from 19.43 to 16.66; and the percentage of investments in real estate and securities has risen from 15.74 to 18.75. The author heads his article *Deterioration of the American Bank Portfolio*, and concludes that the degree of inflation which exists in 1929 seems comparable with that of 1920. He submits that the evidence "offers a far more satisfying explanation of the prosperity of the past few years than the 'new era' brand of reasoning; and further that the time may not be far distant when the country will realize, in the light of a cold gray 'morning after,' that it has just been on another credit-splurging spree."

However, the author admits that an immediate deflation is not necessarily indicated. "There is still a surplus of bank credit, in the sense that legal reserve limits have not as yet been reached. These further possibilities of expansion are, however, in the hands of the Federal Reserve Banks who, so they say, are endeavoring to prevent further dissipation of the country's credit resources."

The characterization of the present situation as "weak" is derived, of course, by comparison with some previous era arbitrarily selected as "normal" or "strong," and to such a method of characterization the "new era" advocates have a ready reply. It is that business is now so much more stable that a higher percentage of "non-liquid" assets in a bank statement is not a source of weakness, inasmuch as no old-fashioned business panic such as would compel a general liquidation is likely. The "new era" men can also point out that different methods of financing business have been developed, that instead of borrowing from banks corporations draw capital direct from investors by selling them securities, and that the new bank loans on securities are, under modern conditions, just as liquid as the old bank loans upon commodities which may become inflated, as they did in 1920 with results all too well remembered. They can say that these new financing methods have in fact averted commodity price inflation during the past three or four years. Altogether they can make out a fairly good case to show that while the bank portfolio may be different, it is no worse; and that as long as the Federal Reserve Banks keep the situation in hand and maintain a reserve ratio approaching 75 per cent there is no cause for acute present concern. They can even say, though here dissent will be much more marked, that the higher ratio of bank loans to deposits is a sign of progress and not of retrogression, reflecting a new economy of management and new methods of banking conduct.

The Federal Reserve authorities are still zealously guarding the gateways of Reserve credit, though no longer sounding warnings as loudly as they did earlier in the year. The advance of the rediscount rate of the New York Reserve Bank from 5 to 6 per cent was made to check rediscounting, which inured to the ultimate if indirect benefit of borrowers against securities, and to make it easier for the member banks to restrict their loans on securities to individuals by raising their rates. Concurrently the New York Bank took a step designed to prevent the rate advance from penalizing the commercial and agricultural borrower; it reduced its buying rate on acceptances and increased its purchases of bills in the open market. Thus there will probably

be no decrease in the volume of Reserve Bank credit outstanding during the autumn; on the contrary, it will probably be increased in accordance with business and farm export demand for credit, and the net effect of Reserve Bank operations is likely to be the stabilization of money rates around existing levels. Meanwhile the authorities are pursuing, somewhat less vigorously, their attempts to reduce the quantity of credit used in the securities market, partly because — despite criticism to the contrary — they had achieved a fair measure of success, and partly because they could not carry their efforts to complete finality without seriously penalizing business.

## *International and Industrial Outlooks*

INTERNATIONAL considerations likewise remain of great importance in Reserve Bank policies. Due to high money rates in the United States and withdrawals of French credits from London, the Bank of England has lost gold until its holdings have dropped below the supposed minimum of £150,000,000 which it seeks to maintain. And still sterling exchange is under pressure. It is to the interest of the United States to relieve that pressure and to avoid attracting more English gold to this country, which would doubtless interfere with our fall export trade. Hence the policy of high rates on stock market loans has not been pursued as far as it might, and the Reserve Banks stand ready to extend a credit to the Bank of England if it shall become necessary to avert gold movements or an advance in the Bank's rate. The strong financial position of France is of great contrast to that of England; it is attracting business to her which was once London's by preëminence; and since it is partly the result of the greater reparations payments which have been made to her by Germany, it supplies the economic explanation for the British opposition to the original terms of the Young Plan.

The prospect for stable money rates is of course welcome to the United States. It is one of the reasons for optimism with respect to fall and winter business. Another is the virtual certainty that, thanks to the recovery in grain prices, crop returns will be equal to last year, when the farm market was one of the best since the boom days. Coupled with active industrial employment, this holds promise of the largest autumn and holiday trade on record.


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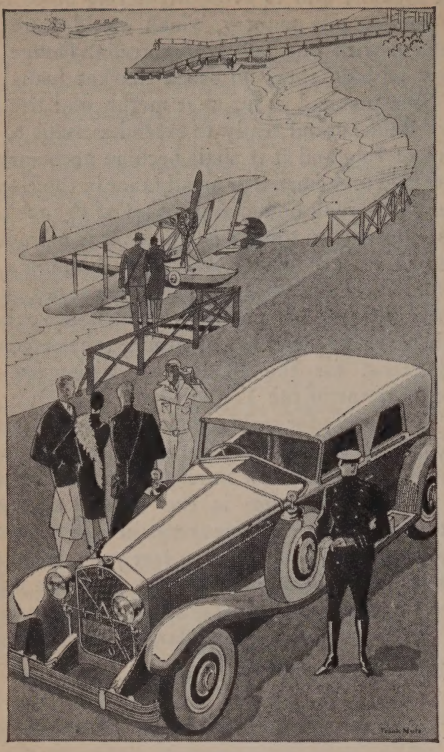

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It is not likely, however, that industrial output will hold to the levels of the first half year. The automobile industry has taken advantage of prosperity to outdo itself during the first eight months, and as dealers' stocks have been increased the autumn is likely to be a time of seasonal recession. In steel, too, the first stirrings of a decline in activity were apparent as fall approached. In textiles, on the other hand, sufficient summer curtailment was enforced to place the industry in a healthy situation and it will probably go forward in the fall with renewed vigor. And in building, which lagged behind during the first half year, there was a resurgence of activity in July and August which brought the contracts awarded substantially above the previous year.

Altogether, little reason appears to anticipate a severe business recession during the remainder of 1929. Perhaps we shall have it in 1930. For two years of business expansion there are precedents; for three there would be none. Only the "new era" could account for another highly active, prosperous year in 1930; and even if that is a time of moderate recession it will by no means follow that the "new era" is discredited.

A combination of business recession and tight money would deal a terrific blow to the stock market; even there the question arises whether if business does recede it would not ease money sufficiently to deaden the shock to stocks. It is remarkable that money rates have not interfered with business more. They have made the lot of bondholders a sorrowful one, both by compelling them to take losses on their holdings and by showing them the profits they might have made had they invested in stocks instead. But money rates on stocks have been extremely cheap; that is, corporations could sell them at high prices and low yields. These are the rates which have controlled new enterprise, which thereby has been stimulated rather than checked. This is the explanation of a good many puzzling things in the business situation.


## *Four Billions in Easy Money*

Howard McLellan

in the *November North American Review* reveals the tremendous toll exacted from legitimate business by professional gamblers.

# North American Review

November

## What Next in America?
By John J. Raskob

The Inefficiency of Science
*Does It Mislead Mankind?*
G. K. Chesterton

Education for Spinsterhood
*At the Women's Colleges*
Henry R. Carey


When I Was Mayor *Sidelights on Prohibition* . . . Jay E. House
From Glider to Autogiro . . . . . Juan de la Cierva
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The Roughneck of Congress . . . . . Ray T. Tucker
Our Ugly Cities . . . . . Gutzon Borglum
Three Laughing Ghosts *Espionage at Scapa Flow* . . F. B. Watt
Aspects of Peace . . . . . Fridtjof Nansen
Where Americans Are "Anglos" . . . . . Ruth L. Barker
The Penny That Blinds . . . . . G. R. Parker
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THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW: Published monthly by The North American Review Corporation. Publication office, Rumford Building Concord, N. H. Editorial and executive office, 9 East 37 Street, New York, N. Y. 40c a copy; $4.00 per year; Canada, $4.50; foreign countries $5.00. Entered as second-class matter Dec. 18, 1920, at the post office at Concord, N. H. under Act of Congress of March 3 1879.

WALTER BUTLER MAHONY
*Editor*

KENNETH WILCOX PAYNE
*Editorial Director*

# *The North American Review*

ONE-HUNDRED-FIFTEENTH YEAR

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Published by the North American Review Corporation
Editorial and Executive Office, 9 East 37th Street, New York, N. Y.
WALTER BUTLER MAHONY, *President;* CHARLES BATES DANA, *Secretary*
ERNEST FISHER, *Business Manager*

The price of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, appearing monthly, is forty cents a single copy, or four dollars a year, in the United States, Porto Rico, and the Philippine Islands. Subscribers in Canada should add to the yearly subscription price, 50 cents for postage, and those in foreign countries one dollar. THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is on file in public libraries and is fully indexed in *The Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature.*

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# BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION

JOHN J. RASKOB (*What Next in America*), capitalist, whose connection with General Motors Corporation as well as the chairmanship of the Democratic National Committee in 1928 brought him to the attention of the entire American public, is a spokesman for practical idealism in big business now widely heard throughout the nation.

JAY E. HOUSE (*When I Was Mayor*) has conducted for twenty-nine years the column "On Second Thought" which now appears daily in *The Philadelphia Public Ledger* and *The New York Evening Post.*

JUAN DE LA CIERVA (*From Glider to Autogiro*), who has lately come from Spain to follow the course of his invention, the Autogiro, is only thirty-four years of age, married and the father of four children. He has served in the Spanish Parliament, and has been awarded the Alfonso XII Cross for scientific achievement as well as the Grand Prix for 1928 of the French Academy of Sports.

GUTZON BORGLUM (*Our Ugly Cities*), whose full name is John Gutzon de la Mothe Borglum, is not only a sculptor of note, but takes interest in non-partisan politics, agrarian investigations and other community matters.

FRIDTJOF NANSEN (*Aspects of Peace*), having established an explorer's record by his 1896 North Polar expedition and subsequent oceanographic travels, was already a world figure when in 1918 he threw himself into the work of repatriating prisoners of war.

RUTH LAUGHLIN BARKER (*Where Americans are "Anglos"*), born and brought up in Santa Fé, knows her stuff first-hand. She has been for six years correspondent for *The Christian Science Monitor.*

G. R. PARKER (*The Penny That Blinds*), now president of a large export and import company, has a serious and impressive array of achievements that centre around the electrical engineering profession.

JOHN CARTER (*This Road Building Era*), who served in the American Embassies in Rome and Constantinople, is at present employed in the capacity of economic specialist in the Department of State.

BARBARA STODDARD BURKS (*What Makes Jack a Bright Boy — Home or Heredity?*) has been associated with Professor Lewis M. Terman during the last six years in researches on mental inheritance. The present study was made possible by a grant from the Commonwealth Fund supplemented by the Thomas Welton Stanford Fund and by a gift from Max Rosenberg of San Francisco.

E. L. YORDAN (*Home to Mother*) has been on the staff of *The New York Times* for five years, plays bridge like a fiend, and writes verse. As he is still under thirty, we feel that there is time for reform.

H. B. HARROP (*Franklin's Last Letter*) is an American business man, by profession a chemical engineer, who has spent a great number of years representing public utility firms in Brazil.

HOWARD MCLELLAN (*Forty Billions in Easy Money*); JOHN GUNTHER (*He Wanted to Be King*); FREDERICK B. WATT (*Three Laughing Ghosts*); G. K. CHESTERTON (*The Inefficiency of Science*); THEDA KENYON (*Witches Still Live*); RAY T. TUCKER (*The Roughneck of Congress*); MARY DAY WINN (*Spinster Island*); and HENRY R. CAREY (*Sterilizing the Fittest*) have appeared in these pages and need no introduction. We should, however, refer to the fact that Miss Kenyon's researches from which her present article is drawn are much more elaborately covered in her book of the same title to be published this fall by Ives Washburn, Inc.

# NEW NOVELS—*and other things*

**A ROOM OF ONE'S OWN,** by *Virginia Woolf* is a very pointed consideration by the author of *Orlando*, of woman's peculiarly ignominious past, rather doubtful present and possibly interesting future,—aided by the author's lunching off partridge in a men's college and dining on prunes and custard in a woman's dormitory,—and finding that whole sections of the British Museum are full of facts about women—written by men. $2.00

**BROTHERS AND SISTERS,** by *I. Compton-Burnett* is the English literary discovery of the year. HUGH WALPOLE finds in it "conversations among the most remarkable in English literature. As real and vivid as Jane Austen." RAYMOND MORTIMER writes, "I wish everyone interested in fiction would try *Brothers and Sisters*." $2.50

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**KEPT WOMAN** is the new novel by *Viña Delmar,* author of *Bad Girl* and *Loose Ladies*, and fulfills the New York Herald Tribune's prediction that "*Bad Girl* introduces a talent mature, vigorous and probably significant." $2.50

**SEVEN IRON MEN** is *Paul de Kruif's* new book about the seven iron hunting Merritts and how they won —and lost— the greatest iron mines ever discovered in our country. The first great romance of the Age of Steel, —by the author of *Microbe Hunters*. $3.00

**A HOUSE IS BUILT,** by *M. Barnard Eldershaw,* is the Australian $5,000 prize novel. ARNOLD BENNETT "finds it hard to discover faults with this extraordinary book. Its quality is epical. Time marches through it in the grand manner. It is a phenomenon of modern fiction." $2.50

**THE HOUSE OF GOLD** is *Liam O'Flaherty's* most powerful novel and is described by the Philadelphia Ledger as "flawless. Its convincing characters, credible plot, smooth style and power, place it high among the best novels of the year." $2.50

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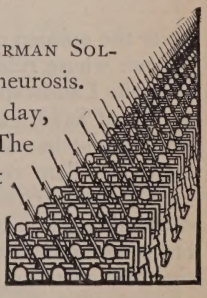

**HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY, 383 Madison Avenue, NEW YORK**

# The Literary Landscape

By Herschel Brickell

*THE VINTAGE*

*The weary vintagers have broken lines,*
*Clear voices in the air of evening blend;*
*The women marching toward the press extend*
*A greeting while they sing, with friendly signs.*
*Once Naxos fumed a censer with its wines,*
*Under such skies as snowy swans ascend,*
*And Ariadne, at the revel's end,*
*Clasped the fair God, drunk with the blood of vines,*
*No more does Dionysos brandish bright*
*His thyrsus, victor over man and beast,*
*Nor yoke with flowers his panthers for the feast;*
*But autumn, daughter of the amber light;*
*Twines in her tawny hair, a golden mane,*
*Leaves of old rites still reddened with their stain.*

— From *The Trophies With Other Sonnets*, by José-Maria de Heredia, translated by John Myers O'Hara and John Hervey (John Day, $3.50).

"Our descendants of far-off ages, looking down the long vista of time from the other end, will see our present age as the misty morning of the world's history; our contemporaries of today will appear as dim heroic figures who fought their way through jungles of ignorance, error and superstition to discover truth, to learn how to harness the forces of nature, and to make the world worthy for mankind to live in. We are still too much engulfed in the grayness of the morning mists to be able to imagine, however vaguely, how this world of ours will appear to those who will come after us and see it in the full light of day." — From *The Universe Around Us*, by Sir James Jeans.

It is the opinion of the eminent man of science from whose recent and peculiarly fascinating work the Landscaper has just quoted that mankind need have few, if any, fears for the fate of the universe in which it finds itself. About one hundred million years hence, more or less, there is a chance that the Great Lifegiver, worshipped so ardently by ancient peoples and by all of us during the summer now ended, may roll off the edge or something, leaving the earth thoroughly refrigerated, and generally as cold as, let us say, a London bathroom in winter, or spring, or even summer. Otherwise, Sir James is confident that there will be plenty of time to make the improvements necessary, which is certainly most comforting, considering the somewhat doubtful gains made in the last ten thousand years.

*The Universe Around Us* (Macmillan, $4.50) is a book for the thoughtful laymen, written by a distinguished authority, which attempts to make comprehensible some of the mysteries of modern physics and astronomy. It is not too difficult, and it does toss wide open a few windows upon worlds within worlds and worlds outside of worlds. Science and great poetry clasp hands when such subjects are touched upon, and religion, modern style, may well be included in the grouping.

One would need to borrow pretty freely from the hundred million years to be able to read all the books that are popping from the presses just now. There is always a feeling of helplessness about this time of year, and if the booklover is not strong-minded, he is likely to find himself in somewhat the position of the donkey who starved to death between two bundles of hay. There is the alternative of dying from mental over-feeding, and altogether the situation is not a comfortable one.

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many different kinds. Of course, the output of non-fiction is not suffering, either, and biographies continue to be written about every one who has ever accomplished anything.

Ernest Hemingway's new novel, *Farewell to Arms* (Scribner, $2.50), has already upset Boston during its appearance as a serial. It is a story told with the Italian front during the World War as a background, and it has much of the muscular masculinity of Mr. Hemingway's *The Sun Also Rises*. The prose style, so much discussed of late, is the same, it is language stripped and unadorned, direct and vigorous. If there is any necessity for comparing Mr. Hemingway's two novels the task of weighing one against the other would be a delicate one, as in some respects the Landscaper prefers the first and in some others the second. But there can be no doubt at all that the appearance of *Farewell to Arms* is one of the literary events of the year, and it is not going to disappoint many of Mr. Hemingway's admirers.

## *A Good Sequel to Jalna*

WHITE OAKS OF JALNA by Mazo de la Roche (Little, Brown, $2.50), is, as its title indicates, a sequel to Miss de la Roche's excellent novel, *Jalna*, and unlike most sequels, quite as good as the book for which it forms a pendant. It carries on the fortunes of the principal characters in *Jalna*, and does it interestingly and well; the Landscaper has no hesitation at all in recommending the story to all who liked its predecessor. While we are going back a little, there is another novel that needs a word, Mariano Azuela's *The Under-Dogs* (Brentano's $2.50), which is a Mexican's story about a revolution. It is real and honest, and since it is told entirely from the inside, a book that Americans will find valuable as well as entertaining. Another picture of a Latin-American Revolution is given in *The Tyrant*, by Ramon del Valle-Inclan (Henry Holt, $2.50), which is the most popular work of Spain's outstanding novelist, and which, as *Tirano*

Next month in
*The North American Review*

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MURRAY T. QUIGG

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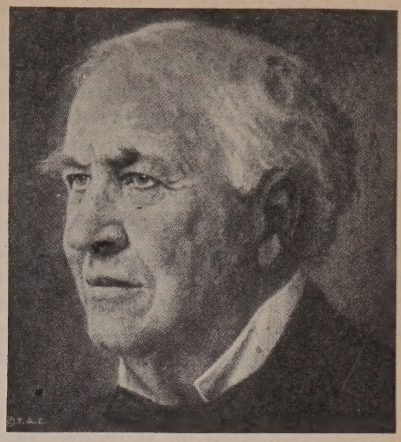

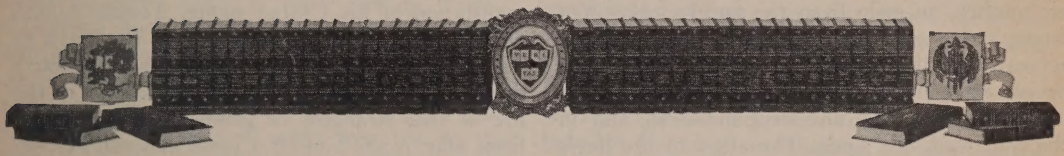

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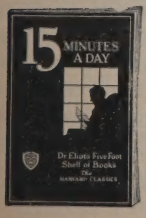


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*Banderas* has had the praise of many of Europe's best-known critics. The Spanish novelist presents a savagely satirical study of a Latin-American nation under the rule of an Indian dictator; his novel is not pleasant; but it is powerful, and like Señor Azuela's, written from intimate knowledge of the situation, since the author has spent considerable time in Central and South America.

In *River House* (Scribner, $2.50) Stark Young has added a notable panel to his profound and penetrating study of Southern civilization, which began with his book of ante-bellum life, *Heaven Trees*. *River House*, like Mr. Young's second novel, *The Torches Flare*, is of the contemporary scene, and concerns the return of a young Southerner to his plantation home after he has established himself in St. Louis. The death of his mother, an exile from the family, takes him home, and a sudden decision gives him a wife to accompany him. Together, these two young people walk into the circle of polite and endless conversation in the ancestral mansion, and in the end, walk out again. The story of the boy's mother holds the book together, but its value lies primarily in Mr. Young's very shrewd portraits of the people in the household, in his uncanny trick of getting their talk on paper, and in his ability to make the reader feel every shading of the relations between the characters, and of the pattern of tradition woven by these relations.

## *Heaven of the Calvinists*

ROBERT NATHAN'S *There is Another Heaven* (Bobbs-Merrill, $2) is one of this author's subtle and delicately penetrating satirical fantasies, a little slighter, perhaps, than *Jonah* or *The Bishop's Wife*, although, to be sure, this is a matter of opinion, and several of the Nathan admirers have said they liked the new book better than anything he had written. It is a book about the Calvinistic Heaven primarily, although it is also about the plight of the Jew in an alien civilization, Mr. Samuel Lewis, born Levy, being one of the principal characters. Mr. Lewis, a converted Christian, makes his way across the River Jordan into a Protestant Paradise, and finds himself rather out of place with no one to love him, not even Jesus, who is missing from Heaven. Mr. Nathan is a craftsman of the first order, and his short novels are like polished jewels in their finish.

Alfred Stanford began the rediscovery of nautical New England a year or so ago in a book called *Navigator*, which was the fictionized biography of Nathaniel Bowditch, and which won widespread praise. He continues his work in the same field with *Invitation to Danger* (Morrow, $2.50), which is the story of a ship's captain whose father also followed the sea. The background is the New York of the late 'Forties, and Mr. Stanford has done the scene with great charm. There are pages in the latter part, when the clipper is battling wintry storms below the Cape that are as thrilling as parts of Moby Dick. The author has struck a gold mine in his period and he knows how to work it.

## *El Greco, Bird of God*

ENTIRELY aside from the Landscaper's leanings toward Spain and things Spanish, one of the most wholly absorbing novels he has read in a month of Sundays is Virginia Hersch's *Bird of God*, which is a fictionized story of the career of El Greco. Its title is taken from the translation of his Cretan name, *Theotocopoulos*, and it is a gorgeous narrative of the days of Titian and Tintoretto in Venice and of Greco's days in Toledo. Relatively little is known of the life of this strangest of geniuses, who, coming from afar, made himself a jewel in Spain's crown of immortals, and who adopted one of the most fascinating cities in the world so surely as his own that to this day thousands of pilgrims climb up and down its winding, twisting cobble-stoned streets looking for nothing except the magnificent pictures he left behind. Mrs. Hersch's book is rich reading. It was a runner-up in the recent Harper Prize Contest, and speaking for himself, the Landscaper found it a good many times more enjoyable than Julian Green's *The Dark Journey*.

If there were space at hand it would be a pleasure to comment at length upon the fact that the second part of the *Forsyte Saga*, called *A Modern Comedy* is now available (Scribner, $2.50). It centres upon Michael Mont, and Fleur and Jolyon Forsyte, and embodies the three novels, *The Silver Spoon*, *The White Monkey*, and *Swan Song*, in addition to two slight interludes, *Passers-By*, and *A Silent Wooing*, neither of which is worthy of John Galsworthy. As for the novels themselves, the Landscaper does not esteem them so highly by a good deal as those in the Saga itself, but there is an old and very deep affection for Mr. Galsworthy that keeps this reviewer reading him. Taken as a whole the chronicle of the Forsyte family is one of the literary monuments of this age, despite the attempts of some critics in the last few years to cry down Galsworthy's work.

## *Some More Good Novels*

A WIDELY discussed novel in England is also attracting attention here. This is Helen Beauclerk's *The Love of a Foolish Angel* (Cosmopolitan, $2.50), which was the first book selected

by England's only book club last spring. The Landscaper read it then, and thought it a well-done piece of fantasy, without being willing to go so far as Mr. Hugh Walpole, *et al.*, the judges of the book club, and consider it lasting literature. It is, however, several cuts above the run of fiction, and quite worth reading. It concerns the love-affair of an angel who became accidentally involved on the wrong side during a revolt in Heaven.

Among the books of new authors, Graham Green's *The Man Within* (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50), which has been one of the sensations of the season in London, promises to cause a good deal of excitement here, too. It is the story of a young smuggler's battle with life and is written in a fashion that augurs very well indeed for the literary future of young Mr. Green. There is also Ernst Glaeser's *Class of 1902* (Viking, $2.50), a German novel highly recommended by Erich Maria Remarque, author of *All Quiet on the Western Front. Class of 1902* will probably be classified as another war-book, but it is much more than just another account of what went on at the front; it has universal overtones. Another new novelist is introduced in the person of L. I. Crawford, whose *On the Anvil* (Morrow, $2.50), is also a novel largely about the War. The hero of *On the Anvil* is an Argentine born of a mixed German and English parentage. He goes in on the English side, and finally finds happiness with an English girl, but not before many spiritual and bodily struggles. This is a first-rate novel, and its author will probably be heard from again. *Night Falls on Siva's Hills* by Edward Thompson (Lincoln MacVeagh — The Dial Press $2.50) is a notable addition to novels about India with a charming girl, Nicky, as heroine; and from the same publisher comes a good sea yarn, *Blow the Man Down*, by Thomas Broadhurst, which tells of the fortunes of a young woman shanghaied aboard a sailing vessel. Her name was NOT Joan Lowell, and the book is as real as Miss Lowell's now famous and fictitious adventures were imaginary.

## *About Richard the Crouchback*

THE distinct vogue of the historical novel in England has attracted much attention to the work of Carola Oman, the daughter of Sir Charles Oman, whose story of Richard III and Anne of Warwick called *Crouchback* has been published by Holt at $2.50. Miss Oman's thorough familiarity with the period she has chosen to treat is evident in every page; she writes glowing and colorful prose, and she makes all her characters live, including Crouchback himself. Anne is a pathetic and appealing figure in the book, which is sound history and entertaining fiction at the same time. One must perforce leave this fascinating field of fiction, but not before noting the success of Henry Handel Richardson's *Ultima Thule*, the third novel in a trilogy begun years ago with *The Fortunes of Richard Mahoney*. The author (who, like George Eliot, uses a pseudonym) has had to wait long and weary years for recognition, but it seems likely that she is to have it in good measure, as Norton, publisher of *Ultima Thule*, is soon to revive the other two books. This work relates the disintegration of a man's personality, and while slow-moving and full of detail, is done in the manner of lasting literature. The Book-of-the-Month Club, which chose it for its subscribers, deserves credit for assisting a worthy cause when there must have been many opportunities to select books that seemed to have more popular appeal. It is also a pleasure to set down the fact that the Viking Press has issued *Thirty Tales and Sketches* by R. B. Cunninghame Graham, selected by Edward Garnet. The Landscaper is with those who think that Mr. Cunninghame Graham is one of the most neglected of contemporary writers. The present volume should do something toward winning him the place he richly deserves.

## *Miss Ostenso's New One*

A NUMBER of novels remain to be mentioned, at least, and the space for fiction grows somewhat short. Martha Ostenso's new one, *Young May Moon* (Dodd, Mead, $2.50), exhibits a good deal of the talent displayed in her earlier books, but on the whole seems rather less important than some of her other work. Harry Hervey, whose fiction has been confined to the East in the past, has chosen Charleston, South Carolina, for a tragedy of tyrannical mother love, which is called *Red Ending* (Liveright, $2.50), and which has very genuine power. It is about as far from the Southern romance of convention as anyone could imagine, and will not make old Charlestonians happy. One hears that their own Du Bose Heyward was censured for having described in his *Mamba's Daughters* a ball of the St. Cecilia Society, something that had never been done before anywhere.

Among the recent offerings is a novel by A. S. M. Hutchinson, which the Landscaper has not read, but which sounds from its descriptions as if it might possibly rival the famous story of Mark Sabre told in *If Winter Comes*. At any rate it appears a better bet than the Hutchinson volumes that followed his great success. The new book is *The Uncertain Trumpet* (Little, Brown, $2.50), and is a story of the English hunting country, with David Quest, a young vicar, as the principal character.

It is without any reference to its relative importance that Jonathan Leonard's new novel, *The Meddlers* (Viking Press, $2.50), finds itself at the end of the fiction section. Mr. Leonard, whose career as a writing man has been exceptionally interesting, as he himself set up and published his first novel, *Back to Stay*, and lived to see the same book widely acclaimed upon its publication by the Vikings, had done another fine novel in *The Meddlers*. A part of the book appeared in *The Second American Caravan*, under the title of *Carolus Elston*, and attracted a good deal of attention even as a fragment.

Those who have enjoyed Naomi Mitchison's fine tales of past ages will find her new collection of short stories an interesting one. It is called *Barbarian Stories* (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50), and ranges from the Britain of the earliest times to Ravenna, and from Cisalpine Gaul to Rome and even to Constantinople. Mrs. Mitchison has the very happy faculty of making ancient days come vividly to life.

## *Life of Mrs. Eddy*

FOR once the Landscaper has no trouble at all in selecting the book of a certain class that has interested him most during a given period. In the field of biography, the prize goes this time without any hesitation at all to Edwin Franden Dakin for his *Mrs. Eddy: The Biography of a Virginal Mind* (Scribner, $5). The difficulties of making available to the public a comprehensive life story of the founder of Christian Science have been complicated in the past by the strenuous censorship activities on behalf of the church, fairly recent instances of which are the attack upon Professor Woodberry's contribution to the *Cambridge History of American Literature* and upon Horace M. Kallen's *Why Religion*, although these are by no means all. At the time this is being written it appears as if Mr. Dakin's carefully compiled biography will be allowed to stand. In it one may read of the creation of a new god and a new ecclesiastical organization, a subject that should certainly interest all those who enjoy the ironies in which the history of religion abounds.

Mr. Dakin's book presents Mrs. Eddy as an altogether extraordinary person, if not by any means a wholly admirable one; the story of her business shrewdness that came out so sharply in her organization of her church is extremely interesting, and the stories of her literary labors, of her slow improvement in the use of English — with competent assistance — and particularly, of her last days, when death set so decisive a period to some of her most important assertions — are of the most unusual fascination. Mr. Dakin's book cannot be called in any sense sympathetic with the religion which Mrs. Eddy founded, but so far as this reviewer can tell from a cursory reading of the book, the author has been very careful of his documentation and of the checking of all his statements.

## *Wide Range of Subjects*

THE subjects of current biographies range from Beethoven to Beaumarchais. Romain Rolland's long-awaited full-length study of the composer gets under way with *Beethoven the Creator* (Harper, $5), which is called a biography by courtesy, since it is really a blend of many things, and is probably primarily an appreciation of the genius of a musician. It is difficult to tell how many volumes M. Rolland will require to complete the self-appointed task, or whether he will live long enough to finish the work. His Beethoven is hardly for popular consumption, and while it will make a strong appeal to musicians it is too much on the technical side to please the followers of such gallant gentlemen as Maurois and Ludwig.

No season would be complete without new biographies of Washington and Lincoln, and Minton, Balch have provided both with handsome new commentaries. Shelby Little's *George Washington* ($5), is a successful attempt to interpret Washington to our times through his own. Mr. Little has essayed the task of seeing Washington through the eyes of his contemporaries, and the Father of His Country emerges from this process magnified and glorified; this is a fair and balanced book that should do a good deal to offset relatively recent efforts to "debunk" Washington. *Abraham Lincoln, the Politician and the Man* by Raymond Holden ($3.50) traces the rise of Lincoln from his days as a party regular to the peaks of his greatness. Mr. Holden's theory being that he grew to meet circumstances, and a very sane theory it is. Mr. Holden's book is in the admirable series, "Biographies of Unusual Americans," another addition to which is *Jefferson Davis: His Rise and Fall*, by Allen Tate, the biographer of Stonewall Jackson. Mr. Tate attributes Davis's downfall to his excessive vanity; he has written a thoroughly interesting study of the Confederate leader.

## *The Delightful Dumas*

BY ALL odds one of the most delightful of recent biographies is Herbert S. Gorman's *The Incredible Marquis: The Amazing Career of Alexandre Dumas* (Farrar and Rinehart, $5), which tells the whole story of the career of the French writer whose collected works filled something like two hundred volumes, who wore out several collaborators, and who, at the same time

found ample leisure for a large number of affairs with women, to whom he seemed irresistible, and for many other spicy and romantic goings-on. Mr. Gorman has done a thorough piece of research for his book, and has written it well, at times in a manner of the subject himself.

Brand Whitlock's *La Fayette*, a two-volume work (Appleton, $10), is undeniably important, scholarly in tone, and making much more of an effort to get at the truth about the gallant Marquis than merely to catch the customers. There have been several books about La Fayette in recent years, including such curious specimens as Joseph Delteil's highly poetical study, but there is no reasonable doubt that Mr. Whitlock has done a work that will stand. It is sufficiently documented, but not too much so for pleasant reading, and the whole tone of the book, especially when it touches upon controversial matters, is eminently fair and just. Other current biographies of especial interest to American readers are *Audacious Audubon* by Edward A. Muschamp (Brentano, $3.50), which is the story of the life and accomplishments of the naturalist; *Daniel Webster*, by Alan L. Benson (Cosmopolitan Press, $5); and a new one-volume edition of William Roscoe Thayer's famous *The Life and Letters of John Hay* (Houghton Mifflin, $5).

## *Marlborough and Others*

FOREIGN NOTABLES who have recently been brought to book, as it were, include *Marlborough: The Portrait of a Conqueror* by Donald Barr Chidsey (John Day, $3.50); *Beaumarchais* by René Dalséme (Putnam, $5); and *Marie Antoinette: The Player Queen* by John Garba Palache (Longmans, Green, $5). Marlborough was a lad who did everything well, from making love to leading armies, a glamorous subject for a biographer. *Beaumarchais*, in addition to his ability as a music master and comic dramatist, lent the struggling American colonies money when they needed it, and did not, it should be added, find them very satisfactory creditors. Palache has interpreted Marie Antoinette as a woman "unlucky enough to be born into a station in life for which she was temperamentally unfitted." His book has many excellent illustrations. David Alec Wilson's monumental biography of Carlyle draws to a close; Volume V, *Carlyle to Three Score and Ten, 1853–1865* (Dutton, $6), is now available, and Volume VI, which will bring the work to a close, is in early prospect. This is not only an admirable work, but a delightful one, if the Landscaper may judge from the two volumes he has read.

(*Additional book reviews in the rear advertising section*)

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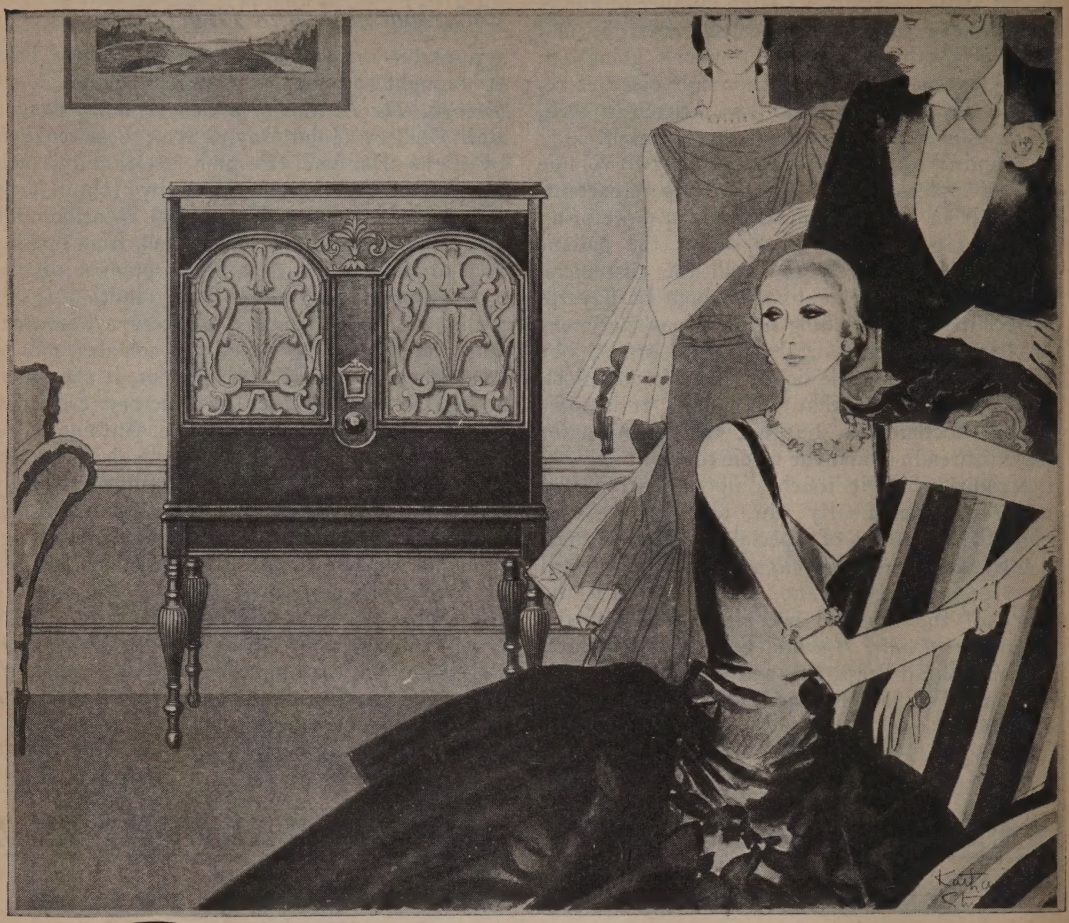

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# The North American Review

VOLUME 228 NOVEMBER, 1929 NUMBER 5

# What Next in America?

BY JOHN J. RASKOB

THE five-day week has already made its appearance in the American industrial scene. I do not refer to the few industries just now suffering from over-production. I mean that in lines where demand is at the peak, some manufacturers are acting upon their faith that skilled, willing and well-paid workers will produce as much in five days as in five and a half or six. Results are justifying them, and in my opinion the next few years will see the comparatively rapid and all but universal adoption of the five-day week by the major industries.

As it was at first derided, this tendency will be for a time opposed from a variety of angles. There are still people, now happily diminishing in number, whose sole economic idea is that the workers must be driven as hard, as long and for as little return as they will stand. That idea is a full century out of date. It was perhaps inevitable in the light of human nature, though certainly unjustifiable in the light of Christian or any other kind of ethics, that in the early years of the industrial revolution in England men, women and even little children barely old enough to prattle should be driven, sometimes chained to the machines, from before dawn till after dark, their bodies wasting to premature age and early death, and their wage hardly sufficient to sustain a joyless and hopeless existence. We have travelled a long way since that time, partly because the moral sense of civilized people revolted, and partly because such a system proved to be very bad business.

AT EVERY stage of progress, however, there have been neolithic minds which could see only disaster in any change. To them is due that heritage of class-conflict and class-hatred which has culminated in Communism and which modern enlightened industrialists have still to deal with.

Then there are people whose minds are so patterned that every innovation seems to them a violation

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of the order of nature. They look upon the five and a half day week as a kind of natural law. Yet it is only a few years since the general Saturday half holiday was an innovation, stoutly resisted in many quarters. I expect that in due course the five-day week will be denounced by fundamentalists who will forget that even before man was condemned to earn his bread in the sweat of his brow, he was created to enjoy the earth and the fruits thereof.

THE latter text is the justification of the five-day week, and not in any sentimental spirit, but from the standpoint of good business. Put briefly and frankly, the reason for proposing that industrial production be limited to five days a week is to give the workers additional time and opportunity to function as consumers of what they produce. We have got production geared up to such speed and efficiency in this country that we are faced with something more than the beginnings of a problem of getting the goods we are making consumed. Every manufacturer, every capitalist concerned with financing industry, knows this. Our sometimes frantic selling efforts and our elaborate science of advertising bear witness to the fact. Yet we could easily make half as much again as we are making. We have to keep the production machinery throttled down. We dare not develop its latent potentialities. Our recent progress in the export market has been great, but world conditions limit that progress.

Now the American workingman, in all the chief industries, is paid a high wage—and it is steadily going higher. In the mass, he has a tremendous buying power. That buying power has been multiplied by the extension in every direction of the deferred payment or instalment system. Nowhere in the world is the standard of living so high or the demand for conveniences and luxuries so insistent. The trouble must be lack of sufficient time and opportunity to buy, and to use the things bought. It is a typically American situation, and it requires a solution as boldly American as high wages, mass production and instalment selling.

THE five-day week is such a solution. Machinery and machine tools used in the productive processes are the only classes of goods which will not at once begin to be consumed more rapidly when we have an extra day of leisure, and even they will be consumed more rapidly in the end. Every other sort of goods will at once feel the stimulus of increased consumption, for leisure time is consuming time. The mileage travelled by automobiles on American roads any fair Sunday must pretty nearly equal the mileage covered on the other six days of the week. What would happen if to a full Sunday holiday we add a full Saturday holiday? There will be an immediate and tremendous increase in the use, which is to say in the consumption, of automobiles, tires, gasoline, oil—and roads. The effects of that increased consumption will flash like an electric impulse back to the factory, the iron mines, the glass works, the oil field and the cement mill.

With two full play days ahead of them people will start out Friday evening or Saturday morning on

longer trips than they can take under present conditions. More good roads will have to be built. More hotels and tourist camps will be called for, to the benefit of the construction industries, particularly the lumber trade, as well as the furniture, chinaware, glassware, cutlery, cooking equipment, tent and blanket industries and many others. People moreover will need extra suits and dresses, camping equipment, fishing tackle, sports goods. Those who do not travel will largely spend their extra leisure participating in or watching sports. There will be increased demand for golf, tennis, baseball and football equipment. Many people, it may be supposed, will sit around home. But just the same they will consume more goods. They may "potter around"—in which case they will consume more lumber, paint, glass, nails, tools and so forth. Or they will read more magazines and newspapers and use, that is consume, their radio equipment more intensively. At the very lowest they will wear out their furniture faster!

At this point it will occur to some readers that I am building a false structure upon the supposition of a whole day of extra leisure, whereas only a half day is in question. But the proponents of the five-day week are satisfied that psychologically and practically the extra half day will be equal to an extra full day of leisure. They believe, in fact, that the plan will purchase extra consumption for a full day at the price of only a half day of production. It is seriously questionable whether the amount of work done on Saturday mornings under the present system is worth while — worth what it costs. Few workers are at their best on Saturday morning. Their minds are not committed cheerfully to a day's work. Their thoughts are likely to be on the afternoon and their plans for spending it. They will slight their jobs to save energy and get away early; and if anything threatens to keep them overtime, they work with a grievance and a grudge.

On the other hand, millions who would plan extensive activities, whether in travelling or at home, for two full days, do not find it practical or worth while to plan much for a day and a half. Millions of workers must travel anywhere from half an hour to a full hour both to and from their work. By the time they have made the double trip on Saturday and have got back home, they are likely to be tired — much of the day is gone — the lustre of a holiday, which is to say a consuming-day, has been tarnished. Retail trade profits by the Saturday half-holiday, but it would profit immensely more if all of Saturday were at the disposal of the mass of industrial workers to spend, buy and consume. Of course the retail trades and the public services which would be called on to serve extra on Saturdays would have to provide their workers with compensatory leisure, giving them a five-day week also, which in turn would make them better customers and consumers.

Workers in retail establishments would share with industrial workers the benefits of another adjustment of our working schedules which I be-

lieve will come in the comparatively near future. This will be the celebration of all holidays except Christmas on Monday. Everyone knows how the fixture of Labor Day on Monday increases travel and the indulgence in sports. Whenever the Fourth of July, Memorial Day, Columbus Day or any other holiday happens to fall on a Monday, the same phenomenon occurs. Patriotism and sentiment would suffer no injury if these holidays were always celebrated on the nearest Monday; production would halt less than it does now when a holiday falls in the middle of the week; but consumption would be powerfully stimulated. With Saturday, Sunday and Monday ahead of them, people would really start out to do things.

An extra half day of rest from production would powerfully stimulate production. To any question whether we could produce in five working days all we would be consuming in seven, the answer is twofold. In the first place I am firmly convinced — and so are others who have studied the matter — that the worker would probably produce not only as much, but more, in five days, even with only the present equipment. The knowledge that he had two days out of seven in which to enjoy life and family companionship would make every ambitious worker in the land more efficient. But, in addition, modern machinery, methods and power have already developed a vast margin of unused production capacity, and there is literally no limit at present to be foreseen to further progress in this direction. In other words, America is in shape to produce in five days all she can consume in seven, with a lot left over for export. That being so, the five-day week, in my judgment, should become the rule in America with as little delay as possible.

The fact is that we are getting in position, in this country, really to demonstrate how organized, civilized society can further the divine purpose that man should enjoy the earth and the fruits thereof. The question may arise, if the workers now receiving high wages are not spending as much as they should, what are they doing with their money? Much of it, of course, is being banked. If it were more liberally spent for goods it would be just as promptly banked in another way. Industry benefits when the workers' wages are added to the capital available for production enterprises, but not as much as if they were first liberally used for the purchase and consumption of goods, and not as much as if, instead of earning low interest or none at all, they shared at first hand in the profits of industry and business.

Besides, great sums of money are constantly being taken from the workers by the promoters of fraudulent or unsound enterprises. In the last few years great numbers of wage earners, made wary of the smooth promoter with his miraculous promises, have taken to investing in legitimate stocks listed on the exchanges, but often with just as disastrous results, owing to their lack of the knowledge necessary to sound judgment. We thus come to the second of the two most impor-

tant social developments which, I believe, lie just ahead of us.

I refer to a means, a device, an institution by which the American worker may be guided in the sound investment of his money. He is earning the money today. To a great extent he is saving it, he wants to invest it. But he knows that investment is beset with the twin dangers of blue sky promotion on the one hand and unfamiliarity with the hazards of the legitimate stock market on the other hand. He loses a good deal in both of those ways, but for the most part he keeps his money in the bank or invests in bonds or other debts at low interest. Others get the benefit of his money, but even they do not benefit as much as if the worker himself benefited more. His money enters productive channels anyway, but failing to get the proper return upon it, his consuming power is kept down, and neither he nor the maker and seller of goods benefits as all should do. Here in short is a vast fund of capital which is not entering the arteries of production and trade in the most efficient way.

SOME of us believe that it ought to be a not too difficult matter to direct the flow of that great reservoir of capital along lines which will make it of more benefit to everybody. To the worker first of all — but try as one may, it is impossible to discuss this matter except in terms of our national social organism as a whole. For if all workers become participating owners of our industries by means of stockholdings, we shall become in fact a true industrial democracy; that is to say, we shall be one vast national partnership in the business of getting the most good and the most value out of life.

We shall arrive, if you please, at something like the goal of the Socialists, with this difference, that instead of an impossible and disastrous leveling of human beings with their infinite variety of capacities which fight against leveling, we shall preserve and utilize the advantages of exceptional ability, the qualities of leadership, to organize and guide the common industrial machine to the benefit of all. There is nothing revolutionary nor fantastic in these propositions. Already millions of workers are shareholders in the particular industries in which they are employed. Already customer ownership in the public utility field has pointed the way. Our greatest and most prosperous enterprises are dominated by men who have won the confidence of the workers — and have been magnificently rewarded by the greatest efficiency, good will and loyalty ever demonstrated by workers anywhere. I conceive it to be a simple, logical and necessary extension of the leadership function for those in a position to judge values and prospects, to help their partners, the workers, toward the more profitable investment of their money.

I DEEM it certain that a corporation will be organized to carry out this function. It may be along the lines of an investment trust, issuing its own securities against selected holdings, or it may serve chiefly by guiding the small investor in his selection of securities. It may operate along both of these lines. The important thing is that this is the way

to help the worker. It is an abominable blot upon our civilization that today seventy-five per cent of all men over the age of sixty-five are dependent. Pension plans have been found ineffective. They are wrong in principle and impossible to develop into effective safeguards against old age dependency. They take money from workers and invest it in the lowest-yield securities. Then if a man changes employers he loses his benefits. He may lose them anyway if new owners take over a business and abolish the pension fund. Such a system is not what American workers need. They need opportunity and guidance toward investing their own money in the active progress of American business, and reaping the full rewards and profits. The savings bank is a great American institution and it will long continue to play an important part in the conservation of the funds of the workers and their wives and children.

But I consider it entirely sound, at the point our industrial society has now reached, for the worker to invest a considerable portion of his income directly in equities through the purchase of sound common stocks. His greatest security is that American industry is going irresistibly ahead and that American prosperity will last and grow and increase. We have had some years of it now and have found it so satisfying that no one is going to "upset the apple-cart." Leadership and guidance are all we need, and the worker can depend upon the industrial leaders guiding his investments in good faith just as he now depends on the insurance men to guide him correctly in the selection of a policy, and for the same reason — that it is good business. It will be more than that, too, for some of our greatest captains of industry and masters of finance will derive the greatest satisfaction of their lives from serving their less affluent partners, the workingmen, in such an investment corporation as I have foreshadowed. For the miser-instinct and the miser-mind are really very rare, be it said to the credit of human nature; and men who have vast wealth really do seek opportunity to serve others.

Today we find ourselves — all of us Americans, I mean — in possession of a marvellous, almost miraculous mechanism for the production of desirable goods. We know that that mechanism has vast potentiality. It can produce enough for all. Thrown out of gear, it might strip the wealthiest of his possessions and strike down the mightiest. Properly geared and operated, it will reward us all according to our abilities and the services we render. It needs further adjustment toward increasing the workers' share of ownership and profits, and endowing him with more time to use and enjoy the products. If some of us who have what the world calls wealth can bring these things about, we may achieve some of the happiness which we envy when we see it in the faces of priests, nuns and ministers of the Gospel who walk with poverty on one side but God on the other, and in the faces of scientists who ask only the opportunity to track down truth, or poets and artists who ask only freedom to follow imagination to the shrine of beauty.

# Sterilizing the Fittest

By Henry R. Carey

*Are the girls' colleges promoting race suicide among America's most intelligent women by influencing their graduates against marriage and maternity?*

At a great gathering of college women at Atlantic City, in 1926, a learned professor, a spinster of arts, declared positively and emphatically that women's colleges in America do *not* interfere with the normal processes of marriage and childbirth. Since her evidence, as reported in the press, seemed somewhat sketchy, I decided to investigate for myself. As a result of careful research, it appears to me that her widely quoted assertion was a trifle hasty.

As a matter of fact, eugenists and sociologists have long been aware that something is desperately wrong with the wifehood and motherhood of college women. (I am speaking more particularly of graduates of the leading women's colleges in the Northeastern United States, such as Radcliffe, Bryn Mawr, Wellesley, Mt. Holyoke, Vassar, Smith and Barnard.) It is time that this highly important phase of women's education should be brought frankly and fairly into the open. Are women's colleges breeding unintelligence by sterilizing intelligence? Is college feminism attacking the American home by boring from within? Is it leading a sexual rebellion among the selected best feminine brains?

It is interesting to note, at the outset, that of the Presidents or Deans of the colleges under discussion, two are men and married, and five are maiden ladies; and that Vassar and Smith, administered by the married men, are known as places where college life has a certain balance between the emotional and intellectual and where men visitors are made especially welcome. Now a larger percentage of all the alumnæ of Smith and Vassar are married than in other colleges of the group. Is this a mere coincidence?

The following table, indicating this fact, shows also that the graduates of women's colleges do not indulge in matrimony as freely as women of the nation at large.

| | *Per Cent Married* | *Date* |
|---|---|---|
| Women of nation over 15..... | 72.5 | 1920 |
| Men of nation over 15..... | 64.6 | 1920 |
| Vassar (all alumnæ)..... | 55.5 | 1928 |
| Smith " " ..... | 50.1 | 1926 |
| Bryn Mawr " " ..... | 48.1 | 1928 |
| Barnard " " ..... | 41.8 | 1925* |

* *Including Barnard graduates through 1924 only.*

| | *Per Cent Married* | *Date* |
|---|---|---|
| Group of exceptionally distinguished alumnæ (average age 53)..... ..... | 20 | 1928 |
| Group of exceptionally distinguished Yale graduates (average age about 54)..... | 95 | 1927 |

But is it fair, someone will ask, to compare the national with the women's college percentages, to the detriment of the latter, when the college figures do not include girls 15 to 22 years old, as the national figures do? Is not the difference in the percentages due in part to the fact that non-college girls "get the jump" on their college sisters, marrying to some extent between 15 and 22? Probably, in so far as they meet prosperous husbands. That is just my point. More important by far, however, the acquisition of a college degree may tend to defer matrimony for the college girl for years *after graduation* also. And if so, does this not likewise account for the low marriage percentages of the women's college graduates in the data just given?

Let us consider this possible post-graduate delay in marriage, comparing a man's college of the Northeast with the women's institutions of the same area. Here we are on safer ground than before, since we are contrasting persons, male and female, of similar age, social class, and habits:

| *Graduates of* | *Age* | *Per cent Married* | *Date* |
|---|---|---|---|
| Harvard..... | 30 to 42 | 73.77 | (1925 to 1928) |
| Smith..... | " " " | 63.6 | 1928 |
| Wellesley..... | 35 to 42 | 61.8 | " |
| Bryn Mawr... | 30 to 42 | 57.27 | " |
| Barnard..... | " " " | 50.73 | 1925 |
| Mt. Holyoke... | " " " | 49.25 | 1928 |

The Harvard marriage percentage would be considerably higher if the basic recordings had been virtually up to date when compiled, as is the case with all the women's college information. As it is, Harvard excels the nearest women's college competitor by over 10 per cent, while in the nation at large, as we have seen, women apparently marry more freely than men. These data must not, however, be taken as showing that women's college graduates are necessarily more given to spinsterhood than *non-college women of similar social status and mentality*. Nevertheless, the known fact that college women marry on the average 1.6 to 2.1 years later than their non-collegiate sisters, cousins and friends, is a strong indication that women's college celibacy is something special and apart. It is of unusual interest to notice, too, that only one-fifth of the American women Ph.D.'s were married and had families in 1926!

But perhaps all this is nothing new. Perhaps women's college graduates were always given to celibacy. Not so with Mt. Holyoke at least. A study mentioned by Dr. William S. Sadler, covering a period of fifty years, showed that "Whereas 85 per cent of the graduates married at the beginning, only 50 per cent married at the end, showing a gradual decrease from one decade to the other." Thus for every old maid old-style graduated from Mt. Holyoke at the outset, more than two old maids new-style received degrees at the end.

If now we compare *year by year* the incomplete marriage percentages of Harvard and the up-to-date figures of five of the women's colleges, it appears that the women's college mar-

riage lines strike a general low dead level between the ages of 30 and 34. The Harvard man's marriage curve, on the other hand, keeps steadily rising, high above all the women's college lines, certainly up to 42, and probably to 46 and beyond, for a man's marriageable age long outlasts a woman's. Probably, however, the most striking fact is that while the highest marriage percentage peak, of all ages of all alumnæ studied (67.4 per cent), fails to reach the general marriage percentage figure (72.5 per cent) *for the women over 15 in the nation at large*, yet the highest Harvard percentage peaks, and indeed the whole Harvard percentage line after about the age of 33, surpasses the general marriage percentage figure (64.6) *for the men over 15 of the nation*, by various amounts up to 20 per cent.

Thus it appears that the problem of the women's colleges is chiefly, though not entirely, the wholesale suppression of marriage among the selected best of the nation, resulting in the annihilation of the fittest of the race.

And what of the children of the married college women today? How many do they bear? And how does the record of the alumnæ compare with that of the wives of male college graduates, or the mothers of the nation at large? A careful study indicates that married women of the nation, who are old enough to have completed their families, average about three times as many children as married alumnæ of similar age. Moreover, in most cases studied, the married alumnæ average distinctly fewer children than the wives of Harvard graduates — men of the same age. (For example, at the age of 37, the averages are Harvard, 1.75; Barnard, 1.67; Smith, 1.66; Mt. Holyoke, 1.48; Wellesley, 1.04). Taking the more important comparison, between the graduates, *married and unmarried*, of the male and female institutions, we notice the pathetic effect of feminine celibacy, combined with cases of infertility in marriage. We observe that at the ages of 37 and 42 the Harvard graduates are begetting on the average nearly twice as many children per graduate as the majority of the alumnæ of the same age. (Averages, age 37; Harvard, 1.47; Smith, 1.08; Barnard, .86; Mt. Holyoke, .78; Wellesley, .64. Averages, age 42; Harvard 1.81; Bryn Mawr, 1.69; Smith, 1.37; Mt. Holyoke, 1.17; Wellesley, 1.05; Barnard, .90.)

We may suspect, therefore, as I shall show more clearly, that there are difficulties ahead for the woman who wishes to combine personal achievement and motherhood. Nature appears to have so arranged things that a good father can easily get on in the world — but that is not all; the more distinguished his accomplishment, the better he is apt to be as a family man. Professor Ellsworth Huntington of Yale defines the successful Yale graduate as "the one who is of the most value in making the community a better place in which to live." Such men, he finds, are, at about 54, 95 per cent married, whereas a less successful group of similar age has arrived at only 66 per cent. He shows clearly that the more socially useful the Yale graduate, the more likely he is to take a wife and the younger he tends to do so. Achievement, it seems, is not hostile

to marriage, at least in a college man. On the average the most successful men have three or more times as many children as the least successful. Among the most successful tenth, moreover, no less than 80 per cent have children, whereas among the least successful this falls to about 40 per cent. The most successful are maintaining themselves and are increasing a little from generation to generation.

Paul Popenoe, in *The Conservation of the Family*, offers figures differing in origin from mine but confirming the discrepancy between the average number of children of men's college graduates as compared with women's. For married graduates his figures are: Yale, average number of children 2.57; Harvard, 2.51; Syracuse (men), 2.06; Vassar, 1.82; Wellesley, 1.56; Syracuse (women), 1.46; Bryn Mawr, 0.84; Wellesley (honor scholars), 0.57.

LET us look now at another small number of graduates, this time, women's college alumnæ, selected for the writer by the Northeastern women's colleges themselves, as persons of extraordinary distinction, scholarly and otherwise. These women come fairly under Professor Huntington's definition of "successful." Since they average fifty-three years of age, their families are doubtless complete. Curiously enough, they are but 20 per cent married (23 per cent lower than the lowest record for *ordinary* alumnæ, though these are a decade younger). Moreover, these highly distinguished women average exactly two-fifths of a child apiece (one-half a child less than the most infertile of ordinary alumnæ a decade younger). Nature is here shown struggling, for the good of nation and race, to overcome through our ablest men the differential birth rate, the swamping of the country by the children of less successful stocks, while the women's college graduates, especially the most distinguished, are shown in opposition to the most beneficial processes of nature. The alumnæ are only about one-third as fertile as the plain women of the nation, and the leaders are less fertile than the plain alumnæ. Nature fights, however feebly, for eugenics, while the graduates of women's colleges are doing their very best for dysgenics and disaster.

PLAINLY, then, high achievement for college women works unfavorably against marriage and fertility, while for college men it accompanies distinct increases in both. In this connection it may be noted that an analysis of Wellesley alumnæ who have attained scholarships or memberships in the Phi Beta Kappa Society, shows that these girls have definitely fewer children than their less intellectual sister alumnæ. Of the 687 college women listed in *American Men of Science* (1927), a fourth came from the women's colleges we are examining, exactly 1.6 per cent chose to specialize in home economics, and, though their median age is 42, only a pitiful tithe is married. A study of Vassar graduates showed that those who taught and had children had smaller families than those who married but did not teach. Less than a third of the group taught and also married. Putting all this information together,

may we not safely assume that the more women's colleges raise the standard of scholarship, as they are now intent on doing, the lower will be the marriage and birth rates of all alumnæ, especially if they achieve distinction?

We are now in a position to talk with President Neilson of Smith College, who, in a widely circulated article, has recently asked what are the "intellectual and emotional differences between the sexes that need to be taken into account in education." I will mention but one of these. (There is also an economic factor.)

PERSONAL achievement for a college man is a *prerequisite* to marriage and parenthood. It is known that the abler the college man mentally, the sooner he marries on the average, the oftener he marries on the average, and the larger, on the average, is his family. On the other hand, personal success for women is very often psychologically a *deterrent* to marriage and parenthood. The abler the alumna mentally, the *less* often she marries on the average and the *smaller*, on the average, is her family. Man, however busy, keeps a part of his energy and desire for the period of courtship. Woman more often does not. Therefore, to encourage achievement in college men is to assist a eugenic factor and an efficient division of labor after marriage, as nature intended, while to encourage the same sort of personal success in college women is to abet a dysgenic factor and either an unnatural celibacy or married childlessness and an inefficient division of labor.

The women's colleges as leaders in the community will be held responsible for educational policies which have long tended to cause race deterioration, which have diminished the supply of leaders, which have caused women to thwart their deepest natures, which have reduced the supply of intelligent wives trained for their jobs, available for their equals among men, which have educated women who possess a cultural and biological heritage, only to cut off both in the next generation, and which have been a potent factor in the development of the American centrifugal home. Turn it about as you will, personal ambition is the friend of efficient fatherhood and the enemy of efficient motherhood. That is inescapable.

INTELLIGENT people everywhere are awake to these difficulties. To mention only one, Dr. William S. Sadler writes: "One thing is certain, something is radically wrong. . . . There can be no excuse urged or explanation offered to justify the fact that our exclusive women's colleges actually disqualify their graduates for motherhood. The American people should see to it, and that immediately, that the girls' schools of this country have their curriculum reformed. . . . The women in the separate colleges of the East have the worst record in this respect." He then adds significantly: "The eugenist suspects that women's colleges of this country are not conducted with a view to turning out wives and mothers, and *he fully recognizes that their influences, in addition to college training, have been operative in lessening the number of marriages among this class of women.*" (Italics mine.) Is it possible that the perspective,

the atmosphere and the teaching of these colleges are at fault?

If now we compare some of the achieving women of pre-college days with those of today, we find that Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, Mrs. Louis Agassiz, Mrs. Bronson Alcott Pratt and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, (to take names at random) not only attained distinction in their own persons, but have *in all cases left lineal descendants who are leaders*, and people of whom America may well be proud. For the most part, it seems, these ladies worked at home. And in the midst of grinding work and anxiety, Mrs. Stowe could write, "My children I would not change for all the ease, leisure and pleasure that I could have without them." How out-of-date this sounds in 1929! What would have been the result had these noble women gone to a modern woman's college? It seems to me incontestably better for the nation that the family lines of such brilliant people should not only be preserved but strengthened. The cultural treasures received by the children of such mothers are probably even more valuable to them than the biological inheritance. Why should not the women's colleges do more to build up, instead of perpetually helping to tear down, a group of permanently and traditionally civilized families?

And by what magic do part-time mothers new-style — oscillating between house and office — become skilful within the home? Either they must give up personal motherhood or they must dispense in whole or in part with offspring. Yet all seven of the women's colleges have actually publicly proclaimed their satisfaction that an increasing number of their graduates are "carrying on part — or whole — time jobs outside their own homes."

THIS brings us to the central question. After all, is the present college woman's game worth the candle? Have American college women in more than fifty years contributed enough to the world of men to make up for what they have stolen, year after year, from the cultural and biological heritage, and from the whilom unity of the American home? Has there not been a net loss to the few children produced, to the men who might have had intelligent wives trained in home-making, and to the college women themselves? Have college women been accelerating the frightful centrifugal tendency of our households?

I am sure the great question which the educated people of the East must ask themselves, over and over again, is whether they want these college women, one-half of them maiden ladies, in business and in the professions, where they limit the earning power of married men, or whether they prefer them as mothers, with boys and girls who shall inherit their special abilities and special culture, with which to face and conquer the appalling vulgarities and complexities of our present and future civilization.

*IN a second article, Mr. Carey discusses some of the steps which the colleges are taking to remedy the conditions he outlines here.*

# When I Was Mayor

By Jay E. House

*A one time executive of Topeka tells how he tried in vain to enforce Prohibition in the capital of a State, the reputed dryness of which he denies*

These, briefly stated and much abridged, are the memoirs of an ex-Prohibition enforcement official. As Mayor of Topeka, Kansas, I was the titular head of the police department and the responsibility for curbing the demon rum within the corporate limits of the municipality was mine. I contribute them to the rising tide of Prohibition discussion for whatever light they may throw upon it. I shall also offer certain opinions befitting to the circumstances.

I remember the Topeka mayoralty campaign of 1915 — the term was two years and I was reëlected in 1917 — as the most bitter and abusive I have known. More mud was thrown than in any previous or subsequent election I now recall. Most of it splattered on me. My opponent was a dignified gentleman who was "right" on all the great moral issues. He was for everything that was nice, and a Prohibitionist from "who laid the chunk." Nothing could be said against him and, so far as my supporters were concerned, nothing was said.

I was the pariah — the outcast candidate. There really was nothing against me as a man and citizen, but, as a newspaper writer, I had, for a dozen years, poked fun at the town's dearest flubdub. That, however, was a minor count in the indictment. I was suspected of being unenthusiastic about Prohibition. I had even implied that the State law was not as well enforced as it might be. That, in itself, was enough to damn me. In Kansas, then and now, no individual may publicly express such opinion or make such intimation, save at his own peril.

It was all true enough. I was not enthusiastic about Prohibition, although I was not then the bitter opponent of it that I have since become. I knew the prohibitory laws were not enforced and had said so many times. And I made no denial of the charges. I merely said I would enforce the law to the best of my ability — that I thought I could enforce it a little better than was being done by the Dry administration then in power. Since in those

(*See Editorial Note on Page 529*)

days, and even yet, municipal elections in Kansas turned on the wet and dry issue, my tacit refusal to bootlick set all the Drys at my heels. My refusal to dignify the charges by denial made the Drys doubly furious.

THAT was the background against which I set up what was, perhaps, the most dogged and persistent local attempt to enforce Prohibition ever made in this country. For four long years I used every device provided by law — and many which were not sanctioned by it — to stop the bootleggers. I repeatedly broke other laws in an attempt to enforce one, and I literally lived on top of the police force. I don't know yet why I did it. All I know is that between the date of my election and the time of taking office I became a little rabid on the subject of law enforcement.

Probably my zeal for the enforcement of the prohibitory law was compounded from three or four human elements. My opinion of the law had not changed; I was still unenthusiastic about it. I doubted the possibility of its enforcement. My zest probably sprang from the factors of pride in performance, a certain regard for my word and oath, and a desire to confound my opponents. Be that as it may, I came to understand the fanatic. I do not approve of him, but I understand him. I know what makes him tick. For in some of my public acts in relation to Prohibition I was as fanatical as the most zealous Dry.

It was much easier to enforce a prohibitory liquor law in the years lying between 1915 and 1919 than it now is. The whole structure of the liquor business has changed. Then the illicit sale of liquor was shady dealing carried on mostly by those who barely rose above the bread line. Now it is a business. In the days of State Prohibition, I never knew more than half a dozen bootleggers who made any money. I recall only two who kept what they made. The great majority of those engaged in the trade were shiftless, inefficient, improvident, inconsequential gentlemen — white and black — who barely kept a fire in the kitchen stove. They were easy to catch and, with the consent of the jury, easy to convict. Most of them were without influence and without the funds necessary to provide a spirited defense. The trouble was that when one was sent away three came to take his place.

I DON'T know whether public sentiment has changed. I leave that to the controversialists; this, essentially, is a recital. But public sentiment against Prohibition — so much as there is of it — has become articulate. It speaks its mind and it has cohesion. It is backed, too, by tremendously strong newspaper and periodical support. In the days of State Prohibition, public sentiment against the law was dumb and it presented a broken and straggling front. Nobody dared to say anything publicly. Most people, no matter what their private opinions may have been, accepted the contention that liquor selling is a crime. That condition no longer obtains. There literally are millions of people who doubt that liquor selling is a criminal offense, and they do not hesitate to express such doubts. And this attitude in the public mind in-

creases enormously the odds against Prohibition enforcement.

More than that, as I have previously noted, liquor selling now is a business. It is well and efficiently organized, abundantly financed and, from a court standpoint, ably defended. The gentlemen in the liquor business no longer are improvident and inconsequential. They have brains, influence and money. With it all, the opposition to Prohibition has come out of its coma.

WITH my induction into office I became officially cognizant of what I had always known privately — that Topeka reeked of liquor. The Dry administration which I succeeded had given eloquent lip service to Prohibition, but it hadn't done much in the way of enforcing the law. That is a typical condition and much the easiest way. If a Prohibition enforcement officer will give Prohibition its due meed of lip service, and make an occasional grandiloquent gesture, he will get along with both Drys and Wets. The Drys will think he is enforcing the law and the Wets will be grateful for the fact that conditions are undisturbed. A Dry crusade never amounts to much, but it always disturbs a lot of people. The fear that a Dry crusader may finally achieve something is always upon them.

My first move was to reorganize the police force and to make it understand that the new attempt to enforce Prohibition would not be a mere gesture. The force got the idea after I had stripped the stars from three or four veteran officers. Then I hired a number of spotters and set the dogs after the bootleggers. I had a theory about Prohibition. It was as good as any, but it didn't work. My idea was to crash through from the top. I had noticed that Prohibition enforcement in Topeka had always centered on the small operators — the hip pocket and kitchen joint men. There was a reason for that. The hip pocket and kitchen joint operators were easier to catch and much easier to convict. The big shots were infrequently disturbed and, being ably defended, almost never convicted. My plan contemplated an incessant riding of the big shots. We took the small operators when they got in the way, but over the big shots we maintained an eternal vigil.

CONDITIONS looking to law enforcement were all any official might ask. I had the benefit of the most drastic laws a State Legislature could devise. These laws had the whole-hearted support of the press, the courts and the clergy, and the ostensible support of all other officials and the public. If there was opposition to anything I did by way of Prohibition enforcement it was inarticulate. I rode high and handsome.

I may best epitomize my experience in enforcing Prohibition in my prosecution of two women. One I shall here call Kitty Tolley. She was known locally as the Queen of the Jointists. She operated in her own home and had an exclusive and high class clientèle. And she was exceedingly prosperous. I believe she was the first lady operator in Topeka to drive her own motor car. She had been operating continuously over a period of more than twenty years. I had occasion to look up her court

record. I wanted to know about it. I found she had been arrested once or twice, but had never been convicted.

I set the spotters after Mrs. Tolley and we got the evidence necessary to convict. Then I sent a plain clothes man after her. I was sitting with the desk sergeant when he brought her in. She was a good looking woman and her diamonds aided materially in the illumination of the police station. She asked the desk sergeant's permission to use the telephone and added, "I want to telephone the Colonel about my bond." Thereupon I said to the sergeant, "Book her and lock her up. There'll be no bond tonight." It was my idea then that throwing liquor offenders in jail was a good disciplinary measure. I always saw to it that they spent at least one night in durance. It marked the peremptory and unlawful manner in which I tried to enforce Prohibition. I had no more legal right to refuse an acceptable bond from Mrs. Tolley than I have to rob a bank.

We convicted Mrs. Tolley on the charges then pending. We arrested her many times thereafter and convicted her almost as many times. For four years the police department rode herd on her. Once we actually got her into jail and kept her there three months. But I don't think she ever stopped selling liquor. Only two or three years ago I noticed in a Topeka newspaper that she had been arrested for the old offense. Evidently she escaped punishment, for I saw no further reference to her case. The prosecutions to which we subjected Mrs. Tolley cost her a great deal of money. She was less prosperous at the end of my second term. But I can't recall anything else that we accomplished.

The other woman whom I will here call Maggie Chester, was, like Mrs. Tolley, an old offender. She had been in business a long time. She had been arrested oftener than Mrs. Tolley, but had never gone to jail or paid a fine. Her business, too, was more complex than that conducted by Mrs. Tolley. In addition to selling liquor, she was an impresario of the "oldest profession in the world."

I put a woman spotter in Miss Chester's handsome apartment and got the goods on her. I learned where she cached her liquor and also that two women from Kansas City who were staying at her place were quarreling with her over what seemed to them to be an unfair division of the receipts. Kansas has a law which makes the business of such an impresario a penitentiary offense. That cinched the case against Miss Chester, provided we could make the evidence stand up. We segregated the two women from Kansas City and persuaded them to testify against their whilom landlady. Then we saw to it that they did so.

I sent a sergeant's detail after Miss Chester with instructions to bring her in. It was gone a long time; I think the sergeant was waiting for me to go home. It finally came back with half a barrel of beer which it had seized in a raid on the cellar of an honest but inconsequential Russian living in North Topeka. "Where's Maggie?" I asked. "Well," explained the sergeant after he had tried to dodge me by going out the back way,

"we didn't find any liquor and I didn't think it was any use to bring her in." "Her liquor is in the bookcase," I told him, and took his star then and there.

I sent another detail after Miss Chester and that one brought her. It was in the late summer. By October we had her in the penitentiary, where she served her time less her allowance for good behavior. What was it all about? I don't know. Liquor still flows in Topeka. The Seventh Commandment, so I have heard, still is violated in that vicinity.

I have referred at length to the prosecutions of Mrs. Tolley and Miss Chester because they were, from the purely human angle, the most interesting with which I dealt. But, in their general aspects, all cases were alike. From 1915 to 1919 the police department chased unremittingly bootleggers of all kinds and colors. It never stopped doing it; it never even let up in its pursuit. Every year we made hundreds of arrests and secured hundreds of convictions. We put bootleggers by the dozen in jail and kept them there until the county grew tired of feeding them. We put them to tremendous expense and an enormous amount of inconvenience.

But I don't think we diminished by one drop the amount of liquor peddled and consumed in the town.

I take time out here to explode the great Kansas myth. That is to say, so far as it lies within my power to do so. The myth is the one to the effect that the prohibitory laws are enforced in Kansas. It has been reiterated and retold so often that it has come to have a general acceptance, particularly in the urban sections of the country. Prohibition has never been enforced in Kansas. It isn't enforced now. Drinking is as widespread and general there as it is throughout the rest of the country.

There may be those who will cavil at these revelations — who will question the persistence and sincerity of my attempts to enforce Prohibition. I am willing to leave it to Topeka. I think I left office with the reputation of having done the most effective work in behalf of Prohibition the town had known. Everybody knows I tried; a great many still believe I succeeded. I know better. Nothing I did or tried to do amounted to shucks.

## *An Unsuppressed Article*

AFTER the foregoing article was in type, we received a telegram from Governor Clyde M. Reed of Kansas objecting to its prospective publication. We believe Governor Reed's telegram was sent under misapprehension as to the scope of this article, which Mr. House offers as a bit of history and not as a further contribution to the recent controversy — widely reported in the press — over alleged drinking in Topeka today. And we feel sure that the citizens of Topeka who twice elected Mr. House to the Mayoralty would not question his right to tell magazine readers in other cities something of his experiences and conclusions.

However, the Topeka controversy has again brought to more than local attention the question of enforcement in Kansas. Governor Reed states that conditions in Kansas have been deliberately and sensationally misrepresented in certain magazines and newspapers. We have invited the Governor to write for THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW an article presenting the actual facts of enforcement today in his State. —

*The Editors.*

# From Glider to Autogiro

By Juan de la Cierva

(With Donald F. Rose)

*The inventor of the famous "flying windmill", latest sensation in aviation, tells for the first time the story of his aeronautical achievements*

Mine is not a long story, as years go, but neither is the airplane a very venerable affair. I myself have lived long enough to remember the first successful flights of the Wright brothers. Only a year or two later I was busy in Madrid with aviation experiments of my own. At the age of an American high-school freshman, I had studied as thoroughly as I could the work of Langley, Maxim, Ader, Chanute and others, and particularly the theories and designs of Otto Lilienthal. The latter was a true pioneer of the age of flight, and when he was killed in 1896 after more than two thousand gliding flights he was definitely on his way to the triumph which was won at last at Kitty Hawk.

With the supreme confidence of my fourteen years, I was not deterred from aerial experiments by my knowledge of Lilienthal's fate. There were three of us boys in a little aviation "company" and one of my associates had access to his father's woodworking factory. This helped very considerably to reduce the overhead of our experiments. We did what we could with kites, and then dared further. We began to build gliders, achieving our first success with a monoplane whose motive power was provided by small boys of the neighborhood at the end of a rope. Fortunately for us young pilots there were no cliffs at hand for our take-offs. The best we could do was to slide off from a fifteen-foot bluff below which lay a gently sloping hill. At the end of a few hundred feet of rope we coasted along a few yards from the ground. We built controls into our craft, crude ailerons and rudder, with such aeronautical wisdom as was in us. And we flew, and somehow broke none of our necks.

The craft worked so well that I came under severe pressure from my younger brother, who saw no reason why he should not also fly. The three proprietors of the company yielded at last, and up he went. But either an unusual gust of wind came along at that moment or there was some serious error in our aeronautical calculations owing to the lighter weight of the pilot. Suddenly the glider shot fifty feet in the air,

brother and all, which was an entirely unprecedented performance. It was so startling, in fact, that the engine stopped, which is to say that the boys on the end of the rope forgot their vital share in the demonstration and slowed down to look and applaud. Thereupon the glider ceased to glide, and came down in a spin as suddenly as it had gone up.

My brother went to bed for a few weeks to get over his first flight. We managed to keep the secret of his accident, reporting to family headquarters that he had made a bad landing on a bicycle. Not until fifteen years later was the real story revealed, and even at that distance my father's consternation was considerable.

THIS brought to an abrupt end our glider experiments. Moreover we were tiring of gliders and anxious to build a real airplane. Planes were not unknown in Spain, though I believe that the one we built when I was fifteen was the first successful airplane ever constructed in my country.

A French pilot named Mauvais came to Madrid in an early model Farman, in what would be called in America a barnstorming trip. Shortly afterwards he crashed, which was a not uncommon end to flying demonstrations in those days. Not much was left of his craft except the Gnome rotary engine — not enough to make it worth his while to collect the pieces. We entered into negotiations with him. We would rebuild his machine on a new design and make it fly, after which he could have it back to do with as he would. He thought it a good idea and promised to be our test pilot when the work was done — if it ever was done.

We three boys put the machine together again with scraps of wood and canvas and tons of ingenuity. We could buy no parts, principally owing to parental skepticism as to the importance of our experiments, so we made them as best we could. We whittled out struts and spars, begged help and tools from the woodworking factory, and stretched our canvas wings and tail surfaces as tight as could be by hand. Having no dope except ordinary glue, I confess that in the latter days of that airplane it was a strangely sticky ship in wet weather. A serious problem, indeed, was the propeller, which had been smashed beyond repair. The difficulty challenged our entire resources of aeronautical knowledge and ingenuity.

I KNEW that propellers should be built of laminated wood, but we had no proper wood and we couldn't have laminated it if we had. The solution was in the nature of an accident. It seemed to me that seasoned wood was a prerequisite to a successful propeller. We looked around for seasoned wood. At last we found a heavy counter-top in the bar-room of a hotel. It was a fine piece of wood and I reasoned that it must be thoroughly seasoned with alcohol. We purchased it and chopped and chiselled out of it our propeller. I thought I knew enough of theory and design to give it a respectable curve and balance, and it actually worked well enough. No doubt it vibrated a little, but a few vibrations more or less made little difference in Spain's first airplane.

The visiting French flyer warmed to the work as it began to promise success, and contributed his advice and assistance. The day came at last when he took it into the air and pronounced it a practical flying machine once more. It wasn't exactly as good as new, but it would and did fly. Sometimes I would sit behind the French flyer and reach around him to hold the wheel, but I made no mistake of thinking myself a pilot. The machine did a lot of flying thereafter, but died of old age and nervous exhaustion about a year later.

Our triumvirate built one more plane before we parted company. I was seventeen at the time, and far better equipped with knowledge than at first. Moreover the science of aerodynamics and perfection in plane design had made great strides. I had followed every new development and was anxious to try some of my own. This time we had the benefit of encouragement and some financing from home. We built a monoplane, powered with a Rhone motor. It was a soundly designed ship, but it was too fast for powerplants in those days and it was tricky to get off the ground and trickier to get down again, but in the air it flew like a racing plane. It had a number of minor accidents, each of which cost money for alterations and repairs. When our parents would pay no more for rebuilding a wing-tip or buying a new propeller, the ship was sold and our triple alliance broke up forever. Meanwhile I went off to college for seven long years of technical education.

In 1918, one year before my college work was to be completed, a competition was announced for Spanish-built aircraft. The war was on, and Spain was in large degree isolated from aeronautical developments in the rest of the world. The fighting Powers were keeping their aviation secrets as well as they could, and the competing designers were compelled to work as much with theory as with practical experience. I noted that all the entries announced were for comparatively light craft, so I decided to build a bombing plane. Nobody else was building a bombing plane, and it seemed likely that whatever I built would be the winner in its class, provided it would fly.

I believe that this was the second three-engine plane ever built. The Italian Caproni preceded it, but it was an unconventional type of plane, whereas mine was a big biplane with three tractor propellers. On purely theoretical grounds I incorporated other ideas in the design which were later approved in general practice, such — for example — as the thick wing. It was built and in 1919 it flew successfully at its first trials. The test pilot was terrifically nervous at first over handling so much airplane at once, but in a few days he had reached the other extreme of excess confidence. Banking too casually and too close to the ground he side-slipped my creation into a heap of wreckage, and that was the end of that.

Surveying the net outcome of so much work and study I discovered suddenly that I was tired of airplanes. I was, in fact, disgusted with airplanes. They would fly, yes, but

they would only fly safely with extraordinarily skilful handling. One blunder on the part of the pilot and they were immediately and expensively damaged or destroyed altogether. They could fly fast but they could not fly slow. They could fly high in the heavens but they dare not fly close to the ground. They could manœuvre like a bird in the open sky but they could not alight like a bird on a chosen spot. And nothing about them promised that they could ever escape from limitations like these, which put strict bounds to their usefulness, safety and possible popularity.

I FELT that I was committed to aeronautics by all my training, and a natural aptitude for trouble. In the shadow of my latest calamity I contemplated anew the whole theory of flight. There were said to be three fundamental types of heavier-than-air flying machines. There was the fixed plane, in all its variations. There was the ornithopter, the flying machine with some sort of flapping wings. There was the helicopter, based on the idea of vertical flight by means of an airscrew. I was reasonably familiar with all that had been done with each type and I knew that none but the plane had amounted to anything. All of them had a long and varied history. Dædalus and Icarus came to grief in ornithopter experiments in the days of mythology. Jules Verne had designed a helicopter which worked beautifully in a book. Gliders had been known for a century. The scrapbooks of science were scattered with pictures of strange craft intended to fly by one of these three principles.

But the conclusion which proved at last the germ of the autogiro was that there are not three types of possible flying machines but an indefinite number. For sustentation in the air is the product of the movement of an airfoil at sufficient speed through the air, and all sorts of such movements can be designed and combined to effect flight. To confine this sustaining motion to the movement of a fixed plane in a single direction is to limit at once the possibilities of the flying machine. It would be far more desirable to contrive a wing motion which had no fixed relation to the speed and direction of flight in order to keep the craft off the ground.

THE ornithopter is an attempt to provide such independent motion by means of flapping wings, like those of a bird. But no one has as yet even approximated the extraordinary flexibility and sensitiveness of a bird's wing in a man-made machine, and ornithopters consistently refuse to work. The helicopter attempts sustentation by means of spinning propellers above it, which are essentially and aerodynamically miniature airfoils like the wings of an airplane. But the few helicopters that have done more than jump off the ground have all come to a bad end after brief and erratic flights. One, the Pescara, travelled a few hundred yards, but to do so it needed a skill and delicacy of control which would make aviation a virtual impossibility for general use. And it never did it again.

But the theory was sound, and it was capable of all sorts of theoretical variations. It is theoretically possible, for example, to fly by adding to

the motion of forward flight the effect of a wing thrust forward like an oar against the air current. But one cannot keep throwing wings away in order to maintain flight, so somehow the wing must be able to get back where it started without breaking the continuity of flight. Which points at last to a revolving wing as the only practicable method of adding the independent motion of an airfoil to the forward flight induced by the motor and its propeller.

THIS sounds complicated, but it was in reality vastly more complicated than that. I worked at the idea in theory and practice, by calculations in aerodynamics which had practically no precedent, and by means of scale models. And at last, in 1920, I built my first autogiro.

This was not only the first autogiro ever designed, but it was also the first attempt in history to apply the principle of freely revolving wing to flight. It has been said that the autogiro added an essential refinement to a principle already known and theoretically practical. But this is not the case. The first autogiro was designed *de novo*, and as a product of pure theory. And it wouldn't work.

It wouldn't work because of too many imperfections. These were soon remedied in a second model, which worked very well indeed except that it wouldn't fly. It scuttled along the ground, pulled by an ordinary propeller attached to an ordinary motor, and the rotor wings turned in the breeze of the ship's progress according to expectations. But also it rolled unsteadily and at last turned over on its side, breaking itself here and there in the process. It never lifted itself from the earth in anything that looked like flight.

It is unnecessary to recount the history of each new autogiro which was built to incorporate some modification in theory and design. There were a number of them, but their behavior was fairly consistent. Some lifted one wheel from the ground, some the other; but none of them could lift both wheels at once. Some damaged themselves more and some less, and some were built so sturdily that they could survive several disappointing demonstrations without vital harm. Some of them, on the other hand, were completely smashed and some were deliberately tested to the crash point to discover their weaknesses.

IT IS really inaccurate to say that they crashed. Since they never flew they never crashed, and it was — as I discovered later — impossible for them to fly. When the solution turned up which made flight by autogyration possible, they continued not to crash. It is exactly true to say that since the first autogiro left the ground none has ever failed for aerodynamic reasons. I have had during the purely experimental period breaks due to structural weakness or faulty engineering, and bad landings due to unfamiliarity with the machine. I have run into stumps, broken many undercarriages, and made all sorts of ungraceful landings. But in good working order the autogiro has never figured in a crash in the aviation sense of the term.

It may be added that no one has yet been seriously hurt in an autogiro, which offers a marked contrast

with the history of early developments in the airplane. There have been no necks broken, and since I was chief pilot in most of my early experiments, my own good health and condition are evidence of safe progress. The first successful autogiro was built in 1922, and the first successful flight made in January, 1923.

WITHOUT going into technical details, whose complications may be suspected from the fact that I spent five years in perfecting my machine to its present point, the critical corner was turned and the autogiro became the airplane's first serious competitor when I developed the idea of hinging the rotor vanes to the central mast so that they would freely articulate. This did away with the rolling effect consequent on the fact that on one side the vanes were moving forward and on the other in the opposite direction. In the successful machine they adjust themselves freely to the conditions of flight, in accordance with aerodynamic laws of extraordinary complexity.

The first public demonstrations of the autogiro on a large scale were its demonstration flight around England and the trip across the English Channel in September, 1928, when I took with me Henri Bouche, director of an aeronautical newspaper.

I made part of the flight in company with the Goliath, one of the regular London-to-Paris planes, and though there had been plenty of unfounded criticism to the effect that the autogiro could not fly at a useful speed, I was compelled to throttle down in order not to lose my escort.

Shortly thereafter began the negotiations which brought the autogiro to America and later on resulted in my own visit. The several machines that are now flying here are not perfected craft. But they have outlived already the charge of freakishness or doubtful experiment.

Let me add a story with a moral. A Spanish army officer, whose name it is unnecessary to reveal, was inspecting an airfield at which I was conducting experiments. He was aware of his value to his country and the importance of obedience to his orders. He expressed the desire to take a ride and was duly loaded into an airplane. "I command you," he told the pilot, "to fly slowly and to stay near the ground."

The general was right and the general was all wrong. Safe flight is slow flight and the nearer you are to the ground the less likely you are to collide fatally with it. But not in an airplane. The airplane is safe only at high speeds and safe only when well away from the ground. If the pilot had taken the general literally and seriously, there might be one less general alive today to give orders.

BUT in the autogiro it appears that we have at last a machine that can fly both fast and slowly with equal safety, and that is as safe at fifty feet above the earth as at five thousand. It lands slowly and safely because the sustaining motion of the revolving wing continues even though the forward flight is stopped. And with all this the autogiro flies smoothly and manœuvres more easily than the ordinary plane. Any man who can drive a car through traffic should be able to pilot a giro.

# He Wanted to Be King

By John Gunther

Action itself seldom shocks me, no matter what form it may take; but occasionally I have been stupefied by the motives behind action. I suppose thinking about Hamel Pasha reinforces this conclusion. One would never have believed to look at him that one day he was going to be a King. One might just as well have thought of him, fantastically, as a clown or a portrait painter or a murderer. Hamel Pasha looked simply like a politician, and a rather dull and doctrinaire sort of politician at that. Of course he certainly was interested in politics primarily.

I saw Hamel Pasha only once, and then briefly. He was a small, dapper man, with delicate hands, pale skin, and a mustache so fine it looked sketched with pencil on his lip. He did not look physically powerful. But I do not think he was a coward. His eyes were curious. They were a fleeting but definite concentration of hazel and green; they seemed like marbles, made of some queer, hard, bright, also opaque stone. I watched him, and in spite of his eyes the dominant note in his manner seemed an entirely genuine (although precise) casualness.

Thierry de Martignac and I were both guests at the New Year's Eve party in Tirana where we met Hamel Pasha, in the old days when he was a member of the Opposition. The party was at one of the foreign legations. I had met de Martignac in Geneva, where he was one of the heads of the League of Nations' economic section; he was in Tirana now, assigned to explore the possibility of a rehabilitation loan floated by the League. So naturally the officials made a great fuss over him.

It was a picturesque party. We were fascinated watching it. "Pure Zenda," de Martignac said, and it was; just as Tirana is the capital of the only surviving (and fast disappearing) Ruritania. We watched the blazing uniforms of the military attachés; the Moslem women cowering over the big braziers, "emancipated" but afraid to dance; the black pepper-and-salt of evening clothes worn by the foreign diplomats sifting through the bright salad of half-oriental costumes and glittering, bawdy uniforms; the puppetish swank of the President's orchestra, all in white uniforms with golden epaulettes — forty musicians imported from Hungary, and their upkeep, we calculated, took exactly one twenty-seventh of the whole national treasury. Inside champagne corks popped, and silver slippers scuffled. Outside gypsy women carried goat's

milk in vats on their shawled heads.

I saw Hamel Pasha across the room, and our Minister identified him for me. Hamel Pasha must have noticed the gesture, because he spoke inquiringly too, in a whisper to his aide, and then crossed the room to us.

"Permit me." We bowed. Hamel Pasha bowed. We talked. Almost at once conflicting currents of conversation carried us away.

"Looks a harmless little fellow — but ambitious, I hear," said de Martignac, as if summing him up.

HAMEL seemed to have no further interest in us and I did not notice him again till much later in the evening. I singled him out then because he looked bored and lonely. He had learned a little French.

"And your companion, he is from Geneva, *n'est-ce pas?*" Hamel asked, after I had explained that I happened to be a newspaper man visiting his country. I told Hamel who de Martignac was.

"Ah! What you call a grand man of affairs, *n'est-ce pas?*"

Hamel was polite, rather formal, and hardly, I thought, interested.

"And you like our little village — you are staying a long time?"

I told Hamel we were, in fact, finished with our work, and planned to leave Tirana Tuesday.

He asked details of my impressions. I asked him details about the Government.

"Our Government — ah!" he deprecated. "What can it matter to you about our Government? It lasts perhaps three months, perhaps six — it always changes — no one cares — it is not important — *pouf!*"

His attitude was admirably resigned, I told him, for a member of the Opposition.

De Martignac came up and Hamel was deferentially polite to him. Doubtless inasmuch as governments in Tirana did change twice a year or so, Hamel felt reasonably sure of power again some day, and might look back profitably to acquaintance with someone almost sure to have something to do with his country's finances. Or even de Martignac might say a word for him, among the chancelleries, or in Geneva — "Oh — by the way — met that young chap who was Minister of the Interior in Tirana — now in Opposition — " and so on. Meanwhile I met to my pleasure two young Englishmen who knew friends of mine in London; they were on the way up the Dalmatian coast and we talked a bit.

"DON'T miss Ragusa," I was telling one of the Englishmen. "It's enchanting — a gem — and the only town in the world which is officially a museum as a whole."

"Tuesday — ah!" Hamel heard de Martignac also mention the date of our departure. Again a polite bow. "And by motor car, I presume, to Scutari?"

I nodded.

"Why don't you fellows come with us?" de Martignac asked the Englishmen.

"No," they thanked us. "We've already made arrangements for our car."

The party was a riot by this time. Many officials in Tirana had never seen anything like it. A legation itself, for that matter, was something of a curiosity in the country. Around

the long buffet table little dark men darted, picked, and swarmed. They couldn't resist the whiskey, a new drink to most of them. The Prime Minister actually danced. The President could not attend, but he sent a message to the host, which was read out in three languages after trumpetings from the orchestra. There was a snake dance at midnight, and apparently it made a great hit. Some of the Tirana girls were pretty, scared, and lively; and our own Minister led me in trying to dance with them. There was ham in the sandwiches, and de Martignac and I were entranced, watching the commissioner of police slink along the tables, filling his pockets with the forbidden luxury. We saw Italian engineers, British *gendarmerie* officers, German aviators, and officials from most of the countries of Europe. And Tirana's indigenous society was amazing. I tried to count the colors. The ball broke up near dawn, and with great shoutings we had actually to spade two eminent officials of the Government out of the deep red mud, where they had slipped, trying to board their dangerous-looking automobiles.

We said good night all around, and I looked for Hamel.

"Went to bed hours ago," a deputy told us. "Parties bore him."

On Tuesday we left for Scutari. Monday night we had had a pleasant dinner with the Englishmen. I hoped we might run into them again further north, in Podgoritsa or in Cetinye. From Tirana to Scutari turned out to be a six-hour ride, and it was lonely; not once did we pass another car, and we saw, I think, only three people on the whole route. Remarkable country! No railroads at all — yet in summer a good aviation service. "It skips a thousand years," de Martignac pointed out; "it will miss entirely the age of steam." "Yes — ox-cart direct to biplane," I agreed. No coinage. No running water. No newspapers even. "What a paradise for a journalist," de Martignac jibed me. We recollected that the American Minister had to get even his butter *via* the embassy pouch from Rome. And so we came to Scutari, a town of 30,000 people. We knew we were in the Scutari territory because the dividing line from south to north is the pig. Up in the Christian north we first saw pigs with amazingly long hair. We passed through a remarkable declivity just before reaching Scutari, a high pass, the road strung between gray rocks like a lost thread.

Once we got to Scutari, we found it almost as exciting as Tirana. There was old silver to be had in the bazaar, and the parade of the women to church was impressive — all of them in surplices of red and gold. We still had a stock of gold Napoleons, and as in Tirana were embarrassed by the amazing handfuls of copper, brass, and paper currency which we got in small change. Buying, say, a package of cigarettes, and giving the shopkeeper a Napoleon, meant getting a positive pocketful of metal. The cigarettes are good, by the way, the best in the Balkans.

"A most grave and distressing bit of news, messieurs," the commandant of the garrison told us at dinner, apologizing for his flustered lateness.

"They were boys — they had no money — the crime is unaccountable, unpardonable," he stuttered to us.

We were stunned. Those two pleasant English lads had been killed. It took a long time to get details of the story. Everyone was hysterical with excitement. It appeared, finally, that the English boys had followed us along the same route, an hour or two behind. We had not come up together because they had last-minute *visa* business to tend to. Apparently, the commandant told us, a gang of brigands had ambushed the second car in that dangerous pass we had noted. I must admit, almost my first emotion was a sort of ghastly horrified sense of relief that the brigands hadn't got *us*. We were going fast, and must have just slipped by. At any rate, the brigands shot the chauffeur, pulled the boys out of the car, searched and robbed them, then stood them up against a rock and calmly shot them. The bodies had just been discovered. The car was still there.

I couldn't talk. De Martignac looked terribly shocked and puzzled.

THE British consul from the capital hurried up, and got in late that night. He was a boy himself, out on his first real post. He was shaken. So were we. De Martignac's bewilderment at the fortuitousness of the tragedy solidified to horror; and, with his Gallic lucidity, he was the spirit behind the investigation. But we saw the bodies, and after the inquiry, came to accept what was too manifestly true. Pure brigandage, apparently. These northern mountains were swarming with *comitadjis*. They were especially poor this winter, the Government having confiscated their flocks a few months before.

We were pleased that the affair was rigorously prosecuted by the Government, and for several days Scutari saw moving columns of *gendarmes* pushing outward through the hills. The British Government demanded severe indemnity, and got it. A dozen bandits were arrested. But the crisis lagged after a few weeks, because the Tirana Government got involved in something very much bigger and more important, a serious frontier squabble with the country to the south. So soon enough Scutari forgot those two young Englishmen. And, busy in other parts of the world, I forgot about them — about de Martignac, Hamel Pasha, and all the rest. Of course Hamel Pasha kept in the news. He was so indignant, in fact, at the murder of the Englishmen — information vaguely reached me — that he had quit the country in disgust, and exiled himself to Belgrade. He came in again on some real crisis which shook the Government.

A COUPLE of years later I ran into de Martignac in Geneva.

"Off to Portugal," he was telling me. "Can you come along?"

"No," I shook my head. "But there's an hour or so, let's go and have dinner."

We went to that amazing restaurant the Coq d'Or, and chose with difficulty which of forty *hors d'œuvres* should precede the *escalope*.

"You're still revamping finances?" I asked him. I hadn't seen him for several years. "How did that Albanian proposal turn out?"

"Oh, a fiasco. That murder, you remember, destroyed international feeling. No confidence, you understand." De Martignac suddenly looked up, and his face was rigid. He put down knife and fork in calm, compact excitement. "But — my friend! You do not know! I have not seen you to tell you! My friend! And now I nearly forget! *Mon vieux* — prepare yourself — listen!"

I listened.

"You remember our friend Hamel?"

OF COURSE I remembered Hamel. I was proud I had met him in the early days. His little country had become a pawn in the great international game. Oil — the Adriatic bottle-neck — the confusion of Italian ambition and Yugoslav truculence — these things had yanked Tirana in one long pull from the Sixteenth Century to the Twentieth. As to Hamel himself — it was colossal! First Minister of the Interior again. Then Prime Minister. Then President. He lived in a white palace; true, he never left it, fearing assassination if he did. It had been revealed there were six hundred blood feuds out against him. The glitter of his splendor was equalled only by the shudder of his fear. But I felt he was strong enough to come through. I told de Martignac so. De Martignac agreed, grimly. And we were right. He did come through. Within a year he was crowned King.

"But let me tell you," de Martignac said. "Those poor English lads — they died by error. Yes. They were innocent victims of a conspiracy. Hamel plotted to kill — yes — but not those English lads. It was we, you and I, who were marked for death. And by Hamel Pasha, too." He paused. "In Vienna last year I learned the story."

SUDDENLY I saw it all. I picked up the piece of salmon that had dropped from my fork.

"That is," de Martignac went on, "you, my friend, were to be a victim rather fortuitously. It was I for whom death was planned. It is quaint, *n'est-ce pas?* Hamel Pasha thought that I was important — a great personage. Should I die, and with me you — because you happened to be along — veritably a great international scandal would have been precipitated."

"I see," I said slowly. "And the Government would have fallen."

"Yes," de Martignac said. "And a new little Government would have come in — Hamel on top of it."

"And doubtless," I thought it over, "the first thing he would have done — hanged half a dozen of the murderers."

"He did so," de Martignac murmured quietly, "later."

The fat waitress came with the chafing dish holding our *escalope.*

"I never did like that fellow," I said, after a pause.

"Neither did I," de Martignac added, judicially. "Still, he was interested in politics — primarily."

# The Roughneck of Congress

By Ray T. Tucker

*Why Fiorello H. La Guardia, idol of Harlem, candidate for Mayor of New York, ex-war pilot and fiery self-dramatist, is called by some of his peers the "most useful man in Congress"*

Maria Josefa, the Hapsburg archduchess, was riding down by gentle stages to visit Fiume in the spring of 1904, and it was fête day in this drowsy dominion of the Austrian Empire. Local officials were a-flutter with excitement and fear. Even as they superintended the scrubbing of stone thresholds, they stood in momentary dread lest some unseemly incident occur to jangle the nerves of the high-born lady, who had already demonstrated that her nervous sytem was one of the most sensitive of a royal but neurotic household. Her outriders, it seems, had brought word that Her Highness would appreciate it if the 500 shabby and smelly immigrants booked for passage to the United States in the *Pannonia* were herded into the hold before she made her triumphant entry. It was a simple request and would have been honored in haste, since governments and steamship companies then regarded immigrants as "cattle," had not the town authorities felt some concern for the attitude of the American consular agent, the Hon. Fiorello H. La Guardia.

The 22-year-old consul did not leave them long in doubt. He pointed out that royalty's command would work a hardship on the westward ho-ers, since the ship was not sailing for five days, and that it was a violation of medical regulations. When Maria's messengers abandoned persuasive for threatening tactics, the rotund little consul arose, stretched himself to all the majesty his five-feet-two could command, shook out his short, stubby legs, and with what his boyishly romantic imagination may have conceived to be a Napoleonic gesture, exploded.

"Tell the Archduchess," he said, "that she may boss her own immigrants but she can't boss the American consul!"

Maria's party was spoiled. She saw and, presumably, smelled the low-born folk cooped in their cages on the principal thoroughfare. But La Guardia's defiance of Emperor

Francis Joseph's kinswoman immediately plunged him into his first encounter with orthodoxy, social and political. The noble lady forwarded a complaint to our State Department, and the little consul soon concluded that his talents lay in another direction, or at least in another field. He quit the consular service, however, only to perfect himself in flouting political royalty, first as an Assistant Attorney-General of New York State, and more recently as the most picturesque member of the most solemn and conservative parliamentary body known to man — the House of Representatives of the United States.

And now, as the Republican candidate for Mayor of New York City, he seeks more worlds to flout. Should he, by chance, defeat Mayor James J. Walker, Gotham's official night clubber and travelling sartorial exhibit, visiting royalty will, in La Guardia's own language, "get the gate" instead of the keys to the city. Should he preside in America's metropolis, the purple of Europe and Tammany would find themselves at the mercy of one who is color blind in certain respects. "Jimmie" Walker, indolent and indulgent, fluent and faultless, the friend of kings, queens and "Texas" Guinan, would be supplanted by a carelessly dressed, savage spoken and dynamic rebel who boasts of his palship — and even his kinship — with the "underdog," shabby and smelly though the latter may be.

But should La Guardia be elected Mayor of New York, it would be a real loss to Washington. From both old-time political correspondents and Congressional leaders I have often heard the remark that he is "the most useful member of Congress." He is important, however, not only as Representative and Mayoralty candidate but because he is the most dramatic and picturesque figure in Congress, outside of Tom Heflin. And how we do need drama in Washington these days!

La Guardia's encounter with Maria Josefa at Fiume had a sequel which illustrates this dramatic and tempestuous character of the man. When America suffered from prostration to the Old World's surplus royalty a few years ago, he snorted and protested again. He lodged a formal complaint with the War Department against the action of the 106th Infantry in making Queen Marie an honorary colonel. When Grand Duke Boris was admitted to the United States for a round of cocktails and hand-kissings, La Guardia wrote to the Secretary of Labor:

> I believe the same rigid application of the immigration laws that is generally applied to arriving aliens should be applied to these repudiated, unemployed and shiftless dukes and archduchesses, who come here to collect funds to destroy organized governments and to prey upon the credulity of social climbing dupes.

There are those who attribute this bulldozing spirit to an inferiority complex springing from his small stature and to his life-long uphill struggle. It is more, however; it is reflective of an independent nature and a definite personality. Were he to leave Congress his services as a gay gadfly to a smug Republican majority and as a spearsman of sham would be missed, even by his enemies.

Herbert Hoover himself has suffered from La Guardia's iconoclasm. The President saw one of his most cherished measures defeated by the truculent New Yorker after it had appeared certain of passage. Mr. Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce, had mobilized the nation's tire and automobile manufacturers behind a bill designed to combat Great Britain's restriction of rubber production; it would have permitted monopolies in any commodity which a foreign Government was attempting to control by artificial means.

THE sponsors of the measure staged an elaborate show in the House Judiciary Committee's hearing room, and awed every committee man except La Guardia. Mr. Hoover and John J. Raskob, then with General Motors, entered the room arm-in-arm; Harvey Firestone and other industrial brilliants occupied the diamond horseshoe. It was called, by La Guardia, "the billion dollar hearing." Members smiled scornfully when La Guardia enumerated at least six commodities which, he said, would be freed for manipulation by monopolies under the measure's provisions. Who was he, they asked him, that he should set himself against the judgment of these captains of commerce? Had not the law firms of Charles Evans Hughes and John W. Davis submitted identical briefs vouching for the bill's constitutionality? Yet La Guardia, in a single parliamentary manœuvre, killed the bill and it never became law. This incident may explain why the member from Harlem is never a White House guest. It may also suggest one reason why he sends formal White House invitations as presents to the Italian children of his district, who seem to prize them more than he does.

Political totems — party fealty, patronage, subservience to the cause of victory — mean nothing to him. He refers to the great ones of his own party as "goldspooners." When even a Borah turned away from La Follette in the latter's last bid for the Presidency, La Guardia quit his party and hoisted the Progressive flag in the heart of Harlem — and won! Messrs. Longworth and Hoover cannot be blamed, perhaps, if they hold him flighty, radical and irresponsible. He does not, for a certainty, play the game according to the standard rules. Twice his own leaders have read him out of the party and twice they have tried to contest his election. But he won both contests, the party returned to him on his own terms in 1928 and, reluctantly, it turned to him as its Mayoralty hope. He obtained the latter nomination over the rival claims of Mrs. Ruth Pratt, whom he once called "a fine egg" to her face because she supported a caucus vote for a three-cent sugar tariff after voicing an eloquent plea for a lower rate on behalf of the "kiddies of the tenement districts."

DESPITE his playboy spirit, politics is serious, melodramatic business with La Guardia. He has virtually abandoned a lucrative law practice to devote himself to it. Except for fees from summer practice and three editorials a week which he writes for New York's most sensational tabloid, he lives on his $10,000 salary. Unlike most members who

reside within 300 miles of the Capital, he is present in the House almost every day and seldom absent from his seat. He makes all legislation his special care, taking the day's new grist home with him to detect flaws, skulduggery or good points. His colleagues pay tribute to his conscientiousness by entrusting guardianship of personal measures to him when golf, poker or the home stay of the American League baseball club necessitate their absence from the chamber. La Guardia is as enthusiastic a fan as he is a Congressman — Babe Ruth and Tony Lazzeri are his heroes — but he goes to the games on Sunday.

THE record reveals that La Guardia has frequently been far in advance of public, or at least political, opinion, on many issues, and this, of course, damns a member of Congress or of any other body similarly susceptible to political considerations. With Senator Shipstead of Minnesota he was the first to introduce an anti-injunction bill, and, despite outcries from high places, it seems sure to be enacted sooner or later. Years ago he demanded a Congressional investigation of the administration of the bankruptcy laws, and was roundly denounced, yet recent disclosures of evils and scandals in New York have corroborated his charges. He was laughed at when he sponsored a thirty-year retirement programme for Federal employees, but it is now in effect. Though his annual proposals for jury trials in contempt proceedings provoked protests from the bench, public opinion is slowly overhauling him. For four years he exasperated the economical Calvin Coolidge with his insistence that millions of dollars worth of Liberty motors be scrapped as obsolete for modern planes, but last session saw his warnings heeded. Before the passions of the World War had cooled, La Guardia sponsored resolutions for disarmament and renunciation of war — ancient documents in storage at the Capitol Building bear witness to his priority — but they attracted little notice until the same thought struck William E. Borah and Frank B. Kellogg.

HE SEEMS to have been predestined for the roughneck rôle of rebel. Nature may have endowed him with his fighting heart, his savage wit and his quick sympathy for the enfranchised but friendless as compensation for his physical handicaps. His legs barely scrape the floor as he sits on the edge of his seat in the House, eager for a fray or a frolic. His voice reaches into the falsetto and breaks when he becomes indignant or excited — and it breaks often. There is an Italian cast to his countenance — swarthy skin, bushy eyebrows, shining dark eyes and unruly black hair — that sets him off from his fellows; he appears little more than an overgrown boy to gallery observers, who rarely fail to be attracted by the lively little figure in the loosely-fitting blue serge suit. He cannot speak on any subject, it seems, without emphatic gestures.

The commonest charge levelled against him is that he is a Radical, and since that is a relative term, he may be. He believes that society and civilization as now regimented bear down on the under dog, and he would

change many things. He would, for instance, have the Government operate the coal mines and other nation-wide industries in the event of protracted strikes and public suffering. He shares the critical views of Senator Norris with regard to the so-called iniquities of the "power trust." He would enact legislation to curb mighty combinations which, in his opinion, strive to overshadow the Government itself. As a freshman member of the House in 1917, he urged Congress to send "greetings and good wishes to the free people of Russia," and he still observes that experiment with eyes sympathetic and unafraid. Orthodox G.O.P. policies — a high tariff, isolation from world affairs and a benevolent air toward big business — do not appeal to him.

His reputation for Radicalism was undoubtedly earned during his brief service in the House after the United States had entered the World War — days when A. Mitchell Palmer and George Creel would have put the Twelve Apostles in the hoosegow had they then preached the doctrine of 1900 years ago. La Guardia proposed, for example, that profiteers be punished by death. He pleaded that no tax be imposed on candies sold in containers costing less than thirty cents. "Aw, don't let your war take the candy from the kids," he begged, but more profound minds informed him that the barefooted ragamuffins of the Upper East Side should be glad to help in "financing the war to end war." He argued against lodgment of power that might be used for unworthy purposes in the Chief Executive; there were sufficient laws for almost all war needs, in his opinion. He spoke against censorship and espionage proposals. When he was reminded that President Wilson had requested a censorship measure, he retorted: "A very feeble justification."

"Then," it was suggested, "we have had a very feeble justification for many things we have done here."

"Yes," he shot back, "and you will live to regret it."

There was a note of prophecy in this prediction, as there was in his assertion that a large part of the Allied war loans would never be repaid.

When there were slighting references to his "foreign" birth, he told them that he was a native of lower and lowly Manhattan, the son of an Italian immigrant of the 'seventies who had become one of the most skilled bandmasters in the regular army, and the product of the hard life and primitive schools of army garrisons in the Dakotas and the Southwest. More he did not divulge, but he could have described the days when, as a boy correspondent for *The St. Louis Post Dispatch* at Tampa, he had seen bad beef dished out to his father, whose death followed soon thereafter. To reflections upon his Italian ancestry he flung back that "for every year by which your ancestors preceded mine to this country, mine can boast an additional century of civilization."

Soon he quit the quixotic and quibbling body to serve as an aviator with the American expedition attached to the Italian armies on the Alpine front; this was his dramatic and characteristic answer to criticism

that he was lukewarm toward America's war preparations. He rose from lieutenant to major in a short time, but when the job was done, he resigned nine days after the Armistice. His first crusade on his return to the House was for a complete and speedy demobilization, spiritual as well as physical. He argued for repeal of espionage laws, war-time taxes and measures which had created the great fighting machine. Almost single-handed, he blocked Newton D. Baker's programme for a huge army of regulars, reserves and men in training. Though Democrats and Republicans were then committed to a large military establishment, La Guardia's motion to strike out the sections appropriating money for pay was carried, and Mr. Baker did not get his army.

With keener zest but less success he took a leading and loquacious part in the closing battle against the Prohibition movement. The Volstead Act, he told the House, was a legal monstrosity. Superficial analysis of its provisions, he declared, showed that it could not be enforced.

"Moreover, Mr. Chairman," he continued, "I believe it was purposely drawn this way. You Drys do not intend that it should be enforced. You do not want to go out of business. You have too good a thing and want it to last. You want to exploit the drunks. I want to reform them."

La Guardia is a sensationalist, say his critics, and they cite numerous illustrations which seem to substantiate this charge. As one means of showing up what he calls the "hypocrisy" of the Drys and the Government's enforcement philosophy, he brewed an illegal beverage in the House Office Building by mixing near-beer with an alcoholized but legal malt medicine; he repeated the offense on Broadway, implored Federal and local authorities to arrest him, and bemoaned their attitude of amused tolerance. During several winter strikes he visited the Pennsylvania coal mines and returned to describe scenes of suffering among the miners' families in threatening tones. Aghast at the sinking of the S-4 and the loss of forty men, he took a thirty-six-hour underwater trip in the submarine's sister ship to obtain facts for a Congressional indictment. When he came back to defend the Navy which he had so hotly assailed for stupidity and negligence, his willingness to change his mind was held by many as indicative of inconsistency.

Charges of this kind, however, amuse La Guardia. A quarter of a century in public life has taught him, he says, that people can be aroused only by striking gestures. A House leadership slow to sponsor humanitarian reforms, he declares, forces him to appeal to public opinion, which he calls "the third and most effective House of Congress."

La Guardia's most important audience, he never forgets, are the mercurial men and women of Harlem, and his particular theatre is a cosmopolitan district on the Upper East Side. To these people his methods and measures must appeal, since he is the only Republican to have carried the district in a city-wide election since 1901.

As a personality apart from poli-

tics, La Guardia is well liked and admired by his fellows, who concede him to be earnest, energetic and able. But he does not "go in for the society racket," as he might express it. He lives simply in a small apartment in downtown Washington, where he delights to play chef as well as host at Sunday evening parties. They are bizarre affairs. Hustling from stove to door, creating a hollandaise sauce and conducting a conversational crusade, basting the stuffed capon and lambasting stuffed politicians, making a *minestrone* soup simultaneously with an oration, stirring a curry of rice as he suggests new ways to right old wrongs, La Guardia, in chef's round cap and flapping white apron, directs and dominates with the artistry of a *maestro* the tempo of good food, good cheer, good fellowship and stimulating argument. The talk is all of people and personalities, with La Guardia's merry or mad eyes mirroring his emotions.

His guests are a select lot, though not in the social sense — a Wisconsin La Follettian, the Washington agent of the Progressives' legislative agency, a nationally known literary critic and social philosopher, an art or music student he has lugged home from his Sunday afternoon round of the galleries or concerts, newspaper correspondents with liberal views, a movie magnate constituent in town over the week-end, a former waiter at Jack's Sixth Avenue place who has since become a wealthy and famous *restaurateur*. Not all share his ideas, nor does he demand it. With him feuds and differences are forgotten when the door of the House chamber swings outward. The best man at his wedding last spring was the only western Pennsylvania political leader of consequence who supported "Boss" Vare in the "slush fund" primary of 1926. The preacher who married this Napoleon of the Wets was the late Reverend-Representative Kvale, who defeated the author of the dry laws with the slogan of "drier than Volstead."

It is at these gatherings that one catches a glimpse of the true but little known La Guardia — a strange blending of childlike naïveté and cynical liberalism; of personal shyness and political swashbuckling; a lover of leisure and the arts but a dynamo of diffused energy; hungry for the world's applause but always incurring criticism; light-hearted by birth but kin to "the man with the hoe;" a Savonarola of modern politics but a prophet whose pulpit is the tail end of a truck. A day of legislative victories in the House will send him to tromboning his soul to the stars from the back porch of his boarding house; disillusionment, despite its frequency, blackens those same stars for him.

"I tell you," he says sometimes in an awed tone — as if he dared not share his own conviction — "it's damned discouraging trying to be a reformer in the wealthiest land in the world."

# Our Ugly Cities

By Gutzon Borglum

*The famous sculptor finds few evidences of "municipal art" in America but praises Chicago's accomplishments compared with New York's vanities*

"Municipal Art" — what a formidable phrase! The art of a municipality? Oh, no! That may be individual and wonderful. "Municipal art," means that corporate product, that pie, into which every official finger may be thrust.

I well remember the "good old days," when "the City Beautiful," and the "Civic Centre," were the goal coveted by every mayor, who aspired to immortalize his political career, to lift his official seat into a heaven of architectural and artistic beauty. I remember, too, how I gasped with self-inspired joy at the prospect of the art this would release. I recall that, quite as clearly as I do my shock and sense of horror as I viewed the first product of municipal art in the civic centre in Cleveland, with its stock, pseudo-classic art and architecture. Not that the city of Cleveland lacked spirit or sensed natural city charm, but wholly because there was no real art consciousness in architect or sculptor or commission — no sense of the fitness of things or the spirit of the problem in hand.

Municipal art should be an expression of the civic aspirations and ideals latent in every town and city in the world. The problem is the finding, identifying and giving intelligible shape to the spirit common to the community at its best. Think — with feeling, think — how wonderful is this spirit of the human being. How he, alone, in all creation struggles toward lordship — Godhead; boasts of his likeness to the Creator. With all other animal tendencies, he yet plods like the Volga boatman, forward, upward, on, forever on, into an ideal eternity, seeking immortality — an eternity that is made up of the conquerors, human beings who have triumphed over poorness, baseness, ugliness, and who represent the accomplishment of men in their terrific evolution.

The art of men — of young men and young women — is the song of self, the story of ambition, of hungry souls, of love or of failure.

The art of middle life is reportorial — the story drawn *as it is*, as it spins and passes on the great roulette of life.

The art of age deals with all life — with family, with race. Art of mature men and women is like ripened fruit. It expresses the spring, the summer, the autumn. It holds the soul like the seed, sealed within its own ripe, warm body. Out of this the soul of the tribe, little by little, forms, shapes itself, and becomes a real, vital, directing force in tribal expression.

So peoples become one. So nations are formed. We make busts for men — portraits of our women, write songs about our hero friends. But the sagas are more the souls of peoples who have passed, whispering down through time to us.

ART in the individual is the expression of the necessity to speak in bronze, marble, letters, or song. Art, as a municipal expression, has no place in civilization, in city life, in public place, unless it expresses in the noblest manner, the noblest of the community's common aspirations and accomplishments. The artist, architect, or city builder must be, as the Greeks demanded, "born of our flesh", "trained in our philosophy", "believer in our Gods", before he can sing our songs, paint our murals, build our temples, carve our gods — before he can, in a word, speak sincerely of all that is sacred to us.

Apply this to the recent tea party fad for "civic centre," "city beautiful"; how poor and false this all seems. The above definition, of course, sweeps aside all applied, borrowed, patched, and make-believe humbug that today signalizes most American so-called city planning. We have become a people with incubator standards. Like it or not, we are living under the quantity production mind — rather, machine. As a people, we are destroying all individual, therefore great creative, productivity.

You can't give a synthetic egg individuality or expect the chick to have a soul.

We live on canned food.

We dream on canned music.

We listen to canned speeches.

We sit for hours and watch canned drama, with ghastly soulless, sepulchral voices breaking the stillness of chalked faces.

There is nothing made particularly for any of us. We make nothing for anybody. Our productions are soulless.

At least we have ceased to give or demand character, individuality and quality in the service of daily life.

IN ALL public expression we turn on the local power plant. We live mechanically. We think as the thought — canned — comes to us through our daily press. Is it any wonder that our municipalities, most of them old enough to vote, have not soul enough, individuality enough, mind enough, to know where or what they are! — how to live, or how to do better, or to lift themselves out of the rubbish heap that canned civilization has piled about them?

What is it in our towns and cities that is like a vain flapper, who tricks herself in a thousand ways rather than face her true self? Our cities dare not — at least do not — examine their own disorder, their own neglect of their own possible charm.

Our American towns and cities, as a whole, are commonplace to the abandoned tin lizzie degree. There are no cities that I know of in any so-called first or second class world Power that are as indifferent towards their public appearance as the cities of this great American Republic. As you enter our cities you ride in train or auto, with rare exceptions, through dump-heaps, burning filth, garbage, mud and squalor before you find the factory, tradesmen district, and finally reach the "resident", or so-called "pretty part of town."

There is no municipal art, there is scarcely such a thing in this great Republic as civic pride, civic spirit, or in its better form community spirit and life.

You are asked to be thrilled over the stock, quantity-produced granite soldier of the sixties, or an equally meaningless bronze painted doughboy of the World War. The usual public square is, with rare exceptions, hideous, and any Spanish, French, Italian, Greek, or African town has a watering or drinking place that makes our best but a convenience rather than a thing of taste or beauty.

Where in America have we a municipality which as a city recognizes that art is civilization; that art means the element of selection has entered into life and has become a constant, governing factor; that selection means refinement, not money, but that precious wealth which gathers under the protection of taste; that this is not bought nor is it for sale, but comes rather with the ripening of fine minds and hearts?

We haven't this and the sooner we admit we can't buy eyes that see, ears that hear, hearts that grow calm and tender over the passing moods of nature, the sooner we shall become civilized, the sooner we shall become immortal as we now are big. Refinement, coördination, order, harmony, which are the common sense of civic life, will then grow unconsciously, and when suddenly these become the pride of all, community spirit will be born. So the Acropolis was built.

We are not Europe; we can never be. We want more air and our activity demands more space, so the quaint, narrow, huddled corners of ancient Europe are not for us. We must find new forms of beauty; we must yield to the idea of the open spaces and fill our fields with the charm of tree and structural forms that please — use color and save the running brook. We must impound our rainfall and so drop the heavens into our world, the sky into our landscape, there for the moon and stars to dance in. Who looks at the moon in the sky, once he finds her trembling in a pool?

Let us consider New York City. Does she rise against the heavens with plan, design or thought, expressing anything but aggregation, the multiple of her polyglot civilization — the business places and barracks of the inhabitants of this Republic's greatest city?

In the great cañons, her narrow ancient streets cut through her man-made cliffs, especially on a Sunday, when the motor and the business inhabitant are in the hills of Jersey or Westchester, one is minded of Rome or Egypt, of the noblest

cathedrals, of the great despotisms that built in defiance of decay, built for immortality, built in imitation of nature herself. But instantly one is conscious that a single great spirit prevailed when Rome grew to greatness — a single great spirit prevailed when Egypt rose above the sands of Africa — a single spirit made Greece the model of civilization — a single fire kindled the Renaissance.

PRESS this further in the form of a question: Is there anything in New York that makes her a unit, shapes her thought, her civilization, her form, towards an individual character, definitely, courageously her own? The cruel thought that comes to me about New York, a thought which explains her colossal failure, municipally, is the transient character of her life. No one wants to end there; yet none would miss her for the world. New York, in spite of her million children, has allowed the home conditions for race growth to be asphyxiated! Her greatest buildings are ephemeral — few allotted the life of an ordinary inhabitant. She has become a camp, and its inhabitant quite capable of folding his Waldorf tent, and quietly stealing uptown in the night. How can a people so transient develop municipal spirit or even a city?

She has become an overgrown, oversized town, crawling over herself into the new fields of world finance. In size she is about four cities, of a million inhabitants each; in activity she is about six all choked into the natural space of one of these. She grossly mismanages life, and swarms as bees and ants do in hill and hive. She has not been able to swing her arms in a quarter of a century, and soon she will find herself frozen fast in her own congestion. Nothing in modern New York is treated more ruthlessly than her records, her monuments, the milestones in her amazing development. I was lately surprised, horrified, as I looked at the statues on Union Square. True, they are not important as art, but still they are the jewels of a now ancient civilization! Today they are quite lost amid all the contractor's junk that litters and destroys the ancient green. City Hall is little better — a beautiful, but sad little building. I tremble every time I see it, in fear some enterprising, up-to-date quantity production mayor may do something that will eventually mean its destruction.

TWO statues here are inspiring, both by MacMonnies. Hale, long without a place, is one of his masterpieces. It is one of the really charming pedestrian statues in America. It has in fact but a single rival, and that is St. Gaudens's Farragut, in Madison Square. MacMonnies's marble group in the City Hall Park is a later work, and a noble piece. I wonder he ever got it by the utterly mediocre censorship that protects New York from meaningful and vital art. It is such a fitting comment on New York's Civic Virtue. The hero of this group rises from the mess he still wades in, with no special righteousness or haste, to escape from the entanglement of the evils that beset him — the city — draped in roses, overfed, fat, knock-kneed, without the eagerness of virtue. The group's composition, the man, the women, even the impotent little

sword, all symbolize so perfectly the lack of purpose and virility of civic virtue in America's great cities. It is a masterpiece of truth and ironic criticism. It is the story of Babylon, of Carthage, of New York. It is the story of every city that becomes a mart and has swept the home and its protecting needs away.

From here let us turn to Madison Square, where the arch spanning Fifth Avenue during the War is to be erected in stone. I hope the report is not true. Poor New York! She has always been made to do things she should not do, and failed to do what she should do. No city in America builds privately more splendidly, no city municipally builds so vainly, or fails so completely in her civic expression.

The arch, if it had any merit, which it has not, should not cross Fifth Avenue at that point at all. The placing of it at the spot proposed is in violation of good taste and of common sense. There is no art, nor original beauty in the arch that warrants its being erected as a relic there on its own account.

A FEW years ago we had an opportunity to secure MacMonnies's great World's Fair group in conjunction with a part of a memorial to that splendid New Yorker and national patriot, John Purroy Mitchel. The plan failed, and instead New York has put up a memorial which as architecture and sculpture is a dishonor to the great mayor. In conjunction with this matter of good taste on the part of the guardians of civic culture and beauty, do not overlook the paint and gilt recently applied to St. Gaudens's statue of Sherman. Few of our city bronzes would suffer by intelligent, informed cleaning, but when a city like New York is so illy informed in its art department that it treats a St. Gaudens with sizing and gilt and so destroys its softened gilded charm, there is something more than error in its management.

IT IS reported that New York has a new plan. Whether that deals with traffic purely, I do not know, although no sane group of city governors could contemplate any plan calculated to meet the city's traffic needs, without the most radical, far-reaching changes in the city's highways, involving her squares and parks. Such a plan for New York should earnestly and seriously analyze the meaning and value of the parks, squares, and the value of these properly ornamented to the children and families who must live twenty-four hours out of the twenty-four within the city's interminable limits. This done, the greatest care should be given to the location of monuments and statues, and provision made *now* for the future.

Look at the frightful mess that Washington has allowed herself to become — now soon to be corrected, we hope. For real civic beauty one must go to Baltimore. Near the Walters Museum one finds two or three intersecting streets, where is the finest arrangement of sculpture on the public way that I have seen anywhere in America.

In New York the Aquarium at the Battery registers twice the attendance of the Metropolitan, which is one of the finest museums in the world. "What's the matter?" one

asks at once. There is a shorter answer: "No brains, no taste." The city is in the hands of the Philistines. I loved Fifty-ninth Street. I loved the Park. Now I avoid both if I possibly can. The dinky architecture that clutters the Plaza at the entrance was placed there without reason; first, without taste. It is dinky, and looks like the work of lead pencil and memory rather than judgment, originality, or fitness to the one time noble Plaza. Bitter's bronze nude is one of his best, and one of the best figures in New York. But New York has abandoned her great park. In doing this she has shown how little she appreciates that a city is a monstrosity when it turns against its own home life, and the conditions which keep that sweet and wholesome.

THERE is no excuse in saying that New York's task is greater than any in all America, and that she is the dump heap of Europe's drift. She has in her city government the power of a European State. True, she was laid out crosswise from river to river, and she has grown lengthwise; also her traffic police have grown to a quarter the size of the American Army. We are living on a new scale, and New York must sooner or later become a great, well-ordered unit. To date she not only has no plan, but has been afraid of a plan — that is, she is afraid to think in terms her own greatness demands.

Chicago, which in bulk comes into the class with New York, is being rebuilt by men of courage and insight. Chicago's lake front development, her street plans, and the development of her parks, and finally her municipal plans for beautifying her public play places, are far ahead of New York. Chicago has been fortunate also in her æsthetic leadership. Somewhere there is a courageous, beauty loving spirit in Chicago that guides her course. It matters not whether it is sweetening a foul river, reclaiming miles of lake — she tackles the job like a bold, purposeful man. She will cut a boulevard from the lake to the prairie two hundred feet wide — of course, why not? New York could do the same. But while Chicago acts, New York talks.

I RECALL an incident when I was travelling once with Colonel Roosevelt. We passed through a charming, well organized, clean little city. "Look at this," I remarked, "there must be a fine lot of people living here." He looked at me for a short moment, then said, "No, there are perhaps two or three fine men and women who have their community's interest and its welfare at heart." Ideas, leadership, and courage, will lift an entire nation as well as a city out of commonplaceness, out of disorder, into order, beauty and greatness.

# Three Laughing Ghosts

By Frederick B. Watt

*A Tale of Espionage at Scapa Flow*

It was Buelow's idea originally. In a way it was what you would call "passing the buck." There was no denying that it relieved Buelow of a mission that kept him within the shadow of the firing squad every minute of the day but, in justice to him, it was a system that promised greater results at a much lessened risk.

Buelow had spent a considerable time in the Orkneys prior to the war, realizing the potentialities of Scapa Flow as a point of concentration for the British Grand Fleet in the event of hostilities, and it was not unfamiliar soil to him when Strang landed him from his submarine on a summer night in '16. Buelow's task was to keep an eye on the Grand Fleet and report anything that might prove of interest to Wilhelmshaven.

I was a sort of general supervisor over Buelow and five other of my fellow Germans engaged in like work. When we returned for him a week later, he was waiting in the little cove where we had landed him, but he had barely strength enough to climb aboard the collapsible boat we used for taking agents ashore. The sight of him was shocking. He had wasted away as though from a long illness and his eyes burned like hot coals in a grate of dead ashes.

"Not a thing have I had to eat since I left you," he said, "except what was in the little knapsack I took ashore with me."

"So the island is a desert, eh?" asked Strang.

"No — it's too populous. It's full of stupid islanders who know everyone from end to end of the place. I'm the only stranger except for young English midshipmen landing from the warships for picnics on sunny days. I have been like a hunted animal. Any person who is not known is sure of being arrested."

It was disappointing news. I had set my heart on keeping a man on the island and if Buelow, with his knowledge of the place, his flawless command of the English language and his perfect makeup, found it out of the question, there was scant hope that anyone else could do it. I knew that Buelow was not lacking in courage.

He had more to say, however, though he didn't advance it until we were aboard the submarine and alone.

"There is one man," he declared abruptly, "who could land there, fill his eyes to his heart's content and never be troubled by islander or naval officer."

"Who?" I demanded, hope again leaping in me.

"Hempel," Buelow replied.

My optimism collapsed. Hempel was a good man, an incomparable actor, who had spent years on the stage. He had never been any too robust, though, and I could hardly picture him skipping about a bleak island that had reduced the iron-framed Buelow to a wreck in the course of a week.

"It's very simple," my companion urged when I protested. "At the point where I would plant a lookout — if I were guaranteed a free run of the island — is a comfortable stone house. It is owned and occupied by a Mr. McFee. The islanders seldom trouble him and he is held in high respect by the few naval officers who call on him. I would suggest that Mr. McFee disappear some night and that Hempel take his place. He could play the part perfectly with a little practice. He is too much of an artist to pass up such a dramatic rôle."

Buelow was right. Hempel, recalled from Belgium (thereby depriving Bruges of a decrepit though wide-eared crossing sweeper), was instantly taken with the suggestion. The opportunity to play a part on one of the mightiest stages of all time, before the critical gaze of the British navy, thrilled him.

"Just tell me who I am, what I look like, what I have done and what I am liable to do," he ordered Buelow eagerly.

"You are Angus McFee," said Buelow, "and you have made money on the Clyde. The estate in the Orkneys is a small summer home where you used to spend the warm months of the years before the war with your three sons. Your wife has been dead many years; your sons since 1915 — killed in France. That is why you live in the Orkneys the year round and avoid all your former interests in life. You are a recluse. The islanders respect your grief and leave you to yourself. The few naval officers who land know who you are and are very considerate of you. That you are able to follow everything that happens with the fleet worries them not at all. You are a patriot who has given everything to the Empire."

"A fine, upstanding rôle," said Hempel, pleasure lighting his eyes. "You know it as well as though it was of your own creation."

"McFee," explained Buelow, "was the one man I dared talk to in that terrible week. I called on him as a Shetland fisherman seeking a former comrade. I admired portraits of his three boys that hung in the library. That was the way to his heart. He liked to speak of them and I, being a good listener, finally heard his whole history. I shall give it to you in detail and you will undoubtedly discover documents in the house to give you a complete grasp of the character."

"And the makeup?" said Hempel.

"The reason I thought of you," went on Buelow, "was because it struck me immediately that, were you older, you would be Angus McFee with a few minor alterations.

You are built alike, though he is stooped — with grief rather than age I suspect. Your features are near enough alike, so that the growth of a beard, the lengthening of your hair and a touch of iron gray to both are all that would be required. But here, I leave it to you."

He produced a photograph.

"I had to sacrifice a splendid picture of a new British light cruiser to obtain that," he added, "apart from the trouble of lying concealed for two hours in McFee's hedge to catch him unawares."

BUELOW was a passable artist, although landscapes, especially landscapes that were liable to contain gun positions, were his specialties. He had colored the photo of McFee from memory and the result was realistic.

"There is a likeness," admitted Hempel. "It should be simple to complete the picture. How about servants? They are the greatest danger."

"There is an old couple," said Buelow, who had apparently spied out the situation with the thoroughness that had made him so valuable to me. "The woman keeps the house and cooks the meals; the man tends the garden. They do not sleep there but arrive from their cottage over the hill in the morning and leave at dark. They exist yet I never heard McFee address a remark to either nor pay the slightest attention to them. I imagine your only difficulty will arrive when they are to receive their wages. You will probably find details as to that in the old man's papers. He is a methodical soul."

"Then there is only the matter of his voice," said Hempel with an air of finality. "How does mine measure up to it?"

"Not perfectly," answered the other shortly, "but I am certain that it would not be difficult for you to copy his way of speaking. We must arrange that you hear him before he is disposed of."

Hempel's eyebrows curved upward slightly.

"I had forgotten that," he cut in. "What is to be done with him?"

"It will be easy enough to get rid of the body," remarked Buelow lightly. "We can take it to the submarine, weight it and be done with it."

"No," said Hempel in his quietly definite way. "He must not be killed. I have lost two brothers. I know how he has suffered and I am already in sympathy with this man whose life I am to take over. It will be simple enough to take him prisoner and hold him here until the war has been won."

WE ARGUED with him, Buelow and I, but there was no shaking him. Finally we had to agree, though not without letting him know how poorly we regarded his squeamishness. The plan held too many momentous possibilities to be abandoned over one unimportant difference of opinion.

It took Hempel a month in which to grow the necessary beard. When he finally reported that he was ready, his interpretation of Angus McFee was a masterful one. Buelow took a photo of him, compared it with the one of the old Scot and found not an item at fault.

"Strang should be ready for sea by

tomorrow night," I announced. "We will leave then."

The run by submarine through the British patrols was uneventful and the weather very fair, as the North Sea goes. Only the three of us landed — Buelow, Hempel and myself. The first named led us unerringly across wind-swept hills of bracken to the McFee estate. We entered the grounds through a gate in the hedge and approached the house cautiously, the drone of the breeze whisking away the sound of our footsteps. As we crept closer, orange chinks could be seen along the bottoms of the windows in one room, the blinds not having been drawn to their fullest extent.

"That's the library," whispered Buelow.

THROUGH the gap between blind and sill we were able to survey the interior of the room. It was a comfortable place with a small open fire. Several easy chairs were drawn up before the flames although only one was occupied — by Hempel's counterpart. There were two empty chairs at his right and one at his left.

Buelow had taken charge for the time being and quietly led us to the front door, which opened silently to his touch. Once inside there was little need for caution and we walked directly to the library. McFee rose as we entered and regarded us with a certain amount of bewilderment. It struck me instantly, though, that he was a man past the stage of pain or surprise. The iron shod heel of Fate had spurned him so many times that one more blow was nothing; was incapable of bringing a quiver to his benumbed body. Hempel, his double, seemed to be the only one of our trio who even mildly interested him.

"Good evening, gentlemen," he said. "Will you kindly explain this unusual visit?"

His voice was one such as you would hear about Scottish Stornoway; soft, almost feminine, yet with a manly resonance. There was more to it than that, though. Age or suffering had deprived it of its worldly note, had left it with a touch of the ethereal. I half expected to see his words take tangible, misty form. I could sense Hempel holding his breath as he took in every detail of McFee's intonation.

"I must put it bluntly, Mr. McFee," I said. "We are not common thieves or kidnappers, but we find it necessary to remove you from your home for an indeterminate period. I am sorry, but it will be out of the question to take the slightest of your belongings. We will have to use force if you show resistance, which I hope will not be necessary. We leave at once."

WHY I was so courteous I have no idea. There was no need for it. He was an enemy who had sent three soldier sons against us. We had the situation quite in hand. And here I was almost apologizing to him.

If there was resignation in McFee's eyes there was no lack of intelligence.

"I follow the idea," he said. "Very well, I am ready. I can say this, however. The gentleman who takes my place will pay dearly for any information he wins if he has brought a soul with him that is as akin to mine as is his body."

The situation was becoming unbearable. Fortunately Buelow laughed sharply, a bark that invariably gave

away grave uneasiness on his part, and the tension was broken.

"This ought to be a treat for you, Hempel," he declared, "with your love of the dramatic. You can write a play about tonight in your spare moments. Well, we are losing time."

McFee glanced for a moment at three portraits that hung above the fireplace, then quietly moved the three chairs away from his own. With a simple, courteous gesture he motioned Hempel to the lone chair.

"Goodbye," he said, as though his imitator were a good friend.

Hempel would have replied, but the Scot was already halfway to the door. Unable to afford taking chances, Buelow and I sprang after him.

"We'll be back in a week to pick up what you have and see how you're getting along," I called back to the new master of the little Orkney estate.

McFee plowed steadily through the bracken, offering no word of complaint — or of anything else, for that matter. On the far side of him I could hear Buelow's heavy breathing — it was hard going and we were losing no time — but it seemed that our unwilling companion was moved by a force outside his body. There was no shaking the impression I had gained back in his library. Had he walked through one of the great rocks that occasionally confronted us or suddenly floated off on the wings of the constant Orkney wind, I should not have been surprised.

Rowing off to Strang's submarine I found myself wishing desperately that McFee had shown fight and given us the right to kill him on the spot. I knew I would feel much better if we could bury his unusual and disturbing personality in a hundred fathoms of North Sea.

Strangely, that is just what we did. McFee was hunched in the stern of the boat and when we bumped alongside Strang's craft I ordered him aboard. He stubbornly refused to listen to me. Buelow, at his side, grasped him roughly by the shoulder and shook him. He might as well have saved himself the effort. Somewhere between the shore and the ship McFee's heart had stopped beating. Like everything else he had done in our presence, he had died quietly and with dignity, so much so that none of us had observed his passing.

We buried him immediately. Strang, as captain of the ship, read the "Burial At Sea" — at my request and to the impatient Buelow's annoyance. I wasn't certain, now that McFee was actually dead, that I was as happy over the matter as I should have been.

Fair weather made it possible for me to keep my word and visit Hempel within the week. It was a strange sensation — meeting him, knowing that he was Hempel and yet being faced by Angus McFee. He could not have been improved upon. Everything was there; the voice, the tired stoop and even a shadow of the faraway look in his eyes. It was uncanny.

"How's the old man?" was his first anxious query.

"Oh, he went quietly enough," I answered carelessly — which was perfectly true.

"I had a feeling that you'd had trouble with him."

"He couldn't have behaved better

if he had been working with us. How have you been getting along?"

"Splendidly. My one regret is that you have not been here to see how well I am playing the part. McFee's accounts are meticulous. He has kept a journal recording his innermost thoughts, and I've studied it like a textbook. I no longer imitate Angus McFee — I am Angus McFee. There are letters and photographs, too, that have helped. Already I have entertained two parties of naval officers who appeared to have known me fairly well. It was great fun — and not without value. They would not talk a great deal about their ships and I was not foolish enough to press them — but some of their chance remarks were worth remembering."

"You have had time, then," I questioned anxiously, "for more than the interests of Mr. McFee?"

"Quite," said Hempel, handing me a few small slips of paper. "I think you will find the observations recorded there of interest."

Knowing his work of old, I had no doubts on the subject.

HE THEN produced a bottle of good Scotch whiskey and drew up a chair alongside the one that stood before the fire; the one that had apparently remained in the same position since McFee had invited Hempel to make himself at home. I should have started back immediately for the submarine but I was fascinated by the unofficial aspect of Hempel's sojourn. Even in my presence and with the curtains drawn he moved about the room with the weary stoop of Angus McFee, and spoke in the voice I could not forget.

"Wouldn't it be a relief to act natural for a few minutes?" I demanded.

"It would be unwise," he answered. "Just so much lost ground. The part can't be played by halves if it is to be played at all. Apart from that, I'm enjoying it. It is so thoroughly a success."

HE SLUMPED in McFee's easy chair and waved to the portraits above the fireplace.

"My sons," he announced — and from the sound of his words one would have believed that they really were. "That's Ian, at the left. He was the eldest and went first. Missing from the Scots Greys after Mons. Allan's the one in the middle. Killed at Ypres with the London Scottish. The other's young Angus. His plane went down somewhere off the Belgian coast. It was after that I crawled away up here and buried myself."

"You're well posted," I commended.

"Why shouldn't I be," laughed Hempel unhappily. "It's all in my — his journal."

"Easy, easy," I warned him. "Don't over-act."

Hempel's eyes were on the portraits.

"You can't help sympathizing with the old man," he muttered moodily, "especially if you know the feeling. I should like to have met the boys."

They were fine portraits. Ian and Allan were strong, soldierly looking chaps, the type you find in picked Highland regiments. Both had startlingly dark features. Young Angus was slight, fair and more along old

McFee's lines. One could imagine him possessing the soft, musical voice of the Hebrideans. In the half light of the room the three images stood out strangely lifelike. I began to feel the sensation that I knew had already seized the too-sympathetic Hempel. The room almost drugged one into a spirit of intimacy with three clean-faced, laughing ghosts. Angrily I jumped to my feet and made for the door.

"Beware of that whiskey," I snapped. "It's liable to dull your senses to the fact that a single slip means the firing squad. If I were you, I'd leave it alone altogether. There's little enough iron in your makeup as it is. You must be a man of metal if you are to achieve everything that the post offers."

HEMPEL laughed at my sudden outburst, but he laughed with the voice of Angus McFee the elder. In a rage I tramped away, oblivious of the fact that every foot of the darkness was a potential hiding place for a sentry who would take a good deal of pleasure in capturing or killing me. All the while I cursed the Scotch whiskey, cursed it with added venom because I knew in my heart that it had nothing whatever to do with the spell of McFee's library.

Wicked weather prevented me from returning until two weeks later. It struck me, the moment Hempel recognized me in the sooty night, that he was mildly displeased at my arrival. There was no apparent reason for his cold welcome. He had undoubtedly put in two weeks of first-rate effort and under ordinary conditions I knew he would have anticipated the words of praise I had to offer. I was particularly laudatory in an attempt to brighten him up but it was useless.

He didn't offer to produce the whiskey on this visit and I was far from urging him. There was no necessity to draw up a chair for me beside the fire. There was one there already — three in fact. Two at the right of Hempel and one at the left, in the identical positions where they had rested the night we spied on McFee before seizing him. I didn't like it any more than I liked Hempel's moodiness.

"I've been thinking," I advanced briskly, "that it wouldn't be a bad idea to take a long walk some day to Antler Point when the fleet's liable to be putting to sea. They pass within a stone's throw of there and it would give you an opportunity to check up — particularly on those new light cruisers."

"Antler Point?" mused Hempel softly. "Oh, yes. That's where we went for that tramp the summer the four of us were here together; the year Ian got his commission."

I HAD addressed him in German. He had replied in English. With a snarl of fury I leaped from my chair, seized him by the shoulders and shook him mercilessly.

"Don't be a fool," I rasped. "You're carrying this too far. I want you to act like a sensible human being when you're with me. I know that you can act the part perfectly — otherwise you wouldn't have lasted here three weeks. Let it go at that. This is a serious business and I can't waste time."

Hempel was vaguely perturbed and apologized readily enough.

"It was just a coincidence," he explained. "I was re-reading that part of his journal today."

"I'd abandon the practice," I snapped.

He was attentive enough during the remaining few minutes of my visit and much of the spirit of alarm left me; that is until I glanced back on leaving and found the eyes of Ian, Allan and young Angus on me. They were laughing.

DURING the week that followed I was able to pick up several pieces of information. One was that the British had sensed the presence of a spy in the Grand Fleet and were moving heaven and earth to run him down. The report brought me a vindictive joy, rather than uneasiness. They would never recognize Hempel. By thunder, it was almost more than I could do. I laughed happily at the futility of the English seeking our most dangerous agent.

A second report rumored the concentration of a number of new ships in the Flow. This would accentuate Hempel's importance. There was an insolent rat of doubt gnawing at my faith in him, however. His reports had been brilliant, his latter ones particularly so — yet I was afraid, afraid of Angus McFee and his three laughing-eyed sons.

Had there been anyone who could have taken Hempel's place, he would have been substituted after my next visit. Hempel, as usual, met me at the door and gazed at me with open perplexity.

"Yes," he greeted me. "What can I do for you?"

There was no recognition in his eyes.

Losing control of myself for a moment I sent him staggering back into the hallway with a vicious blow on the chest.

"Stop that!" I almost shrieked in his face.

Apparently I had been over alarmed, though, for he regarded me with annoyance.

"What's the matter?" he demanded. "I didn't recognize you in the dark. Has something gone wrong?"

"I was afraid for a moment," I answered, roughly apologetic, "that something had. Are your reports ready?"

"They're hidden in the bedroom," he replied. "Go into the library while I get them."

I WAS in a cold sweat of relief. He'd given me a bad turn. Automatically I noted that the four chairs were still drawn up to the fire. There was an open book on the desk. Idly I examined it and found old McFee's journal in my hands, the book from which Hempel had drawn so much of his knowledge of the Scot. It was open at the exact date — and it had been freshly written in. With tense fingers I turned back the pages to the day on which we had dragged McFee away. For ten days from that point there had been no entries, then the writing was taken up again in a crude imitation of the old man's hand. From there on were solid entries with the forgery rapidly becoming more perfect. I compared the most recent paragraph with a *bona fide* McFee entry. There was no telling them apart. My trade calls for me to be an expert in handwriting.

The air crackled with my maledictions as I hurled the book in the fire. The flames had died down by the time Hempel returned.

He handed me the customary slips with the actions of a sleep-walker.

"There they are," he said in German, his words as expressionless as those of a ventriloquist's dummy. "I made the trip to Antler Point and I think you'll find everything you want."

"Splendid," I exclaimed with forced enthusiasm. "Your greatest work is still ahead, though."

I explained what I expected of him in the event of the report I had received proving correct. He listened obediently, stretched back in the chair with his eyes on the fire.

"I understand perfectly," he muttered.

I WAS becoming convinced that the blow I had struck had done him a great deal of good when suddenly he saw a sheet of paper on the hearth, something that had evidently fallen from between the leaves of McFee's journal. For a moment he regarded it closely. Then a ghastly expression came over his face.

"My God, my God," he moaned in English, "'tis young Angus!"

He slumped back in a dead faint.

Curiosity fought its way through the sinking feeling of despair that had swept the ground from beneath my feet. I examined the paper and discovered the official war office casualty telegram confirming the younger son's death. It found a sudden resting place in the ashes of the journal. Then, in desperation I turned to Hempel.

There was a glass of water on a small reading table at his side. I dashed it over his head, then shook him by his shaggy mane and slapped his cheeks. That brought another discovery. The gray in his hair was no longer coloring matter. It was the real thing. Nor were the lines on his forehead and face the work of a makeup pencil. They had been embedded there by a relentless Nature. Even physically, the make believe of Hempel had become reality!

HE HAD no idea of what had brought on the fainting spell when he recovered consciousness. For fifteen minutes he talked to me quite rationally. My mind was in a turmoil. I knew that I should get him away from the accursed place without delay, yet if he could last another week he would crown his already wonderful feat with a truly remarkable triumph of espionage. Even more important, there was nobody else who could do it if he failed. It was a tremendous fighting chance and I took it — on Hempel's behalf. Not that I didn't suffer myself. I almost heard ghostly voices as the boys above the fire viewed my departure.

I took Buelow with me when I returned the next week. That disconcerting evening and the seven days of mental torture that followed had left my self-assurance badly shaken, had made me feel the need of a solid realist for a companion. Buelow was in high spirits as we approached the house and he scoffed at my fears.

"Buck up," he ordered sharply. "You're the one who's going to pieces, not Hempel. Think of the report he'll have this week. It will

be the making of the three of us."

It was all very well for Buelow to talk. He hadn't seen Hempel since the night on which we had first landed. It was impossible for him to imagine the terrific atmosphere of the McFee library twisting and molding the plastic body and soul of Hempel into something that actually belonged to the place. That was why I had brought him along with me.

SPYING the imitation McFee through the window, we didn't trouble to knock but advanced directly into the house. Hempel rose and faced us as we entered. Even Buelow, I knew, was struck by the similarity of the scene with that of the previous month. Nothing was changed except that Hempel was not at our side on this occasion. Neither was he regarding us from in front of the fireplace. Angus McFee was doing that. Hempel — God knows where Hempel had gone.

"Splendid!" Buelow burst out, scrutinizing the quiet inquiry in the man's eyes. "The world's greatest actor — and my money on it."

Hempel watched us with languid interest.

"I don't understand," he said. "Have you gentlemen business with me?"

"Rather," I declared jerkily. "Did the new ships arrive?"

"New ships?" asked Hempel mildly. "I'm afraid there is some mistake."

Curse him, he was speaking English again.

My rage broke all bounds. A dozen times I consigned his soul to eternal perdition and shook my white-knuckled fist in his face, a dozen times I pleaded with him to act sensibly and produce his reports. Hempel's only reaction was one of impatient bewilderment.

"I don't know what you're talking about," he insisted, "and I'd be pleased if you'd leave immediately."

Buelow had witnessed the scene with a twisted, ironical smile. Abruptly he caught me by the arm and drew me to a far corner of the room.

"It's good acting, he whispered, "but easy to fathom. The poor fool's tired of war — who isn't? He's fallen into a niche that he enjoys and wants to be rid of the worries of a spy. Can't you see that he's been playing up to you all along in preparation for this? He imagines you'll give him up as a bad job and leave him here in peace. It would be an easy way out for a man who had turned coward. Cold steel's the only thing that will snatch away the sham."

BUELOW brought me to my senses. It was a nasty situation, but suddenly I felt myself equal to it. Walking directly to Hempel, my automatic pressed within six inches of his heart, I addressed him in a voice so cold and deliberate that it surprised and pleased me.

"Hempel," I said, "this has gone far enough. I know you're playing a part as you have never played before and I can guess your motive. It's no use. Even if a miracle had happened and you really were Angus McFee I wouldn't leave you here. I'm not an idiot, you know. Either act like a sensible man or be dragged back to Germany as a traitor. There's to be no more fooling. I'm prepared to kill you where you stand if you show fight."

Hempel stepped back a pace until he was directly against the fireplace. If he knew fear it failed to show in his tired eyes. I was in bad shape, there can be no denying that, for in my distorted vision the three boys on the wall closed in on the stooped, gray-bearded figure as if to protect him.

"I don't understand you," Hempel reiterated. "If you feel that you must have my life — I am an old man and have suffered much. Death has been too common with me to be a thing of terror."

Slowly I squeezed the trigger. I was trembling. The calm face before me danced crazily until I almost imagined that Hempel was a portrait and that the laughing eyes of the three boys glittered with the light of life. God, if he'd only attack me or attempt a dash for freedom! Anything except that unruffled look of resignation. My finger relaxed. I couldn't do it — not like that — not like that.

Buelow — hard, calculating, quick-witted Buelow — saw me waver. Methodically he walked to the fireplace, picked up a poker and, with a sweeping blow, tore a great gash across the smiling face of young Angus. For an instant Hempel gazed at the desecration in horror, then a great hatred blazed in his eyes. With a quick movement he seized the heavy steel rod from Buelow's hand and raised it to dash out the vandal's brains. Coldly confident, a shadow of a cynical smile still playing on his lips, Buelow made no attempt to dodge the blow.

So I killed Hempel — as Buelow had intended I should.

# Aspects of Peace

By Fridtjof Nansen

(With Ludvig S. Dale)

*Armistice Day calls forth thoughts on internationalism by a famous explorer, humanitarian, and Nobel Peace Prize winner*

In the development of relations among the nations of Europe during the eleven years that have elapsed since the close of the war two movements have predominated — movements seemingly in opposite directions — the one toward internationalism, the other harking back to an even more intense nationalism.

Since real or imagined conflicts between States had brought the nations of Europe into the hell called the Great War, it was only natural that at the close of the conflict people should look hopefully toward some coöperative effort as the only means to avoid another world catastrophe. Indeed many thinkers and leaders in Europe and elsewhere looked upon Nationalism as a distinct threat against international understanding and peace. Only through maintaining a world-wide view and the closest kind of coöperation could the world be saved.

Unquestionably much has been accomplished, in spite of many setbacks and discouragements, since Armistice Day, 1918. Through the League of Nations many quarrels and difficulties that might easily have had dire consequences have been dissolved. But as one looks about the world today, one is compelled to admit that the situation is not in accordance with the great hopes of eleven years ago. Nations still distrust one another. Many of them stand armed to the teeth. In truth the total expenditures for defense in Europe and America today are as high as they were before the Great War. This fact is all the more striking when we consider that four of the largest countries of Europe, among them two of the most powerful military nations the world has ever known, are almost disarmed.

And although of late there have been so many significant developments looking toward world harmony and understanding, there still can be heard here and there open talk about "the next war" as if such a disaster is bound to occur. This seems almost beyond comprehension. Another world war could only come if the people wanted it. And is it conceivable that sane human beings could consider calmly the consequences of such a conflict? Would

they not realize that another world war would no longer mean a test of armies and navies but the total destruction of entire nations?

Only to speak of such a possibility as a "next war" is treason against the human race. Even the blackest demagogues would hesitate to assume responsibility for it, or ask the people to support it; no diplomat worthy of the name would dare use such a threat, no matter how serious the grievance. And here every one of us can do his bit: let us with our whole hearts support everything that will serve to increase calm reflection, tolerance and amity in considering international affairs.

BUT in our zeal to insure peace for the future, we must not close our eyes to the dangers that lurk in internationalism — dangers which are very real. Many are tempted to see the ideal future for mankind in a United States of Europe, and ultimately and logically in a United States of the World. Such a consummation would mean not only tearing down all tariff walls; it would mean a world without such hampering things as differences in language, customs and traditions, and as for boundary lines between the nations they would be altogether wiped out. The world would become one great family, with common toil and purposes, "one for all and all for one."

No doubt a beautiful thought. But once we had reached such a paradise, what then?

In physics there is a law which says that where all differences of forms of energies have been done away with, where there are no changes, no reactions, there all life has ceased to be and death has triumphed. For the peoples of the world to reach complete standardization would be to reach a paradise which would be only another name for standing still. Peoples, mankind, society — all are creatures of this same law of physics.

IT MAY be answered that complete standardization of nations can never be reached and that therefore there can be no harm in working to achieve the benefits which are certain to accrue through a partial carrying out of this idea of international unity. But why strive toward a goal which at best will hinder rather than help true progress? Is it not far better clearly to determine what will result in the greatest good for the greatest number and then set to work toward that end, in accordance with common sense?

The field of economics offers the most fruitful ground for our work toward international sympathy and understanding — which is only another way of saying Peace. For instance, why not strive to do away with all tariff boundaries? A free exchange of goods would not tend to lower the standards of living as much as many economists would have us believe. Rather would it serve to deepen the stream of trade everywhere and so result in a higher degree of happiness and prosperity for all. Such a step would mean a more rapid development of those industries, activities and possibilities for which the various countries are particularly suited. Further let there be no bars to travel; let us strive for a full and free interchange of ideas and impulses, both materially and

spiritually. But at the same time let us zealously guard each country's treasure house of political and spiritual independence; its language, customs and traditions. Let us remember that in human society, as in nature, true progress tends toward diversity and not toward standardization.

BUT standardization is not our only danger. There is another concept that threatens the foundations of what man has built through centuries of toil — the so-called Communistic world movement. It wants to internationalize the working classes of all countries, it seeks to remodel society as a uniform mass under the dictation of the proletariat.

Here again we have a definite violation of all laws of progress and development, and at best such a movement can only result in confusion. The theory of the survival of the fittest cannot be legislated out of existence. It will keep right on working long after all Communistic theories have been forgotten.

The Russian Soviet Republics offer a striking example of the futility of Communism. They long ago abandoned the purely Communistic concept with which they started; there has been a never-ending conflict between practice and profession. Communism on the one hand denies the meaning and importance of the individual; yet note that these same people who profess Communism all through have followed, idolized and even worshipped mere men — Lenin, Trotzky, Marx, Stalin. In practice Communism exalts and rewards the gifted, talented and ambitious individuals exactly as capitalistic society does.

Further, while Communism claims to aim at a world-wide, uniform proletariat, it is a fact that within the Soviet Union the various nationalities enjoy a degree of independence in thought and action that one does not always find even under a capitalistic system. The Republics of the Caucasus, for instance, never have had a better chance than they have right now, under so-called Communism, to develop their own culture and resources. The same holds true of the Ukraine, White Russia and even Siberia. Again the truth of nature's fundamental laws is forced upon us; we may depart from them and worship false gods, but progress stops until we once more accept them and make them our guide in growth and development.

IN NEITHER standardization nor Communism, then, can we find the key to further progress for the human race. Indeed, there is no royal highway to prosperity and happiness for nations any more than for individuals. But working, planning, sympathy, understanding *and continual coöperation* — these are the beacons that light the way for all. An ever greater freedom of exchange between independent nations — economically, socially, spiritually — is the one door through which mankind can progress to greater security and well-being. Such an exchange is certain to result in tremendous benefits for the entire world; it will hasten the dawn of that day of peace for which we all are yearning.

# Where Americans Are "Anglos"

By Ruth Laughlin Barker

*The "natives" of New Mexico disdain the name of "Mexicans" and retain the race-pride and the stately speech of the Spanish Conquistadores*

There is only one place in the United States where an American is not an American. In New Mexico, in spite of its having been American territory for more than seventy years, an American is only an "Anglo" and a Spanish-American is a "native."

The reason for using these names touches a sensitive spot in the body politic. Within the last generation the Spanish-speaking element, still over half the population, rebelled at being called "Mexicans" and spoke of themselves as "Spanish-Americans." Politicians were quick to flatter the majority vote and immediately referred to them — in political oratory at least — by the hyphenated name. Who then were Americans? "We are all Americans," the Spanish voice asserted again, "but you are Anglo-Americans." So now in every campaign you will hear the New Mexican villages ring with the lauding of the Spanish-Americans, while the Anglos smile unprotestingly as they are deprived of their full birthright.

To refer to the Spanish speaking people as "natives" brings no reproach, for to the native belongs his country. That is his innermost conviction. New Mexico is his country. He is really neither Spanish, nor Mexican, nor American, but New Mexican through three hundred years of living upon the same soil, in the same adobe houses and with the same folk customs. He outnumbered the American immigrants sixty-five to one when this territory was annexed by the United States in 1848, yet his loyalty to our nation was demonstrated in the World War when eighty per cent of the men enlisted from New Mexico were Spanish-Americans.

The term "Mexican" has been in common use for a century. Why is it suddenly so obnoxious? Perhaps the feeling is not sudden, but only recently has dared to become articulate. It goes back to the days of the Santa Fé Trail, when the first swaggering Anglos found New Mexico a Mexican State. They dubbed the natives "greasers," and were in turn called "gringos salados," from the fact that strange freckles appeared to have been "salted" freely

upon their blond noses. Much of the present hatred of Texas and of the term "Mexicans" comes from the foray of the Santa Fé-Texas expedition, when the New Mexicans ousted the cowmen and refused to become a part of the Lone Star Nation. Texans used the term "Mexican" with insulting ridicule, and for almost a century the native has never dissociated it from the suggested contempt.

MEXICAN nationalism, which withered in New Mexico, thrived south of the border line. Today the Mexican is more insulted by being called "Spanish" than the Spanish-American is by being called "Mexican," and the greatest compliment to pay any citizen of the southern republic is to call him an Indian, since the strength and virility as well as the majority of the population there are of Indian blood.

Santa Fé and Quebec are the only places in North America where the government is conducted in two languages. Where French is used officially in Quebec, Spanish is used in Santa Fé. Up to 1909, the reports of the Territorial Treasurer were printed in Spanish. The only codification of the laws of New Mexico is printed in both languages. The second codification, now ready for the publisher, will be printed in both languages. The session laws passed by the State Legislature are printed in Spanish and English.

The New Mexico Legislature, with its dramatic political fights, has always been bilingual. In 1929 the State Senate was composed of five Spanish-American members and nineteen Anglos, and its proceedings had the innovation of being conducted only in English. But in the House of Representatives the natives held the majority of twenty-five Spanish-American members to twenty-four Anglos, and the customary interpreters were busy translating all the business into the two languages. Every motion, every order of business, every wordy battle, every communication from the Governor or the Senate, was paralleled in Spanish. The moment any member rose to speak, an interpreter rose beside him, translating each phrase.

GOOD interpreters must be able linguists, for they must not only know Spanish and English well enough to translate the words instantly, but they must get the shades of meaning in each language. This may be used subtly to give the wrong twist to a speech if the interpreter is not of a like political faith. They not only echo each phrase, but mimic the gestures. Often an artful interpreter will make the better speech of the two.

You have only to listen to the two Armíjos, Isidoro and George, to understand their able services. Though they have the same name, they are unrelated by family or temperament. Isidoro in his high gray derby and white tie is the dignified Spanish scholar, though his practical jokes are famous. George's head protrudes beyond his heavy shoulders as though he wanted a closer view of a ludicrous world. He has an actor's wit, using mimicry, buffoonery, drollery, with gestures which would make Charlie Chaplin envious. His stories are inimitable. He has the native audiences laughing with him until the tears run down their brown faces.

Not long ago a slow tongued Anglo had to make campaign speeches. He said that he was a business man and not an orator and stated his platform with unqualified terseness. But his enthusiastic interpreter threw into the phrases the fire and melody of Spanish. The candidate stood like a solid tower, but the interpreter's arms flew out like windmill sails, rousing the audience of Spanish-Americans and Anglos, who only needed to watch him to catch his enthusiasm.

PEOPLE who have looked in vain for farms and factories around Santa Fé often ask, "But what supports the town?"

The reply is, "Climate, curios and politics."

And the greatest of these is politics.

The largest pay roll in the oldest capital comes from State and Federal offices. When a political job means bread and butter it is of vital importance, whether the goal is the Governor's chair or the janitor's basement. As one Capitol sweeper put it the other day, when he was about to lose his sixty dollars a month pay check, "I have got to keep my job, *amigo*. I have a wife and nine children and we have made only the first payment on a Ford."

For many years elections in New Mexico were settled by the Patrón system. The Big Boss, who owned Spanish land grants larger than the State of Rhode Island, employed hundreds of sheep herders, *vacqueros*, peons. Unable to read or write and uninterested in affairs beyond the home range, they voted according to the orders of the Patrón. This *influjo* of controlling unvarying hundreds of votes was a large part of his feudal power. He used it for the most part wisely, bringing back political plums for his *hacienda* and henchmen.

When the votes fell below the necessary strength he is said to have voted his sheep, the Patrón with the biggest flocks having the advantage. A Patrón from one of the sheep counties once phoned up to the capital to ask how the election was going.

"How has your county gone?" headquarters asked him.

"How many votes do you need?" he replied.

"About two thousand."

"All right," the Patrón promised, "I'll send them up to you in the ballot box tomorrow."

Today the Spanish-American has had Anglo schooling. He is much more of an intelligent and independent voter. But there is still a trace of that instinct which looks for the protection of a Patrón.

NEVER yet has there been a campaign in New Mexico when the race issue has not been raised. Each party assures all comers that they are the best friends of the Spanish-Americans. Anglos have been known to incite race riots, hoping that by rousing the disgruntled natives the solid vote might flop to their party. This has brought about a newspaper sentiment for race solidarity, trying to awaken race consciousness. With fifty-five per cent of the vote, why don't the Spanish-Americans control the State? For one reason, they don't and probably never will vote as a race. It is to their credit that they are

first of all American citizens, divided into American political groups. They have never yet banded together as a solid antagonistic race. Most of them are staunch in adherence to party, though there are many of both races in both parties who lend uncertainty to political prophecies by jumping the fence to run this year with the sheep and next year with the goats.

Another reason which prevents Spanish-Americans from sticking together is jealousy among themselves of their own leaders. While they may follow Patróns more than theories, they follow their own Patrón only until his strength becomes too dictatorial and then they desert to another of their rising sons.

THERE was some question as to how woman suffrage would succeed in New Mexico, since the Spanish-Americans are conservative and fully believe that a woman's place is in the home, waiting upon her master. However, when they realized that the women doubled the family's vote, every girl, every crippled grandmother, every woman who was blind, lame or bedridden was hauled to the polls in all the glory of bannered election cars. The first election after equal suffrage became the law one Spanish wit, who was running for sheriff, tacked a "*Votas para las Mujeres*" placard on a broom, raised it aloft and marched to the polling booths at the head of thirty-nine black shawled women. They were going to see to it, to the fourth generation of cousin's aunts, that the family would be honored with an office.

It has turned out that the Spanish-Americans not only urge their women to vote, but are proud to put them up as candidates for office. Three Spanish-American women have served capably as Secretaries of State. The first woman to serve as Governor in the United States was Mrs. Soledad Chacon, then Secretary of State, who filled the Governor's office temporarily in 1924 while the Acting Governor was out of the State.

VOTING places are a disgrace in Santa Fé and the secret ballot is a farce. Electric voting machines are unknown and unwanted. The law allows the blind and illiterate to receive help in marking their ballots, printed on long sheets in Spanish and English. Judging from the number who receive help from eager ward workers, most of the population must be both blind and illiterate.

As for the secret ballot, in the State capital you step up on a box at the school house window and call out your name, while the three men inside the room inspect the poll books to see if you are registered. Given the ballot you step back into the sacred precinct of the booth, with three flimsy canvas sides and the fourth side open. Two or three workers may push into the booth with you, ostensibly to help with the marking and perhaps to see if you are voting as you have promised — after a little sideline persuasion. If the voter is sufficiently cowed by the ward worker, the worker will mark the ballot and hand it in himself. If not, you approach with your folded ballot and climb the box again. There is no ballot box in sight. Your ballot is handed over the high window sill into a hand whose inky thumb mark may identify your secret vote. You trust to the

three bipartisan counters that your ballot, your precious American secret ballot, lands in the ballot box and is later counted. This unbelievable condition is the fault of both political parties. Until they desire to have elections conducted in at least an outwardly fair and just manner, New Mexico will continue to have the reputation of being one of the most corrupt political States in the Union.

SPANISH is not only the preferred language for getting votes in such large counties as Taos, Rio Arriba, San Miguel, Socorro, Valencia, Mora and Sandoval, but it is the common language of every other phase of life. Along the narrow winding streets of Santa Fé you hear quite as much Spanish as English. Traffic signs around the historic plaza are painted in both languages. Many advertising circulars are printed only in Spanish for distribution among the larger part of the population. Plays in Spanish are presented by local Spanish literary societies or by troupes from Mexico who find an enthusiastic welcome for their native tongue. Catholic churches and Protestant missions give sermons in both Spanish and English, while in the mountain villages the services are entirely in Spanish. Language students find that these sermons offer one of the best ways of accustoming the Anglo ear to Spanish rhythms. For this Spanish is the old court language of the Seventeenth Century, preserved in its mediæval usage and color like a fly in amber. There is a tenacity about this musical mother tongue which has outlived the seventy years of American jurisdiction. Perhaps it is because its idiom is the only one which fully describes the old folk ways of the native people. It has a shaded flexibility which is unknown in English. Spanish scholars say that New Mexican Spanish is almost archaic in its unchanged purity.

THERE are nine weekly newspapers and one illustrated monthly magazine published in Spanish in New Mexico. These differ from other foreign language periodicals in the United States, for they are not a last link between the immigrant and the fatherland. They are concerned wholly with the news of their own country, New Mexico, its State politics and local interests. No matter which political faith they follow all of them are unanimous in their desire to preserve the Spanish language and they rise to Latin fervor in the battle-cry for "native supremacy." This does not mean, however, that the reading matter of the Spanish-Americans is entirely confined to Spanish periodicals. One morning I was standing under the portal in front of a *Tienda Barata* in Tierra Amarilla when the mail stage rattled in. Tierra Amarilla is a village growing out of the mesa of "yellow earth" in the wilds of Rio Arriba County, and probably the most remote spot in America today. The stage delivered one Denver paper, three State dailies, one Spanish weekly and *The Congressional Record* to a fine old Spanish-American gentleman. That afternoon his country store became a meeting place for the *rancheros* who sat on the counters cracking *piñones* while the translated news was read aloud by Don Francisco.

A recent law requires that all public schools in the State shall be conducted in English as the language of instruction. Fortunately most of the high schools offer a "foreign language" elective of Spanish where this indigenous tongue has practical application. Its importance as the coming commercial language with Latin America has already given native sons coveted positions in the diplomatic service and foreign-relations offices.

SESSIONS of the district court take the place of a grand opera engagement in the far-away county seats. In Taos the plaza is crowded with horses tied to the hitching racks and covered wagons stand side by side at the cobble-stone curb. In the back of the wagons there is a ration of alfalfa for the horses, and ranch eggs, hens and honey to trade at the store. Bright striped blankets are folded over the wooden seats in front, but the family has deserted them to attend court.

The opening of court is the Big Day. In the ten o'clock sunshine of a bright June morning an olive-skinned gentleman stands before the court house door on the plaza and cries:

*"Oigan! Oigan! Oigan! El Corte distrito está en session!"* (Hear Ye! Hear Ye! Hear Ye! The district court is in session!)

Knots of country people, chatting before the store, break up to hurry toward the court house. They file into the long, narrow room and take their seats just as an interested audience packs a theatre. Twice a day, with night sessions sometimes happily added, this audience fills the court room as long as the session lasts. Anglo artists, artists' wives, writers from near and far, dudes and *paisanos*, hold their seats for the entire length of the two-a-day run.

Every order of the court, every question, cross-question and reply, is translated into Spanish. Many of the officers of the court are Spanish-speaking, and most of the jury. And good jurymen they are too, not worrying about the business they have left for jury duty but enjoying the drama of each case.

ANOTHER generation may put on a radio-talkie of the Vanishing Spanish-Americans. It will tell of the colorful by-gone days when an American was only an Anglo. Conditions are at last changing swiftly in the country of the Spanish-American since motors have invaded its isolation. We are coming to value the Spanish charm of living leisurely just as Anglo competition has gained some headway in this Land of Mañana. Spanish songs which serenaders still sing in the *placitas* are the swan-songs of dying racial contrasts. Perhaps the native newspapers and politicians raise their voices louder because they see that the growing influx of Anglos will wipe out their majority. With English taught in all the schools, the coming generation will give no reason for bilingual legislatures and courts. Intermarriage will fuse the Spanish-American with the Anglo, so that there will be no need for awkward hyphens. We shall all be standardized Americans.

# The Penny That Blinds

By G. R. Parker

*A business man asks whether in such matters as tariff and world politics, America is not holding the copper coin too close to see golden vistas beyond*

The light rays reflected from a thousand mountains and valleys converge at the focal point of the eye. And a small opaque disc no larger than a copper coin may, if held close enough, completely obscure the entire horizon.

To our Palæolithic ancestors, the distant view meant nothing. Existence depended upon the kill of food and foe. Every man was for himself. There was no need to lift the penny and look beyond. Life depended upon events close to, and immediate. Tomorrow meant nothing. Fellow beings, except as they might be obstacles to be done away with, meant nothing. Self interest was necessarily the single motivating factor of life. The vast resources and forces of nature remained locked in the bosom of mother earth. The forests and streams awaited release.

A long road has been traversed since then, but when we pause by the wayside for a moment to look about, we are sometimes led to wonder if traces of cave man egoism do not still cling to us, and if the penny does not dangle perilously close to the focal point.

We Americans, still a young and insular people, have difficulty in differentiating between the ability to do things and the wisdom of doing them. Some day, and may it be soon, we shall grow up to the idea that we have perforce to dwell on this earth with some billions of other humans, all of whom are, through the march of science, becoming daily more closely joined; and that the possibility of aloofness from the rest of the world belongs in the Limbo with the stage coach and the hoop skirt.

We shall perhaps also realize that when a community becomes fairly well settled, what the householder does, even inside his own premises, is sometimes a matter of concern to the neighbors.

It is incumbent upon us to cultivate breath of vision; to come to a realization of the fact that world affairs are our affairs; that so long as the price of wheat, or a market for motor cars, are matters of interest, we have very much to do with "abroad." Catch phrases, such as "entangling alliances", are in no

sense to be confused with an intelligent and constructive participation in the solution of international problems. Nor should such participation be casual or intermittent. Human relations, and human welfare as they are affected by national policies, are not a sort of card game in which a player may elect to play one hand and pass the next.

IT HAS been inevitable that the tortuous evolution of the animal called man should have resulted in ethnological and geographical groupings, which we now call Nations. The animal having not yet reached any high degree of perfection, it has been equally inevitable that he should, even up to modern times, occasionally feel that his best interests were served by the extermination of greater or less numbers of his kind, belonging to another group. And science having come to his aid, the means of extermination have become quite efficient. This activity we call War. But even when not engaged in war, man has nevertheless looked across his particular borders and concluded that those on the other side were by and large rather a bad lot — certainly not of the high character of his own group. This is distinctly human. Take any summer camp of a hundred and twenty boys, and divide them up into the reds, the blues and the whites, for purposes of athletic activity. To a blue, all blues become at once superior to all reds and whites. Ask any loyal citizen of Jonesville what he thinks of the folks in the adjoining village of Smithville. You will wonder that Smithites are still allowed at large.

This group sentiment is derived largely from the competitive spirit. It may be a striving for athletic superiority, or for an advantage in the exploitation of natural resources. It is a healthy symptom, provided the baseball game does not end in a fist fight, or the struggle for oil in war. In its larger proportions as applied to political entities we call it Nationalism.

The idealist visualizing the perfect world may perhaps work out national and international policies based on universal standards of conduct, and the inherent virtue of mankind. Practically, it is essential that we face the facts with due recognition of human limitations. We should direct ourselves along a reasonable middle course, neither swayed by an excess of idealism on the one hand, nor on the other by any pessimistic generalization as to racial or national characteristics.

THERE are in the world, and so far as we can see into the future there will continue to be, all kinds of people — public and private crooks, major and minor second-story men, and gradual shadings off into the solid foundation of business men and farmers, artisans and teachers, doctors and truck drivers, who work and play, live and love, marry and rear children, and who comprise what is commonly referred to as society. No one national group represents a modern Utopia, nor are other groups necessarily highly unbalanced in the proportions which comprise their citizenship. The Chinese are not universally honest. Nor are they employed in Japanese banks because the Japanese do not trust each other.

Within the borders of these United States is perhaps as highly polyglot an aggregation of humans, racially and morally, as is to be found anywhere. Yet we seem to persist in the belief that the theory of organized relationship, wholly workable and practical when applied to these forty-eight States, becomes immediately unworkable and impractical when applied to some other group of States.

"From the upper reaches of the sovereign State of Michigan, to the southern tip of the great Commonwealth of Texas; from the rock-ribbed New England coast to the Golden Gate" — any worth while Fourth of July orator can and does thus offer a readily identifiable idea of our continental boundaries, with perhaps less stress on insular possessions, no doubt because of the pauper labor electing to dwell therein. But once the Great Lakes or the Rio Grande are passed, or the ocean frontiers crossed, we are at once plunged into a realm of unreality. Here dwell wholly different humans. Their minds function differently. They have not the same tastes in dress or clothing. Presumably their digestive systems and methods of bringing children into the world are ordained by a different process. In at least a large number of instances they do not communicate with one another by means of the English language. Why go further? Is it not evident that standards of conduct and methods of procedure, tested and accepted within these well defined borders, break down and become highly unsound elsewhere?

There were those who cherished the hope that, after the cataclysm of 1914–1918, a way would be found to build something new on the ruins and on the experience of the past. There were historical precedents for groups of people getting together and agreeing to a set of very broad rules by which the game would thereafter be played. Not the least of these was the coöperative action taken by thirteen States in 1783.

It seemed reasonable to assume that organization *per se* had demonstrated its merit. It had been observed that communities organized as villages and cities, counties and states, and finally into nations. Each larger division concerned itself less with questions of purely local jurisdiction, and confined itself to matters of broad character, affecting all. Why then should organization stop at national frontiers?

By far, the great majority of the world's people, most of whom had but recently experienced the working of the rule of force, concluded that there was no valid reason why it should stop there. However skeptical some of them may have been as to its practical success, they were at least willing to give a trial to the only plan of world organization which held forth any promise whatever. With a single notable exception, this seemed to represent the best judgment of the world's civilized nations.

It was as if a community had gradually grown up, more or less haphazard, with little or no organization. Occasionally a dwelling would catch fire and perhaps spread to others. Such fires usually burned themselves out, or were checked

after most of the damage was done. This had been going on for a long time. Then there occurred a conflagration that nearly destroyed the village. When it was over, the people got together and decided that now at last they must take steps to prevent, in so far as possible, a recurrence. They organized a fire department. Its equipment was admittedly crude and untried. It might work, and it might not. But it seemed better to have a poor fire fighting apparatus, which could be improved in the light of experience, rather than to have a debate of years' duration as to whether or not some other type would not work better, or whether this or that bolt or nut was too loose or too tight. It was conceded that fires might break out again, but the prevalent feeling was that, in a good many cases, extinguishers could be rushed to the scene and minimize the damage, and that another general holocaust could be rendered unlikely. But like any other community endeavor, the complete success of the plan hinged largely on the extent to which it could command whole-souled coöperation and cooperative effort.

And a great family, living in a big brick house on a hill just outside the village, said in effect "We will not join with you. We will not subscribe to the plan. We will not promise to help man the pumps if needs be. Our house is not likely to catch fire, and, if it does, we can take care of it ourselves. We are removed from the affairs of you villagers; for you the plan may be excellent, we wish you well with it. For ourselves, we are satisfied with our brick house and our hill. If we become one with you in a village enterprise, we may surrender the self-sufficient isolation we now enjoy."

Men shatter each other, and their physical possessions, and then try to repair what is not wholly destroyed. Hospitals do their best for human wrecks. International conferences attempt the reconstruction of the politico-economic structure.

One of the more recent of these latter reached a seemingly creditable consummation, thanks largely to the untiring energy and initiative, the never-say-die spirit of a great American, whose physical and mental stature, towering high above most of his fellow men, seems to suggest the motto: "The insoluable shall be solved." Put to an almost immediate test, the work he wrought stood the onslaught of highly divergent interests, and emerged, in all its essential aspects unimpaired. Conceivably, it may remain for the historian to gauge the true greatness of Owen D. Young. But perhaps all too dimly we can perceive that here is a man whose mental outlook extends beyond the barriers of political boundaries, whose thought and deed are unfettered by petty precedent, whose practical idealism does not prevent his keeping both feet squarely on the ground, and whose vision is in no way obscured by the too close proximity of any opaque matter.

But at the very moment when we are experiencing a warm glow of satisfaction that this our country has produced a master mind which can wrestle with and solve world problems, we are rudely shaken. The keystone of the arch, bit by bit

so painfully erected, and in which the mortar has hardly had time to set, is, it seems, the Bank for International Settlements. To the lay mind it would seem that Young and his fellows had worked well, and had admirably solved a difficult part of their problem. But this conclusion it appears is over-hasty. The Bank is a dangerous piece of apparatus. It must be let alone. It will probably be tainted by that unclean thing, the League. Young and Morgan and Lamont, well known expatriates, who only await a favorable opportunity to betray their country for private gain, were trying a shrewd trick to get us into the League, not this time by the well known and fully exposed back door, or World Court, but by a new door, probably a cellar door, cleverly disguised as the Bank of International Settlements.

And the word goes forth that the American banking system shall not be linked with this new device, through the participation of any American officials. Presumably this aloofness is derived in part from the need of maintaining the fiction that the payment of reparations is in no way connected with the discharge of debts due the Government of the United States. In the business world, a creditor usually takes some interest in the balance sheet of a large debtor. If the latter is fully solvent, but with his assets not wholly liquid, it is considered sound policy to see that the integrity of these assets is preserved, and a means provided for turning them into cash without undue shrinkage. Particularly is it deemed essential that the Accounts Receivable item shall represent real value, and not become a "frozen asset." It is regarded as good business to render the debtor every facility for accomplishing the collection of his Accounts Receivable, and thereby create a liquid asset available for payment to the creditor. But seemingly what are regarded as sound principles in private commercial transactions, break down and no longer apply when debtor and creditor happen to be large groups of people. Something has intervened to impair the vision.

One of the manifestations of Nationalism is the erection around a given country of an economic barrier, commonly referred to as a tariff wall. Its purpose is primarily to restrict the entry of goods from other countries. Its soundness should be judged from two angles, the one wholly economic, and the other, both economic and political. In brief, does such a trade restriction add to the average individual wealth within the country, and does its application beyond reasonable limits tend to impair commercial and diplomatic intercourse?

It is a very generally accepted axiom that a boat cannot be propelled by the blowing of bellows against the sails, and that no amount of tension applied to one's boot straps serves to raise one through space. Similarly, wealth, that is, food, clothing, shelter, luxuries and productive tools, are commonly supposed to be the result of labor, industry and applied intelligence, and broadly speaking are not created by governmental fiat, or legislative enactment. But on every hand there is evidence

of a widespread belief that this doctrine can be broken down and that wealth can be legislated to the people by the people themselves. Prosperity, as we understand the term, means an ample supply of the essentials referred to, plus varying degrees of margin for non-essentials, for insurance against less fruitful periods, and as provision for voluntary or forced cessation of activity. In a word, it is the acquirement of wealth by the individual. And wealth, variously defined by the economists, is created by the production and exchange of goods and services.

MARK the inclusion of the word "exchange." After the farmer has derived from the soil sufficient food for himself and family, he must exchange the surplus for his other needs. The cobbler can wear only so many shoes. The balance which he produces must be traded for something else. And in both cases it is fairly evident that the more people need, and can use these surplus goods, the greater and more varied will be the return to the producer. Which, stated in another way, is that the prosperity of the individual is dependent upon the widest market for the product of his labor.

Because this is so, trade had its inception many centuries ago, and over constantly increasing areas. In the beginning, individuals bartered with others nearby, but gradually worked farther afield, across river and mountains, across seas and political boundaries, until the needs of one people might be supplied by another half way around the world.

Now let us see if we can exercise a little imagination. Let us visualize the world as a tin pie-plate, and the people on it minimized in like proportion. No trade barriers exist. Infinitesimal atoms in one part of the plate are busily producing goods and trading them with others in another part. Those who make hats are exchanging them for pocket knives. Those who grow cotton are bartering it with those who grow rubber. Some of the trading is done with those nearby, some of it is done with those on the extreme outer edge. There is ceaseless activity in the production and movement of goods. Some of the human atoms are more fortunate than others. They have a fruitful soil. They have mines bearing rich ores. They have waterfalls and ample fuel. Further, some of them are endowed with greater capacity and initiative to develop their opportunities. These are rich and prosperous. And if they can exchange a product of a few hours of their own labor for a product of many hours of labor of someone else less favored this does not make them any poorer.

NOW, suddenly, a giant hand seizes a small wire sieve and inverts it on the plate, covering a group of the more favored atoms. The meshes of the sieve force them to exchange more with each other, and less with those outside. We are asked to believe that immediately a noteworthy increment of wealth accrues to them. As a result of being enclosed within the sieve, they automatically have more and better clothes, food, shelter and non-essentials, and do not have to work so hard. That there is a redistribution of wealth within the enclosed area does not admit of any

doubt, but that the aggregate is increased places an undue strain on intelligent reasoning.

Apart from the real or alleged blessings of Protection which we in this country enjoy, and which are seemingly about to be bestowed upon us in still greater measure, what of those outside? And, again, let us keep the argument on the plane of selfish interest. Can we profitably consume all that we produce, within our own borders, or is it perhaps desirable, if not necessary, that a substantial part be marketed outside? If the latter be the case, then we must face two imperative factors. Without delving into the details of certain admitted exceptions, goods are paid for by goods. And if goods are to be sold, goods must be received in payment. An exchange is essential.

TO FACILITATE such an exchange, there must be a mutual willingness-to-do-business. That is, there must be good will. Without rising from the plane of self interest, we cannot escape recognition of the fact that it is very difficult to sell to an antagonistic and ill-disposed buyer. And have we any reason for assuming a complacent and compliant attitude on the part of foreign countries, if a substantial part of their natural market is denied them? Just why are we to believe that they will, with one accord, cheerfully exclaim: "The American tariff? Why, that is a domestic matter for them to settle. It does not concern us."

It is, of course, absurd to argue from these premises that a drastic and sudden shift to Free Trade is possible or desirable. If, however, we are headed in the wrong direction, if a policy of constantly rising tariff is unsound economically and politically, then it is time to pause, to curtail further increases, and give intelligent consideration to scientific revision.

THE great and the powerful have a rich gift. It may be abused, in which case inexorable forces will some day deprive them of it. It may be wisely used to their own and the advantage of others, and continue in perpetuity. The danger to which we in these highly favored United States are exposed, is that our material prosperity may dull our sense of proportion. It is well for us occasionally to examine our national and international outlook, and make sure of its clarity beyond local hills and rivers.

When a town meeting is held, it is usually desirable for the citizenry to drop in and take a seat. We shall perhaps one day come to the conclusion that our responsibilities are not confined to the village. Neighborly relations are no longer restricted to the adjacent householder. The realization will no doubt come to us that diplomatic and legislative manifestations cannot be invariably and universally cloaked within the catch-all of "matters of domestic concern".

May we not at least subject ourselves to a searching introspection to determine if by chance the copper coin has not been held a wee bit too close, and if its complete or partial removal would not disclose fairly extensive vistas which, under the scrutiny of unimpaired vision, turned out to be worth while?

# Spinster Island

By Mary Day Winn

*Though warned of disillusionment, tremulous runaways still seek a career in Manhattan only to find futility in a whirlpool of competition*

There is a legend — or perhaps it is an historical truth — that a group of stalwart 'Forty-niners, desiring wives in a country where gold nuggets were plentiful but white women scarce, resorted to a trick to accomplish their ends. They wrote to an agency in New England, requesting it to engage a number of school teachers and send them by sailing ship to San Francisco, where eager schools and children awaited them.

As the tremulous school ma'ams filed down the gang plank into that turbulent frontier town, they were met by the waiting Romeos, informed that the promise of teaching positions was merely a little pleasantry, and told that in reality their choice was between starvation and marriage. They accepted marriage — probably, considering the scarcity of men in Puritan New England, with less inner reluctance than their maidenly consternation seemed to indicate.

These feminine preceptors were the unintentional vanguard of a clearly intentioned army of husband-hunters who during the following fifty years migrated in large numbers to the land of little rain but large matrimonial opportunities. For even if Eastern femininity had never heard the legend — or fact — quoted above, it had read the fiction of the great open spaces, and later had watched with secret longing and resolution the unfolding of many a screen drama whose final fadeout showed the pretty school mistress clasped in the arms of the chivalrous cowboy or Northwest mounted policeman. So great, indeed, did the army of women teachers going West become at one time that California, which was the goal of most of them, found it desirable to erect a tariff wall against outside competition by requiring everyone wishing a California State teacher's license to attend a California college for a certain length of time, a measure which served to discourage many of the faint-hearted.

This was bad, but there was worse to come. The movies had lured women westward by picturing the delights of a frontier life; now these same movies developed a sting, a thorn, hundreds of thousands of thorns, in the persons of a host of

beautiful real and would-be moving picture actresses, who flooded the matrimonial market and proved once more that the mortar board cannot compete with America's Sweethearts.

There was also the growing realization that many of the so-called prizes in this competition were more in the nature of liabilities; for the census, in enumerating the male population of the Land of Flowers, inconsiderately fails to point out that a fair percentage of those listed as men are retired farmers of uncertain age from Iowa, Nebraska and adjacent States, who have no ambitions more romantic than to win the daily checker tournaments in the public parks or pitch a horse shoe farther than their cronies.

THESE revelations, together with the fact that young men had stopped going in such numbers to seek their fortunes in the West, and were drifting instead to the big cities of the East, especially New York, helped to bring a turning of the feminine tide. The great metropolis has now become the favored goal of girls and women in search of a larger and more adventurous life, whether it be through business careers, the arts, the professions, or even matrimony.

What do they find at the end of their eastern journey?

Brutally, most of them find loneliness and disappointment.

In a recent number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, a writer who called herself "Joan Hampton" — one suspects a *nom de plume* — drew a seductive picture of New York as a woman's paradise. And so it is — for the rare woman who has "arrived." For the vast majority, however, of those who pour into it in ever increasing numbers from the country and the small towns it is no longer an El Dorado — if, indeed, it ever was. Instead it is a city of diminishing opportunities; a commercial whirlpool where only the strongest can keep their heads above water; a place where eligible men are hard to meet; a spot that is rapidly becoming "Spinster Island."

HERE are a few figures in support of this statement, and more will be given later on. According to statistics gathered last year by the National Welfare Council, over 200,000 men and women, girls and boys come to New York City each year in search of fame and fortune; 17,000 a month; 23 every hour. Two out of every nine go home, beaten, *before a month is up*. A survey of thirty test cases made recently by the Travelers' Aid Society showed an even larger percentage of failures; of the thirty, seven had abandoned the struggle, girls apparently giving up more quickly than boys.

Runaways reported to the Missing Persons Bureau of New York increased last year by twenty per cent. Many of these were girls and women who, in the face of family opposition, packed their bags and secretly stole away to the dream city, planning to write back and tell those at home all about it in a short time — when they had made good. As an indication of what percentage are able to carry out this ambitious plan, we may note the detailed report that of thirty-two "missing" women who fled to New York in June of last year,

searching for wider opportunities, all but four eventually returned to their home towns.

Most of the melancholy figures quoted above refer, of course, to those who seek the golden island better equipped in hope than in ability, training or resources. But the picture is, if anything, even less cheerful when we shift the searchlight to those higher in the social and economic scale, to girls and women seeking advancement in the arts and the professions.

In the first place, there has come to be a large surplus of women teachers in New York City. After a period of scarcity, the tide turned about four years ago, until now, according to the Teachers' Union, there are between three and four thousand women in the city (the number varies constantly) who, though they have already received their licenses, have no position more tangible than a numbered place on a waiting list; it will be a year or longer before vacancies in the schools can be found for them. At what temporary jobs can they earn their bread and butter and permanent waves in the meantime?

But the number of women who come to New York seeking to get *in* teaching positions and are disappointed, is infinitesimal compared to the host who come here each summer seeking to get *out* of teaching positions into some business or profession with wider contacts or greater freedom, and discover that to do so is more difficult than escaping from a sunken submarine.

Every big magazine and newspaper office sees dozens of these aspirants every summer, making their at first hopeful and finally despairing rounds. Though capable in their own line, they are in some ways less acceptable in a new kind of work than is the young and totally inexperienced girl, for they not only have almost as much to learn, but something to unlearn, and in addition have acquired a sense of authority that makes it hard for them to adjust themselves to the subordinate position that always falls to the lot of the beginner. For various reasons, mostly economic, more than twenty-eight New York magazines of general circulation went out of business last spring. It is true that several others were started, but nevertheless there is always, in the city, a surplus of experienced writers and editors, against whom the novice has little chance unless she possesses exceptional talent. Journalism is one of the most bitterly competitive professions in New York, and is every day becoming more so, as scores of colleges and high schools all over the country start "courses in journalism," and turn out each spring a fresh flood of literary aspirants determined to make New York at any cost.

The field for artists is similarly crowded, and with the introduction of the talkies and the consequent gradual elimination of orchestras, an even larger number of musicians also are walking the streets.

Perhaps the most disillusioning, however, of all the arts which lure women and girls to New York, and the rock on which the greatest number of them are broken, is the stage. All of us have been warned of this Circe until the warning has begun to

fall a little flat on our ears, and we have come to think that the stage is just another bogy man of the Petticoat Era, like night air and taking off one's flannels too soon. It was one of the tragic mistakes of the Victorian Age that it set up so many taboos against small and comparatively harmless things that when these were revealed as innocuous or silly, even the pitfalls against which a warning was justified, came to be doubted.

THERE is more solid reason to-day to warn girls of the dangers and disappointments of seeking a stage career in New York than there was in our grandmothers' time. The situation is worse than it was fifty years ago; worse than twenty years ago; worse even than one year ago. From a theatrical standpoint, last season was a fiasco. The percentage of plays failing was very high, and the number of road companies dropped to almost nothing. The Actors' Equity Association, which includes only experienced stage people or those who have an actual signed contract for an engagement, says that 25 per cent of its membership is idle every year, and about half of the idle are in New York City.

Yet in face of this fact several so-called schools have recently been started in New York which guarantee a "theatrical engagement" after the pupil has completed an expensive course of "instruction." They fail to mention that the "engagement" frequently consists of one day's work as a movie extra, by arranging for which the school fulfills its contract but leaves the stage-struck pupil just where she started, which is as far from her goal as she was on the day she left home. The novice coming to New York to win fame before the footlights has, according to Equity's estimate, one chance in five hundred. Arthur Hopkins summed up the situation in an article in *The Woman's Home Companion* when he said, "My advice to a girl who wants to be an actress is, 'Don't.'"

BUT suppose the golden fleece which the girl is seeking is not a career in the arts, but success in business? What are the chances in New York compared with those in smaller places? Mrs. Helen Eldredge, Director of Employment of the Young Women's Christian Association, receives annually hundreds of letters from women all over the country, asking such questions.

"To these letters," she says, "I send replies which I make as discouraging as I can without being actually brutal. Here is a sample of many of the answers that come back to me; it thanks me for my encouraging letter and announces that the writer is coming to New York immediately."

A glance at almost any one of the daily papers explains why nothing can dim the picture of the big city as the land of opportunity. Consider, for instance, the headlines of a recent story in *The New York Evening Post:*

"Unpaved Sidewalks of New York Prove to be Strewn with Gold for Young Alice Lauber from Switzerland — Starts as Maid and Soon Becomes Real Estate Expert — Arrived in New York Three Years Ago with $200."

Fame, fortune, independence and probably, judging from the very

personable photograph, a handsome husband, three years after setting foot on Ellis Island!

Come, girls, let's hurry at once to this magic city.

But, alas, we are not all Alice Laubers! Alice is probably the kind of person who could make a success selling building lots in Death Valley; she is the brilliant exception. If she were not, *The Post* would not be running an article about her. It is a tragic — or perhaps it is a hopeful — thing that most of us tend to measure our own possibilities by the accomplishments of super-average people. "I'm as good as anybody else" is a part of the American credo which has guided the gifted to great realizations, but led the stumbling feet of the mediocre into many a bog.

HUNDREDS of women, frequently widows, tell themselves that that small amount of capital they have stored up, combined with a little skill, would, if invested in New York in a special enterprise, quickly reap big returns. So on they come, and soon a gaily painted sign announces that one more Gift Shoppe, quaint book store or tea-room has been born.

The infant death rate of such industries in New York is terrible. So many fancy tea rooms bloom and wither and die each year that *Restaurant Management*, which is spokesman for the city's restaurant business, recently conducted a campaign to discover the reasons why. According to Mrs. Cecil Reams, who investigated the subject with passionate thoroughness, 600 tea-rooms are said to have failed in New York last year. Women in large numbers are being encouraged by schools of tea-room management to put their savings into these enterprises and are being lured on by glowing pictures of the few who succeed and by the siren voices of real estate agents seeking tenants for basement properties. They are not told about the great percentage of failures, which some authorities place as high as nine out of ten.

The "personal book shop" is a newer form of feminine gambling in New York; two-thirds of these intimate little stores are run by women. According to the most expert trade opinion on the subject, however, their chances of success are considerably less in New York City than in smaller places, because of the growing competition here of the chain book stores, a competition which is less hazardous elsewhere.

SO MUCH for a few of New York's commercial opportunities; what of the matrimonial? Well, it may or may not be significant that the city's marriage rate took a noticeable drop in 1928, and is now the lowest it has been since 1922 — appreciably lower, for instance, than the marriage rates of Detroit, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, St. Paul, Buffalo and a number of other cities. And it may or may not be significant that, according to the statisticians of the Department of Health, there is now an appreciable surplus of women over men in the city. It may or may not be significant that several huge hotels for women have been erected recently, notably the vast pile of the American Woman's Association. It may and may not mean anything that New York has gone wild on the subject of

apartment hotels, those refuges of the bachelor and the bachelor girl, and they are springing up here and there, everywhere — huge brick and steel memorials to the passing of family life.

To the woman or girl who comes, a stranger, to New York, meeting eligible men seems almost impossible. The Church, that matrimonial market for the country community, is out of style. Also, it is possible to live a decade and never meet one's neighbor on the other side of six inches of lath and plaster. Lodging houses have no social life and no contacts. Frequently business associates are merely a host of other husband hunting girls. The fact that this is not true of work in a newspaper office has made positions of that kind very much sought after — and correspondingly hard to get. Furthermore, courtship in New York is almost as expensive as marriage — a fact which has played no small part in the success of the ten cent bus companies and the moving picture houses, as anyone may see who rides atop a bus on summer nights, or watches the audience rather than the picture on winter evenings. The working of the cosmic urge has also been a noticeable factor in building up the night classes at New York University and at Columbia. Not so much a thirst for knowledge as the fact that the classes are coeducational has stimulated youthful desire to investigate theories of city government or the principles of international banking.

But this melancholy exposé could be continued almost indefinitely. It does not make delightful reading; but neither does a doctor's diagnosis. It is the unflattering truth, and like a doctor's diagnosis, it carries a prescription, which is this: Let the woman who wants a business career look first at her own home town, and see what she can give it that it would be glad to have, and to pay her for; the less it already has, the wider is the range of possibilities. Let the woman who wants a husband look first at the home town boys. Grace Goodhue married a home town boy.

# The Inefficiency of Science

By G. K. Chesterton

*Its truths, offered by the modern savant as practical guide posts in human affairs, appear to the whimsical essayist to be absurdly and dangerously misleading*

When, some little time ago, I wrote an article entitled *The Frivolity of Science* it may not have been instantly apparent to all that the title was a compliment. I have myself been far too often convicted of frivolity to retain an authoritative right to condemn others as frivolous. But indeed science can claim a purity and perfection of frivolity, in a sense far above such journalistic buffoonery as my own. In the highest cases we can talk of the frivolity of science, as we can talk of the frivolity of Fra Angelico's angels or the frivolity of St. Francis of Assisi. It is something which the mediæval mystics might have called the gay life of contemplation. It is a certain ecstasy and eagerness about the wonders of the world as such.

It marked especially those early scientists who partook of the simplicity of saints. When certain of the first naturalists of the Eighteenth Century went out with nets to catch butterflies, or paddled about the sands looking for sea-anemones, their contemporaries hailed them in happy derision as lunatics in their second childhood. That a grown man should go out with a butterfly net was as if he had gone out rolling a hoop! That a white-haired philosopher should paddle about on the sands suggested that he was building a sand castle. In short they were thought very childish; and the phrase is an excellent example of the true word spoken in jest. Indeed it is the whole point of this same philosophy that nearly every true word is spoken in jest.

For these naturalists were still natural; they were still children of nature and therefore genuine children. Though Wordsworth did not like them, he had a great deal in common with them. He was, as they were, at times a little prosaic in his poetry, and a little provincial in his universality. But they were, as he was, in truth trailing clouds of glory; seeing upon grove and meadow the glory and the freshness of a dream. These naturalists, of the generation of Gilbert White of Selborne, for instance, still have about them a hint of the healthy innocence of science. Their natural childhood was

not perhaps so deeply joyful as the supernatural childhood of the mediæval "Mountebanks of God." But it shone out against the gray background of the unnatural childhood already growing up in factories and the first dungeons of industrialism.

THE white-haired lunatic with the butterfly net brought a breath of the green lanes into the growing smoke of the progressive and practical Manchester age. He may have transfixed the butterfly with a pin; but at least he did not brag and boast that a hundred men had been turned into wage-slaves in order to make the pin. If he caught living things in a net it was not a net of usury and forestalling and swindling; and if he played with the sand he did not put it in the sugar. He had yet to be initiated into the higher secrets of commercial prosperity and enlightened economics. Science had a prouder destiny before her than anything that could be guessed from the infantile antics of the naturalists. Science herself was to be called to the high counsels of the new rich; economic science was to assist in the cornering of wheat and chemical science in the adulteration of beer. But the first generations of scientists were largely innocent of all these things; they did not know that the toys in their naturalistic nursery would ever be turned into torture instruments for the oppression of the poor; any more than they knew that the same toys would be turned into towering war-engines to lay waste the world.

It is therefore among these earlier scientific speculators that we can find and feel the atmosphere that is the abstract justification or rather glorification of science. That scientific spirit, in its purity, was not justified merely by the practical good done by science, any more than it is blasted by the infernal holocausts and hecatombs of harm done by science. Its laughter was as independent of laughing gas at the dentist's as of tear gas in the dug-out. The original men of science did not want to rule or even to teach; they really wanted to know. They were inspired by sheer, shameless, round-eyed, gaping, goggling curiosity; and of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

In short, so far from assailing science, I am concerned with defending the extreme cause of science for science's sake; almost in the sense of what used to be called art for art's sake.

THE domain in which I do venture to dispute many of the modern claims of science is precisely the domain of practical utility. It is, above all, that domain in which men attempt to use scientific ideas as social ideals. The notion of remaking our morality to suit our ever-changing material discoveries, or rather hypotheses — it is that which seems to me at once impossible and intolerable. I have the heartiest sympathy with the astronomer when he wishes to stare at every star, being sufficiently inspired by the consciousness of how he wonders what they are. It is when he commits the deplorable mistake of hitching his wagon to a star, that I protest with just indignation and compassionate warning. The wagon will probably go very deep in mud, and possibly in blood, crushing the prostrate poor like

the car of the idol, if it is hitched to anything so purely scientific as a star. For the chief objection among many, as I tried before to make clear, is that that sort of star is never a fixed star. It is always a shooting star; it is frequently a falling star. It is a meteor following so fantastically zigzag a course that the wagon attempting to follow it has to rush perpetually backward and forward over the same ground, like an omnibus wildly accelerated in a cinema. Science incessantly contradicts itself. The star is a comet that actually chases its own tail.

NEVERTHELESS there is something more to be said. There is a question that must be answered and an explanation that must be given; or such a sweeping generalization will really be unjust to the virtues of the scientific intelligence. The question might be put thus: that when I say that the scientist contradicts himself, he would probably reply that he corrects himself. He would say that though his last conclusion may often appear very different from his first conclusion, he has reached the latter from the starting point of the former by a perfectly legitimate series of logical steps; that each of these steps was nearer to the truth than the last; and even the first nearer to the truth than anything that had gone before.

Now I think it would be hard to prove even this case for the continuity of science. Natural selection, in the narrow Darwinian sense, is not merely surpassed; it is rather supplanted in the sense of being scrapped. It is easy to talk with a vague verbalism about ideas being extended or expanded; but it is not easy to see how in logic the idea of an unlimited world would expand until it became a limited world; or how the statement that parallel lines do not meet can be extended to mean that they do. But I am not concerned here to dispute the scientist's explanation in general; I prefer to adopt it and criticize it in one rather interesting particular. I will agree, if only for the sake of argument, that the man of science reaches what appears, in a popular sense, to be a contradiction, by a process that is in truth a consistency and, at least, a continuity. On the plane of science for science's sake, in the abstract playground of science, it really is such a purely reasonable thing. For that very reason the instant it touches the real working world, there is an explosion of insanity.

THE truth about science as applied to social reform is really this, that the scientific answer to an abstract question may really have only altered relatively and by degrees; but considered as an answer to any concrete question it does contradict itself flatly. The scientific theory may bend with a curve that is as consistent as a straight line; but considered in relation to any one fixed point on a diagram, the curve will be sometimes on one side of it and sometimes on the other. The point can be more easily explained by a practical parable than by a mathematical figure. The example I take must be impossibly simple and even frankly grotesque, in order to make clear exactly what I mean; but it must be remembered that it is only a convenient simplification of something that

is really going on in all the reforms of what is called social science.

Let us suppose that the scientific eye has for some time been fixed, with a somewhat sinister expression, on the human nose. The nose, whether or no it be a popular, is at least a public, institution; as such it is subject to criticism; and it is easy to imagine what the criticism might be. It might be said that the nose is, like the appendix, a practically disused organ; since the sense of smell, which is so practical and penetrating in the dog, has really become faint and ineffectual in the man. The utilitarian might urge that the nose is now merely an ornament; the æsthete might insinuate that it is not always that. But there would be a positive as well as a negative case for anti-nasalism.

SUPPOSE it were suggested that nearly all diseases have a nasal origin; as indeed many complaints do begin with a cold in the nose. Suppose it were said that the nose is a nest of microbes. It seems possible that the holy enthusiasm for humanity might be strong enough to inspire bold spirits to begin cutting off noses, as people cut out appendices. It seems possible that the State might lend itself at last to a sweeping scheme of amputation, like the scheme of vaccination.

But mark what follows. Science knows no halt or finality; and the speculations of science are still proceeding, always along the same logical line. Professor Higgins has indeed established his great discovery that the nose is the chief nest of microbes; nor need this necessarily be in any sense reversed. The men of science may still continue in the same logical direction; they may continue, in a second and more reverential sense, to follow their noses. Professor Biggins ratifies and illuminates the discovery of Professor Higgins, by pointing out that the nose is so unquestionably the most attractive seat for germs that such and such an enormous proportion of all the germs in the body are to be found there. Then Professor Miggins, working on the same lines, makes a striking discovery. He finds that there are practically no germs in the rest of the body; and that this is due to the nose holding them up or shutting them out, so that it acts like a prison for undesirable aliens.

Professor Jiggins clinches this by triumphantly showing that since noses have been abolished, germs have multiplied in thousands all over the rest of the human organism. The thing described as the Nasal Barrier, by Professor Jiggins, in his address before the Royal Society, has been broken down; and life is flooded with millions more murderous microbes than before. Finally, it is needless to say that Professor Stiggins improves the occasion by explaining with what grand humility, and gradual, conscientious and heroic labor, he himself and people like him follow the upward road that leads humanity to higher and higher truths.

THE extraordinary thing is that Professor Stiggins is right. It is perfectly true, in one sense, that at no point in that logical process, considered as a logical process, has the logician turned back or retraced his steps. Higgins said the nose was a nest of germs; and neither Biggins

nor Miggins nor Jiggins has unsaid what he said. It is a perfectly consistent curve of modification, considered from the point of view of a person with a theory. It is not quite the same thing from the point of view of a person with a nose — or a person without a nose. For that is the whole point of this parable; which I need not say is an entirely imaginary case, made extreme or extravagant merely to elucidate a logical process which is everywhere elusive and subtle. It is quite true that considered in relation to its own rational process, science has in this case been continuous and evolutionary. But it is not true that, in its relation to any fixed and definite fact in life, its policy is continuous or even consistent. It is not true in its practical relation to the nose, that noble monument, that what these advisers say last is a mere development of what they said first. It is a flat, irreconcilable contradiction of everything they said first. In theory the last view may be right in the same relative sense in which the first view is right. But in practice if the last view is right the first view is wrong; and men have already acted irrevocably on the view which was wrong.

Now this fallacy, which can be most clearly traced by means of such a fancy, can be traced with a little more care and trouble in any number of contemporary facts. What is the matter with the scientific hypothesis, as a help about marriage or education or hygiene, is that even when it has really proved something, we can never tell what the thing itself will ultimately prove. Therefore if we act upon it at any given moment, in relation to any given problem, we are always acting on an unfinished process of thought which, even if it is never falsified in theory, will almost certainly be falsified in fact.

I HAVE noted elsewhere the comparatively clear example of eugenics, and all the guessings and gropings about heredity. Zola based a whole encyclopedia of mortal destiny upon the doctrines of inheritance that were common in his day. But he knew nothing of the other totally different doctrines of heredity that have appeared in our day. And we could now consider it nothing but a calamity if the French Republic had applied in the form of coërcive eugenics what were then regarded as the clearest truths of contemporary science. The utter nonsense of imagining the French nation doing it is a breezy reminder of how all this rubbish would be dealt with by real democrats. Similarly if a modern legislator were to act on Mendelian biology, he would find that in fifty years the Mendelian hypothesis itself had been so incessantly modified as to point in practice to the very contrary of everything he had done. And so the eugenist, having married all the wrong couples and produced all the wrong children, could only tell himself that somebody else had at least taken one out of ten thousand steps nearer to the right theory.

There are many other examples; but to preserve the detached treatment of a scientific fallacy, I will take the case of an argument with which I have no sort of sympathy, but which is used on the side with

which I sympathize. There are far too many bad arguments for good causes. But the point here is that there are two scientific arguments which destroy each other; or rather one scientific argument which when developed destroys itself. I regard the whole morality of Prohibition as grossly immoral. For the defense of that view I am quite content to say, to begin with, that it is taking away a man's last liberty rather than his first. If a civilized citizen may not judge of the chances to his own bodily health, by drinking what was drunk by all his own civilized fathers and all the civilized nations of the earth, there is nothing in the world that he may do by his own choice. It is ludicrous to allow him to vote; and highly dangerous even to allow him to talk.

But there are many other arguments used; and one of them is a scientific argument turned against itself. Many of the Prohibitionists undertake to prove by physiology that excessive drink kills people with horrible rapidity. And some of the Anti-Prohibitionists answer that it does indeed kill the drunkards with horrible rapidity; but that this is a good thing, because it weeds out the worthless, often before they can propagate a worthless race. I have nothing to do with this brutal argument; I cannot more violently express my repudiation of it than by saying that I would sooner be a Prohibitionist than believe in any such deviltry. A man is not worthy to drink wine, if he can seriously propose that we should deliberately preserve a poison that our wretched fellow-creatures may be able to commit suicide. But I am not talking here of my own sympathy with Prohibitionist or Anti-Prohibitionist arguments; I merely point out that this argument is a perfect working model of the process I am attempting to analyze. It reproduces in real politics the whole parable of the amputation or exaltation of a man's nose. Because alcohol is destructive, some people deduce that alcohol should be destroyed. But because alcohol is destructive, other people deduce that alcohol should be preserved; because it destroys the people who ought to be destroyed. That is, we follow an argument which points in a certain direction; and merely by following it we find it points in the opposite direction. Personally I think both the arguments rotten; but one of them certainly is rotten. And the chances are ten to one that the legislator will find it is the one on which he has legislated.

It would be easy to illustrate the same thing from education; for our schools are swept nowadays with wave after wave of scientific speculation; by fad after fad and fashion after fashion. They are generally notions quite new even in the scientific world; and each one of them will probably be shown by science to be the same sort of double-edged weapon. I am quite unable to imagine why we should say in such cases that we are educating the children. I could understand it if we said we were educating the educators, by giving them a crowd of children on whom to experiment. It would be comprehensible if considered as a sort of more or less humane vivisec-

tion. But the scalpel of the vivisectionist will again be found to be a weapon that cuts both ways. If the scientific educationist is really ready to learn from his own experiences in educating the children, the thing he will probably learn, under these conditions, is that his way of educating them has been entirely wrong. For these notions are, in their very nature, hypotheses to be tested and not truths to be taught.

There are truths to be taught; social truths which are the foundation of society; and the moral of the whole matter is that these must be taught steadily and firmly in complete indifference to the contemporary (and temporary) hints and half-truths of scientific speculation.

Nobody would be so silly as to suggest that science is useless even in the field of social utility; its contribution to means, as distinct from ends, and to machinery as distinct from morality, may naturally be enormous. Nevertheless its highest and happiest function will always be that which we noted at the beginning; that which was well suggested in the poet's phrase about the fairy tales of science. The best type of the man of science is still the man with the butterfly net, who collects insects because he wishes to know the wonderful truth about insects; and not because he wishes to construct a human hive in which men shall play the part of insects.

But the man with the spirit of a child, who set out to catch butterflies like the children, seems since to have been stricken with some strange senility, and become a lunatic indeed. He cannot see what he is doing or to what or whom he is doing it; he has wandered from his natural path along the lanes and hopelessly lost his way in the cities; and he does not see that it is not the butterflies that are struggling in his net; or that the children who might have joined him in his chase are impaled on pins in his collection.

# This Road Building Era

By John Carter

*From ideals of world peace and prosperity springs American construction of modern highways through lands where muddy trails still balk the motor car*

One of the great tasks of the Twentieth Century — second only, perhaps, in importance to the assurance of international peace — lies in the construction of adequate highways outside of the United States and Continental Europe.

We have become so used to good highways and convenient automobile transportation that it is difficult to realize that the United States contains almost half of the total road mileage of the world, and six-sevenths of all the road mileage of the Western Hemisphere, while, in conjunction with Europe, we possess five million of the world's 6,500,000 miles of highways. In all Africa there are only 205,902 miles of road; all Asia contains but little more than 400,000 miles, half of which are in British India. China has less than 18,000 miles of passable highway. Outside of Canada and the United States there are less than 150,000 miles of road in the Western Hemisphere: the roads of Central America amounting to about 5,000 miles, those of Mexico to 2,000 miles, while the "A.B.C." countries, combined, have less than 90,000 miles of highway.

The Government of the United States, inevitably, is interested in the construction of means of communication in the three Americas. It does its best, through political coöperation and technical encouragement, to promote road construction. It sees that the highway is a means of promoting the prosperity and preserving the peace of the area which it serves and it finds in highway construction one of the material props for that policy of peace-making of which the Kellogg Pact is the key-stone.

Viewed from this angle, our national interest in the promotion of good roads — recently illustrated by our official participation in the Second Pan-American Highway Conference which met at Rio de Janeiro from August 16 to August 31 — is a normal instrument of national policy. We encourage and assist in every practicable way the construction of highways abroad. A road is, generally speaking, politically disinfected. There are no awkward issues of *haute politique* involved, as has been

the case in such international railroads as the Chinese Eastern and the Berlin-Bagdad lines. Like a railroad, a road lessens the cost of transportation and promotes prosperity in the region through which it passes; unlike a railroad, it cannot easily become a test of diplomatic prestige or a means of foreign domination. It opens up old markets, creates new ones, and thus provides an economic opportunity in which the whole world stands to share, as well as ourselves.

FIGURES, after all, mean little. Plenty of roads exist on the maps which are of little use for transportation. The roads in China, for example, have changed little in the generation which has passed since Mr. Denby forwarded his classic report from Peking:

> Road making is an art which, among the Chinese, has never been brought to any great perfection. It is remarkable that a people familiar, as they have been for centuries with the essential part which roads play in commerce, have never undertaken to improve the means of communication by land with their distant frontiers or between their great cities.
>
> The roads themselves, outside the cities, are merely a line of ruts across the fields. In winter when free from rain, as they are for nine months in the year, they keep in very good condition. In summer they are a fathomless impassable bog, and travel except on foot is suspended.

As a matter of fact, China's combination of an industrious population with a great land area offers the greatest single opportunity for road-building in the world. China today has virtually no modern highways. The longest road, the 900-mile stretch from Kalgan to Kiachta, is unimproved. Paved streets are found almost entirely in the foreign concessions of the treaty ports and in the Legation Quarter at Peking. As part of its programme of famine-relief in 1920–21, the American Red Cross expended over a million dollars for the construction of 850 miles of modern dirt highways in the provinces of Chihli, Honan, Shansi and Shantung; as relief measures they may have served their purpose; as roads they are a failure, for the heavy-wheeled Chinese carts and wheelbarrows have torn them to pieces. Although a Chinese "good roads" movement was launched in 1920, under the leadership of the present Foreign Minister, Dr. C. T. Wang, little has been done and practical progress must await the restoration of order in the Republic, as foreign capital and technical assistance are now estopped by the Chinese desire to "go it alone."

WHILE highway development in Eastern Asia must await the political settlement of the country and while African road-building will tax the financial and technical resources of the European administrators of the most completely colonized continent on the face of the globe, our own opportunity lies at our doorstep, in Mexico, in the Caribbean, in Central America and south of Panama to the Tierra del Fuego.

We can grasp this opportunity only by coöperating with the other American Republics. The report of the American delegates to the First Pan-American Congress on Highways, which was held at Buenos Aires in 1925, stated the problem in words which can scarcely be improved:

Revenues are comparably small, distances great, physical obstacles many, and the rural population small.

Transportation in Central America is handicapped by the lack of a connected system of international highways, and further by the absence of a bridge across the Panama Canal. Mexico plans an international highway system, with branches to the United States and Guatemalan borders. The highway system of Salvador is the best in Central America. Practically all the roads of Guatemala are passable only in the dry season. Road development in Honduras has been impeded by the high cost of construction in the mountainous sections. There has been no systematic development of highways in Nicaragua, the only good road being between Managua and Matagalpa. In Costa Rica there are a few rough roads on the plateau around San José. Panama has an ambitious programme of road construction, and much preliminary work has been accomplished.

For South America, the outstanding needs were stated as 1,000 miles of low cost roads in Peru to serve the agricultural districts and to tap the mining regions; a longitudinal highway in Chile along her 2,700-mile coast line; 1,000 miles of feeder roads in Argentina; interconnection and extension of existing highways in Uruguay; while Brazil needed a national system to coördinate the existing State roads. The report concludes that:

1. Highway development is of immediate importance to the social, economic, and political progress of all the countries in Latin America.

2. The highway constitutes the first link in the modern system of communication without which other agencies cannot function properly.

The rôle of the American Government in approaching this situation is a delicate one. All that it can attempt to do is to encourage, by force of example and, when requested, by expert advice, the construction of highways. For example, it is obvious that the creation of a highway system in Nicaragua would promote the prosperity of the country, would discourage banditry by offering the rural population work at fair wages and by facilitating police operations, and would thus increase the revenues, decrease the difficulties and confirm the stability of the Nicaraguan Government. On the other hand, should such a system be built under American advice, with an eye on strategic considerations, or on any other than purely economic terms, it is difficult to see how we could escape fresh accusations and recriminations from our South American neighbors.

In the past four years much work has been done by the Latin American Governments themselves and for their own purposes. On our part, the President has been authorized by the Cole Bill to send, on request, American engineers to act as highway advisers to Latin American Governments. The Transportation Commission of the Republic of Colombia has thus borrowed E. W. James, of the Bureau of Public Roads in the Department of Agriculture. Subsequent to this Conference, ambitious programmes were launched in many countries, and in these our business men have found an opportunity for private profits of considerable proportions.

In 1925 Mexico inaugurated the construction of a national highway system, awarding a contract for $3,000,000 to an American firm. By September, 1926, $7,500,000 had

been spent on Mexican roads; and during the period 1929–1934, forty million more is to be expended. In October, 1925, Salvador awarded a contract to an American firm to construct a national highway system of 800 miles, at a cost of $12,000,000. In the same year, Panama began a road programme and up to the end of the fiscal year 1927–8 had expended $9,500,000, leaving $5,000,000 still available out of a highway loan floated in the American market. In 1927, Cuba awarded a $75,000,000 contract to an American firm for the construction of a highway the length of the island, as part of a twenty-year programme at an estimated cost of $320,000,000. The new road building programmes of other Latin-American republics will ultimately involve expenditures of half a billion dollars.

From this brief summary, it should be clear that the effect of our interest in road construction abroad is to create opportunities for American finance, for American construction companies, and for the makers of American highway machinery, concrete, asphalt, tar and oil binders, and eventually American automobiles, gasoline, filling meters, and hot-dogs. But there is a world of difference between creating an opportunity and seeking a trade advantage. When the South American engineers visited this country in 1924, our officials were deeply embarrassed by the efforts of go-getter American companies to sell machinery to our guests.

It would be futile as well as impolitic to seek a dollars-and-cents connection between these enterprises and American trade. True, in 1923, we exported 677 concrete mixers; in 1927, over two thousand concrete mixers. In 1927, we exported 12,382,000 pounds of road-making machinery, valued at $1,839,000, as against the 4,569,000 pounds exported in 1923, worth only one-third as much. Since 1923, our exports of trucks, busses and passenger automobiles have risen from 150,000 valued at $105,000,000 to 385,000 vehicles worth nearly $280,000,000 in 1927. Our exports of refined petroleum, automobile tires, lubricants and so on are also increasing. Argentina and Brazil are now among our leading markets for gasoline and automobiles and we are selling more cement in Panama, Colombia and the Argentine than we used to. But we can't prove that "good roads" did it and we shouldn't like to try.

On the other hand, the increased demands for goods for construction, ornament, consumption, amusement and luxury, which follow the construction of a highway, are bound to improve the tone of our export trade. As an instance, the construction by the Famine Relief in China of a road from Fengchow (Shansi) to the Yellow River, reduced the freight charge per ton from $13.25 to $3.25, and on the basis of existing trade promised a saving of $2,500,000 a year on one stretch of 82 miles. Such a saving becomes available for other purposes and leads to a general improvement in the standard of living.

Accordingly, the lasting consequence of good communications, apart from the business opportuni-

ties incidental to their construction and use, must lie, economically in a higher standard of living. That means more and wider demands, with better means of satisfying them, higher wages, greater production, increased consumption, and a more general interchange of goods. In that we stand to benefit equally with the whole world, on no special basis other than that inherent in the fact that we are closer to the markets of some nations than are other competing industrial States, and are better able to supply certain commodities than any other country.

IN THE political sphere, the benefits are equally general, equally vague, and equally great. With improved highways in Central and South America, regional prosperity will be accompanied by greater stability of government. Not only will police operations be improved by the existence of good communications, but a more prosperous people will have less incentive to rebel. Just as the road building programmes in Haiti, Cuba and the Dominican Republic have given these once turbulent insular republics the greatest stability in the history of the Caribbean, so similar programmes in Mexico and throughout Central America promise to rid the American tropics of their sobriquet of "the American Balkans." It has been authoritatively stated that the construction of a good road system in China would be worth more than five European armies in putting an end to the civil wars which have distracted the Republic for eighteen years. Even the politically mature governments of South America, like those of British Australia, South Africa and Canada, stand to develop a more firm-knit sense of national solidarity through the completion of their highway systems.

CONCRETE mixers, road-rollers, barrels of concrete, crates of automobiles, tankers, gasoline pumps, contracts, loans, dollars-and-cents, surveys and road gangs — these are material things. They help to put money in Babbitt's pockets and help Wall Street to keep the wolf from the door. But that should not blind us to the fact that behind the sales talk of the bond salesman and the "pep-sheets" of the automobile companies, and behind the ribbons of asphalt and concrete which combine to represent the national and international "good roads" movement, is a sane ideal, the promotion of international self-respect, of international prosperity and international peace. And it is this ideal, far more than any considerations of possible road bond issues and export sales, which accounts for the quiet but determined part our Government is taking in promoting good communications throughout the Western Hemisphere and throughout the world. For "Evil communications corrupt good manners" is as true of nations as it is of morals.

# What Makes Jack a Bright Boy—Home or Heredity?

By Barbara Stoddard Burks

*John B. Watson's famous claim for Behaviorism—that he could make even a genius out of any healthy child—falls before a scientific study of adopted children*

For generations parents, educators, doctors, sociologists, psychologists, and biologists have been perplexed by the question of "nature" *versus* "nurture" as explanations of mental ability.

The parent asks: Can I make a genius out of my child if I give him the right training?

The teacher, noticing that her bright pupils frequently have bright parents, and that her dull pupils often have dull parents, muses to herself: "I wonder if Arthur's cleverness is due to the stimulation he has had at home from babyhood? Could it be that Mary finds her lessons so hard because she comes from an environment of no education or culture?"

The doctor, consulted by the troubled parents of a child who displays slow development, states without conviction that a few years of careful mental training may possibly bring the boy or girl "right up to normal," and then asks himself searchingly whether any retarded child he has encountered ever *did* come up to normal even under the most favorable conditions.

The sociologist who ponders over the human inequalities that he sees all about him wonders whether they are due entirely to injustices in our social structure, or perhaps instead to inborn differences in people's capacity that *cannot be ironed out.*

Many people have expressed opinions upon the question. The opinions vary between such wide extremes as the belief of Francis Galton, founder of eugenics, that mental ability is as inborn as a person's height or the color of his eyes, to that of the psychologist, John B. Watson, who has volunteered to make anything, even a genius out of any healthy infant—if he can get the child young enough.

Possibly there has never been a question in the realm of science that has stirred up more emotional complexes and more acrimonious controversy in the ranks of the very special-

ists whom we should expect to approach it with dispassionate reason. The articles appearing in popular periodicals are not the only ones in which hurt feelings have been aired, gauntlets been flung, and compliments been bandied about, for a number of papers read at scientific meetings or published in learned journals have fairly bristled with oratory emanating from the heart rather than from the head. And in the heat and smoke that have ensued, nearly every experimental study published in the field has been eagerly seized upon both by hereditarians and by environmentalists and interpreted as favorable to the point of view of their own theories.

It has been found by many independent investigators, for example, that genius tends to cluster in certain family strains, mediocre ability in other strains, and feeble-mindedness in still other strains. This might mean, as many have thought it did, that mental ability is transmitted from parent to child by inheritance; but it might mean, instead, that since the most brilliant parents are usually able to provide their children with the most favorable opportunities, they *train* their offspring to be like themselves.

Another type of evidence often brought forth is that furnished by identical twins — two separate bodies and personalities fashioned out of the life stuff that would ordinarily develop into a single individual. Even as such twins resemble one another more, in hair color, stature, and all bodily structures, than ordinary brothers and sisters or "non-identical" twins resemble one another, they are found also to show greater resemblance to one another in mental ability. "That shows," say the advocates of heredity, "that intelligence is inherited. The environment of all the brothers and sisters is alike, yet the twins resemble one another the most. This is because they are each chips from exactly the same heredity block." The supporters of environment, on the other hand, come out with a different refrain. "Every one knows that identical twins are treated even more alike than other children in the same family," they argue. "Identical twins are dressed, fed, bathed, petted, and punished alike. Environment accounts for the greater resemblances of twins in mental traits."

For a long time it has been recognized that the "nature-nurture" problem would never be solved by heaping up evidence that could be applied with a good deal of plausibility to either side. It has been clear that the effects of heredity and environment could not be untangled as long as we studied children whose heredity and environment both came from the same source, *i.e.*, from their parents.

The investigation which is described in the present article isolates the effects of heredity and environment by experimental means, for it compares the mental resemblances between a group of parents and their own children with the mental resemblances between a group of foster parents and their adopted children. Since in the latter group we have parents and children who have no blood relationship, but a perfectly natural environmental relationship,

we can be sure that whatever mental resemblance might be found between the foster parents and their adopted children would be the result of environment. But if adopted children whose opportunities are in every way like those that would have been given to the real sons and daughters of the foster parents — if they had had any offspring — should turn out not to "take after" their foster parents, then we would know that the resemblance that exists between parents and their own children must be due to heredity. Thus we have a method for showing definitely whether it is training or germ plasm that makes children appear to be "chips off the old block."

BEFORE beginning work on the investigation, I went over the plans very carefully with Professor Lewis M. Terman of Stanford University. I should say here that Professor Terman has been one of the first psychologists in the world to appreciate the possibilities of mental testing. His researches in mental test technique have contributed enormously to our knowledge about the human mind. He has been deeply interested from the first in this foster children study, has helped with generous counsel and guidance, and has been in close touch with every phase of it till the end.

We chose children between five and fourteen years of age (the best ages for testing by the methods we planned to use) and took only those who had been placed in their foster homes under twelve months of age. This was because we wanted to make sure that the influences of only one family had surrounded a child from early life. We also wanted to protect the study from the possibility of "selective placement," *i.e.*, the possibility that bright foster parents would select bright foster children, and *vice versa*. Consequently it was necessary to take children who were placed when so young that little basis for such selective placement could have existed. The majority of our children were illegitimate, and not a great deal was known about the true parents of most of them. Their ages at time of placement varied from a few hours to one year, with an average of only three months.

In one home, for example, the child was taken when only three days old to comfort the breaking hearts of her foster parents to whom a baby girl had just been born only to die after a few hours. None of the friends of the couple were told of the death or the adoption, and the result is that no one suspects that the daughter is a foster child, least of all the child herself.

FOSTER homes of many different kinds were encountered, and foster parents of every grade of income, education, and occupation, but the representative type of home was the little vine-covered bungalow with geraniums in the yard, Maxfield Parrish prints hanging on the living room walls, and almost always a variety of photographed poses of the beloved foster child taken from babyhood to date arranged on the mantelpiece. The father in such a home was likely to be a skilled mechanic, or locomotive engineer, or retail merchant. The mother was usually an affectionate-hearted, sympathetic woman who took pride in keeping her home in exquisite neatness, whose

greatest joy was to guide the unfolding life of her adopted boy or girl, and who knew the art of making a little money go a long way.

We succeeded in getting coöperation from over four-fifths of the foster families we visited. The writer and two assistants gave intelligence tests to the parents and their foster children and secured in addition a great deal of information from the parents regarding their own interests, education, occupation, income, etc.

The indispensable value of having thoroughly scientific tests by which to measure the intelligence of our subjects was very soon brought strikingly to our attention by the general conviction of almost each pair of foster parents that *their* child was a particular prize. Always charming, and sometimes pathetic, was this loving faith in the intellectual promise of their chosen darling.

On one day a foster mother whose child tested in the near-genius group told me with a thrill of pride that her little girl could recognize all the letters of the alphabet when she was only two years old. The next day the foster mother of one of our few children who turned out to be feeble-minded related with pathetic satisfaction that her five year old boy (who couldn't yet talk intelligibly) could always recognize a Woolworth store when they drove past one and would ask his daddy to get him a "b'oon" (balloon). Although such a little trick could easily have been learned by a normal child half the age of this one, the adoring foster mother fondly imagined that this might be a sign of superior intelligence!

After making the tests of the foster families, we practically retraced our footsteps and got tests from a group of a hundred sets of parents and their *own* children to compare with the results from the foster group. For this new group we took children who were of the same ages as the foster children already studied (*i.e.*, five to fourteen), and parents who had the same range of intelligence and occupations that the foster parents had.

Before taking up the conclusions that we drew as to what makes children bright or dull, it will be interesting to describe in detail some of the typical cases in both the foster group and *own* group, as we called the group of true parents and children. It may also give the reader an inkling of the actual conclusions that were drawn after the data on both groups had been thrown into statistical form. Needless to say, the families (including names) have been sufficiently disguised in the accounts that follow to avoid any danger of their identity being discovered. Let us discuss the foster cases first. All of us know parents and their *own* children, but how many foster parents and foster children do we know; or at least how many do we *know* we know?

Case 1. — Wallace was eight years old when I visited his foster family. At the time of his birth his mother was a sixteen year old high school girl. From the small town in which she lived she had come to San Francisco with a "wedding ring" from the ten cent store on her finger, when she found that her love for a salesman whom she had known for only a few months was to have serious consequences. In the kindly

shelter of the Florence Crittenden Home she awaited her little son's arrival, and a few weeks after his birth she relinquished him for adoption through the Native Sons and Native Daughters Committee.

He was placed with a plain, good hearted, thrifty couple who had no luxuries to offer their foster child excepting a great deal of parental affection. The foster father, whose mentality measured up very close to average on the intelligence test, had been two years in high school, and had then "quit to go to work." He is now a semi-skilled mechanic. The foster mother tested considerably below average, and had had only five years of formal schooling. The home reflected the lack of education and mediocre intelligence of the foster parents. The only books evident on the family book-shelf were the Bible, an unused set of the Harvard Classics, and a radio catalogue.

Wallace, himself, while by no means a prodigy, tested well above the average. Only the top fifteen per cent of children at large test as high. He is doing very creditable work at school to the delight of his foster parents, who say that school was always "hard" for them.

CASE 2. — This family presents a picture nearly opposite from that of Case 1. Here we have a university professor of literature and his wife, a talented musician, providing a home with every cultural advantage for a little girl who is certain to turn out a great disappointment. Almost nothing is known of the parentage of this child, Edna, excepting that her real mother was only fourteen at the time of her birth. She was relinquished for placement by her grandmother, at that time a young saleswoman in her early thirties, who flatly refused to have anyone see or talk to her unfortunate little daughter who she felt had "got into trouble" because of her own motherly negligence.

THIS was what I gathered from the foster mother, who was pathetically devoted, and who had an excuse ready at the tip of her tongue for every failure or shortcoming that the ill-favored little girl had displayed from babyhood on. When she entered school at six she was slow to learn to read, and in spite of patient daily coaching at home, she failed to be promoted at the end of the first grade. This difficulty, the foster mother believed, was due to a teacher who "didn't understand Edna's sensitive nature." From the first grade on, there was a plucky fight on the part of the foster parents to keep their little girl up. In spite of their best efforts to coach her at home in number work, reading, spelling, in fact nearly all her school subjects, she failed of promotion in two half grades beyond the first, so that at the age of fourteen she was struggling along in only the seventh grade.

A mental examination explained fully the hard sledding that Edna had met in her school career. Her general intelligence proved to be equal to only that of a normal eleven year old child. Thus, in the seventh grade, she was trying to compete with children who averaged a year and a half ahead of her mentally, although she herself was actually a year and a half older than they. Experience has shown that children as dull as she are

never able to complete an ordinary high school course. Yet her foster parents, consciously or unconsciously blinding themselves to her deficiency, are fondly looking forward to the day that she may enter the university in which "daddy" teaches!

Whether or not tragedy awaits this little family depends, of course, upon how well the foster parents are able to adapt themselves to the shock of finding out in due time that their child is unable to attain the education and position in the world they have planned for her.

CASE 3. — This is one of the most delightful of the families I visited. It is also one of the relatively few in which *two* foster children are being reared instead of an "only child." Jimmy, aged seven, and Nini, aged five, are the youngsters who are growing up in the fine atmosphere of this home.

The foster father, a writer and editor, is a man of quiet, harmonious disposition. The foster mother, winsome, vivacious, and sparkling, is adored by her entire family. Both the foster parents rated very high on our mental tests, the foster mother even several notches higher than the foster father. The children scored within five points of one another in intelligence. They made a fair but not brilliant showing, with intelligence ratings not nearly so high as those which children in such a home *born of such parents* would have been likely to have. Almost nothing is known of the true parentage of Jimmy and Nini. They themselves have been told by their foster parents of their adoption, and are very proud that "daddy and mama picked them out from all the rest of the babies they could have had." They will never be geniuses, nor will they equal their foster parents in intellectual attainments, but the parents hope to make happy, useful citizens out of their boy and girl.

IF SPACE permitted there would be scores of other foster families whom it would be most interesting to describe. There was a bright little twelve year old girl whose foster mother had only the mental level of a ten year old child, and who told the examiner with pathetic naïveté that "mother can't understand my jokes."

Annette, offspring of a young girl who taught in a country school and a neighboring farm lad, was adopted by a very plain, uneducated couple who lived in a tiny cottage in one of the drabbest little oil towns of California. When only nine years old Annette equalled her foster mother and excelled her foster father on the intelligence test given to all three. Remarkable traits of leadership were already blossoming in this child, at home as well as at school. At home she taught her lessons to her foster parents in the evening, and they were gladly and proudly acquiring some of the elements of the California curriculum. At school it was always Annette who received the most votes for a class office.

Our cases are diverse; now we find homes of culture and elegance, now homes where words of more than two syllables are almost unknown; now children of gift and charm, and occasionally the type of child that is bound to be a disappointment to its foster parents. However, one or two points do stand out rather plainly.

These will be only mentioned here in passing, for we shall shortly return to them in fuller detail. One is that there is very little correspondence between the mental ability of foster parents or the cultural advantages provided for the foster children and the mental development of the children themselves. Another is that the love and companionship which have been showered upon these children by their foster parents in amounts *greater* than often fall to the lot of *own* children, whose parents are not always ready for parenthood, seem to have brought forth a response of affection and loyalty from most of the children which is almost independent of the intellectual side of life.

Let us now consider a few of the cases of parents and their own children with which the foster cases were compared. These corroborate by accurate measurements on large numbers of families the facts of family resemblance which are apparent through everyday observation.

Case 1. — For several reasons this is one of our most interesting families. The father's intelligence is barely that of the average adult, yet he is gifted with a pleasing personality and smooth selling powers, and makes an income of $10,000 to $15,000 as a real estate broker in Los Angeles. The mother's mental age is not quite up to twelve year old standard. The prosperity of this family is recent. They have bought an expensive sedan and a seven tube radio set, but they are still living in a rather inadequate little house. The paucity of their intellectual interests is indicated in part by the fact that there are virtually no books in the home. The living room decorations are chiefly gaudy bric-a-brac and plaster kewpie dolls. Of the three children, we tested only the seven year old, Mary. She proved to be on the border-line of the feeble-minded. The family provides an interesting illustration of the fact that the cultural status of a home depends more upon the intellectual ability of the parents than does the material status.

Case 2. — The brightest child in our group of "own" children is a nine year old boy whose mind is equal to that of the normal child five years older than he. Both parents are much brighter than average, though neither one is so exceptional as the child. The father is a moderately successful doctor with a limited cultural background. The mother, bright as she is, has had only a high school education. She takes an intelligent interest in Tommy's school progress, and encourages him in his various boyish projects, but doesn't find a great deal of time to chum with him. It seemed quite evident that no hot-house methods of training were being used in this home that could account for Tommy's unusual mind.

Case 3. — The "normality" of this case is its chief charm. In many ways it is typical of the American family of moderate means. The father, who owns and runs a small stationery store, tests very slightly above average. The mother, a buxom young woman, all smiles and slangy vernacular, tests very slightly below average. The little five year old daughter, Elsie, tests very close to the five year old standard. The family life is very simple and natural.

Of course the family has a cheap car, and Sunday afternoon usually sees them set out upon a picnic.

Now what do our results show when it comes to the fundamental question of whether our mental abilities originate through heredity or through environment?

The few cases that have been described, if taken by themselves, do not of course prove anything. Parents and children of the same blood do also occasionally show marked differences in intelligence. But in the latter case this is the rare exception, while in the case of foster homes it is met constantly. The instances cited are actually representative samples of hundreds of cases which showed the same tendencies that were plainly seen in the samples. By technical methods we made our material yield up all it contained on the question of heredity *versus* environment. Briefly, this is what we found:

Foster children don't resemble their foster parents very much in mental ability. Bringing up a foster child in a home where there are books and magazines and stimulating conversation hasn't much to do with how bright he turns out to be. But — and this is real encouragement for the views of those who believe in the power of environment — foster children *do* resemble their foster parents intellectually a *little;* the cultural surroundings do determine to a slight extent how bright a child becomes. In fact, our results show that the effect of the *very best* environment is enough to pull a rather dull child just over the threshold of normality, or to make a slightly superior child out of an average one. But geniuses and imbeciles, regardless of what environment they are brought up in, are the products of heredity, for environment simply cannot stretch or shrink the mind of a normal individual to the point of genius or imbecility.

Heredity, on the other hand, is an influence so powerful that it virtually sets a boundary on the complexity or difficulty of thinking that a person can do. Children resemble their own parents as much in mental ability as they do in stature or complexion or color of eyes: our study of parents and their own children shows that plainly. The kind of mind that a child is born with decides that he will be able just to stagger through the grammar grades by the time he is sixteen, or be able easily to graduate with Phi Beta Kappa honors from a university, or be able to work out a theory that will revolutionize the views of the whole civilized world.

The questions raised at the beginning of this article almost answer themselves, now. We can say to the parents, No, you can't teach your child to be a genius by special training, though you may teach him to be good; you may teach him to keep his acquisitive hands out of the cookie jar when he is a youngster, and out of the public treasury when he becomes a Congressman.

To the teacher we can say, Your pupil's cleverness is due to only a slight extent to his home training. It is chiefly due to a particularly choice assortment of inherited determiners that make his brain think faster, reason more truly, and remember more tenaciously than the average child's.

To the doctor we can say, Don't lull the parents of a "backward" child with false encouragement. Don't let them pour out heart-breaking effort in the fruitless hope of bringing him up to mental par. Let them make him as happy as possible, let them prepare him for some simple, useful occupation, but let them build their dreams and ambitions around the normal children they may be fortunate enough to have. There are parents who neglect their normal children, even deprive them of necessities, so that expensive care and tutoring may be showered on the lame duck who is least able to profit from it. Might warning be taken from a certain family in which three adult children think back upon their childhood as bitter and drab! They were sent to school in clothes that the other pupils laughed at, seldom permitted to entertain friends at their home, and all to the end that their little feeble-minded sister might have a highly paid governess whose crowning achievement was to teach the child to falter through a first primer by the time she was fourteen!

To the sociologist, Forget about ironing out the mental differences between men, for the differences are there to stay. Instead, devote your energy and thought to providing equal opportunity for everyone to make the most of whatever ability he has. Encourage the modern "city beautiful" to abolish slums, and to build libraries and schools and public parks; but don't expect all individuals to carry away the same books from the public libraries, nor equal amounts of knowledge from the schools.

One other question lifts itself out of the cold statistics and the human heart-beats of this study of foster children. What message does the study carry for the many hundreds, the thousands of love-hungry couples who adopt children every year in America? Each year in California alone, several hundred childless couples adopt babies. The annual number of families adopting babies in the country at large must run into five figures. If the results of this investigation should be of use in helping such families to choose wisely, or in aiding the child welfare societies to make successful placements, the study would have paid its way for this reason alone.

I am thoroughly in sympathy with infant-adoption as a great humanitarian agency for promoting happiness, and feel that the last thing in the world this study should do is to frighten prospective foster parents from taking a step that promises rich dividends in joy and love and abiding satisfaction. But there is so much at stake! Thinking people will surely want to employ all the aids that science can provide to avoid even the remote possibility of a tragedy such as confronts, for example, the foster parents of poor Edna, whose case is described in earlier pages.

The writer suggests and urges that the societies placing children in adoptive homes should include as part of their routine a mental test for every baby placed, no matter how young the infant. It is now customary for most agencies to give tests to the older children placed by them in homes, but until very recently

there were no tests available anywhere for gauging accurately the mental potentialities of babies. Even now, the available tests for infants are not at all infallible. The future will undoubtedly see a great development of them. But tests can now be given to babies which are reliable enough to serve as a better guide than the unaided intuition of a mother's hungry heart, captivated by the blue eyes and sun-kissed ringlets of a baby in a foundling home.

Returning once more to the problem with which we started, let us not take a fatalistic view from the results of the foster children investigation. While environment cannot begin to account for the enormous mental differences found among human beings, while it can never make a genius out of common clay nor a normal child out of an imbecile, there are so few who live up in full measure to what ability, large or small, they may possess, so few who plan their time to the best advantage, or master a subject as well as they are capable of doing, that in practice the limit of achievement is almost never met. The qualitative level of our activities may be limited by endowment, but there can always be incentive to do *more* of what we *can* do, and do it better.

And certainly the knowledge that nature does set certain possibilities and limitations of training is bound to make us more merciful of the dull plodder, as well as more alive to encourage and conserve the potentialities of the rare young beings who are endowed with the "divine spark."

# Four Billions in Easy Money

By Howard McLellan

*Whence comes the astounding total annually offered up on the altars of Lady Luck? And where does it go? A glaring sidelight on America's crime problem*

Casualties among heavyweights of commercialized gambling in the United States reached an unprecedented high mark in 1928. In that year the last big gambler to die was Arnold Rothstein, who was slain in New York City on the eve of the Presidential election. In Chicago, Diamond Joe Esposito and Big Tim Murphy were shunted off the scene by enemy bullets while twelve other so called big shots of Easy Money Street met violent deaths here and there from coast to coast.

Big gamblers do not die for little things; nor are the obsequies which follow their strictly informal passings treated in a small way. The funerals of six of the slain gambling czars cost in the neighborhood of $250,000, if newspaper appraisals may be credited.

In the same year that Rothstein *et al.* were thus extravagantly interred, a grand jury in Philadelphia discovered that gamblers in that great centre of fraternal devotion and industry paid to various public servants and politicians more than $4,000,000 for a year's protection. Inquisitors in Chicago, Pittsburgh and New Orleans dug up information indicating that the Philadelphia scale of protection obtains in other cities. Even in the small, suburban village of Mamaroneck, a half-hour's jaunt from New York City, gambling profits ran up to $700 a night; but in this case protection money was eliminated. The town constable ran the game. He no longer has that concession or his public job.

So the protective features of the gambling industry, added to the financial outlay for bigger and better funerals, provide fairly reliable indices to the wealth at which gamblers shoot — or for which they are shot.

In the United States sufficient money is wagered in all forms of commercial gambling (excluding stock market speculation, which is not gambling, according to no less an authority than Bishop James Cannon, Jr.) to finance at least one Ally's part in a grand war and to meet the national budget with plenty to spare. The principality of Monaco, where gambling is the sole industry (and where, incidentally, the fever

is subsiding much to the distress of the populace and its exchequer), is outdone night and day in New York or Chicago and, until recent crusades temporarily embarrassed the operators, was equalled in Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, New Orleans, Kansas City, St. Louis, Cleveland, Detroit and Washington, D. C.

TO CLAIM exactness for any figures showing the total annual turnover in commercialized gambling in the United States would be to profess uncanny faculties for x-raying an illegitimate business the existence of which necessarily depends upon secretiveness. Gamblers keep no books, never talk for publication, and do not advertise. On the contrary they maintain costly and elaborate protective systems to screen their operations. No census has enumerated them or evaluated the wealth passing into their hands. Tax lists offer no information, for tax evasion is one of the inherent advantages of their profession.

Crime commissions never explore the gambler's source of wealth. They might, if they were so inclined, make profitable excursions into professional gambling and find an alarming relationship between the six to ten billions of dollars stolen each year by criminals and the four odd billions harvested by American gamblers in the course of a twelvemonth. Official inquiries are of little moment to big gamblers. The late Mr. Rothstein complained in open court, where his affairs were under scrutiny, that he had been in attendance five days and did not propose to attend a sixth. He was legally summoned for the sixth but did not appear and no one arose to challenge his right to abrogate the sovereign powers of a court.

The law of self-preservation enforces silence upon the gambler when his operations are under official probe but, by habit and with some subtlety, he is a braggart about his winnings. It is his merchandising stuff. He must talk and radiate easy money or suffer the fatal ignominy of being classed as "broke." Gamblers' boasts frequently furnish figures which courts and other tribunals cannot dig out.

THE baseball pools, about which a good deal is heard, are a fairly modern and particularly insidious form of professional gambling. Nation-wide syndicates operate them and their operators pretend to give the patron more chances for his money. They certainly do give baseball fans an opportunity to turn their love for the game into money — maybe.

The patron buys a ticket for one dollar, risking this investment upon one or several outcomes: scores in major and minor league games, high and low runs for the week and day, and sometimes upon the fluctuating batting averages of players. The army of baseball lovers is large. To reach them the syndicates employ agents in factories, offices and even among schoolboys who are served by schoolmates, agents for the pools. Addressing a jury in 1928, Thomas Cooke, of New York City, Assistant U. S. District Attorney, named six large Eastern pool syndicates whose total annual income was $25,000,000. One syndicate in a single year handled $8,000,000 which was con-

tributed solely by wage-earners. Another pool paid an income tax based on $4,066,401 and this was $1,000,000 less than it should have paid on, as bank accounts revealed. One pool agent admitted $10,000 profits a week in a poor section of the city. In Albany, N. Y., the Government encountered bank books which showed an annual intake of $10,000,000 from one pool operated under the eyes of New York State legislators.

GOVERNMENT investigators estimate that more than five hundred baseball pools operate in the United States. Fixing the average annual intake at $1,000,000, which Government authorities agree is reasonable and probably conservative, the aggregate yearly turnover appears to be $500,000,000. The profits to the operators may be arrived at with startling results. A former operator of one of the largest pools testified that baseball pools were a sure thing for the operator. The patron's chances of winning, he declared, were 1 to 999,999. Dummies were employed and to them were issued inside or "plug" tickets which bore the winning combinations. The dummies returned their winnings to the operators. Patrons were permitted to win small amounts to give the business a fair front.

Policy and "bird cage" are lotteries, which started in a small way when the famous Louisiana and Honduras lotteries were extinguished years ago by Federal legislation. In this game the patron buys a tiny slip with a number printed on it. If the number corresponds to the second and third digits of the day's figure in exchanges at the local bank clearing house, and with the third digit of the figure for the day's balance, the holder of the ticket wins the day's prize. The extent of this form of gambling is indicated by the fact that important press associations daily wire clearing house balances and exchanges throughout the country and newspapers frequently publish them, not as financial but as sporting news along with racing tips and race track charts. The policy slip is purchased for five cents. This low cost appeals to the poorest classes, servants, office boys and laborers.

"Gambling known as policy," says Chief Magistrate William McAdoo of New York City, "has grown to such an extent that conditions are almost as bad as in the days of Al Adams, famous policy king. There is no one policy king today. The business is too big. Formerly poor Negroes patronized the game. Today it has spread to the whites, the poorest whites. When the victim wins he loses. The agents welch, or fake dummy numbers are used and won by insiders. The victim has no comeback."

FACTS always are cropping up to aid one in arriving at a fairly accurate approximation of the yield from policy. A Negro policy operator was kidnapped in New York City. His bank account showed that in three months his deposits rose from $21 to $850,000, all garnered from policy. His partner was in a position to pay a handsome ransom to the kidnappers, which depleted the bank account by $100,000. A small policy game operated from the rooms of a political club in Philadel-

phia did a weekly business of $200,000 and was conducted by a gentleman whose scrupulous fair dealing was certified by two terms in prison.

On the basis of police court records in New York City and Chicago, and an analysis of the policy situation throughout the United States prepared by a group of Chicago lawyers, about $1,000,000 is daily risked on policy games. A conservative total for the year would be $300,000,000. This, added to the turnover in baseball pool, establishes a figure of $800,000,000 a year from these two forms of gambling. And this from what the gambler classifies as strictly poor folks' games!

THE really big money comes from older forms of professional gambling, horse racing, dice, cards, roulette, straight betting on baseball and other sporting events (excluding baseball pools) and fake stocks or bucketing.

Horse race betting probably is the most open and widespread form of gambling. It is patronized by a large clientèle, the greater part of which seldom is seen at the races. At the tracks bets are sometimes made through the *pari mutuel* system, in which the volume of betting automatically fixes the odds. In some States this system of betting is legal; in others it is condemned by statute. At the large New York City tracks the old time bookie still flourishes, but instead of betting tickets, which are illegal, he uses the oral system which, although serving the same purpose as a written bet, manages to satisfy the law.

Today racing is an all-year sport in the United States, which one may follow with the seasons from Tia Juana to Saratoga. In addition Canadian race courses, strategically established just across the line, receive a large American patronage.

AT THE largest and most conveniently situated tracks the daily attendance varies from 6,000 to 8,000 on an ordinary day and reaches 25,000 at special events. An average daily attendance per track is about 10,000. In midsummer, 1929, five American tracks were in operation which would account for a total attendance each day of 50,000 persons. The average bet of a racing spectator is $5 to a race or $30 for a day of six races. Not all in attendance bet, but an old turf follower puts it this way: "All that nine out of ten race track spectators see is their money coming up the stretch or going down the sewer; never horses."

On one race at Pimlico, this year, $1,300,000 was wagered by the spectators. At Saratoga the daily play for the season is said to be about $125,000, but it is probably greater, for the silent plunger, who gulps his losses and smiles but remains silent about his winnings, ventures five- and six-figure sums on single races. The owner of a racing publication who prefers to remain anonymous is authority for the statement that the betting turnover on all tracks is about $600,000,000 annually, while a surety bond company executive who watches the increase in betting with anxious eyes fixes it at $800,000,000.

Another indication of the heavy play at tracks is the statement of a man who monopolizes the privilege of gathering and disseminating race

track information. He pays $1,000 weekly to each race track for the privilege of gathering racing information and a still larger sum to telephone and telegraph companies for the privilege of disseminating it.

THOUSANDS of persons are interested in horse racing but are unable to visit the tracks. They are conveniently served by handbooks which flourish in large numbers in all cities, most towns and many villages, although the laws uniformly prohibit them. They are quartered in back rooms of cigar stores, billiard parlors and speakeasies; in apartments and office buildings and occasionally in court houses and police stations. Thousands of handbookies operate from their hats, floating from place to place to serve their clients. Almost any live handbook will accept wagers on baseball, football, prize fights, election and even transatlantic flights. The quarterly sales of popular makes of motor cars is a betting proposition in some handbooks. During a recent "marathon" dancing contest floating bookies accepted bets on the outcome and to the tune of $50,000 a night.

To arrive at the total turnover handled by handbookies the investigator is beset with the same difficulties that surround other forms of professional gambling. Individual incomes sometimes appear in court records. A club which held itself out as a political meeting place was in reality a handbook taking in $55,000 a week. Its clientèle were laborers. There are said to be 22,000 speakeasies in New York City. The poolroom is an adjunct of the speakeasy or *vice versa*. New York City is said to shelter 15,000 handbooks. In New Orleans 1,000 handbooks recently were driven out. A vice commission revealed that more than 800,000 tipster sheets were in daily circulation in one large city. These sheets purport to "clock" or handicap horses to steer bettors to "best bets," "hot ones," "ripe nags," "dark babies" running on various tracks. The average price of a tipster sheet is $2. Here is an item of $1,600,000 a day for betting guidance alone. In New York City about 800,000 tipster's sheets are on sale daily. About 600,000 are sold. If each buyer plays $6 the total represents $3,600,000 wagered daily, to say nothing of $1,200,000 paid for the sheets. This, in one large city.

A figure of $1,000,000,000 had been fixed as the annual turnover of the handbooks, but it probably is an understatement. Certainly it is enough.

FACED by this array of easy money, a staggering total of $2,600,000,000 for baseball pools, policy and betting at the tracks and handbooks, one will hardly dispute the statement recently made public by a group of small home builders, that "professional gambling is the illicit outlet for billions of dollars that otherwise would be devoted to home buying."

There remain to be considered the commercial gambling houses where the play at Lady Luck's oldest games, cards, dice and roulette, swells the total annual gambling turnover.

On a night last winter more than 350 gambling houses were running full blast in Chicago. Investigators for Chicago newspapers and the

Illinois Association for the Administration of Criminal Justice checked $3,500,000 changing hands across green topped tables and saw at play a motley crowd, beer runners rubbing elbows with Gold Coast millionaires; office boys beside their employers. One place held 1,500 men and 500 women all engaged in spirited play. Craps, poker, roulette and faro were the favored games while scores patronized slot machines banked solidly against the walls. This gambling house census did not include 1,000 places where 6,000 money-back slot machines were gathering small change; thirty varieties of policy games, eight large baseball pools, two dog tracks, five race tracks and an uncountable number of stationary and floating handbooks.

In New Orleans, until recently driven out, gambling houses took in $1,000,000 a night. In Detroit the play just outside the city approached the same figure. Inquiries last year into vice conditions in Pittsburgh and Philadelphia disclosed that important police officials possessed bank accounts ranging from $200,000 to $800,000, the largest part of which, prosecuting officials said, came from protected gambling houses. Testifying before a legislative committee, Judge John Warren of New Jersey, a brother of Joseph Warren, then police commissioner of New York City, said:

> Recently a professional gambler offered me a bribe of $10,000 a month if I would inveigle my brother into sanctioning, or permitting, the operation of a gambling den in New York City. I never breathed it to my brother.

The professional gambler usually charges off ten per cent of gross income for protection. It may be assumed on this basis that the unnamed gambler who approached Judge Warren planned to take in $100,000 a month. If he did so he planned a piker's paradise. Even medium-sized gambling joints average $1,500,000 a month in play. Rothstein handled $5,000,000 a month in three houses.

Now and then a gambler bites the dust, or a hold-up man drops in on a creeping dice game, and a populace, which had been told by its police chief that gambling did not flourish, reads about $75,000 cleaned up at dice by a murdered gambler the night before he was "taken for a ride"; or about a stick-up man who scooped up $22,350 in a dice game at which six players were rolling the bones. A brief chapter in the colorful careers of Rothstein and Nick the Greek is relevant. Both men were facing a green-topped table in a creeper room. Before them were two stacks of $1,000 bills totalling $300,000.

"Shoot the works," said Rothstein.

"You're on," said Nick.

The swarthy-faced Athenian rolled the dice and walked away with the stakes, an operation which was begun and concluded in the brief space of a minute.

The total annual play in fixed and floating gambling games reasonably may be estimated at $1,000,000 yearly. It is not disputed by big time gamblers who speak with reserved pride of the growing importance of their industry.

One other source of commercial gambling income remains to be heard from — fake stock brokerage or bucket shopping. The amount lost at this form of gambling is fixed by surety companies at $500,000,000 a year. The National Better Business Bureau declares that the suckers who play this game spend $75,000,000 yearly for "come-on" literature designed to lure their money. Although those who play would gasp at the invitation to try the races or shoot craps, they accept the bucket shop as an unrelated and apparently honest activity.

With the annual turnovers estimated at $500,000,000 from baseball pools, $300,000,000 from policy, $1,800,000,000 from race track and handbook betting, $1,000,000,000 from cards, dice and old line gambling, and $500,000,000 from bucket shopping, the total appears to be $4,100,000,000.

Well, what of it? If people want to risk money on professional games isn't that their lookout? If a dozen or so big time gamblers die trying to get a lion's share of the big prize, isn't this too their own business? Perhaps.

But, unless it is *lèse majesté* to suggest excursions to crime investigating and law enforcement commissions bent on discovering the chief cause for increasing crime, I humbly propose that these inquisitors invite a few big gamblers to tell them where their chief income comes from. Then let them turn about and invite some of the better known professional thieves to explain what happened to all the money they had taken in.

The next hearing, if there be need for one, might be devoted to asking department store managers to what extent their sales have been eaten into by professional gambling. Or the commission might go into executive session, examine statistics from a number of police departments, and discover why a town where the lid is tight on gambling has a low crime rate, a satisfactory police department, low rates for burglary and hold-up insurance, and low premiums for the bonds which are required of men who handle other people's money.

# Home to Mother

By E. L. Yordan

*Negrito carabalí, carabalí,*
What are you doing down by the sea?
Come away to mother, come,
Back to mother and home. . . .

Over and over again she sang the little ditty in Spanish as she ironed the clothes stacked beside her. Every once in a while she tested the heat of the flat-iron by putting her finger to her tongue and applying the saliva to the bottom. It sizzled when hot. Then she would pull the plug out of the back of the iron and work until it cooled.

With one hand she smoothed out the cloth on the board. Her hands were the color of coffee with cream. They were darker than her face. And yet anyone by looking at her could tell that she was a mulatto. Some people call women like that "high yellers." They call them *mestizos* down in Cuba, where she used to live. She preferred that word because its sound was softer. It means simply mixed.

In Cuba she was no darker complexioned than most of the people. By applying plenty of lemon lotion and powder to her face and hands she had no difficulty in passing for a white. But there nobody really cared whether she was white or not. The race line was not drawn so sharply. Of course, some families of ancient Spanish lineage insisted on certain distinctions. But they never had affected her and her husband, who could go unchallenged to some of the most fashionable balls. They were members of a casino where high society gathered. Each year the casino had to let in darker and darker people because, if they had ever started checking the skins too closely, they would have had to close down.

Her husband was white. He was pure white, with Castilian blood in him. He was proud of his blood and often told her so. He did not say it with any thought of hurting her feelings, but merely in an off-hand manner, because he did not care one way or the other what color she was. He thought his was the blood of conquerors. At one time Spain was the mistress of the world. The sun never set on her possessions. He used to recite a poem in Spanish that told all about it.

But the country had gradually degenerated. Courage alone would not keep Don Quixote in the saddle. He for one did not regret it. Sometimes he used to blame the Yankees. But not for long. The Yankees were democratic and he realized that de-

mocracy was the new order of the world. While he did not agree with all of it, he was not ashamed, for example, to be seen in the street with his wife, to have friends know that she was not as white as he. He did not mind, so long as she was a good wife. So long as she was faithful. That was a point of honor he always held high.

And she had always been faithful to him. All Latin women are inclined to be, for it is the one test of their womanhood. And she had stuck to him constantly, first as his mistress for many years and then as his wife. They had not married before because there had been no occasion. They had scarcely ever thought of it.

She had borne him a daughter, but the little girl had died before she was a couple of months old. She was almost white.

THEN she bore him a boy, and he certainly looked to be white. She used to examine him and examine him, carefully going over the little wriggler. His father kept his mouth shut about that until one day she asked him bluntly what he thought.

"Why worry about it?" he said. "You can't tell yet. Sometimes they change as they get older."

Yes, indeed, why worry?

Their marriage came about in this way. They had moved from the *hacienda* in the country to Havana. One day they went to the cemetery there to visit the tomb of his father, an old rebel who had hated the Yankees and had died with a broken heart when they came pressing into the island in 1898. The cemetery was a beautiful place — he vowed it was the most beautiful spot in the whole world. And he had done a deal of travelling. They walked around for a while and then as he stood before the grave of his father his eyes moistened and he said he was going to marry her.

Next day they were married in a Catholic church. He paid for two candles and had them lighted in memory of his father and mother. His mother had died in the old country when he was quite young.

THE following year they moved to Santiago, but he did not like the place. They moved again and again, but he could not find a living anywhere. He was getting middle-aged, which is old for a Spaniard; and young, vigorous Americans were pouring into the island. Although he would be out of work for months at a time they always found somewhere to stay. All they had to do was move in with some family where they were welcome for a week, a month or six months.

Whenever he needed pocket money an acquaintance would lend him a dollar or two, which he never made any effort to pay back.

But she could see that he was gradually getting sick of it all. He began reading books full of Spanish fatalism. Sometimes he said he felt like going away. He never pressed the point very much until one day he told her he was going, and left then and there. She did not ask him why, nor ask him to stay. For several years it had been like that — they had moved from one place to another, from house to house, and now he moved alone.

She had her boy. She loved him with heart-breaking passion. He had

the same languid black eyes which on occasion became piercing as black bullets, and the same slouchy hang of the shoulders. And to her he was just as white as his father.

Still, she had not thought much about it until she came to America with a Cuban family to whom she had hired out. They lived in New York and gave her a room in the house for herself and her child. She was in turn cook, maid and nurse. Her own child was allowed to roam at will through the house, joining the two girls and boy of the family at play. She and her son had their meals together in the kitchen. The only line drawn was not the color line, but that between servant and master. That was as she desired it. Yet it did not last long.

THE family left for Europe and she was compelled to seek other employment. It was then that she fully realized how hard was her lot. Of course she was no longer taken for a white. There was a terrible difference in this country. At the customs examination on landing she had given her name and her color, and without batting an eye had watched the man write down the word that spelled a life of segregation for her. She knew that she could no longer go into hotels, restaurants and other such places where only whites were allowed. But she had given up all of that long ago. Her boy was her only concern now.

She tried working for other Spanish families, but all in all this did not turn out to her advantage. Most of those people were too impecunious to be able to keep her and her boy. Some of them offered a job provided she could keep the youngster elsewhere — the household was too numerous already to take in any additions.

THE boy was five and growing lustily. The pay she got here and there was so pitifully small that she could not save any money. Despite her best efforts, looking through the advertisements in *La Prensa*, sometimes she was out of work for weeks at a time. Twice she had to sit in the park at night, waiting, hoping against hope, till some stranger came and talked with her for a long time and finally made bold to ask the age-old question. And then she would return home feeling safe for a few days, safe but for a pair of languid black eyes that she fancied were looking at her very piercingly.

At such times she felt that she stood in his way. Perhaps, if she had him adopted into a white family, the boy would grow up with the consciousness that he was white, would act as a white and be one.

In a way, that was why she had shunned living with out-and-out blacks in Harlem. She still considered herself half white. She had been always so considered.

Finally, she took work near the Italian section below Fourteenth Street. She had found it profitable to divide her time, working for an hour or so a day in each of several apartments. At fifty cents an hour, she earned as much as two or three dollars a day and was able to spend a considerable part of the time with her boy. The family with whom she roomed took good care of him in her absence and never bothered about her race.

He was a husky kid who joined the others in all sports and at night regaled her with accounts of their pranks. Whenever he spied her coming down the street he would drop everything and come running into her arms. When she was home he was always with her in the room. He celebrated his sixth birthday by confessing an ardent infatuation for a little Italian girl in the neighborhood, by name Lucrezia. But when asked if he loved his mother more than anybody else, he responded by throwing his arms round her neck and almost choking her.

AT LAST came the time to send him to school. That, in one way, eased her mind, since he would be doubly safe at school and would no longer be a care for the motherly Italian woman. But, in another way, it brought to her more sharply than ever the question which had for years lain in the back of her mind. It was not a question of herself; it was a question of him, of his future.

So far, he had never lived among blacks. Not quite. She herself passed for Spanish. She was so considered in that household — had once overheard a man inquire for "the Spanish lady." She had manœuvred it well. She had chosen her place midway and awaited developments. But she did not know how long her life — their lives — could be lived in this *chiaroscuro*. Some day, the boy would want to find his own place, would want to be one thing or the other. She knew about herself. But with all the courage in the world she could not definitely tell about him. Perhaps it was not up to her to tell. . . . His father had said, "Sometimes they change as they get older." She might be mistaken. Indeed, to avoid all possibility of error, some day, some day she might have to leave him — leave him alone to decide for himself.

She slapped her wet finger against the hot iron. There were some handkerchiefs to do — some handkerchiefs and a few little socks before he arrived home from school.

AS SHE finished there was a scramble up the stairs and her boy came in holding triumphantly in his hand a star pasted on a piece of cardboard — due reward for good deportment.

She took off his things, warming his hands with kisses.

"Sonny," she said, "What do the kids in school call you?"

Sonny smiled broadly, his nostrils showing alarmingly wide.

"Nigger!"

# Witches Still Live

By Theda Kenyon

*The weird, weird trail from Endor to Manhattan is marked with an unbroken line of tragedy and comedy spun from human obsession of the supernatural*

Just how widespread is witchcraft today?

On the surface, it seems surprising that such a question can be asked, seriously; but it must be remembered that the people of a hundred nations, whose gods are as varied as the color of their skins, meet in this belief more ancient than any god.

A returned traveller recently stated that every form of witchcraft recorded in the witch trials of the Sixteenth Century could be duplicated in Morocco today. Most of us would expect strange things to happen in Africa. But it is a very different matter when we are told that over forty per cent of the school children of London wear amulets of one sort or another. Even more significant is the startling fact brought to light by a recent census of young people between sixteen and nineteen years of age, high school students in Atlanta, Georgia. More than ten per cent of them, by their own admission, are devout believers in powwowism; and how many more secretly sympathize with the honest ten per cent can hardly be calculated.

Here is the coming generation of Americans — Americans, moreover, with American ancestry. In them is none of the folklore-ridden blood of recent European ancestry, none of the sultry heritage of Voodooism. They are white, intelligent boys and girls — they are, in fact as well as theory, the inheritors of the New World.

Witchcraft has always existed, but has only recently become a possible topic of general conversation. As a result of the lifting of the taboo, society has been brought face to face, forcibly and somewhat uncomfortably, with an astounding undercurrent of a civilization which formerly seemed fairly free of "ignorant superstition".

It is true that, superficially, subways and witch-rides do not seem to mingle well together; but it is a safe conjecture that witch-rides will continue long after subways are as demoded as the catacombs.

Nor is this a matter of chance. The witch cult is as organized today as it was in the Middle Ages, when the Covens flourished throughout Europe. The most casual examina-

tion will show that there are societies of Satanists in England, France, Italy and Germany. Moreover, there are hundreds of "believers" free of any organization whatever. Yet they carry on the old faiths, the old rituals. In many a church, the Host has been stolen from the tabernacle too often to permit any other explanation than the continued celebration of the Black Mass.

I recently asked a farmer's wife "up State" if she had ever heard of any witchcraft nearby. The quick, involuntary glance over her shoulder, the lips pursed as if for "Hush!" answered my question far better than the later, careful denial.

PENNSYLVANIA donates the following story of a witch who would not allow the butter to "come" in her neighbor's churn. For two days, the goodwife churned; and then, aware that there was something behind the situation, heated a knife red hot and thrust it into the cream. At the same instant, a neighbor burned both hands severely. The witch, of course! There is many a shining kitchen in Pennsylvania whose oven never harbors a loaf of bread, a cake, or a pie, which has not been protected against the malice of a local witch, with the Sign of the Cross.

With the churn charms, belong the protective inventions for barns and cattle. Several years ago, long before the recent witchcraft murder centered attention on Pennsylvania, many tourists noticed that the barns of that State were painted with strange and cabalistic designs; and some, more curious than the rest, tried to conceal their smiles when inquiries elicited the information that these were intended to avert the evil eye. More emphatic than mere painting is the advice from York County itself, which sponsors the driving of a wooden peg into the barn door, with three blows of a hammer.

Throughout the world, the protection of barns has a deeper significance than the protection of cattle from mysterious disease. Never a midnight but barn doors may open stealthily, despite lock and bar — open to a muttered charm, or the imperative command of a "corpse candle". Then into the darkness is led a terrified horse, sensing danger beyond whip or spur — and suddenly, the earth seems to tremble, to sink from beneath the frantic hoofs — and beast and witch-rider are off, over mountains and through the sky to some distant and awful orgy.

IN INNUMERABLE instances from earliest times, medicine and witchcraft have worked hand in hand. From Kentucky comes the interesting information that there is no reason for anyone to endure the discomfort of backache; and though this may sound like the introductory blurb on a bottle of patent medicine, it is far from it. The prescription contains even more of magic than the fat brown bottle of a past generation. Just hunt around among your neighbors until you discover one with seven children — if possible. Then bribe the seventh child with sweetmeats or a trip to the circus, to walk seven times up and down the troublesome spine. (Not fly-fashion, of course. Even witchcraft has its limits.) That is all that is necessary.

After the seventh promenade, the back will be cured.

This belief in the magical efficiency of a seventh child is world-wide, very ancient and is by no means limited to the supercredulous. The head of a firm of London bankers admits that as a small boy he was cured of an abscess of the jaw through the good offices of a girl of sixteen, who was incredibly blessed by being the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter, and further complicated her cures by using a regular galaxy of sevens throughout. Her patient was required to visit her seven successive mornings, skip seven, and then repeat the pilgrimage. He must be the first person seen by her that day. She charmed away the malady, whatever it was, by crossing the afflicted part with a finger wet with her saliva, and to add to the impressiveness of the occasion, the whole performance took place in complete silence.

COMBINING several obvious beliefs, the professional exorcist in India ties a knot in the hair of a "possessed" client, and breathes on it, meanwhile reciting a verse from the Koran. Similarly, America seeks to cure actual physical disease through the same precious medium. A wise woman who clipped one lock of hair for fifty dollars, and each succeeding lock for ten dollars, as her *chef d'œuvre* for curing ulcers of the stomach, found herself explaining the procedure in the Essex Market Court, New York City; and the astonished spectators discovered that her clients' credulity was far from unusual.

Only two years ago, in upper New York State, a man appeared in court to accuse his wife of witchcraft tricks, one of which was putting salt around his chair. Another contemporary instance of the salt ring comes from Pennsylvania, where salt was sprinkled around a "hexed" cow, to effect a cure.

A MODERN episode with a truly mediæval tang brought salt prominently into the fast increasing witchcraft annals of the American press. Two young Italian New Yorkers met an unexpected snag in their marriage plans when a relative threatened to cast a spell on them, if they married, which would result in the crippling not only of themselves but their children. In terrible trepidation, they consulted a fortune-teller, who took thirty dollars — all that they had — promising to put it in an envelope and burn it "to appease the spirits". The latter, however, were not long "appeased"; trouble grew apace; more money was demanded — this time to be burned and hung in little bags around their necks, for amulets. To gain the friendly attention of the mercenary demons, they were further required to spill two glasses of water on the floor, and lick it up. Another part of the "charm" was that they must not remove their clothes, or bathe, for ten days. But the *pièce de résistance* of the entire procedure was that these two modern young people were required to sprinkle salt over their shoulders, to keep the spirits from following, all the way to their homes — *from the subway!*

Pins as well as salt are still accepted as protective elements against witchcraft; and pins, it is to be

remembered, have "pricked" many a witch, literally, into the next world. In Lawrence, England, an echo of the old days of the Prickers was heard, less than five years ago, when a man was haled into court for scratching the arm of a neighbor, who, he believed, had bewitched his pig. In vain the judge tried to persuade him that there was no such thing as witchcraft. He insisted that the law raid her house, and confiscate the crystal which he claimed that she owned.

As for healing magic, a case recently caught the attention of the New York Board of Health. The demand for dog's fat had become increasingly imperative, and an inquiry resulted only in the vague information that it was needed "for medical purposes." Up to that time, the Board had been unaware of any particular medicinal virtue in dog's fat; but being open-minded and always willing to learn, continued the investigation. Eventually, it was discovered that, right in New York, with poster and Christmas stamp and clinic warring at every turn on the great White Plague, hundreds of men, women and children were using a charm against tuberculosis, in which the fat of a dog was an essential ingredient.

It does not seem possible that thousands of our citizens believe in charming away disease, even to the extent of risking their lives and the lives of their children on their faith; yet even when a legitimate physician is called, he often finds himself sharing honors with wise woman or witch-doctor. One such occurrence startled Chelsea, Massachusetts, in the year of Our Lord 1923, and no less than two hundred citizens, many of them American born, gathered outside the house where the old witch cure and the comparatively modern science of medicine were in contest. Within, the delirious patient was strapped to his bed, presumably the victim of a witch-prepared potion. True, the physician in attendance claimed that his condition was entirely due to natural causes; but neither the crowd nor the family of the patient accepted this sane dictum. The result was that the witch doctor was summoned from — Boston! At first, incredulous "outsiders" thought this was little more than a rumor, or at most, a gesture of bravado. But the summons was obeyed. The witch doctor actually appeared. Even if he had done nothing else, he would thereby have definitely proved that Boston has a witch cult. But he did more. He rolled up his sleeves, and proceeded to prepare a good, regulation witch-brew, one of whose nine ingredients was grass from a cemetery.

And that was that.

Inquiry thereupon disclosed the fact that Boston was not particularly distinguished in its possession of so talented a citizen. New York has a number of them — and within the year a most spectacular murder flung one of them into the limelight. Chicago has a witch-organization, at least one tentacle of which gropes toward the fringe of that city's highly complicated underworld. Atlanta, Georgia, claims a white witch doctor who cures broken bones with the following very simple incantation of Greek origin:

Bones are crushed and far apart —
Come together by our art!

The amulets of the ancients have by no means been outgrown. They are today, as they always have been, one of the most popular branches of sorcery. Anything may prove a successful amulet, provided the wearer believes in its power. The Mongolian folds within his turban a prayer painstakingly copied from the Koran. "September's child" buys a sapphire at a Fifth Avenue jeweler's. Between the two there is not a hair's breadth of fundamental difference.

WHEN the triremes of Rome swept from their blue waters toward the slate-colored seas of the unconquered North, the auspices were considered fairer if it was known that one man in the company wore under his glittering armor, or about his sweating brown throat, a stiffened fragment of human flesh — the caul of a child. And in London, when the submarines were proving to a stricken world that civilization and centuries are no more than a fragile veil over the changeless primitive, English sailors paid the highest price that the grim trifle has ever commanded — five pounds.

Indeed at this late date, England faces what promises to be one of the most interesting witchcraft controversies in history. A *New York Times* dispatch declares that, under the patronage of the International Federation of Spiritualism, an organization numbering among its members many eminent men, the witchcraft law is to be forced on the attention of the new Parliament.

But, in America, is witchcraft anywhere actually and sincerely credited? What shall we say when we are told of the strange and extraordinary cure which is said to have wiped from the hand of a Pennsylvania politician all signs of a severe burn? Or, of a Western "rainmaker", who not only contracts with farmers to bring rain in time of drought, but fulfils his contracts? Or, of innumerable brides from Park Avenue to the Golden Gate, whose satin slippers tread the path of the altar concealing a sixpence? And, finally, that grim company — eleven within this year alone — desperate men and women who believed so deeply in the cult that they were goaded into actual murder!

The final test of any man's sincerity is his willingness to die for his belief; and anyone who thinks that witchcraft is dead, or doubts the sincerity of the believers in the ancient cult, need only consult the police records of a number of thoroughly up-to-date cities to have his ideas revised for him.

WITCHCRAFT murders fall into two classes: the first — and perhaps the more spectacular — is the actual sacrifice of a chosen victim; the other is the murder committed to avert, or ward off, or stop an evil spell, of which the murderer believes himself a victim. In either case, the murderer is risking his own life, for under the present laws capital punishment is usual in all civilized countries, and anyone who takes another's life does so knowing that the State can require his own in payment. As a rule, he has plenty of time to think that over. Spells are not quickly cast: he who seeks

the Devil's favor and aid must do so slowly, with all due reverence and show of pomp; and they must be "lifted" with quite as much formality.

THE murder of Nelson D. Rehmeyer was not the first death of the kind in Pennsylvania, any more than it was the last. The startling headline: *Score of Deaths Laid to Witch-craft!* is borne out by facts. True, some of these deaths are more "negligence" than "murder." Under such a heading must be counted those of a number of babies, whose parents trusted to the ministration of a powwow doctor instead of consulting a physician. But the very fact of this is doubly alarming: *no* parents will deliberately risk the life of a baby; these white, civilized, in some instances highly educated, adults believed so completely in the ancient cult that it cost the lives of their children.

On the other hand, there was quite a significant "straw" in a very short item published in a daily paper, in 1926. In that, it was stated that a child had died, though its mother had tried to remove the "spell" with a counter-spell. The spirit behind the curse, however, proved more powerful than the one invoked for the cure. The result was that a citizen of the town, an acquaintance of the dead child's mother, had received a warning that "witches do not live long here." This also occurred in York—two years before the Rehmeyer murder, it is to be remembered.

And the Rehmeyer murder was only one of two recent, and famous, witch-murders, right in that locality. The second was that of Miss Verna Octavia Delp of Allentown. Miss Delp, it seems, had feared murder for some time. So she did her best to avert it, in the way which she believed the most potent. She wore, pinned to her bodice, "amulets" in the form of prayers, containing also a string of initials and a scattering of crosses. Her amulets were precisely similar to those worn in such witch-ridden countries as the Danube district and the Hartz Mountains; the same prayers — only addressed to Jove and Isis — were worn by Roman ladies and Egyptian queens.

In spite of her amulets, however, Miss Delp was murdered; and there were reports at the time that the trail led very close to another powwow doctor. He was said to have many local "patients" who believed implicitly in his powers.

AGAIN, in the city of Rome, Georgia, we find that on May 17, 1929, a woman named Martha Russel was found dead in her home. This "Mistress of Satan" was eighty years old, had lived in Rome since her youth, and had no "court" of half-terrified satellites. But the police of Rome said that "Martha Russel had practised a form of witchcraft for many years," and that one of her clients had probably murdered the old witch doctor.

If these murders lack the glamour which one generally associates with the ancient art of the necromancers, the next one improves on them both in atmosphere and locality.

In Bluefields, Nicaragua, in 1927, a lady with a name like a screen star's and a past as gaudy with emo-

tion and adventure as a scenario, met a swift and violent death. Doreth Fox was as good a pistol shot as she was beautiful; and that is saying a very great deal. Her life had been so filled with adventure — including two husbands, who had died suddenly, and silently — that anyone would have thought she was ready to settle down and let the Black Oxen do their will with her. But not at all. Finding herself in a place with a name like Pearl Lagoon, this white woman undoubtedly felt that she must live up to the locality; so — she became the High Priestess of Black Magic.

Naturally, there is no point in being a High Priestess if there is no audience; so she taught Voodooism to certain selected natives — and the fame of her influence became as wide as that of her beauty. She was revered and feared for miles, and — as regards all good witches — it was believed that she could not be killed.

In the mean time, she had taken a third husband — a man named John Bolton, a native of Wisconsin. He, undoubtedly feeling the power of her protection, got into a discussion with the natives, whereupon a revolution broke out. But thereby, he made a mistake.

Someone, wiser than the majority of human beings who wish revenge, whispered that there was gold on John Bolton's land. No hint of hate; no hiring of assassins. Just a rumor that John Bolton was fortunate; too fortunate.

Whether there *was* gold or not, no man knows; for John Bolton, tortured all night by six natives who hacked at him with their machetes, was finally given the *coup-de-grâce*, and his secret, if he had one, was bound in the sack with his body, and flung into a creek.

But with the dawn came a realization of the probable result of all this. In their greed, the murderers had forgotten the High Priestess, who, rumor had it, preferred shooting her own husbands to having them tortured.

Hiding was obviously impossible. For a month, the murderers of Doreth Fox's husband harassed themselves with the fear of her revenge. Leprosy? Palsy? Fever? Finally, they determined to discover if she were, indeed, immortal. Three men, more daring than any others, ambushed her, as she rode out one night to Pearl Lagoon. One bullet passed through her body; one, through her horse, which fell on her. So was ended the legend of Doreth Fox. But the cult which she represented is as deathless as its awful Patron.

# Franklin's Last Letter

By Herbert Bailey Harrop

*Poor Richard's posthumous warning against "all liars, forgers and cheats" and its astonishing effect upon a munificent collector of historic documents*

V. T. Llewellyn, the banker, had proceeded by strides to the position of an arbiter of finance in international affairs, to the status of a prophet, and at last to the avocation of collecting rare and beautiful things. In order that we may understand why he withdrew his gift of the newly discovered Benjamin Franklin letter-book while the press was yet proclaiming the supreme importance of the acquisition to the Philosophical Society and to lovers of Americana in general — a mystery which afforded the curious an interesting topic for speculation during the dull period between two murders — it is necessary first to recall certain facts familiar enough to students of current history as recorded in the daily papers.

In the early days Llewellyn and Henry Quire III were almost friendly, but now they had long ceased to have anything in common. Henry Quire III, notwithstanding his fortune, and the enviable good name of his forebears beginning with that old-time immigrant from the Low Countries, Pieter Quire, assistant to Benjamin Franklin the printer and later associate and friend of the great counsellor, was looked on askance by reason of his trivial regard for the conventions. While Llewellyn was adding to his private collections and making gifts of precious things to the public museums, Henry Quire III built up a disreputable name in Wall Street, scheming, conspiring with fellow vandals, leading bold *coups*, engineering daring adventures, successful in the main, growing richer and more powerful and dealing always in greater manipulations, but never attaining quite to a commanding place among his peers, and never at all regarded as a safe, trustworthy man.

Living alone now with his Japanese servants, his orchids and his zoo, in the palatial mansion of the 'Nineties which he had built in Ten Eyck Avenue, Henry was a fierce, energetic, fascinating old buccaneer, full of the joy of life and a multiplicity of interests, all just a step beyond the pale of rigid decorum; entertaining impossible people, associating with prize-fighters, backing musical shows, betting on horses and gambling in the Street.

About one o'clock of a certain morning Henry came home, well pleased with his day. He called the butler to bring him a cold drink and some sandwiches and retired to his study, half library and half office, just off the lower hall. When he had finished his bite he brushed the crumbs from his knees and stifled a yawn. "I think," he said, half aloud, "I could sleep better for a plunge." He switched off the light and went upstairs, descending a few minutes later by an inner stairway to the big swimming-pool in the basement.

As he lay floating on his back after a leisurely turn or so around the tank, something attracted his eye. A corridor ran from the swimming-pool chamber out to the garden; mid-way of this dark passage a door, which connected with the study, showed a tiny ray of light. Henry Quire III drew himself promptly out of the water, dried himself with care but without waste of time, and donned his bathrobe. When his groping hand had located and tried the knob he found that the door was unlocked. He pulled it open with a swift motion — taking care to stand in the shadow himself — and looked in.

By the light from the table lamp a man was visible on his knees before the bookshelves, a young man of compact, athletic figure, with a frank, rather homely face, over which played an expression of mixed resignation and disgust that was humorous in its effect. Henry stepped briskly in, locked the door after him, removed the key from the lock, crossed the room and sat down in the chair he had vacated a few moments before. He slapped the key down on the table, settled himself as though for a companionable visit, and said genially, "Good evening."

The stranger eased himself into a sitting posture on the floor, careful to keep his hands in plain sight where they could not be suspected of making an ill-advised motion toward a weapon, and regarded the old gentleman in the bathrobe quizzically. "Yeh," he said, as if replying to the exhortation of a welfare worker, "it's the foist time I w's ever caught, 'n' I had a Christian raising, 'n' I know it's wrong, 'n' my teet' are all sound but one that's got a gold filling, 'n' I'll go straight from now on if circ'mstances 'll let me — but I don't t'ink they will."

Henry laughed heartily, reaching without ostentation for a push button under the rug in the shadow of the table and playing a tattoo on it with his toe, for he had not missed the almost imperceptible series of movements by which the intruder was gathering himself and shifting his weight. "The valuables are over there in the corner," indicating a hulking old-fashioned cast iron safe. "These are only books — but perhaps you didn't know."

"Yeh, I know; I w's looking f'r a diction'ry to see how they spell dumb-bell. Honest, I'm ashamed of myself to get caught this way!" The man now had his weight balanced on the balls of his feet, and he delayed no longer. He scooped up something on which he had been sitting as he shot into an upright position, reached the table as a part of the same flashing motion, swept

up the key with one hand and smashed the bulb of the electrolier with a blow from the other, and was at the door. In the darkness the master of the house heard the slam of the door and the click of the key on the outside as the burglar locked him in. He switched on the ceiling lights and settled himself comfortably in his chair again, chuckling while he waited for his Japanese to bring his caller back.

"He have no gun," reported Oshima. "Only this, yess." The butler dragged out a bulky pasteboard-bound volume which the burglar had buttoned under his coat. Henry extended his hand for the book, a smile of enlightenment growing on his face, signed the footmen to release their grip on the prisoner and retire to the corridor, and told the butler to bring refreshments; consulting his guest's preference with the air of a man who has the upper hand and knows it, but who delicately avoids the appearance of dictating conditions. "One of your Italian wines, I suppose — Chianti, shall we say, or would you rather have something with less vinegar, like Frascati? Personally, I have a leaning toward Madeira."

THE burglar found himself seated at the opposite side of the table, the expression of whimsical disgust which nothing seemed able to displace still playing across his homely features, but somewhat disheveled as a result of the manhandling, and, behind the aura of good humor, doubtless shaken by the unperturbed attitude of the old gentleman he had come to rob. Henry Quire III graciously filled two glasses. "My name is Norval or Norman or something, and my father is a Grampian sheep herder. Who are you?"

"Y' might call me Richard Croker," countered the burglar, grinning cheerfully.

"Very well, Mr. Croker! Now, who hired you to break in here and steal this book?"

"Fella I met in a dark alley, 'n' I wouldn't know him again 'f I saw him. Say, boss, I'll tell y' my real name if y' want me to; the police'll know me anyway. But not a peep do y' get out of me about anybody else. I ain't got no pals, see?"

HENRY'S manner changed and he spoke sharply. "Of course I recognized you at once. You are Frank Gatti, also known as Frank the Wop. I saw you at the Soldini-Kelly bout at the Garden only last week, where you were in Soldini's corner. I saw you in the fight you drew last spring with Knock-out Polinski; if you were thirty pounds heavier and had a longer reach I would take you in hand and boost you to the top. At first I was at a loss to think why you honored me with this visit, but I see it all now. Do you know what book this is? But doubtless you never even heard of Benjamin Franklin —"

"Oh, yes I did," broke in Frank the Wop. "I've smoked his cigars."

"Don't interrupt! Benjamin Franklin has been dead over a hundred years. He did more than any other patriot toward the founding of this country, and was one of the wisest men who ever lived." The great-grandson of Pieter Quire, the friend of Franklin, had become so exalted by emotion that he almost forgot his

auditor's cultural limitations. "This book is a collection of copies, in his own handwriting, of the most important letters Benjamin Franklin wrote while he was fighting for the existence of the young republic. To me it is a family heirloom, but to collectors it is a curio beyond price. V. T. Llewellyn's man, Carl Ink, has tried every underhanded trick from bribery to blackmail to get possession of this letter-book, and now he hires you to break in and steal it."

"Oh, hell," began the Wop unguardedly, "if you know already —"

"HA! YOU admit it!" The Wop squirmed. "Listen to me, son. Carl Ink, in spite of his standing as a rich dealer and his reputation for learning, is a treacherous crook. He buys old books and manuscripts for the Llewellyn collections, violating the ethics of the broker by taking commissions from both buyer and seller, fattening on the profits both ways; he swindles broken families out of precious old treasures, and by means of wash sales through dummy third parties he resells them to Llewellyn for fabulous prices; he has connived at the sale of fraudulent reproductions to his patron — safe frauds that cannot be brought home to him — to the advantage of his pocketbook; and once — get this, son! — once Carl Ink swindled *me!*"

"Won't the police never get here?" asked the Wop, yawning.

"Tut," chided Henry. "You have something to fear more than the police — the loss of your immortal soul! Carl Ink, with his ill-gotten wealth has corrupted Frank Gatti, tempted him with the offer of money to become a common thief."

"Say, Mister," the Wop protested, "You've got me all wrong. This fella Ink said it w's a joke; he said him 'n' you had a bet, 'n' if I brought him the book Llewellyn w's going to send it to the Museum with the rest of the c'lec —" He halted in mid-word at the white anger that suffused the old gentleman's countenance.

After a momentary struggle Henry Quire III spoke in a chill voice. "Go on. You were saying that Ink —"

"W'y — w'y, I guess that's all he said. If I brought him the book and Llewellyn give it to the Museum, you wouldn't make no fuss."

HENRY was rapidly turning over scheme after scheme, discarding this plan as too crude and that as inadequate. The Wop leaned over and opened the letter-book, his clever fingers flipping the time-stained leaves while the amused smile grew. "It ain't much to raise a fuss about anyhow. My old man c'd make you a copy of this so good y' couldn't tell 'em apart, faded ink' n' all."

Henry gave Frank Gatti a sudden piercing stare. "Is Luigi Gatti your father?"

"Yeh."

"He is in the penitentiary, for forgery in connection with the Haddock divorce — isn't that correct?" The Haddock case was still fresh in the memory of man, made spectacular by the contest over the spurious documents admitted in evidence.

"He came out yesterday. He's kinda tired, 'n' I needed the money from this job to take him into the country for a rest."

Henry Quire III pounced on the

letter-book and began to examine its contents as if he had never seen it before. There were some two hundred letters — first drafts or abridged copies — methodically preserved as a record of correspondence dispatched. For the most part the letters were short, a single page or a fraction of a page, but many of them were formidable communications, running to eight or even ten sheets; there was a blank leaf at the beginning and another at the end; the ink was faded but the handwriting was legible and unmistakable. He turned the leaves swiftly here and there, verifying peculiarities of heading, salutation and subscription, and characteristic habits of phrase — eagerly, like an old rat-terrier digging for prey.

Then he whirled on his guest. "See here, son!"

FRANK the Wop, mechanic by training, prize-fighter by right of superb physique, burglar by choice, drew near, interested but wary. He listened with his whimsical resignation while the old gentleman talked; and to the final question, "Can you do it?" nodded confidently.

"Good! I make you a present of this book. Deliver it to Carl Ink and collect your money; be sure to get your money, cash, and then take your old father and travel."

"I getcha," said the Wop, grinning broadly.

Henry the Third closed the book and thrust it at Frank the Wop. "Take him outside, Oshima, and turn him loose. A man of my years must have sleep."

V. T. Llewellyn, even in the days of his retirement, radiated from his own person that sense of confidence and power which had led the flow of capital into mergers of railroads and mills and utilities in a sweeping urge toward colossal fabrics undreamed of by preceding generations. Just as men had brought to him offerings of principalities and dominions during his active years, so now they brought to him in the magnificent museum of his private library beautiful and precious things — hoping for profit, and waiting, fearful, for his smile or his frown.

NOT the least of these field-marshals of noble endeavor was Carl Ink, himself an arbiter within the limits of his calling, noted for his learning and judgment, rich even as men count wealth today. Carl Ink sat this morning in favored intimacy with the great figure of the era and basked in the coveted smile.

Llewellyn fondled the letter-book of Benjamin Franklin, turning the yellowed pages with loving touch. Carl Ink shuffled the morning papers heaped on the broad surface of the desk, and read from one or the other, pleased beyond measure. Ink's press agent had turned himself loose. The great dealer in old books and manuscripts had made another find of the first magnitude, a document of the highest importance in early Americana, a Franklin file of letters many of which were unknown to collectors and historians; this had been acquired by V. T. Llewellyn at a substantial price, and was to be placed by the banker with the huge collection he had already presented to the Philosophical Society.

All the papers had something, and however slight the initial interest of

editors and public, the labors of the indefatigable agent had developed the item into one of the topics of the day. It was news because the press treated it at length.

"Ink, this is intensely gratifying — unbelievable — a priceless find." Llewellyn, in his utter happiness, was almost cooing. "Here is one to his royalist son, William — heretofore unknown, I give you my word. Frank talk, too, from father to son!" He turned a page. "The next is to Jefferson, referring to a conference of the day before, and proposing a change in the preamble of the Declaration. The identical words of the document as signed! Here is one, farther along — the rough draft, evidently, of the famous letter to Lord Shelburne, with his Six Points, the conditions which he advocated as the basis of the treaty of peace with England. This one is to Adams, on a question of procedure in the Constitutional Convention — new, too; absolutely unknown to collectors. And this — Great Heavens, Ink! This, the last in the book, is dated April 17, 1790 — the very day of his death! It is addressed to — What's this? What!"

V. T. Llewellyn flushed red, as if struck by apoplexy. Then he went white and hurled a ferocious glare at Carl Ink. He read again, half aloud, and out of the subterranean rumble of his domineering voice the word "forgery" leaped. He glared again, and seemed for the first time in all their dealings to see Carl Ink bare, stripped of pose and pretense.

Ink, startled at the first outburst, and bewildered, had half risen. At the word "forgery" he knew fright, and clothed himself in a spray of words. The collection was obviously authentic, he protested; he had derived it from a reliable source; it was a family heirloom; there could be no shadow of doubt; he was not accustomed —

One of the secretaries came out of his office, giving Carl Ink a peculiar smile as he approached. He seemed to be smiling, not with Ink, but at him. Ink recalled that he had never liked that secretary since the time the young man had declined to understand the offer of a skilfully dangled bribe.

"Mr. Henry Quire," said the secretary to Llewellyn, "has just telephoned asking if we will oblige him by returning his Benjamin Franklin letter-book after Mr. Llewellyn has looked it over — unless, of course, Mr. Llewellyn is really intending to present it to the Philosophical Society as reported in the papers this morning."

"Henry Quire —" Ink was beginning, with some wild thought of denying everything, anything.

But as he stammered, Llewellyn took the words out of his mouth. "Henry Quire!" Llewellyn barked. "So this is another of Quire's outrageous tricks — and you are his accomplice!" He mastered himself just long enough to command the secretary, in a controlled voice: "Issue a statement to the press denying that I have acquired the specimen described in the unauthorized report published this morning." And then Carl Ink knew, as many a better man had known, the towering heights to which V. T. Llewellyn's fury could soar.

Shaken to his soul, Ink staggered from his chair when Llewellyn had finished and left him. He had been accused, insulted and ordered out. But accused of what? And why? Bewilderment was even yet his dominant emotion. He fumbled at the stolen heirloom where it lay on the desk; he opened it but saw only faded script that swam before his eyes.

The last letter in the book — the answer was hidden in the last letter, dated the day of Franklin's death! He turned to the last page and forced himself to read:

Philad.ª April 17. 1790

Dear Mr Llewellyn

I am writing this in haste as it goes p.r the Packet which sails for New York shortly. I may be charged with presumption in offering counsel to one who has risen by the exercise of admirable qualities of thrift and industry to the position you hold in the eyes of your countrymen, but I am conscious of a feeling that it is my duty, which I owe to myself as well as to my fellow men, to issue a warning when I see the need of it. We should pray the Almighty to save us from all liars, forgers and cheats, for against them we are powerless to protect ourselves. My meaning will be clear to you when Mr. Carl Ink offers to sell you these letters.

Yours with great respect,

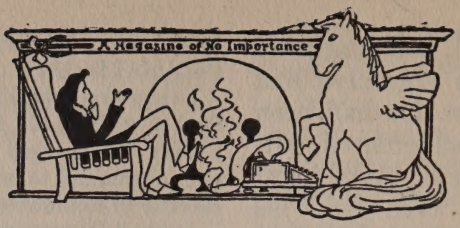
B. FRANKLIN

# Against Doom

BY FRANCES M. FROST

PONDER the naked trees on a midnight hill.
Ponder the still
Drip of moonlight over a silver stone.
Hawks have flown
Away from the moon; the fierce wings droop and brood
In a dark fortressed wood.
There is no movement now but the brittle grief
Of trees bereft of leaf.

Ponder it well, this night of leaning boughs,
Since time allows
No repetition of the hour and place.
And if a face,
Moon-brightened, is before you, ponder it
That must submit
To the long history of shadow: stand
Clasping a hand.




# Stuff and Nonsense

By Donald Rose

*A Monthly Magazine of No Importance, Dealing Lightly with Matters Pertinent and Profound, and Weightily with Those of No Consequence Whatever*

NOVEMBER, 1929 VOL. 5, NUMBER 11

## FARM RELIEF BEGINS AT HOME

We are seriously contemplating an application to the Farm Board, under the terms of the Agricultural Marketing Act, for our proper share of the farm relief provided by Mr. Hoover and his Administration. We understand that $500,000,000 is being loaned to poor but honest farmers who are unable to wring a living from the unwilling soil, and we don't propose to miss our slice of it.

A fund like that means nearly five dollars a person in these United States, and in a family like ours that amounts to something. Moreover, we are farmers, and we are acquainted with a lot of people who don't even keep a pet geranium and can therefore have no possible claim on the Farm Board. Their share belongs to sons of toil like ourselves, who have the burden of responsibility of feeding the nation, or at least a part of it.

If you saw our farm, which runs to nearly half an acre including the croquet lawn and the bird bath, you would know that we need farm relief. We could get along for the present with about a hundred dollars, which would pay for cutting down the weeds and whitewashing the fence, and leave a little over for Christmas shopping. But two hundred dollars would be better. Two hundred dollars would buy a new lawn mower and a man to push it, and also put a new top on the car and a set of balloon tires. We understand that the Farm Board is particularly interested in marketing and distributing efficiency, and unless the car is fixed we couldn't market our fall potatoes, even supposing we had planted any.

With three hundred dollars we could get a new bathroom in the third floor, which would be nice for the hired man if we had a hired man. Nothing contributes so much to efficiency in agriculture as a warm bath at the close of a hard day on the farm. The lack of an extra bathroom did as much as anything last spring to prevent our planting a patch of sweet corn, and it entirely ruined our intention to go in seriously for late lettuce. The lack of working capital was also responsible for the failure of our carrots. We planted a lot of carrots, but when the children lost the hoe we lost the carrots. With protective tariffs all on the side of the manufacturers of agricultural machinery, poor farmers like ourselves simply can't be buying hoes all summer.

If the Board will advance us five hundred dollars we shall put in a tennis court, which will reduce production in wheat, oats, field corn, alfalfa, beet sugar and flaxseed, not to mention Japanese beetles, and thereby raise the prices of such commodities to a point where our brothers can make a little money.

But if the Board can see its way to loaning us an even thousand dollars we shall be willing to quit farming entirely. In one sense of the word we did that last spring, but you don't need to mention it to the Farm Board. We still have our patch of arable land and we still need relief, and if that doesn't make us a farmer the thing can't be done.

We understand that the Board asks some sort of security for its loans, which is a policy that has caused a good deal of adverse comment among us farmers on the 5.23 train. It implies that the people in Washington don't have any real confidence in the farmers. Supposing we farmers should be so particular, how would these Senators and Congressmen ever get to Washington?

But we have swallowed our pride and looked into this matter of security. We find that a loan can be secured by farm buildings and equipment, agricultural machinery or crop futures. We don't think the farm buildings will stand a thousand-dollar loan. The tool-shed leaks and the dog-kennel has fleas. As for machinery, someone has borrowed our cultivator and the rake has no handle. Needing relief the way we do, you can't expect anything else. But we can give all guarantees necessary by way of crop futures. We have never had any trouble at all in raising string beans. When we plant beans, we raise enough beans to feed a township, though the township would be tired to exhaustion of beans long before the beans quit bearing. So if the Farm Board will send us the thousand dollars by registered mail we shall take a dollar of it and buy seed, and pay off the Government next summer with beans. You can't ask anything fairer than that.

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## GENERAL INFORMATION

*Question:* "I have made a most amazing discovery. In the earlier stages of cleaning the cellar I have come upon approximately three thousand ginger ale bottles, all in excellent condition except that they are empty. I cannot imagine where they all came from, since we rarely drink ginger ale except on warm summer evenings or in the spring or when a cold winter night suggests a glass with a little something in it. What should I do with them?"

*Answer:* Our first thought is to put beer in them. The difficulty, however, is to get the beer, concerning which we have nothing to say except that the kind you boil in a washtub is too penetrating to be entirely popular in its earlier stages. The last time we boiled beer we had to take the roof off to ventilate the house. Nor did it improve the washtub.

Don't try to sell them. There is a serious slump in the bottle market, and for all we know their sale is forbidden by law. You may occasionally slip one or two into the garbage pail or the weekly ashes, but if the collector catches you at it he will probably pass you by on his next visit. A better idea is to slip one in your pocket every morning and leave it on the train. But this is a pretty slow method of disposal.

Some people have found that ginger ale bottles can be mixed in concrete, but for this you must have some large concrete construction job, such as a skyscraper or irrigation dam. Others plant them neatly around the flower garden, where they look like nothing in particular. Our own suggestion is that you give them to the Salvation Army. Just what they will do with them we can't tell you, particularly since the customers are only allowed one question at a time.

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## The Varnished Age

The notion has gone abroad that we live in the scientific age, but it might as well be said that we live in the applesauce age, since neither opinion is particularly true. There is certainly a vast amount of more or less scientific information cluttering up the horizon and passed around at par value, but the very fact that we swallow it without regard to digestion proves how refreshingly unscientific we are. We are, in fact, as omnivorous as the goat and the ostrich, and we gobble questionable certainties with the appetite of a pelican inhaling fish.

There is nothing particularly the matter with the sane and sober scientist whose life is spent in the pursuit of knowledge which may or may not prove useful. There are things to be discovered and scientists will discover them. That is their job and most of them are working at it. But when their latest discovery reaches the ultimate consumer, it may be a long way removed from the temperance and restraint and cautious

qualification of its first statement. Its discretionary doubts are rubbed off from it, its caution is squeezed out of it, and it becomes the sort of dogmatic utterance which would startle a respectable scientist out of his epidermis.

It is the varnish that causes the trouble. The truth is notoriously plain, unadorned and hard, and often not particularly appetizing. Such truth, however, has a tendency to acquire a surface gloss and polish as it rolls down to the level where people can use it in their daily business. Such truths lose their native ruggedness and become pretty pebbles on the sandy shores of time, and out of pebbles it is difficult to build an enduring house. The rough stones that are hewn by hard labor out of experience and research and the eternal questioning of man may be hard to handle, but they are the stuff out of which mankind must build the foundations of every philosophy which is worth its keep.

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## A LAPSE INTO LATIN

Latin version of famous nursery rhyme from an old book, as discovered by one of our enormously educated readers:

*Felis Fidesque*
*Hei didulum! atque Iterum didulum!*
*Felisque! Fidesque!*
*Vacca super Lunæ cornua prosiluit!*
*Spectatum admissus risus sine fine Catellus*
*Et subito rapuit lanx cochleare fuga.*

Our own discovery is one by the late Mr. A. D. Godley of Oxford, who puts "Bus" in the Second Declension, where it gets along very well:

*Came in hordes Motores Bi*
*Et complebat omne forum*
*Copia Motorum Borum.*

*How shall wretches live like us*
*Cincti Bis Motoribus?*
*Domine, defende nos*
*Contra hos Motores Bos!*

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## On Keeping a Rabbit

We had thought until recently that keeping a rabbit was an undertaking of no great magnitude. We thought so, even when we discovered that a common or garden rabbit's real name is *Oryctolagus Cuniculus*, which is a mouthful. It isn't as bad as his brother-in-law, the South African rabbit, which answers to the name of *Pronolagus Crassicaudatus*, but it's a lot of language for the mouths of innocent children, who are generally regarded as the members of human society most interested in rabbits. However, that alone would not necessarily have discouraged us.

But we had never felt the urge to keep rabbits. As household pets they always seemed to us a trifle undemonstrative and as watch-dogs for a suburban estate they are inadequate. The children never put in any special plea for rabbits. They have at various times wanted ponies, goldfish, an elephant, a litter of pigs and a baby bear, but they never cried their little eyes out for rabbits. To children accustomed to country living a rabbit is, perhaps, too commonplace. During spring in these parts there is a cottontail lying in wait for every young cabbage plant. There's nothing exclusive about rabbits in this neighborhood.

We have stood out successfully against one other temptation to keep rabbits. Occasionally we hear from people who urge us for our own good to go into the fur business. We are tempted with fortunes to be made out of Hudson seal, French sable, ermine, chinchilla and foxaline, all of which are rabbit or are likely to be. The procedure is extraordinarily simple. You buy two rabbits. Rabbits can manage as many as eight families a year, and a really ambitious lady rabbit thinks nothing of a family of five. At the end of the year, in accordance with the laws of nature and geometrical progression, you have your first two rabbits, their forty children, and a great many grandchildren. By New Year's there are two hundred and eighty-six rabbits gambolling around you, and at the end of the third year there are several million. We haven't tried it, but it works out that way on paper.

But even the prospect of a landscape covered entirely with rabbits was insufficient to tempt us into keeping a rabbit. Our rabbit came to us at last through no fault of our own. It was, in a manner of speaking, wished on us. A young lady acquaintance from the city, who is a journalist by profession but keeps a rabbit on the side, drove out in early summer to pay an apparently friendly visit.

She explained that her little daughter, the real proprietor of the rabbit, was going to camp. Would we keep the rabbit for a few days until a regular rabbit-keeper or home for abandoned rabbits could be located? In a rash moment we would.

It was explained that the rabbit was city-bred and trained to modern apartment living. It was accustomed to living in a fireplace, and if we had a fireplace it would be entirely comfortable and content. So we put Bun-Bun in the library where there is a fireplace and hoped we might find him there in the morning.

We found him there in the morning. But despite his air of bland innocence it was apparent at once that he had been out of the fireplace during the night. He had been in the waste basket, the inkwell and *The Encyclopædia Britannica*. He had upset a bottle, a vase of flowers and a table lamp. He had sampled the rug, a pair of slippers, and the first volume of *The World's Best Literature*. It was clear that the sudden transplanting to a cultured and literary environment had been too much for him.

So it was agreed that for the following night Bun-Bun should be quartered on the sleeping balcony with the children who were chiefly dedicated to his care. The balcony is railed and screened and set apart from the house by a closed door. But during the night someone evidently opened it.

All through the night the cat chased the rabbit and the rabbit chased the cat through the wide-open spaces of the second floor. We rose in turn to capture one or both of them, and at the first ray of light they vanished beneath the furniture and the baby woke and demanded another bottle. We tried stalking Bun-Bun in the dark, and found it extraordinarily difficult to apprehend a coal-black rabbit in a dark room full of furniture, particularly when the rabbit isn't there. We rose in the morning haggard and worn and issued an ultimatum concerning rabbits. There must be a hutch.

The hutch was borrowed from a neighbor and Bun-Bun sat demurely therein for three days and nights. On the fourth morning he had disappeared. The children wept and we stormed and the police were notified and all the neighbors enlisted in a search for one large black rabbit, city-bred, house-trained and fond of fireplaces. As the curfew tolled the knell of parting day he came home, his manner friendly and forgiving and his brow unwrinkled by conscious sin.

That was a month or more ago. Since then Bun-Bun has been escaping every day and twice on Sunday. One moment he is there, loping up and down and wrinkling his nose at nothing. The next moment he is somewhere in the adjacent landscape on business of his own. The social aspects of our summer have been confined almost entirely to visits from friends and neighbors bringing Bun-Bun back. Sometimes he has been gone for long days at a time and we have hoped for the best. Sometimes there have been damages charged for depredations in garden patches. Sometimes we have been compelled to pay rewards to those who came expecting our gratitude for the safe return of the wanderer. But we still, in a manner of speaking, are keeping Bun-Bun. He gets lost perpetually, but he never stays that way.

The young lady who loaned us her rabbit hasn't been back. We are not so surprised at that as we might be. We begin to doubt a little her fable of the fireplace. You couldn't keep Bun-Bun in his present state of mind in a fireplace or in a steel safe. The only way to make him stay where he is put would be to put him in a rabbit stew, which is a possibility that begins to recur to us with increasing frequency.

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## *Poetic Justice*

The fundamental urge for immortality,
As a fitting and deserved eventuality,
  Is a human attribute
  Which is painfully acute
In all people of inconsequentiality.

So the poet dwells in happy contemplation
Of his title to a posthumous citation,
  And the graving of his name
  On enduring rolls of fame
As a substitute for present compensation.

But the careless and forgetting world may
      doubt it,
Or omit to do the proper thing about it;
  Yet a decomposing poet
  Is not liable to know it,
So he probably will get along without it.

## Our Centre of Gravity

*"Every man has a right to utter what he thinks truth, and every other man has a right to knock him down for it."*

Dr. Samuel Johnson

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When a boy enters college he immerses himself in a veritable sea of knowledge. Wherever he chooses to dive in, the water is wet. Among so many things which may be proved important, the necessity for choice and discrimination intrudes, and there arises a charming controversy over the relative values of this and that. An over-observant youngster might conclude thereby that education is an armed camp held in harmony by compromise between opposing parties who more or less despise each other. He might note how humanists level veiled anathemas at scientists and how scientists sometimes retaliate with uncharitable bricks. He might observe how the classicists intone learnedly from the top of Parnassus, while the vocationalists whoop from the top of the Woolworth Building. And he might find it all a shade confusing.

The apparent and sensible index for determining what in education is worth the trouble is the degree to which an educational advantage continues active and useful when school is safely over. Most of an education is mercifully forgotten rather rapidly. Trigonometry fades; Latin and Greek evaporate; history piles up in a heap; philosophy, science and metaphysics resolve into original chaos. With decent luck there is soon little left but certain abilities and facilities for acquiring information, ideas, opinions and habits. The things that train these abilities seem to be important — much more important than all the educational trimmings. Such an importance attaches to reading, for instance.

An intelligent child learns to read shortly after he falls out of the crib for the third time. At primary school they do what they can with him, but he continues to be able to read. In secondary school he is afflicted with Composition, Rhetoric and English Literature, and by the time he enters college or doesn't, he is in most cases ruined.

For the theory and practice of teaching English in the secondary schools is one of the magnificent curiosities of the current educational system. This is no merely casual antipathy. Anyone can buy a dozen textbooks on English and prove it for himself, if he does not first expire of boredom. It is the most disorganized subject in the average curriculum. It is also superbly over-organized, with committees of seven and seventy and twenty and so forth, all manufacturing elaborate codes and schedules and requirements which don't mean anything. It is usually quite badly taught, since an undercurrent of opinion prevails that anyone can teach English in the intervals between other unimportant occupations. From the student point of view it is generally cordially detested. And its product is a generation that can't write and won't read.

Let us drop a sympathetic tear to the memory of a misguided hero — the high-school teacher of English literature. He is the most benighted book-agent in Christendom. He bears on his back an assortment of books in three languages that are all English, from ten changing centuries and of the maximum diversity of authorship. There is a different and usually difficult reason for each book in his pack, and he must sell his wares to the hardest-boiled audience in the world — the average American schoolboy. How does he do it?

He doesn't. Milton and Marlowe, Butler and Browne, Swift and Swinburne, are to the average schoolboy no more than his algebraic impositions or laboratory obligations — part of the inexplicable and inconsequent requirements of the faculty, devised principally to keep teachers in countenance when they collect their monthly checks. The boy doesn't for a moment believe that anyone seriously expects him ever to read them again or for his own pleasure. And nobody really does.

This is clearly all wrong. Literature is important, and the ability to read has more to do with temporal happiness and eternal safety than all the science, mathematics and geometry in the world. But unless he is actually taught to read, the student is right when he accounts his Literature and Composition classes as largely wasted time. He could have been better employed and much more entertained by spending the time on something practical, like plumbing or pretzel-bending, than in rubbing his nose on English literature in the hope that some of it might stick. In the name of Pallas Athene, let us teach him to read.

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By a good reader we should understand one who reads with sympathy and appreciation, reads to advantage, and knows the good from the bad and the true from the false. Such do not grow on every blackberry bush. There are many that cannot be taught the trick, just as there are many who cannot be taught anything of importance. A serious handicap is that it is difficult to convince anyone that such an obvious accomplishment as reading requires effort or is susceptible to refinement or perfection. It is assumed that one simply reads. But in this as in all things of any worth, to get the flavor and value of what is good or better requires effort.

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School should be the place where habits are formed, since most of what else is learned there could as well be plucked as needed out of experience or bought by the yard in the open market. But as long as a high-school course in Literature consists mainly of required readings of extracts arbitrarily designated as classics, weakly flavored with unimportant biographical information and served on a textbook schedule, the habit of good reading will not be born of it. Any faculty for good reading which survives it will owe its permanence to factors outside the schoolroom.

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Somehow good taste must be developed, and good judgment and a sense of values. Youngsters must be taught to know honesty when they meet it, to apprehend motives and recognize the truth and sincerity that constitute literary morality. None of them will learn while young to do these things very well, but some of them may get the habit of trying. Not, however, from exposure to predigested literature by the long ton.

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Doctor Samuel Johnson was of the opinion that "you have done a great thing when you have brought a boy to have entertainment from a book." You have done more; you have given him the key to a cupboard which will never be bare. It doesn't matter much what else he learns in schooldays, if he learns then to reach wisely for a book.

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## AN EASY LIFE IN JAIL!

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Criminals is having an unusually busy and useful season. The spread of the Baumes Laws or others like them, the increasing criminal opportunities offered by a period of prosperity, and the surprising insistence of certain judges and juries that bootleggers, dope-peddlers and murderers must occasionally report to jail — if only for the encouragement of the others — are keeping the Society in a constant state of anxiety and activity over the frightful abuses of our penal system.

The most tragic current case is that of Mr. Capone, incarcerated in a Philadelphia prison for no reason save local prejudice against his natural weakness for carrying personal artillery. An investigator for the Society has wormed his way into the jail and out again, and made a preliminary report on his shocking discoveries.

"Mr. Capone did not say much," he told the Society, "but I could see that he was not comfortable. For a man of his position he is living a life of serious deprivation. His fare is simple, and I saw no signs of table napkins or finger bowls. He sleeps in a single bed. There are pictures on the wall, but they are inexpensive prints of the sort sold in drug stores. There is a radio but it is a cheap one. Mr. Capone does not enjoy it very much.

"But what hurts him most is the slander and misrepresentation circulated about him while he is in the grip of adversity. The

journalists and magazine editors have hurt Mr. Capone more than they can realize. They have deliberately circulated the impression that Mr. Capone has engaged at times in criminal pursuits, through which he has acquired large sums of money. Mr. Capone was very much in earnest as he pointed out how absurd such charges were. For if he had been breaking the law in Chicago he would have gone to jail in Chicago, which never happened. And if he had made a lot of money he would certainly never have gone to jail in Philadelphia."

The work of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Criminals must go on, while such conditions of oppression and injustice are still possible in supposedly civilized society. Just now the Society is busy at Washington and elsewhere urging the appointment of a Crime Relief Commission, consisting chiefly of expert alienists and professors of psychology, with an initial allowance of $500,000,000 as the nucleus of a fund with which to make the prison population more comfortable. Since Mr. Hoover has not appointed a new commission for nearly three weeks, the Society is highly hopeful of success.

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## The S. & N. Alphabetical Education

### No. 18. Dieting

If you pay a visit to the comic-strip section of the Atlantic seaboard, you will notice that ninety-nine per cent of the human race is in need of dieting.

The purpose of dieting is to make people fatter and thinner. Owing to some blunder in the evolutionary arrangements of the race, architectural symmetry and proportion are extremely rare except on magazine covers, and practically everybody is trying to do something about it. The same amount of energy and self-sacrifice devoted to morals and manners would probably bring on the millennium a million years before its time. But since this would put the movies and most of the newspapers out of business, perhaps it's just as well.

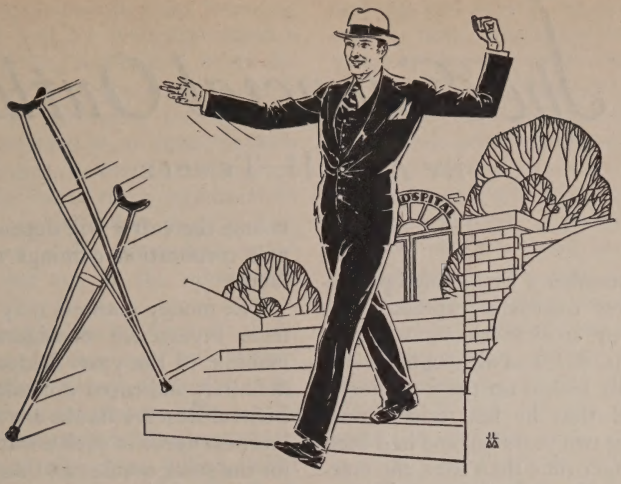
There are as many methods of dieting as there are cures for a summer cold, and their average success is about the same. Most of them are based on brown bread. We ourselves prefer graham crackers, which are made, we believe, from hard-wood sawdust and a little brown sugar. Children are scientifically supposed to be very fond of them, which is one reason why they never finish eating them but leave chips, crumbs and fragments all over the floor and in father's bed. But their real importance is, as a basis for a system of diet, designed to increase your weight or diminish it, depending upon how you feel about your waist line.

If you are one of those sylph-like persons whose proportions are principally perpendicular, you can add pounds to your weight by eating three graham crackers at each meal. It is advisable to supplement this diet with eggs, milk, steaks and chops, pastries, pies, good beer and lots of butter. Avoid all strenuous exercise, since graham crackers do not like exercise. If possible, eat breakfast in bed.

If, on the other hand, you have mislaid your poise in an excess of avoirdupois, the condition may be corrected by the eating of three graham crackers at every meal. In addition you may chew a little salad and suck an occasional lemon. But don't eat anything else.

It is really remarkable that graham crackers should work equally well in both directions, but this is one of the inscrutable mysteries of the science of dietetics. There are other mysteries, including vegetarians, people who eat raw carrots, and those who drink three glasses of hot water every morning before breakfast. There are also those who believe that white bread is poison and cannot find it in their hearts to forgive the rest of the world for eating it regularly and remaining apparently alive. But they find a good deal of consolation in the thought that they will have ten years more of life than their neighbors in which to worry about their insides.

Real and earnest dietitians are always expecting to feel better when they have eaten a few more carrots or another ton of lentils and peanuts. Vulgar people who eat everything and like it haven't even sense enough to know they are sick. Such people are the despair of science and stumbling blocks in the path of progress toward the day when everybody will have dyspepsia and be proud of it.




# Discharged *as* Cured

WITHIN a year a manufacturer of electrical parts has gone from $100,000 in red to better than $50,000 in black. Inventory has been cut in two. Bank loans have been reduced to one-third of the original amount. The concern now discounts all its bills.

The patient, who only recently was considered almost beyond treatment, has been discharged as cured.

When first asked by uneasy creditors to diagnose the case, the Guardian's immediate impression had been one of slow moving inventory, vacillating management, too much plant, too many different items and poorly organized sales effort.

A new chairman was recommended. Production was restricted to the faster selling lines. Buying was budgeted. Merchandise on hand was sold and a rapid turnover established. Sound methods quickly brought results.

A great commercial bank like the Guardian is consulted daily by its customers on many fundamental problems like this. Constant contacts with production, merchandising and day-to-day trends frequently enable the Guardian to offer suggestions leading directly to increased profits.

## GUARDIAN TRUST COMPANY
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RESOURCES MORE THAN $150,000,000

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# The Financial Outlook

By Alan H. Temple

## The Prophet

One day in September a well-known professional business forecaster expressed the opinion that the stock market was due for an early and severe decline, and although various stock brokers unkindly looked up the forecaster's record and disclosed that he had said almost exactly the same thing two years ago and had been wrong for an even longer time than that, the market promptly declined. Throughout the month it failed to recover its resiliency.

To suggest that any business prophecy of itself could be so astonishingly effective would assume a non-existent reputation for omnipotence on the part of the prophet. As a matter of fact, if the stock market is less buoyant this autumn than it was earlier in the year the explanation probably is no more esoteric than that the long expected business recession, while of extremely moderate proportions and uncertain duration, is at last under way. Stock prices in most cases having discounted prosperity for a long time to come, they are naturally pausing, as many have predicted, upon signs that industrial production is falling off and that it will pick up less than usual during the fourth quarter. Concurrently money rates continue firm, though stable. This is not a set of circumstances favorable to the continued advance of stocks, and although some of the shares most in demand have gained ground the vast majority have lost.

At last activity in the iron and steel industry has declined, only slightly to be sure, but the mills are less busy than they were last fall; the downward trend is probably an indication that the huge production of the first three-quarters of the year demands a breathing spell during the last quarter. The same is true of the automobile industry, and building, though upheld by vast public works and the demolition and reconstruction of our cities, persistently lags. Industry may pick up and expand again in 1930. But it never has expanded for three years in succession, and the most reasonable expectation that could be expressed at present would be that 1930's total will fall somewhat below 1929, if above 1928. As stock prices have discounted at least that much prosperity, and possibly something more, a breath-catching pause is wholly natural; the market's course thereafter will depend upon business news and corporation earnings more than any other factor.

The money markets may almost be eliminated from investment consideration during the remainder of the year. Seldom has the prospect so definitely indicated a condition of stability. The Federal Reserve Banks are occupied with meeting business needs in such a way as not to ease money for the stock market and they are doling out extra Reserve credit in carefully considered doses of a size calculated to achieve that happy medium. After the year-end commercial demands are past the policy of the System will become more problematical. If the member banks are too heavily involved in security loans it may try a shaking out process again. Meanwhile it will not be surprising if the security markets, like the money market, possess a rather indeterminate character for a time, unless industrial recession should go further than anticipated.

## Investment Trusts

Of the specific investment developments of the present time the most significant — possibly the most important of this generation — is the extraordinary rise of what many persons, including their sponsors, are misnaming investment trusts. In reality the gigantic combinations, one of them with a capital of a billion dollars, whose securities are now being offered to the public, are not true investment trusts in the precise meaning of the term, and if they are to be called such the phrase must be extended to cover a territory which the British originators of the movement never imagined, and to take in the well-known American designation "holding company," which was with us long before investment trusts were thought of on this side of the ocean.

The true investment trust, in the British sense, is simply an investment organization designed to offer the advantages of diversification to investors whose funds are so small that they cannot obtain it for themselves. It is not generally interested in obtaining control of the companies into which it buys, nor in exercising management. The "trusts," whose shares are being offered to the public today in units of a hundred millions and up, fit into this classification far less accurately than they do into the American term "holding company." They are

the devices of banking houses for joint financing and promotion work and for bringing together industries, public utilities, banks and other investment trusts in various combinations through which control can be exercised, management given and trading conducted on an enlarged scale with other people's money. As with the old merger holding companies the rise of these organizations is of profound social interest, but that is overlooked for the moment in the tremendous repercussions they have set up in the investment markets.

Accurate figures are hard to get because of the variations in classification employed by different authorities, but it seems almost certain that by the first of October the total amount of securities sold by these investment trust-holding companies had reached or passed the three billion dollar mark. The flotation of these securities has been solely responsible for the record-breaking total of new issues in the first nine months of this year, despite the dearness of money which ordinarily restricts all security flotations. In total amount investment trust shares far exceed any other group — in some months all other groups — of new securities offered.

The most striking fact which impresses the observer of this extraordinary phenomenon is that the buyers of these securities are taking them solely on faith, for of course — with few exceptions — trusts have not been in existence sufficiently long to have any records, and it is virtually impossible to obtain such a complete picture of their operations as to make an accurate appraisal of the worth of their shares. In several instances the promoters of these companies have said with entire frankness that their subscribers were simply writing them a blank check and that they would manage the trust with a minimum of limitations or restrictions of any character. And it is these very trusts which have been most successfully floated, and the securities of which have advanced most sensationally. The fact that they are essentially stock market operating pools seems to have helped them to sell their securities rather than hindered them. They carry the names of well-known and prosperous investment banking organizations, and obviously there are thousands of people, desirous of making money in the market, who would rather trust their funds to the management of these firms than do their speculation for themselves.

Some are inclined to moralize over this phenomenon but they find only a sparse audience, and obviously this new scheme of things is going to have a thorough trial. That all trusts will come through it unscathed is too much to expect. Those which will be most vulnerable to any decline in business and general recession in security values will be those which, by reason of intricacy of set-up and ownership of shares of other holding companies and investment trusts, are farthest away from the actual operation of industry, and which must submit to many prior claims on earnings before receiving dividends. It is next to impossible to really measure the investment value of these securities; in many instances trusts own shares of each other and each is marked up mostly because the other is high. One of our leading investment analysts has pointed out that the current prices of some of these companies which own first-class stocks represent a valuation on these stocks sometimes twice their price on the exchanges. In other words, some trust shares are selling at perhaps twice their liquidation value even at the high prices for the shares which make up their assets that are current on the Stock Exchange. Such conditions as this have given rise to the saying that the market has discounted not only the future, but also the hereafter.

The United States has been through a period of feverish formation of holding companies before this, and the record has been punctuated by some bad failures. The British investment trusts had to go through their era of deflation and shake-down before they achieved a really stable prosperity. A good many economists are more concerned over the erection of this huge financial structure, often so far separated from the actual operation and earning power of industry, than over any other feature of the present business and financial situation. In the public utility field, especially, most observers hold that public regulation is breaking down because it is neither sufficiently able nor well enough equipped to cope with the pyramiding of holding companies that is taking place. It is wholly probable that Congress will take a hand in the matter and a vigorous "trust busting" movement aimed at the utilities seems to be brewing.

The commercial banking field has its share of investment trust-holding companies, including one with a billion dollars of authorized capital. These are outgrowths of special conditions existing in banking today and it is probable that they are merely anticipating the ultimate legalization of chain and branch banking to a degree not yet permitted. The branch banking controversy is of many years' standing in this country, with national banks vainly seeking such privileges as State banks enjoyed. It was laid briefly to rest a few years ago with the passage of the McFadden Act, but that proves only a temporary compromise, and the whole question is coming up in Congress again. Undoubtedly the trend is toward a more complete recognition of branch banking, and if the bars are not fully let down in the impending

legislation — no one really expects them to be — probably they will be removed at some future date. Meanwhile the condition is running ahead of the theory, and the investment trust-holding company is a mechanism well adapted for the creation of chain banking systems. The probability of expansion and management gains justifies a substantial valuation upon the shares of well-sponsored trusts of this character.

A long time must elapse, and a period of stock market depression, before the definitive chapter in the history of investment trusts can be written. Their formation has tremendously expanded the investment banking business and radically altered the characteristics of the stock market. It has put a premium upon the "blue chip" issues, upon those high priced shares which meet the requirements for sound long-term common stock investments; it has given them a scarcity value and held them up while vast numbers of less blue-blooded securities have declined. It has added vastly to the total of brokers' loans, not because the trusts have bought on margin, but because they have loaned so much to others for that purpose. It has probably stopped the stock market from many a decline which would have wiped out less adequately margined speculators. It has substituted, to a wide degree, investment trust activity for old type "pool" activity, which nevertheless still exists. All this has been accomplished simply through the mobilization of capital representing in part an expansion of credit, for of course no investment trust ever actually created a nickel's worth of new capital; all they can do is mobilize it.

As an appendix to this discussion, here is a statement from a New York paper of the qualities for which the managers of one investment trust look in the common stocks which they buy. It is as good a concise statement of the principles of common stock investment as one is likely to meet with:

1. The company is engaged in an essential industry which will not suffer severely during times of depression.

2. The company is the largest in its field, or one of the two or three outstanding companies.

3. The trend of the industry in which the company is engaged is toward a steady increase in sales. Industries which are suffering from overproduction are avoided.

4. Good management is a requisite for one of the "best" companies.

5. Excellent banking sponsorship is also highly desirable, since it will insure good management and a steady rate of expansion.

6. The company's earnings should show continuous growth.

7. Its securities should be readily marketable.

8. An attractive characteristic of many of the most desirable stocks is the diversification of the company's output.

## *Convertibles*

IN THE present phase of the securities markets, when nearly everyone is tempted to buy stocks by the extraordinary rises that have occurred in them, it is not surprising that convertible securities and those with warrants attached which give a "call" (good for several years) on a stock at a certain price, have grown rapidly in popularity. Bond holders who are tempted to transfer a larger percentage of their funds into stocks, but who do not quite succumb, have embraced the compromise offered by the convertible or the warrant-bearing issue. The bond convertible into stock has been described with much justice as a real mixture of oil and water, a successful combination of speculation and investment, as eating your cake and having it too.

A convertible security, of course, is one which at the option of the holder may be exchanged under specified conditions for some other security. Ordinarily it is a bond convertible into the stock of the same corporation at a certain price, somewhat above the level on which the stock is selling at the time the bond is issued. If the stock rises above that price the gain represents clear profit for the bondholder, who can convert his bonds into stock at the lower price. If the stock does not rise there would of course be no profit in exercising the conversion privilege, and the security would be held simply as an income producer like an ordinary bond. If the stock declines it does not necessarily follow that the bond declines also, for its income yield and priority as to assets will hold it up, and it is entirely possible that in a period of slack business and declining money rates the stock might decline and the bonds actually advance. Thus the holder of a convertible bond or preferred stock literally has both an investment and a speculation. His bond is an investment held for its income value; yet if the stock into which it is convertible goes up the bondholder realizes that profit.

A warrant-bearing security is different from a convertible in that the holder of the security must put up additional funds to take advantage of the warrant. Thus a new enterprise may make its initial offering of securities more attractive to the public by attaching to it a warrant entitling the holder to purchase additional shares, or shares of another security, within a definitely fixed period at a certain price. If the market rises above that price within the period the holder can make his profit by exercising his warrant.

Convertible securities are not new, but their

greatest expansion has been in recent years and in the first half of this year 45 per cent of all new bond issues were convertibles. Warrant-bearing securities have been developed only within the past two or three years, and they have become amazingly popular. The chief advantage of these duplex securities to the issuing corporation is that they are more salable; and to the investor, under present conditions, they offer the opportunity to follow the mode of buying common stocks without adopting it completely, holding a senior security as protection if the common stock does not advance, but nevertheless retaining the right to participate in the advance if it occurs.

At present, with bonds relatively cheap and more secure than they have ever been, and with stocks apparently dear yet possibly likely to advance much more during the next five years or so, the convertible and warrant-bearing securities are vehicles admirably designed to fit the needs of those who have no business venturing into the front line trenches of the stock market without extra protection.

While corporations have had recourse to adding conversion or warrant privileges to their bonds to make them salable upon a good basis, governments and municipalities, of course, cannot follow such a method, and the yield which they must return to find a market has steadily risen. The State of Illinois recently had to market highway bonds to yield 4.40 per cent, the highest in nearly six years.

## *Bonded Indebtedness*

One of the interesting signs of the times, which reflects both the prosperity of our industries and investment preference for stocks, is the policy adopted by certain corporations of retiring all or part of their bonded indebtedness, raising the capital necessary to do so in part by the sale of new stock to their shareholders. Three conspicuous examples during 1929 have been the United States and Bethlehem Steel Corporations and the Anaconda Copper Mining Company.

The advantages of paying off debts during "flush" times have often been declaimed upon, but like a good many accepted generalizations they can stand occasional reëxamination. It is certainly a good policy for a farmer, engaged in annual production, and employing bank credit in his work, to pay off his bank loans once a year. On the other hand a property owner whose holdings are conservatively mortgaged, and who is employing the proceeds of the mortgage to some economical purpose, may never pay it off; except through whatever reduction is provided for. As long as an energetic man can earn a higher rate of return on the mortgage money than its cost to him, he is indeed unwise to pay it off.


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# Joys of the World Cruise

By Burke Boyce

To sail around the world is undeniably thing of imagination, whether we step, lik Alain Gerbault, alone into a thirty-five-foo cutter and spend five long years on the trip, o whether we complete the journey in four month on a palatial express steamer of some twenty-od thousands of tons. It may be the kind of imagina tion that looks at the flanking turrets of the Ta Mahal and asks why they don't install moder elevators in them; or it may be the imaginatio that conceives poetry beside the ice-blue stream of Nikko's sacred hills. But it is imagination non the less, and the purchaser of a world cruise ticke shares in his own way the vision that inspired Magellan, a Drake, a Lindbergh or Eckener.

As one who circled the globe on the *Belgenland* and found the experience a glamorous adventure I have perhaps a pardonable enthusiasm for thi new form of organized travel. The three world cruises of 1924 and the five of 1929 are merely precursors of a great succession of voyages tha will extend to increasing numbers of American citizens the privilege of that experience.

By way of preface let me reply to the charge that such expeditions reflect Twentieth Century institutionalism and mechanistic mass-movement It is true that when we step aboard a huge liner with five hundred other people, and prepare to view the world from its decks, we are moving in crowds; it is equally true that the scenes we are shown during the cruise may be only the obvious externals of a port, city or tourist route. But it depends upon the initiative of each passenger, whether or not he will make his own private and joyous discoveries — whether he will transmute what must in any case be the dross of experience into the fine gold of realized dreams. He could circumnavigate the world alone, exploring relentlessly and with set teeth — or go in the company of hundreds, with trips and excursions planned precisely for him; but whether he travels alone or in regiments, it is only he himself who can decide whether he is to see the world, or simply to put his head in the sack of his own conceits and walk the length of Main Street.

As a matter of fact, the passenger on a world cruise gets a good deal more out of his trip than one might suspect. With only a brief time in each port, he must acquire his impressions speedily, and make instantaneous memory plates of ever-changing scenes and peoples and customs. This necessity quickens his reactions, with the result

that in many cases he will carry away with him a more definite picture than the man who loiters over the same route.

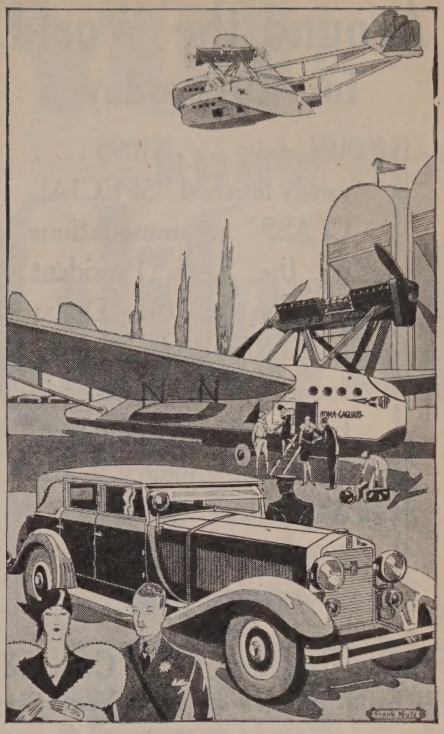
## *Travel — Formal or Informal*

OF course, there is always the romance of heading by oneself into the mystic corners of the world — taking adventures as they come, roughing it, living as the Romans do while in Rome, and (if you haven't too much of a sense of humor) as the Bongo Bongans do while in Bongo Bongo. Men who do this sort of thing usually do it very thoroughly, and return to civilization after a certain period of time with more or less unshaven chins, a large number of intimate photographs, and a great scorn for those who see their world more prosaically. They advertise their scorn — sometimes they capitalize it — and succeed in leaving a slight feeling of Babbittry among the rest of us.

Well, whoever wants to go around the world in this free lance fashion is perfectly at liberty to do so. There are coastwise sailing vessels pushing their prows from our Atlantic to our Pacific ports, and tramp steamers muddling over to Hawaii, and Japanese freighters (smelling of rice and raw fish) plowing to the Philippines, and Chinese junks plying among the islands of waters still more remote. But to me — and I think to most people — it is the combination of the civilized with the primitive that makes modern travel fascinating. Mrs. Cort-Treatt, who, with her husband, completed the first trip by automobile from Cape Town to Cairo, told me in London that the thing which impressed her most during her experience was hearing the lions roar across the veldt while her short-wave radio set was giving out a concert of dance music from the Savoy Hotel in London. And remember that every explorer from Drake to Commander Byrd has taken care to equip his expedition with every accustomed comfort and convenience that conditions made possible.

Let the skeptic bear this in mind as he watches the departing friend board a luxurious liner to sail smoothly along a 38,000 mile path touching thirty-three different countries where every comfort is prepared in advance for his coming. Our skeptic, secretly envious, may say to himself that this voyage will be merely a monotonous repetition of fellow-passengers, deck sport, hotel lobbies and landing-stages.

But I can call up a host of witnesses to confute him. By comparison with other methods of travel, the world cruise is continual entertainment, flavored with luxury, spiced with human nature, and affording every opportunity for either education or adventure that the most ambitious may want.

*Amphibians, powered by Isotta-Fraschini*
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# *Continuing the Thrill*

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# More About Books

By Herschel Brickell

(*Continued from front advertising section*)

## *Among the Miscellaneous*

There is a wide variety of books that come under the pleasantly inclusive head of miscellaneous, including Paul de Kruif's *Seven Iron Men*, the story of the Merrills, who, by discovering the Mis-sa-be iron range laid the foundations for the steel industry in this country. There is one new history of the United States, *A History of the American Nation* by Willis Mason West (Ronald Press, $6), which makes the story a romance of the plain people, and there is a revision available of *Our Republic* by S. E. Forman (Century, $4), a book which while used principally as a text, is also good for general reading, and now brought down to date. Agnes C. Laut's splendid two-volume work, *The Romance of the Rails* (McBride, $7.50), tells the remarkable story of railroading in this country, and Garnett Laidlow Eskew's *The Pageant of the Packets* (Holt, $3), gives a lively account of the glorious days of steam-boating on the Mississippi, as picturesque a period as this nation has ever known. *Patchwork Quilts and the Women Who Made Them* by Ruth E. Finley (Lippincott, $5), is a rich contribution to Americana, since it has an excellent background of the times when quilting was one of the most important of our home industries. With its fourteen hundred pages of compressed and cross-indexed knowledge, *March's Thesaurus Dictionary* (Historical Publishing Company, $9) comes to the Landscaper at a time when the perusal of many manuscripts has left him irritated by slovenly writing. Here is a valuable work not only for students and authors but for all others who would use English words as instruments of precision. Another work which falls in this category of miscellaneous writings is a slight but delightful book, for others than garden lovers as well, entitled *The Happiness of Our Garden* by Mrs. William Lowell Putnam (William Edwin Rudge, $3), a portion of which has appeared as an article in The North American Review.

There is the usual number of travel books to choose from, one of the most important E. N. Newman's *Seeing Germany* (Funk and Wagnalls), which is thoroughly illustrated, and which is a complete survey of Germany since the War, with the contrast between existing conditions and those that held before the War.

In view of the truce between Mussolini and the Vatican, E. Boyd Barrett's analysis of the present situation within the Catholic Church from the Liberal angle has especial interest. Mr. Barrett's new book is *While Peter Sleeps* (Washburn, $3). Its author, as is fairly well known by this time, was once a Jesuit. He left the order, but not the church, and while it cannot be denied that his book is quite bitter in places, it is an interesting account of the existing state of affairs seen from the inside.

There remain to be mentioned a few more books that stand out sufficiently from the ruck to justify special mention. There is Scott Buchanan's *Poetry and Mathematics* (John Day, $2.50), for example, about which much might be written; it is a book on the close relation between two subjects that appear to some of us quite antipathetic, which is full of thought; Stuart Hodgson's collection of thumb-nail sketches of the great and almost-great, *Portraits and Reflections* (Dutton, $2.50), affords some good glimpses of many people, from King George to Al Smith; Marietta Minnegerode Andrews's *Scraps of Paper* (Dutton, $5), the third volume of a collection of fascinating personal recollections and gossip, is also worth some attention. The other two volumes were *My Studio Window* and *Memoirs of a Poor Relation*, and the new book covers the Civil and World Wars in letters, private journals and talk. Joseph Gaer, who will be remembered by a good many readers for an excellent picture of life in a Jewish village, *The Legend Called Meryom*, published a year or two ago, has rewritten a number of biblical stories in *The Burning Bush*, which are brought out in a handsome edition illustrated by the sculptor, Aaron J. Goodelman by the Sinai Press, Cincinnati.

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Res.

# North American Review

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DEC 30 1929
P. L.

## December

The White-Collar Sick
By R. le Clerc Phillips

The Football Frankenstein
*By an Athletic Director*
C. W. Savage

The Crook and The Bull
*A Hobo on Crime*
Cliff Maxwell

I Know Ten True Christians . . . . . Frederick K. Stamm
Miami . . . . . Jack Kofoed
Sentimentality à la Mode . . . . . Louise Maunsell Field
Tragedy in North Carolina . . . . . Margaret Larkin
Milady Takes the Air . . . . . Bruce Gould
Thingography . . . . . O. K. Davis
Venezuela's Rocking-Chair Czar . . . . . Morris Gilbert
Vays, Vayz, or Vahz? . . . . . Janet R. Aiken
Bigger and Better Business . . . . . Murray T. Quigg
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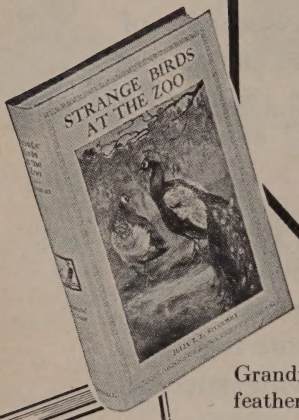


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# The North American Review

ONE-HUNDRED-FIFTEENTH YEAR

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Published by the North American Review Corporation
Editorial and Executive Office, 9 East 37th Street, New York, N. Y.
WALTER BUTLER MAHONY, *President;* CHARLES BATES DANA, *Secretary*
ERNEST FISHER, *Business Manager*

The price of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, appearing monthly, is forty cents a single copy, or four dollars a year, in the United States, Porto Rico, and the Philippine Islands. Subscribers in Canada should add to the yearly subscription price, 50 cents for postage, and those in foreign countries one dollar. THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is on file in public libraries and is fully indexed in *The Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature.*

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# BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION

CLIFF MAXWELL (*The Crook and the Bull*) is a writer of vagabond and sea stories, with wide experience in world travel by the hobo route. He knows the road more realistically than most who write of it.

C. W. SAVAGE (*The Football Frankenstein*) is Professor of Physical Education and Director of Athletics at Oberlin, and for many years has been an important figure in mid-western football.

PETER GETHING (*Annie from Asia*), born and educated in England, enlisted with the Australians. He saw service not only in Egypt, Turkey and Palestine, but in France, where he fought from the sea to the Somme in many engagements, including Passchendaele and the Hindenburg line. He now lives in Charleston, S. C., where he writes prose and poetry in such leisure as he has free from shooting and fishing.

FREDERICK K. STAMM (*I Know Ten True Christians*) is a prominent Congregational minister, recently called to the pulpit of the Clinton Avenue Congregational Church in Brooklyn, N. Y., where Dr. Nehemiah Boynton lately preached with such distinction. Amid pressure of church work he finds time for occasional magazine articles on human and religious problems.

LOUISE MAUNSELL FIELD (*Sentimentality à la Mode*) acknowledges herself "a most uninteresting person." Yet, born and bred in New York, she began to write as soon as she could manage a pencil, has been regular contributor to the outstanding literary reviews, is the author of novels and has been a dramatic critic.

MARGARET LARKIN (*Tragedy in North Carolina*) is a labor journalist who went to Gastonia, N. C., to cover the Aderholt trial for *The Federated Press*. She was in that State when the Marion tragedy occurred, and actively witnessed the Gastonia mob raiding, kidnapping and shooting. She has been — and is — a poet; was publicity director of the Passaic textile strike.

BRUCE GOULD (*Milady Takes the Air*) is both newspaper man and an experienced pilot — one of the few aviators who writes as well as he flies. Among other things he has a book (*Skylarking*) and a Theatre Guild play to his credit.

MORRIS GILBERT (*Venezuela's Rocking-Chair Czar*) has been magazine editor, reporter and fiction writer. He has held important posts on leading New York newspapers, and is now in France on sabbatical leave. He saw much of Latin American countries when he was sent post-haste to Venezuela to cover the goodwill flight of Colonel Lindbergh

MARGHARITE FISHER MCLEAN (*One Grand Swede*) is a fiction writer who has lived most of her life in Minneapolis, where she took for granted running water, bath tubs and ice boxes. But six years spent in Montana showed her that she could live and write as well without them.

MURRAY T. QUIGG (*Bigger and Better Business*) was for ten years editor of *Law and Labor*, the publication of the League for Industrial Rights. Since his return to the practice of law at the conclusion of the war, Mr. Quigg has devoted himself to the study of the laws of restraint of trade and the principles of industrial freedom.

DOUGLAS SHEPARDSON and GERALD CHITTENDEN (*In Defense of Private Schools*) are teachers in two of New England's best known preparatory schools.

R. LE CLERC PHILLIPS (*The White-Collar Sick*); Jack Kofoed (*Miami*); O. K. Davis (*Thingography*); Janet Rankin Aiken (*Vays, Vayz, Vahz*); Henry R. Carey (*Career or Maternity?*); Arthur Styron (*The Gilded Buddha*) having been previously introduced, need no separate mention here.

# THE Embezzlers

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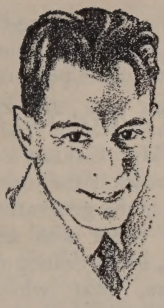

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# The Literary Landscape

By Herschel Brickell

Yes, I would very much like here to speak frankly of my own generation in American letters. For it was, in so far as it stays at all memorable, the first generation which criticized the polity of the United States. It was the first generation which said flatly: All is not well with civilization. And it was, preëminently, the generation which destroyed taboos — not all taboos, of course, but a great many of those fetishes which the preceding generations had left in all unmolested honor — James Branch Cabell, in an Epilogue to *The Way of Ecben.*

Perhaps the remark is not a kind one to make, but the Landscaper found the Epilogue to Mr. Cabell's latest book more interesting than the book itself, which bears out, in its own way, Mr. Cabell's theory that when a writer reaches fifty his followers are likely to continue to look for something new in his work, and to continue to be disappointed. *The Way of Ecben* (McBride), styled a comedietta, is a very short novel, in which the familiar Cabellian characters of Ettarre and Horvendile play their parts, although King Afgar is the central figure. It contains the sort of prose one has come to expect from Mr. Cabell, which is in itself a delight, although here again there is no element of surprise, merely a finding of what one knows within reason will be in its proper place.

In the Epilogue, Mr. Cabell has news for his followers. Arrived at the age of half a century, he looks about him at his own generation of dragon-slayers, and sees a good many of them still busy acting as Ajaxes, their parts having become slightly comic by this time. He bows in the direction of the rising generation, which has something new to offer, or if not something new, something different. And he announces that the biography of Dom Manuel is finished with *The Way of Ecben,* making a score of volumes that have been written about this extraordinary fellow and his descendants. What Mr. Cabell will do next remains to be seen, and what the critics will have to say, as he puts a period to the most important chapter of his writing history, will also be interesting to watch. Such matters as final judgments do not belong to reading-runners like the Landscaper, who merely speculates upon the final measurements of the peak called Cabell.

## *The Attacks Continue*

If Mr. Cabell's generation was the first to attack American idols and overturn ancient altars; the generation that has followed, particularly those who are writing about the World War, is continuing in the same spirit. Except, of course, that while Mr. Cabell's generation satisfied itself with being iconoclastic, many of the younger people, who are busy trying to wipe out the memory of Mars as a figure of glory and paint him for the bloody beast he is, are offering internationalism as a hope for the future. The Landscaper wonders if there has ever been a war so thoroughly exposed as the last one; one may say that what happened in France on both sides is now quite well known to every person who can read. It is true we had to wait a decade before the whole truth could be published, or could find any readers, but now we have it, and if we get ourselves into another War or let the world get into another one, it will not be for lack of information about the last one.

How much longer the public will continue to read books about the War is problematical, to be sure, and there are at this moment signs of a falling off in interest. Ernest Glaser's *Class of 1902* and the anonymous *Schlump,* already mentioned here, are not finding many readers, and the tide has probably turned, although Erich Maria Remarque's *All Quiet on the Western Front* will still be read by thousands, and rightly, for it is a great book, as has been suggested here before. Just now we have two important American books about the war, Mary Lee's *'It's a Great War!'* and William T. Scanlon's *God Have Mercy on Us!,* which divided the American Legion-Houghton Mifflin prize of $25,000, and both of which are worth reading, although Mr. Scanlon's book, for all the excitement of many of its pages, is no more than another account of an enlisted man's impressions of what the war was like. Mr. Scanlon was a Marine, and his book covers six months of the terrific period which began at Bouresches

# MAKE · WE · MERRY · BOTH · MORE · AND · LESS FOR · NOW · IS · THE · TIME · OF · CHRISTEMAS

FOLLOWING the crescent oddity of the only street that crosses Broadway twice, we set out a few days ago on an annual quest—*Turón de Alicante,* our favorite of some six species of *Turón,* the immemorial Christmas sweetmeats of Spain. And as our eyes went from painted tambourine to tasseled castanets our thoughts went to the gaiety of Spain and to Senor de Madariaga's *Englishmen, Frenchmen, Spaniards*[1] which we bought during a former visit to what Christopher Morley has called "the most genuine gathering of literature ever collected by any one publishing house in the history of our tongue"—the library of the Oxford University Press, 114 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Never before had we seen such cleverness and psychological sword-play in the pages of a book, so with the honesty of Oliver Twist we deflected our Christmas shopping jaunt to Oxford headquarters in quest of *more* books of that ilk.

We were not disappointed, for in the charming quiet of this new library we discovered, like Morley, "one of the best places for our bookish clients to do their Christmas shopping." In the deluge of "best sellers" and published flummery what a joy it is to come on such beautiful volumes as those in the *Tudor and Stuart Library.*[2] This group of titles exists for those for whom old originals are too dear to possess. They are reproductions of these editions printed with type cast from the matrices procured by John Fell in 1660, on paper made from the old recipe. For the same taste are published the *Type-Facsimile Reprints.*[3] Word for word, page for page, they reproduce their 18th and 17th century models and satisfy the eye as does a Rembrandt or a Haydon etching. "These are the works of useful piety which we cannot too much commend." And we urge that you look at them, you who love the beauty of old books.

Queen Marie of Roumania continues her grandmother's collection of perfume bottles but how much more stimulating to us is the piquant fragrance of old books! And how sadly we wish we similarly continued our grandfather's collection of Horace Walpole's *Miscellaneous Antiquities* with our purchase of *Lady Louisa!*[4] But her racy reminiscences of George Selwyn's indulgences delight our humors, where volumes of great price might lure us to collect giants with our pigmy purse.

Robert Bridges' *A Testament of Beauty*[5] has been acclaimed in England as one of the greatest philosophical poems of all times. The limited edition printed by William Rudge is worthy of the beauty of this great poem.

To those who are like ourself and unlike Lytton Strachey (who says "there is poetry to be found lurking in the metaphysical system of Epicurus and in the body of a flea") we recommend Garrod's delightful new book, *The Profession of Poetry,*[6] as a stimulating and amusing guide to old and new poets. And there are new bindings for those unequalled anthologies, *The Oxford Books of Verse!*[7]

Both our agnostic and believing friends have shared in our enjoyment of the *credos* of philosophers and poets in *The Tree of Life.*[8]

Mr. Harry Hansen recently praised a book for exhibiting "that fine use of a broad culture which is possible only in the books of a philosopher." Those of us who read possibly too many new books on commuters' trains and even in the barber's chair can sympathize with Mr. Hansen's enthusiasm and with his complaint that there are not many such. However, "that fine use of a broad culture" is the very marrow of such books as Zimmern's *America and Europe,*[9] Aldrich's *Musical Discourse,*[10] and S. E. Morison's *History of th United States.*[11]

*The Lamp and the Lute,*[12] by Bonamy Dobrée, follows the same high tradition of fine workmanship and interest. And Benedetto Croce's *History of Italy*[13] crowns this tradition with a rare perspective and sagelike magnanimity.

The *Oxford Book of Carols*[14] is the most interesting, the most inclusive, the most useful collection of carols that has yet appeared. Surely it is the most fitting Christmas present imaginable and our own experience recommends it as an inexhaustible treasury of gay songs. A. A. Milne, Walter de la Mare, G. K. Chesterton, and many other contemporaries are included with the older, more familiar songs. The miniature edition[15] of this delightful book we hear will be present at many Christmas dinners. It makes a charming favor and a novel substitute for garish Christmas cards.

The many secular and religious woodcuts so excellently reproduced in Dodgson's *Woodcuts of the 15th Century,*[16] and the rare illustrations and color of *Peaks and Frescoes,*[17] and *The Spanish Ladie,*[18] place them conspicuously in any bookman's Christmas list.

—*The Oxonian.*

[1]$3.75. [2]$1.50-$6.00. [3]11 titles, from $1.50-$2.50. [4]$12.00. [5]Limited to 250 copies, $25.00; reg. edn. $3.00. [6]$4.50. [7]Each $3.75 and up. [8]$3.00. [9]$3.00. [10]$3.00. [11]$10.00. [12]$2.50. [13]$5.00 [14]Music edn. $2.50. [15]Red leather, boxed, $1.25. [16]$25.00. [17]Travel in the Dolomites, $5.50. [18]$7.50.

and wound up in the Meuse-Argonne sector. It is simply done, is filled with stories of hand-to-hand fighting, and it reflects the attitude of mind of a good soldier who rather enjoyed what he was doing. The Marines do not get the worst of it, one might add, and other outfits are mentioned with some scorn, but the book is valuable as history somewhat romanticized.

## *A Splendid War Book*

Miss Lee's book is something else again. It is an account of the War from the point of view of a woman who, incidentally, was in the midst of the mess behind the lines, and who made her observations with a cool, level-headed intelligence that takes all sentimentality or emotionalism out of her book, and leaves it an invaluable document, in addition to being a remarkably interesting piece of reading matter. It is a long book, running to 575 pages of small type, and the story is told impressionistically, but the method does not get in the reader's way at all; it is clear and it enables Miss Lee to pack many times the amount of material into her pages than she might have got there by the use of any other. Miss Lee's picture of war is not a pretty one, and she is quite avowedly in favor of anything that will prevent a recurrence of the tragedy. There is no doubt in the Landscaper's mind that "*It's a Great War!*" belongs very near the top of the list of war-novels, and that it will find its readers, regardless of the public's attitude toward war novels in general.

While we are on the subject, several important books about Germany are on current lists, and a matter of eleven years after the signing of the Armistice, it may be supposed that we have all cooled off sufficiently to read them. Certainly the American tourist drift is setting toward Germany; last spring in Paris one heard on every hand, along with complaints of the Parisian attitude toward Americans, nothing but praise for German treatment of visitors. Besides, most travelling Americans have seen Paris by this time, and are looking for something new; they are not willing to put up with petty annoyances on every hand in order to visit familiar places again. This may be a good place to hoist a flag of neutrality, in case any one should suspect the Landscaper has turned his back on the French. His interest in the matter is largely academic, with Spain still to be visited in reasonable comfort and security.

## *Memoirs of Schiedemann*

The most important of these books about Germany is Phillip Schiedemann's *The Making of the New Germany* (Appleton, two volumes, $10), which tells, by way of Schiedemann's memoirs, the whole story of the rise of republican government in what used to be the German Empire. Schiedemann's long fight for Social Democracy is told in detail, what went on behind the lines during the War is narrated with intense interest, and the story is brought down through the life of the Republic, ending on a note of optimism for the peace of the world through the spread of democratic principles of government. E. Michell is the translator of this valuable and significant work.

*The New German Republic* by Elmer Luehr (Minton, Balch, $5) is a complete and comprehensive history of the founding of the Reich, which gives the story of the parties during the War, tells in a thrilling manner of the scenes in Germany at the time of the Armistice, and of the revolt that followed, and covers present day conditions in a satisfactory manner. This is a well-told chapter of modern history, and one that may be read with profit by those who, seeing such striking manifestations of German recrudescence as the triumphs of the *Graf Zeppelin* and the *Bremen*, may wish to know what is going on in a country which, prostrate only yesterday, is again occupying a place in the sun. Two more popular books on Germany, both of them interesting and worthwhile in their own fields, are Henry Albert Phillips's *Meet the Germans* (Lippincott, $3), in which Mr. Phillips sets down his personal reactions to contemporary Germany — the book has many illustrations and maps, and should be excellent for prospective tourists — and E. N. Newman's *Seeing Germany* (Funk and Wagnalls) which contains innumerable photographs of excellent quality, with sufficient explanatory text, and which is the result of a careful study of the country as it is today.

## *Who Started the War?*

Emil Ludwig's latest work belongs with this group. It is called simply *July '14* and was published by Putnam's on Armistice Day. Ludwig wrote it several years ago, but decided it was better to delay publication. It concerns the question of guilt for the War, which Herr Ludwig distributes somewhat as follows: Vienna and Petrograd, he holds, must bear the largest part of the responsibility for the catastrophe, with Berlin and Paris in secondary places, and London quite a long way behind the other four cities in villainy. At bottom, *July '14* is a plea for settlement of quarrels between nations by courts of arbitration. Ludwig declares the masses of no nation wished War, that it was the diplomats who made it, diplomats, it might be added, of a somewhat different type from the two who sat

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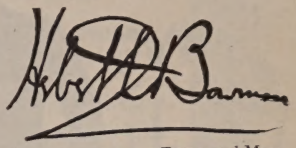

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on a log across the Rapidan the other day and talked about doing something constructive for the peace of the world. Ludwig writes interestingly, like the first-rate journalist he is, and *July '14* should find many readers.

This survey of one phase of the European scene may well include *The Mystery Man of Europe, Sir Basil Zaharoff*, a biography by Richard Lewisohn, Financial Editor of the *Vossiche Zeitung* (Lippincott, $3), which tells the story of the man who controlled the European armament situation during the War, and who broke Lloyd George. This English baronet is of Greek parentage and birth, and is reputed to be the richest man in Europe. He owns the Casino at Monte Carlo, and is one of the least known billionaires now living. His biographer makes him out an unhappy man in spite of his financial success; the book throws many interesting sidelights upon recent European history, in which Sir Basil has often played a much more important part than the people who have had the credit — or discredit — in the newspapers and history books. There are several good photographs of Sir Basil, which are almost as rare as interviews with him.

## *Songs the Soldiers Sang*

JUST one more book related to the War and we shall pass along to other and perhaps more pleasant matters. This is a collection of songs entitled *Songs My Mother Never Taught Me* (Macaulay, $2.50), made principally by John J. Niles, author of *Singing Soldiers* and co-author with Bert Hall of *One Man's War*. Mr. Niles had the assistance of Douglass Moore and A. A. Wallgren, Mr. Moore lending a hand with the music, and Mr. Wallgren contributing some of the most delightful drawings that have ever appeared in a book about the War. The songs cover a wide range, many of them being sea-chanties sung long before 1914, and many others coming directly from the late unpleasantness. They are only moderately expurgated, and they ought, without exception, to make any souse-party a roaring success if the most one-fingered of pianists can be found to pick out the melodies. To get the best out of the book, one should hear Mr. Niles sing a few samples, but this is not essential. Later, the Landscaper plans to mention a few books for Christmas presents, so he says here that *Songs My Mother Never Taught Me* belongs on the list, provided the recipient is favored with a slight streak of the Rabelaisian. This book is a real contribution to the relief of *tedium vitae*.

The flood of biographies we have come to expect every season is beginning to run, and it is no small task to select the most outstanding of the recent publications in this field. One of these,

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beyond any question, is Alfred E. Smith's *Up to Now* (Viking Press, $5), which hardly needs a detailed description. It is a much better book in its earlier chapters than in its later; Mr. Smith had become a politician of the first order at the time of the occurrence of the events set down in the latter pages, and he attacks his subject like a politician. But on the whole the autobiography is a surprisingly good piece of writing, and whether one is a follower of the author or not, his rise from the tenements of New York City to world-fame is sufficiently romantic to make the story intensely interesting.

## *About the British Premier*

Of even greater timeliness, since for the moment at least, Mr. Smith is more concerned with adding another tower to the New York skyline than to raising his political fortunes, is H. Hessell Tiltman's authorized biography of *J. Ramsay MacDonald* (Stokes, $5), which bears the subtitle, *Labor's Man of Destiny*, and which is a full account of the life of the present British Premier, with many illustrations. It is adequately written, and should interest all Americans who have not followed the Scot's curious life-history, or who were inwardly moved by the recent spectacle of a Socialist conferring with the head of the greatest capitalist nation on earth upon the subject of world-peace. Not many years ago MacDonald would not have been admitted to this country. . . . One hopes he has a sense of humor and that he had at least one smile out of the situation as he rode up Broadway. . . .

One of the best and at the same time most interesting of recent American biographies is Dr. Willis Fletcher Johnson's *George Harvey* (Houghton Mifflin, $5), which will be, of course, of especial interest to readers of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. Dr. Johnson had access to many letters to and from Harvey, with a wealth of unpublished material, and also enjoyed the advantage of the closest kind of personal association with his subject. He has styled George Harvey a "Passionate Patriot", and there is much in his book to bear out the designation. To attempt to summarize the career of Harvey here, as covered comprehensively by Dr. Johnson, is not possible because of lack of space, but it was a career of constant excitement. The Harvey letters to President and Mrs. Harding are particularly interesting, and there is correspondence with Lord Curzon, Northcliffe, Joseph Pulitzer, Mark Twain, William Dean Howells, Henry James, and many others to add zest to the pages of an absorbing book. Calvin Coolidge has written a brief introduction in which he pays tribute to the "Green Mountain Boy" as a sterling patriot.

## *Thomas Jefferson, American*

ANOTHER important American biography of recent publication is *Thomas Jefferson, The Apostle of Americanism*, by Gilbert Chinard (Little, Brown, $5), a study of Jefferson written by a Frenchman who has taught for years in American universities, and who has done other books on the Jeffersonian period. His new volume is less a formal biography than a study of the development of the mind of his subject. He pays particular attention to the French influence upon Jefferson's thinking, but is fair enough to conclude that, *au fond*, Jefferson was Anglo-Saxon in his principles. M. Chinard regards Jefferson as the most typical apostle of the ideas which form the foundation stones of our whole political structure. His book is soundly scholarly, but in no sense heavy or dull.

T. R. Ybarra's *Bolívar the Passionate Warrior* (Ives Washburn, $4), is a readable account of the life and adventures of the Central American liberator, although it belongs to the hero-worshipping school of biography. It is perhaps natural that despite his desire to be fair, Mr. Ybarra found it difficult o take a detached point of view about a man with whom his own family was once so closely connected. He had access to many unpublished letters, and he has done by all odds the best book about Bolívar, superior in every respect to the recent Vaucaire life. There is a two-volume life of Miranda out this year and it is inevitable that some one will write about San Martin, for perhaps we are in for a season of interest in Central and South America. Our apathy in that direction has always been hard to understand.

One of the most discussed of recent life-stories is Taylor Gordon's *Born to Be* (Covici-Friede, $4), which is the autobiography of a well-known negro singer, who began life as an errand boy in a house of prostitution, and who has sung before royalty within the past few years. Mr. Gordon is introduced by both Carl Van Vechten and Muriel Draper, and Covarrubias, the Mexican, has done some marvelous illustrations for the book, which while of no great importance, is entertaining, and perhaps not altogether without value as a social document.

## *For Christmas Presents*

THE Landscaper has had his hands recently upon several books that would serve very well for gifts for Christmas — not that most of the books mentioned here would not serve equally well. Such books, for example, as *The Misadventures of Martin Guerre*, a translation from the French of Gaston Delayen (Dutton, $3.50), made

into an attractive book and with a pleasantly Gallic flavor; the John Vassos edition of Oscar Wilde's *The Harlot's House and Other Poems*, (Dutton, $3.50) in which the artist has done some extraordinary "interpretations;" and *The Golden Octopus: Legends of the South Seas*, by Viscount Hastings, which is illustrated by Blamire Young (Dutton, $6).

There is no better way to buy Christmas presents than from such catalogues as those of Random House or the Nonesuch Press; many of the books from these houses are relatively inexpensive, and most of them are beautiful. The limited edition business has grown very rapidly the past few years; one might pause to mention that Doubleday, Doran also have a fine list this autumn from which a few presents might be selected, and nearly all publishers have a few volumes of which they are especially proud.

The Landscaper almost overlooked one of his own recent favorites, *Animals Looking at You*, by Paul Eipper (Viking, $3.00), which is a most unusual book about animals, with marvelous illustrations; it ought to delight animal-lovers of all ages, and the pictures should make children feel their kinship with monkeys of various species. Copies of the book will probably be barred altogether from Tennessee. . . .

The Landscaper has been trying for some time to say that the most important piece of American history published in a good many months is Claude G. Bowers's *The Tragic Era: The Revolution After Lincoln* (Houghton Mifflin, $3), but has been prevented by lack of space. This is, of course, the story of the Reconstruction period, upon which Mr. Bowers has been working for years, a period that has had to wait some time for a fair presentation because of the hatreds it aroused, hatreds much deeper and more lasting than came out of the Civil War.

A comprehensive, handsomely illustrated account of recent archæological discoveries all over the world, which is well suited to Christmas giving, is *Magic Spades: The Romance of Archæology* by R. V. D. Magoffin and Emily C. Davis. Dr. Magoffin, in addition to his work as head of the Classical Department of New York University, is a practising archæologist, and Miss Davis is connected with Science Service in Washington, where her work has given her thorough familiarity with discoveries in North and South America. The opening chapter of *The White House Gang* by Earle Looker (Revell, $3) appeared first in The North American Review. This cheerful tale of boyish pranks with which Quentin Roosevelt and his friends startled Washington when T. R. was President, more than fulfills the promise of that introductory chapter.

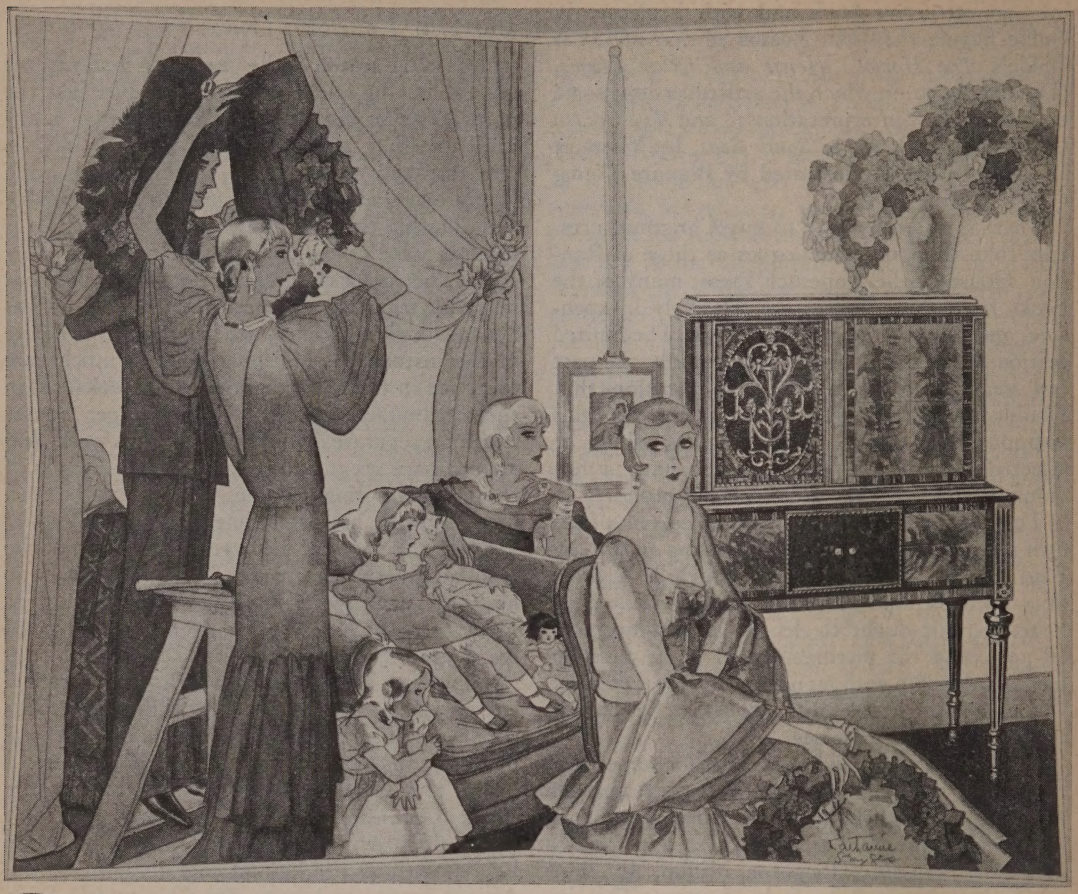
## *For the Younger Ones*

This is the season of the year when fond parents are looking about trying to discover just the right books to give their children, always a difficult question, although the Landscaper inclines very strongly toward the method of turning young ones loose in the largest library available and allowing them to find their own fodder. It is true, as some critics maintain, that a good many current books for children are not much good, but it is also true that on the whole the output was never so high in quality, nor has there ever before in the history of publishing been so much care exercised in the selection of juvenile books and in their manufacture. Most of the larger houses maintain separate departments for this work, and fortunes are spent annually in the production of the many inviting volumes that are to be seen in bookshops about this time of year.

Short of being able to survey this section of the landscape with any care, the Landscaper has no hesitation in recommending such guides as *Realms of Gold in Children's Books*, compiled by Bertha E. Mahoney and Elmore Whitney (Doubleday, Doran, $5), which is a pictorial enclycopædia of worth-while children's books that should be a permanent addition to a parental library. Among the more unusual children's books that have passed this way recently are Blaise Cendrars's *Little Black Stories for Little White Children*, published in a beautiful edition by Payson and Clarke and containing delightful African legend and love; *The Chinese Ink Stick*, text and drawings by Kurt Wiese (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50), an account of life in China; *Little Blacknose: The Story of a Pioneer* by Hildegarde Hoyt Swift, illustrated by Lynd Ward (Harcourt, Brace, $2), the story of the tiny little engine which was the first to be used by the New York Central Railway; and of somewhat the same order, although it has airplanes, dirigibles, steam shovels, and many other things in it, *Captain Bib*, by Josef Berger, illustrated by Helen Baker Evers (Holt, $2), which ought to delight small boys.

## *Stories from France*

Three and the Moon by Jacques Dorey, illustrated by Boris Artzybasheff (Knopf, $3.50), is a beautiful collection of legends from Brittany, Normandy, and Provence, made by a French poet; *Singing Time* by Satis N. Coleman and Alice Githorn, decorated by G. Ruth Hambridge (John Day, $2.50), is a charming collection of songs for children, and the illustrations are particularly agreeable; *Green Pipes* is a collection of poems by J. Paget Fredericks (Macmillan, $3.50), tastefully illustrated by the author.



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# The North American Review

VOLUME 228 DECEMBER, 1929 NUMBER 6

# The Crook and The Bull

BY CLIFF MAXWELL

*From the fringe of the underworld a hobo writes of the third degree and the hatred it engenders*

FOR those who chose to look, the prison riots of recent months have afforded a glimpse into a volcano of hatred. The smug upper world has had a sensational vision of vengeful fires smouldering in the soul of the criminal underworld.

I doubt that society is ever going to get anywhere in the struggle with crime until it understands this hate-psychology of the criminal. I don't say the desperado's reckless rage should be condoned; I say that it should be recognized as a practical fact, and that its causes should be understood.

Beyond that, I don't know anything at all about the underlying cause of crime itself. I doubt whether there is *any* single cause. Criminals may be made in countless ways. I only maintain that, regardless of their separate origins, once they've encountered the law, the police, the prison guards and the prison bars, their souls have all been seared by the same inhumanity. The petty embezzler, the juvenile delinquent, the war hero who has gone wrong, the vagrant and the sneak-thief come out of "reformatories" or jails with the same hate toward society, with the same mental and emotional attitude, as the gangster, the degenerate, the toughest burglar or murderer. They became criminals for countless diverse reasons — deliberate, hereditary, environmental, glandular, or what not. Those who remain criminals do so largely for one simple, single reason. They hate and fear the cops and what the cops stand for.

TO THE swivel-chair theorists who don't know the facts as I do — and who never can, because they'll never go up against the third degree — I want to sketch my story.

I want them to see that the so-called progress that has been made

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by scientific penology is illusion. Why is it, otherwise, that we have this crime wave at the very time when the study of crime and the criminal has been most scientific and progressive?

Because the scientific theories don't sift down to the criminal. Between him and the psychiatrist, the sociologist, the enlightened judge and the scholarly humanitarian stand the harness bull, the plain clothes dick, the prison guard, and all the inhumanity of an antiquated prison system that would stifle a lingering spark of manhood in any inmate — or fan it into flames of undying vengefulness.

IT'S ALL very simple. We don't need to build up profoundly complicated analyses of the criminal's attitude. He isn't at war with society or authority; he doesn't respond to abstract motives. He has endured unspeakable brutality and he is at war with those who have inflicted it upon him — the cops and their allies. I think I can make you understand this factor in the crime problem, because I understand it so well myself. I share the criminal's hate.

I hate bulls like hell. I hate them because I fear them. I hate them not because they are representatives of authority, but because of what they do to the average person who falls into their clutches. I hate them, not because I am a criminal — for I am not — but because my experience with them has been the same as that of the criminal. The bulls do not differentiate between the crooked and the unfortunate or vagrant.

Unless wanderlust is to be defined as a criminal inclination, I am innocent of any guilt toward society. But, as a hobo who has pretty well covered these United States several times, I have run afoul of the law upon numerous occasions. I have been repeatedly convicted of the "crime" of being "without visible means of support".

Naturally, while doing my bit in jail I have rubbed shoulders with crooks of varying degrees. I have had ample opportunity to witness — and sometimes experience — what the daily press refers to as "police brutality". That is an expression to which I always take exception. It isn't "brutality". The brutes leave such cruelty to superior man to practise.

Later, as a free lance journalist and also as a regularly employed reporter on the staffs of papers from one coast to the other, I have had an even better opportunity to see the effects of the American metropolitan police system's infamous third degree. Seeing so much of this, and experiencing a little of the milder form of it, I take exactly the same attitude toward the police that the crooks do. Which brings me down to the purpose of this article.

LET me repeat that I am not attempting to explain crime nor its disciples; I have no concern with either. Nor is this a brief for either crime or the crook. It is only the story of what one hobo has seen and learned of the police of America as they go into action against those who have no effective recourse.

My first experience with police methods occurred in the county jail of a western city where I had been sentenced for a short period for that

particularly heinous crime of "being without visible means of support". On the second day of my incarceration two Guatemalans, who had recently arrived in San Francisco from the south and who had, in company with some of their countrymen, celebrated a little too unwisely, were arrested and convicted of being "drunk and disorderly".

NEITHER of them spoke a word of English nor had any idea what it was all about. But that evening, when we were locked in our cells, one of the two Guatemalans committed a minor infraction of the jail's very elementary decencies. In all innocence he assumed that American jails were conducted on the same plan as those in the Latin Americas.

Without a word or question, the guard — who was himself to blame for having failed to provide for the prisoner's convenience — unlocked the door of the cell, stepped inside and, with his black-jack, beat both men into bloody unconsciousness, while the rest of us cursed him from the comparative safety of our cells.

I was but a young fellow in my 'teens at the time and, though I considered myself hard-boiled, this sample of cruelty shocked, horrified and enraged me. I expressed a wish to my cell-mate that the two Guatemalans had killed Kelly when he stepped inside to beat them up.

He laughed without mirth. "Hell, boy, that's nothin'. Wait till you go against th' third degree."

But couldn't the victim of such outrages take legal action when he was free? I asked.

"Yeah?" snarled my cell-mate, pointing to his nose which was bent hard a-port, and then to a great, livid gash that ran diagonally across his forehead. "What legal action do you s'pose I could take for these things the bastards handed me? Do you think, fer a second, I could git even with 'em in court? No, by God, I wouldn't have a Chinaman's chance without backing by a politician. Th' only way I could git even with 'em is wit' a rod (revolver), an' if I ever try that way, I'm takin' a crack at every one I see with a star or uniform on, an' savin' th' last pill (cartridge) for meself. They'll git yer in th' end, anyway," he concluded.

As the years passed and my contacts with the police in various large American cities occurred, I learned more and more of their methods. And what I learned did nothing to increase my respect for America's representatives of Law and Order. On the contrary, the more I saw of them, the more I hated and despised them.

ALSO I heard the stories of many crooks. I want to repeat one of these stories, which I vividly remember. It is typical of countless others. I met this fellow in one of New York's rescue missions. He may or may not have had the advantage of an academic training, but, in any event, he seemed to me a charming conversationalist. His experiences were wholly representative, but he was more vocal than the average crook. He had evidently read a great deal and thought a great deal more, even though his line of thought may not have been as wholesome as it should have been. Again let me repeat: I don't condone or justify his

life. I only offer his story that the reader may understand the actual existence of things that most people think of only as shadowy melodrama on the screen.

"Did it ever occur to you that behind every picture shown in a newspaper of a bandaged suspect with his be-starred custodian standing complacently alongside of him, there is a story of police brutality?" he asked, removing his hat and running a hand over the thick shock of hair that was relieved of its jet blackness by a streak of iron-gray that began at his right temple and lost itself farther up on his head.

"THAT'S a sample of what they do to a suspect. I'll tell you about it later on," he said, bending his head over, so that I could see the scar that ran in the centre of the white streak of hair. "My picture was in the newspaper, too, the morning after I got that. I was still so dopy from my beating that when the screw who had caught me posed alongside of me for our pictures, I didn't know, nor care very much, whether I was being Bertilloned or turning handsprings at a Dutch picnic.

"To begin at the beginning, I got in bad with the bulls first in Buffalo on a charge of burglary. I was guilty, all right, and knew that I didn't have a chance to plead otherwise, but I was beaten up until I was unconscious, not once, but three different times before I heard the penitentiary door shut behind me. Not only that, but the plain clothes screw who took me to the pen said in an aside to the guard who opened the gate that I was a 'tough mug an' would probably have to be shellacked plenty,' and the guard, with a wise wink, replied that 'this is a regular shellac factory,' and, believe me, it was, too, so far as I was concerned.

"There was a change in wardens while I was still serving my sentence. The new man was more humane than the other. He kept an eye on the guards as well as on the convicts and it was not long before the convicts noticed they were getting better treatment, better grub and fewer beatings. Also, there had been a shake-up and quite a number of the guards who had been the meanest of the old régime were fired and new men taken on in the places they left vacant.

"After this we noticed that 'good conduct men' did not have such a tough time getting time off of their sentences or experience so much difficulty in getting a parole. Naturally, all hands conducted themselves accordingly.

"In the course of time my application came up for discharge on time off for good conduct, and was granted.

"I DIDN'T want to return to Buffalo; I felt it was not to my particular advantage to go where I was so well known to the police. I thought that New York City would offer more in the way of possibilities than any other place I might go.

"I was three years and six months older now than I was when I first landed in the pen. I had done a lot of thinking behind those stone walls and I had seen a lot of devilish meanness on the part of the guards. I don't say that I went out of prison a reformed man, but I certainly had

arrived at the stage where I was sure that crimes, as such as I and others committed, did not pay. If I wished to go out and make my livelihood dishonestly, then the best way, to my mind, was either to affiliate myself strongly with influential politicians or else go in for crime on such a large scale that one haul would be sufficient to last me for the remainder of my life. Meantime, I decided I'd get a job in the city and, while I worked, keep my eyes open and plan, definitely, what I would do in the future.

"With but three or four dollars of the State's five left in my pocket when I arrived in New York City, I couldn't afford to put up in any decent hotel, so, as I had been in New York before and was well enough acquainted with the cheaper part of town, I put up in one of those stag hotels where the rooms rent for fifty cents a night.

"I SPENT just one night in the place and the second evening, as I was ready to turn in, along came two plain clothes men and, together with several other fellows, I was shoved into the patrol wagon. The screws had not come to the hotel after me, but my prison clothes, which I had not been able to rid myself of, were sufficient evidence to the dicks that I was a lad to be carted off to jail immediately.

"The fact that I had been released from the pen such a short time before and that I couldn't have pulled the job they were working on made no difference. They thought that if I had not done that particular job, I had, very likely, pulled something else and their third degree would bring it out. The third degree I got.

"They wanted me to tell them something I couldn't; but anyhow they accused me of being a member of one of the gangs that were nightly pulling off stick-ups. The big whangs could not actually link me up with any of the stick-ups nor connect me with any of the gangs, yet, thanks to them, I was so hounded and bulldozed after I was released that I couldn't get even a pick and shovel job around New York.

"From New York I drifted into Chicago, *via* box cars and blind baggage. It was coming on winter and it was harder than hell to get a job. I did not propose to go hungry. The result was that I found myself in Joliet penitentiary with a five to twenty year jolt staring me in the face. I had been caught trying to pawn some of the junk I had stolen and, while I confessed readily enough, it did not save me from several more introductions to the third degree.

"I did nearly four years of this jolt before I was released, but I had done a lot of thinking while I was 'on the inside'. Doping it all out and admitting crime did not pay, yet I could not see where work, or at least such employment as I would be able to secure, would pay, either. After all, why should I work? Others whom I had known outside didn't work, and they were a lot more crooked than ever I had been.

"ANYWAY, to make a short story shorter, when I was released from Joliet, I headed East. I hoboed my way because I wanted my five dollars from the State to eat on as I travelled. In one of the larger Eastern cities I managed to pry a tin-horn gambler loose from his roll one night

after he left his joint with the day's proceeds. I did this by the simple expedient of cracking him over the head with the broken-off butt of a billiard cue that I had found in a back alley.

"His bank roll put me on Easy Street again for a time and once more I came to New York. This time I had a little money in my pocket, two or three hundred dollars, and took a room up in the Seventies.

"I LIVED quietly and unobtrusively for a couple of weeks. Then, one night, in search of a little excitement, I happened into a joint in the Forties.

"I had not been in the place ten minutes until Nemesis, in the person of the screw who had advised the guard in Sing Sing that I was 'a tough mug', grabbed me by the shoulder. I didn't recognize him, and knocked him down. Before I could make one jump for the door, his partner hit me a crack over the head and I lost all interest in everything.

"I woke up in the wagon on the way to jail. To be exact, I was kicked and beaten from unconsciousness back to consciousness, and then back again into unconsciousness before we arrived at the jail. I was half-thrown, half-dragged out of the wagon and hustled into the Detectives' Room where my third degree began without further preliminaries.

"I was dripping blood when the ceremonies began, but I was a bloodier sight when they were concluded. When I was taken from the hospital back to the Tombs, I learned that I was charged with nearly all the hold-ups and half the murders that had occurred in New York City for the past decade.

"It would have been laughable had it not been so unspeakably stupid and cruel. The third degrees I now received did not include hitting me over the head but I took plenty of body punishment. Questions were yelled at me. If I answered, I got a wallop; if I didn't answer, I got one just the same. They wanted me to confess to things I'd never even heard of. I wouldn't have known what to say even if I wanted to confess. That was one time in my life I would have gladly died if I could have had a gun in my hand for just two minutes. I'd have croaked all right, but, by God, so would some of those lousy cowards who were giving me the third degree.

"When my head, which was still in bandages, was well enough to permit me attending court, I was brought up for a hearing. The charge was that one night, some months previous, I had held up and robbed a couple of girls in Central Park.

"IT WAS about time, now, I thought, to advise the judge, when I came before him, that I couldn't have committed this particular holdup because, at the time, I was serving a sentence in Joliet. This got me off. I didn't wait for any more samples of the third degree; I got a job aboard a Standard Oil Tanker as messboy, and when the ship touched at Tampico, I jumped. I've been down there until a few months ago when the Mexican police rounded a lot of us up. We were sent back to the States again — and here I am!"

Now this fellow's story is offered in as nearly his words as I can put it, only that you may know what the criminal thinks, says and ex-

periences. Doubtless, he was making the best case he could for himself. But what he said was no strain at all on *my* imagination — I know the police and their methods too well not to believe it. It's happening every day. It's happening to "questionable characters," who may be innocent, as well as to known criminals.

A couple of decades ago an acquaintance of mine was kicked to death in Denver because he would not admit something the police tried to torture him into confessing. It has been less than that since a shipmate of mine, who had been in a New Orleans street fight, was beaten into unconsciousness after he had surrendered to the policeman who arrested him. In Los Angeles, when I was hoboing in the West some years ago, a young lad whom I knew and had knocked around with a bit was taken up a dark alley by two plain clothes screws and kicked and beaten into a hospital ward. They had overheard him ask a pedestrian to stake him to the price of a cup of coffee.

I needn't pile up these cases; they're all alike, and I and every other hobo knows of them by the score.

But I have rounded out my own experience with police authority on both sides of the fence — that is, as one of the persecuted, and then as a representative of authority. Not many years ago I took a job as a guard in an Eastern reformatory for juvenile delinquents. I was assigned night duty as a guard in this institution.

My instructions from the head guard were to punish whispering, talking, smoking, reading any paper of any kind that may have been smuggled surreptitiously into the cells, or any unnecessary noise, by stepping into the cell of the boy at fault and "sapping the little devil to sleep with your piece of rubber hose."

The first night I remained severely aloof from the boys — they were feeling me out. They were nothing but pleasant-faced kids for the most part. They were wondering if I was like the other guards with whose methods and treatment they were all too familiar.

The second night the kids put out feelers; there were surreptitious whisperings and, once or twice, I detected tobacco smoke.

Presently, as I did not make my authority physically felt, the whispering changed to audible conversation. I was up at the farther end of the room where the cells were empty of boys.

I walked down to the other end where there was a prisoner in each cell. As I did so, all noise and movement ceased. I took a position midway down the row of cells where I could be seen by every boy.

"Fellows," I began, and all the boys hustled over to their cell doors to listen, "my instructions from the other guards were to step inside the cell of any boy violating the rules and sap him to sleep with my piece of rubber hose. Now I'm curious about you kids. I have ideas of my own about you and I'm going to leave it to you to prove whether I'm right or wrong. I'm not stepping into any boy's cell to sap him to sleep, nor am I going to put a single one of you on report, no matter what you

do. So go just as far and as fast as you wish in breaking the rules — but don't forget this:

"You have all seen the four peep holes, two at each end of this room, and you know that I can be seen through them, no matter what part of the room I may be in. Also that if you kids make any noise while one of the other guards happens to be peeping through them to see what I'm doing, your noise will be heard and the guard who hears it will stoolpigeon on me.

"If this happens I will be put on report. The matter will be investigated. I'll be fired — and I need my job and pay.

"Now I'm going to let you do anything you like, and leave it to your own good sense — if you have any — just how far to go and when," I concluded, looking up and down the long rows of cells.

"We're wit'cha to de end, boss!" came a chorus — and they were.

PAPERS to read, smokes, grub from the officers' mess, water any time of the night they wished it (heretofore they were compelled to go all night without a drink), and low-voiced conversation — which ceased the second I spoke to them, and that was only when I was sure one of my "brother" guards was peeking at me through the convenient peep-holes — these were the privileges I granted them. They were model prisoners. Never a bit of trouble did I have. Any of them would have gone to hell for me.

The stories some of them told me of the treatment they had received there were almost unbelievable. You, the reader, wouldn't believe them. I did, and do, for I have lived in a world very different from yours, where cruelty, physical and moral, is commonplace. Already these kids had come to hate right royally the police, the guards, and through them all that they stood for — which is law, order and society.

The marvel of it is that the great American public will tolerate such things. And, by the way, the Latin Americas and the United States are the only countries that *will*.

IN ENGLAND the British bobby does not dare beat up his prisoner, much less pull his revolver and fire blindly at him, as is done every day here. Nor do they know in England what the third degree means as we have perfected it. In Germany, France, Belgium, Holland and Japan the methods peculiar to the American police are not tolerated. And who ever heard of crime waves, city bank raids and gang wars in those countries?

In all of this I have sought to do nothing but reflect the mental and emotional attitude of undying hatred toward the uniformed representatives of society which fills our prison population from coast to coast. I freely admit my own prejudice. I suggest no solution, but I think the protected citizen must admit that wanton brutality, perpetrated by his protectors upon the criminal, accounts in part for the crook's hatred — and that that hatred is a factor in every effort to solve the crime problem.

No matter how brutal the criminal, society will not save itself from his depredations by being more brutal than he is.

# The Football Frankenstein

By C. W. Savage

Professor of Physical Education, Director of Athletics, Oberlin College

*Disputing the great game's claim to be fairy godmother to all college athletics, and urging a system that will lessen its menace and extend its benefits to the entire student body*

Yes, American intercollegiate football is a great game. It appeals to our American love of the spectacular, it holds us spellbound with its tense situations and raises us to the seventh heaven of enthusiasm as our star makes his first down or our team scores its winning goal. Yes, surely our American football is a team game *par excellence*; a game that thrills the undergraduate; a game that draws the old grads back from hundreds of miles away; a game for which the average citizen is willing to part with a goodly number of dollars in order that he may sit in with the college crowd and participate in the big show.

And a big show football has become. Sixty, eighty, one hundred and even one hundred and fifteen thousand spectators have witnessed a single game. Nearly two decades ago Woodrow Wilson, then president of Princeton, expressed fear lest the football side show overshadow the main tent. Today there are many college presidents who would aver that Wilson's fears have been more than realized; many faculties who would declare that football is now a menace; many fathers and mothers who are anxious over the present status of the game in the life of the campus and who fear its influence upon the lives of their sons.

It cannot be denied that football has in some way grown out of proportion to the other interests of college life. Yet there is a sense of bewilderment, a feeling of hesitancy, of helplessness in the minds of those who question, that inhibits action and permits this Frankenstein to continue building up the monster of commercialism. Once the instinctive joyous sport of vigorous youth, it has so far magnified itself that it is threatening the very citadels of learning within whose walls it has been fostered. It is no longer a sport of boys but a spectacle of highly trained actors. It is no longer played for fun but staged for in-

come and promoted as a great social function.

Yes, American intercollegiate football is a great game. Great for the sport loving public but tremendously distorted and disconcerting in the life of institutions of learning.

Now there is nothing inherently wrong with football as a game. It is the game which has most to give to our American boys and which we must not suffer to be taken from the hands of our educators in the training of future leaders of our country. Today, as never before, we need its drive and its hardness. We need its coöperation, its self-control, its fortitude, its loyalty to ideals, its disdain for littleness, its hot contempt for dishonesty, and its intolerance of and quick punishment for infringements of the code of a true sportsman. No, football must not be abolished. It must be preserved, but it must be rescued from its present unfortunate status. The system which has grown up around it must be demolished. For it is not the game which is out of place in the training of youth, but the practices which surround it.

If football develops the desirable personal and social qualities which its friends claim for it, and these claims I, for one, am willing to admit, what a pity, what a crime, what a travesty upon the work of the college and university, that not over fifteen or twenty men of a college class or at the most, only eighty or one hundred men during a student generation, have a chance at these values! One hundred men out of five thousand, out of ten, out of fifteen thousand students! Is it not time that the conduct of intercollegiate football were brought to book?

And at what expense of time and effort, and money and planning, are these chosen few trained and developed! Is it not true that these are the very ones who need this intensive training the least? Are they not a picked group when they enter college? Have not many of them been groomed for this very experience while yet in the secondary school? In a football story written by an ex-graduate manager and syndicated in the newspapers a short time ago, the statement was flatly made that it cost a big university $25,000 per man to put a finished football player upon the field. On first thought this seems preposterous, but it may not be so far from the truth. Up to the present time, so far as I know, no one of the great universities has attempted to deny it. But whether or not it is true, it cannot be denied that the cost of maintaining football on its present scale is perfectly enormous and entirely out of proportion to the other interests of educational institutions and to the number of students directly involved.

At this time dust is being thrown into the eyes of the educational world by the proponents of the present régime who declare that football is the fairy godmother of the other intercollegiate sports. They say football profits make possible the increasingly popular programme of intramural sports and contribute to the building of gymnasia, swimming pools, and other facilities for the department of physical education. Admit all these claims and the argument is still beside the point for if the

"football system" is wrong, the good use of its income does not justify it. If a broad programme of physical education and intramural athletics is desirable and justifiable, then right ways and means will be found to establish and maintain it. I cannot believe that educational institutions can much longer permit a chosen few of its students to be trained and exploited like gladiators to amuse the populace and incidentally fill the university coffers. And again let me emphasize the fact that although in many instances there is a handsome sum turned over to the other sports and to intramurals, nevertheless, this is quite an insignificant amount when compared with the gross income of football and the sum spent upon football itself. Vast incomes make possible extravagant expenditures and we may be sure that Fairy Godmother Varsity Football first receives the lion's share.

After the period of "informal athletics" during the Great War, there were some who dared to hope that football would never again be permitted to return to its former importance and intensity of competition, but quite the contrary has happened. The era of stadium building and intensified exploitation of stars has come upon us as never before. And the end is not yet.

IN SPITE of insistence upon a finer grade of coaches and their elevation in many instances to faculty ranking; in the face of gentlemen's agreements on maximum salaries to coaches, and the elimination of preseason training; in spite of rules against recruiting, and greater emphasis placed on amateurism, the system of intercollegiate, and in many cases of inter-high school football, has gone from bad to worse. Instead of a seasonal coach starting work in August or early September, we have the all-year coach starting with the Freshmen squad in November at the close of the regular season, giving theory lectures or "skull practice" in January and February, and running spring practice in March and April. An astute coach can also wisely place many of his men in summer camps, where the best of training is afforded and oftentimes courses are carried in a "Summer School for Athletic Coaching". The hue and cry against proselyting still rises to the heavens, and where is there a college with a successful team that is free from the suspicion of recruiting promising high school players by subsidies and inducements? The insatiable desire to win is back of the entire system. Victory right or wrong — but wrong, still victory.

WHAT is the remedy? To lessen the desire of the individual coach or captain or player for winning? Certainly not. To play to win is thoroughly commendable. The only cure as I see it is to informalize the system and leave the game alone. Instead of making intercollegiate football the great privilege and opportunity of the few who are selected and groomed for it as soon as they enter college and before, make it the natural culmination of an apprenticeship of two or even three years in the ranks of a well administered intramural programme. By the time a man has become a star or a varsity hero, he passes out of the picture and other men fill his place.

Or perhaps, successful units of the intramural competition might in turn, or several at a time, compete against similar units from rival institutions. The champion athlete would then become lost in the rank and file, and most of the rules of eligibility, transfer, residence, and gentlemen's agreements would become unnecessary.

What zest and enthusiasm such a plan would put into the intramural games! What a vastly greater number would enjoy the benefits for which football is so extolled! How much more spontaneity would be shown and what fun would be realized! Finally, how much more fitting and justifiable would such an experience be in the life of the average student and how much more in right relation to the manifold interests of college life which need to be conserved!

True, the high degree of specialization now attained would rarely if ever be seen; but in our democratic theory of government and of education I believe that the ninety or ninety-five per cent of our students deserve *more* and the ten per cent or five per cent *less* of the great character building values of the game which are being continually held up as justifying the present system.

Where is the conference or the small group of colleges which will dare to try out a rational and educationally justifiable system of competition? It is high time that the problem be approached in a constructive way and that we build up a system of competition for education, sportsmanship, and fun to supplant our present system of victories for great gate receipts and victories at any cost.

# The White-Collar Sick

By R. le Clerc Phillips

*Why do the wealthy give lavishly to institutions of learning and comparatively neglect the hospitals, which must serve the burdened middle class in a cause even greater than education?*

Years ago that snarling dyspeptic, Thomas Carlyle, wrote that "There is in man a higher than love of happiness; he can do without happiness, and instead thereof find blessedness." Men holding this frigid view of life certainly do exist; but the instinct to happiness is so universal that many of us are, I think, inclined to harbor some secret suspicions concerning the mentality, disposition, or digestive powers of those who attempt to persuade us that it is not the natural object of life. (Carlyle's trouble, you remember, was the pit of his stomach at which, according to his own assertion, a rat was gnawing.) And, suspecting these long-faced kill-joys, the overwhelming majority of us have had little difficulty in agreeing with those who hold a more genial and tolerant philosophy of life. A philosophy, in short, which allows that the pursuit of happiness is not merely the inalienable right of men (including women), but also the right and proper object of existence.

Naturally, no two persons will set out for happiness in precisely the same way, for no two persons will agree as to what constitutes happiness. But all, I think, would agree to the proposition that good health is an absolute prerequisite to this state. (Any who did not would, in all probability, belong to one of the two human categories usually classed as harmless eccentrics or contentious fellows always bent on proving that black is white.)

This general consensus of opinion is summed up by Lecky in discussing the conditions essential to happiness in his *Map of Life*. "In the long run," he says, "and to the great majority of men, health is probably the most important of all the elements of happiness. Acute physical suffering or shattered health will more than counterbalance the best gifts of fortune, and the bias of our nature and even the processes of our reasoning are largely influenced by physical conditions. Hume has spoken of 'that disposi-

tion to see the favorable rather than the unfavorable side of things which it is more happiness to possess than to be heir to an estate of £10,000 a year;' but this gift of a happy temperament is very evidently greatly due to bodily conditions. On the other hand, it is well known how speedily and how powerfully bodily ailments react upon our moral natures. . . . If it be true that a healthy mind in a healthy body is the supreme condition of happiness, it is also true that the healthy mind depends more closely than we like to own on the healthy body."

SINCE, then, the possession of good health is the chief basis of human happiness, how are we to explain the fact that the great American millionaire philanthropists have apparently invariably attached so much more importance to the possession of knowledge? In other words, why are the endowments of hospitals negligible in comparison with those of universities?

The objection may be raised at this point that the largest gifts ever made for any purpose, such as Rockefeller's, have been for promotion of health. But the great medical research foundations are a thing quite apart from our subject. I am comparing, I think with fairness, institutions which serve the *individual of the middle class* in two practical problems of life — the maintenance of health and the acquirement of learning. Foundations for medical research are of a more general nature, being largely devoted to the advancement of science rather than to the practical assistance of a given individual.

I think that I cannot underline the specific question at hand more clearly than to point out that the total investments of all twenty-nine general hospitals in New York City listed by the United Hospital Fund of New York, do not equal the endowments of the University of Chicago. Using the figures published by this fund for the New York hospitals and by *The World Almanac* in the case of the University of Chicago, the total investments of the former amount to $40,649,395. The endowments possessed by the University of Chicago have reached the huge sum of $43,409,467. That is to say, one university — and that one not the richest in the country — possesses invested funds that exceed by $2,760,072 the investments of twenty-nine New York hospitals, most of them of wide renown.

I SHALL press this point a trifle further by quoting the names and endowments of the ten most heavily endowed educational institutions in America and those of the ten most heavily endowed hospitals in New York. The figures in the first case are taken from *The World Almanac;* in the second case from the published statement of the United Hospital Fund of New York.

AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES

| | |
|---|---|
| Harvard | $82,820,000 |
| Columbia | 69,550,071 |
| Yale | 58,024,059 |
| Chicago | 43,409,467 |
| Massachusetts Institute of Technology | 29,750,000 |
| Leland Stanford, Jr. | 28,917,532 |
| Johns Hopkins | 24,923,795 |
| Rochester | 24,500,000 |
| Cornell | 21,230,391 |
| Duke | 20,483,610 |

NEW YORK HOSPITALS

(The names on this list have been drawn from all types of hospitals except the municipal.)

| | |
|---|---|
| New York | $10,993,910 |
| Presbyterian | 8,524,663 |
| St. Luke's | 6,744,574 |
| Orthopædic | 4,814,239 |
| Home for Incurables | 3,417,159 |
| Roosevelt | 2,876,051 |
| Post-Graduate | 2,535,748 |
| Woman's | 2,421,908 |
| Mt. Sinai | 2,319,557 |
| Brooklyn | 2,004,326 |

A comparison of these two lists reveals the fact that the most heavily endowed New York hospital possesses approximately only one-half of the funds of Duke University, which figures at the bottom of my list of the ten wealthiest universities in the country.

NO ONE, of course, would dream of saying that more money is given to education than is given to health. What one can assert, however, is that very rich men usually prefer colleges and schools to hospitals as the objects of their benefactions. Every year *The World Almanac* publishes a list of large American benefactions. I am informed that the compilers of this list do not pretend to have included all benefactions made during the year. (One would, indeed, suspect any list that did claim to be absolutely exhaustive.) But the *Almanac* list does include those gathered from the New York newspapers, from lists supplied by the great foundations, and from the replies to questionnaires sent to six hundred colleges, while wills also yielded a certain amount of information. Now, from the list of benefactions made during 1928 I have excluded all those under $50,000. From the remaining number, gifts and bequests amounting to $81,798,880 were made to schools and colleges. Hospitals received only $17,096,080, and public health and medical purposes $5,021,897. This gives a total of only $22,117,977 for what is commonly agreed to be the very bed-rock of human happiness, as against well over three times that amount for education.

I KNOW well that education has its fanatical partisans. There once were people who honestly believed that it would prove the panacea for all the political and social ills of the world. There may still be some persons left who hold this view. If there are, they certainly deserve commendation for their sunny optimism, if not for their ability to accept the evidence of facts. But I have never yet heard anyone say that a man is of necessity happy because he is educated, or of necessity unhappy because he is not. In other words, people do not say that happiness and education are virtually interchangeable terms, although this is commonly claimed for happiness and health.

Indeed, there are certainly ugly facts that make it somewhat uphill work to prove that education almost necessarily brings happiness. It is impossible to measure happiness. But most civilized countries publish their suicide rates. Ireland is not remarkable for the advanced state of its education; but it is, and has long been, remarkable for its low suicide rate, which in 1925 was only 3 per 100,000 of the population. Saxony, on the other hand, is most distinctly a country in which edu-

cation is highly developed and widely diffused; but its suicide rate is, and has long been, extraordinarily high, a recent figure placing it at 35 per 100,000. *The Encyclopædia Britannica* (13th Edition), which is not given to indulgence in sensational innuendoes, remarks that "a point of considerable interest is the increase of suicide in relation to the advance of elementary education."

DR. FREDERICK L. HOFFMAN, consulting statistician of the Prudential Insurance Company of America, in his *Suicide Problems*, published in 1928, is a good deal more explicit in his attitude to this singular condition. "It is," he says, "a very serious question whether modern education does not tend to foster the suicidal tendency by developing an irrational attitude towards the multiplicity of problems which demand solution. Modern education fails essentially in not developing a grasp of the principles of life and its duties." Morselli, the Italian physician, whose famous work *Suicide* is still quoted by modern writers on the subject, is as explicit on this same point as a man can be. "It has been found in all countries," he says, "that suicide and mental aberration have prevailed just among those classes to which civilization has afforded the benefit of instruction, and this as much in Germany and France as in Italy and England, and we may say in all Europe. . . . From a glance cast on the map of Europe, it may be inferred that *it is those countries which possess a higher standard of general culture which furnish the largest contingent of voluntary deaths*." (The italics are Morselli's.)

This somewhat extended reference to the connection which would appear to exist between a high degree of instruction and a disposition to suicide may seem a digression from the problem of hospital endowments. But it is all of a piece with my problem: Why such solicitude on the part of millionaires to produce a condition that no one has ever yet proved added to human happiness? And why such apparent neglect on their part to equal these efforts in a direction — the recovery of health or curing of disease — which most indisputably does add to human happiness? A few people there are, indeed, who have begun to question the wisdom of allowing the college student to get off so cheaply in regard to his tuition fees. Trevor Arnett, the President of the General Education Board, tells me that he holds the view that students should be required to pay the full cost of their education. If they did, parents and students would, he believes, have a better idea of what a college education really costs, and since they would have to pay for it, or make arrangements to do so, the desire to obtain it would more likely be a serious one. "Our present system," says President Aydelotte of Swarthmore College, "makes many colleges a charity for the rich."

PRESIDENT Angell of Yale, in his Annual Report of 1927, says that "the fraction of cost paid by the student beneficiary must be increased. It now represents from one-third to one-half of the cost for the Yale undergraduate, and this is not an uncommon ratio in other institutions."

Think of it! Heavy endowments have relieved the students in many universities of the payment of from one-half to two-thirds of the actual cost of their education. For the year 1926–7 the cost of tuition at Yale was $900. The student paid $350. The deficit of $550 was covered by endowments. That is to say, the endowments of Yale went *directly to the relief of the students' pocket books, irrespective of whether they were in need of such relief or not.* And this state of affairs applies in varying degrees to a large number of other universities in the country.

Now, contrast this condition with that prevailing in hospitals. Let us take the case of a Yale student, since we have before us the Yale figures for the cost of tuition. This young man is paying $350 for an education that actually costs $900, the deficit being met by what is neither more nor less than charity. He falls seriously, even dangerously, ill. He goes to hospital. He has a private room, as it would not occur to his family — highly respected and highly self-respecting professional people — to place him in a ward where his care and treatment would cost little more than a nominal sum. For, although this family is poor as worldly goods are reckoned nowadays, it is proud. It pays for what it gets . . . with the sole exception of the Yale University education. Accordingly, this family undertakes to pay $10 a day for the young man's private room. And $8 a day for his day nurse. And again $8 a day for his night nurse. And the surgeon's charge — which is not light. And special drugs. And the operating-room fee. And the x-ray. And various laboratory expenses. And when all is paid, our Yale student's father is a very much poorer man than when his son fell ill, for his life savings — never large — have been eaten into in a hideous manner.

More poignant cases might have been quoted; those of young people financially dependent on their own efforts and too young for savings; or those of breadwinners on salaries whose families leave no margin for a thrift account. Gently bred, educated, they shrink from seeking hospital care in a ward. They have had privacy all their lives, and they demand it when they are sick, even though it involves the utmost personal sacrifice to obtain it. So they make that personal sacrifice — years of pitiful scrimping to pay off the money borrowed to meet the cost of their hospital care.

I have, however, quoted the hypothetical case of the Yale student in order to be able to underline the grotesque contrast between what endowment does for him and his family in the matter of his education and what it emphatically does not do for them in the matter of his health. Yet, if forced to make the choice, his parents would, without question, prefer to have him in the possession of robust health, with an even much sketchier knowledge of history, languages, and literature than is ordinary, than a marvel of erudition, but sick in body and perpetually suffering.

The singularity of the condition just described has, I understand, been noted, and will be dealt with, by the Gotham Hospital, which is

to be built on Central Park West at 107th Street in New York. This hospital will apply the sum of $3,000,000 to the direct endowment of its patients in practically the same fashion that the endowed universities apply their funds to the direct financial relief of their students. That is to say, rooms will be available to middle-class patients at a charge considerably below cost, the income from the endowment fund being applied solely to covering the deficit on the low charges for accommodations. I am told that there will be no question of devoting it to medical research, operating theatres, new wings, a nurses' home, or to any other of the multifarious objects to which existing hospital endowments are applied. It will be, and can be, used for no other purpose than easing the burden of the "white-collar" patient by renting him a room or bed in the hospital at a rate which he can pay, and making up the deficit on the loss involved in the transaction.

CHARITY? Of course, it is charity. But what of it? The class which has never hesitated to accept charity in order to get educated is not called upon to flinch before a parallel offer of charity applied to a purpose of vastly more importance. To assume that it will do so is to suppose this class — the best educated as a whole, the most stable, and most able in this country — to be bereft of all powers of logical reasoning, and it is not. The point is not the feelings of the middle-class, but the intentions of the big givers. Will these always fatten middle-class education at the expense of middle-class health?

Certainly their benefactions to American education tend constantly to rise. For instance, according to information published in *U. S. Bureau of Education Bulletin*, 1925, No. 45, and *Bulletin*, 1927, No. 40, the private gifts to universities, colleges and professional schools show a very marked increase in comparing the school years 1923–4 and 1925–6. During the former, $22,632,735 was devoted to the increase of plant, $46,726,677 to endowment, and $12,735,326 to current expenses. In the latter year, there was an increase of $6,840,859 for the first purpose, of $25,647,931 for the second, and of $3,661,527 for the third. During the past few years the late Mrs. Mary Ann Fitzgerald left $4,559,181 to St. Luke's Hospital, New York, and the late Payne Whitney left New York Hospital $10,000,000. These sums are immense; but they pale into insignificance when confronted with the Duke and Eastman benefactions to education.

Naturally, one cannot help wondering why American philanthropists apparently believe education to be so much more important than health, while the reverse is probably the common opinion of the rest of the human species.

DO MOST of them *really* attach more importance to a smattering of Latin and Greek than to being sound in wind and limb? Or is it a question of publicity, more of which is obtainable through gifts to universities than to hospitals, for the former typify youth, enthusiasm, ambition, strength, while the latter stand for sickness, weakness and age?

And it is youth, enthusiasm and strength that are good at the hurrahing business — not sickness, weakness, and age.

THIS last suggestion may be unduly cynical. Dr. Samuel Brown, Dean of the New York University and Bellevue Hospital Medical College, tells me that while it is certain that American millionaire philanthropists have favored American education at the expense of American health, they have done so because they consider health to be a national or municipal affair. "Education is, of course, also a national or municipal affair up to a certain point," he said, "but higher education is not the affair of the State or city. It is an individual affair. The great philanthropists have made it their special province for some time past, although there is no doubt that educational endowments have now been generously provided for and that a reaction of feeling is setting in. I certainly think that our big philanthropists might have done more for middle-class health than they have; although, as I have said, they have so far taken the view that this was a national or municipal concern. And so it is, of course. The quality of a nation is based on the health of the people who make it up. But the fact remains that the man of moderate means is in an absolutely desperate plight if he is overtaken by a really serious illness. Compared with the rich man, he has almost no chance of recovery. He cannot pay for the best and he will not go to the municipal hospitals, where he would be very well cared for, but where the environment may not be so pleasant. It is an old story — this tragedy of the sick middle-class man — and so far nothing that has been done has proved successful. It has been found that expenses could not be kept down to his financial limits. But he will not accept the care given to the poor. Indeed, one of the difficulties of the problem is the fact that so many of the 'white-collar' sick insist on having the best, no matter what it costs, although they are frequently offered equally good care and treatment at a lower rate. But simply because it is not the most expensive available, they have an idea that it is not so good and they refuse it. The middle-class man prefers to strain every resource to pay for first-class care and treatment than to take advantage of any chance to get off lightly."

WHEN I asked Dr. C. Charles Burlingame, formerly the executive officer of the Joint Administrative Board of the Medical Centre of New York and now interested in the establishment of medical centres in various parts of the world, how he explained the peculiar solicitude of millionaires for middle-class education and their corresponding indifference to middle-class health, his reply was emphatic.

"Educators," he said, "have made it their business to go to the big philanthropists, present their problem, and offer a definite solution. This the hospitals have not done, in so far as it affects middle-class care. The hospitals have a problem, a very pressing one, but generally speaking they have no specific programme upon which they are em-

barking and no clear-cut solution of the middle-class hospital problem which readily appeals to the reason of the big donor as a sound solution. What man of affairs who has had the ability to amass or hold a fortune would be inclined to transfer a portion of his holdings for such a purpose until he was reasonably certain that the institution had a programme and was capable of carrying it out? In other words, the college authorities have educated millionaires to give to universities caring for middle-class education, while the hospital authorities have not educated them on a similar basis.

"THE second reason is this: Hospitals have been associated with charity since time immemorial. On the other hand, when a millionaire gives a huge endowment to a university no one thinks of it as a charity, although in a large measure it relieves the student from paying for all of his education. Certainly, the youthful recipient of this bounty does not regard himself as receiving charity, but a similar gift given to a hospital immediately transfers the recipients into a charity class. Again the explanation of this anomaly is that the universities have trained the giving public to their way of thinking, while the hospitals have not followed their example.

"The third reason is the fact that colleges benefit enormously from the existence of a strong Alma Mater spirit, while no man has any Alma Mater spirit for a hospital, even though it may have saved his life; he retains merely a feeling of interest and gratitude. Once a man has left the hospital, there is the very human desire to forget all about it soon afterwards and to close the door upon an unpleasant experience. His sense of obligation and good citizenship may impel him to express his gratitude, but there is not the same motivation as that which prompts the college gifts. On the other hand, the college man, grown prosperous, remembers his Alma Mater with affection and he gives willingly of his riches and maintains his friendships of college days and contacts with the institution itself. Finally, you must bear in mind the fact that the college student visualizes his success as the more or less direct result of his college education. In his college days he may see himself as a captain of industry, possibly pounding his desk and like the Centurion in the Bible, able to assert, 'I say unto one, Go, and he goeth, and to another, Come, and he cometh, and to my servant, Do, and he doeth.' To him the college makes it possible for him to visualize success, including material success. Few people, however, can really visualize themselves sick and no person has ever been able to visualize himself dead.

"THEREFORE, it is quite understandable that the big contributions should more naturally have drifted to the institutions which seem more directly to have contributed toward material success; which continue to stand for bright college days, happy memories, continued and renewed friendships and associations, and a feeling of individual proprietorship; all of which do not exist, at least in the same degree, in the hospital world."

Clyde Furst, the secretary of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, tells me that it was to a certain extent the feeling of Mr. Carnegie that the maintenance of hospitals and public health were more or less a public charge, and that he preferred to give not so much for relief as for arrangements that might prevent the necessity of such relief in the future.

MR. CARNEGIE apparently hoped that by increasing education, the necessity for hospital relief would decrease in proportion. But it is precisely *educated* people, far removed from the line of desperate poverty, on whom the burden of sickness falls so heavily. The poor and ignorant have admirable care and pay nothing for it. The rich have even more admirable care and pay a great deal for it. But the educated people of moderate means — the class that Andrew Carnegie apparently desired to produce or encourage with his huge benefactions — are precisely the ones whose financial burden is so tragic when they are ill, for the very facts of their education and their moderate material success bar them from the free wards designed for and used by the very poor.

The whole question of the cost of medical care has of late become so acute that an investigation, headed by Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, has been in progress in Washington for some time past. What its findings will be no one, at this stage, can foresee. But it will be amazing if no reference is made to the tragic hardships of the "white-collar" class when overtaken by sickness, or to the almost grotesque discrepancy between the generosity of the very rich to education and their relative niggardliness towards health. Indeed, millionaire zeal in the cause of higher education has assumed such proportions of late as almost to smack of affectation. For many of the givers, as is well known, have got along very nicely without possessing any great store of erudition or appreciation of æsthetic values.

IT MAY be argued that this fact alone is sufficient to explain their enthusiasm for education; that it is the realization of what they have missed in life through a lack of these things that has made them education fanatics. Well, perhaps . . . perhaps. For no one denies that the pleasures of the mind are very real indeed, although one might not always think so in view of the well-known resisting powers of the majority of school children and college students. But an attack of acute indigestion is even more real. If any great millionaire benefactor of education does not believe it, the activities of Carlyle's "rat" would, I believe, infallibly change his mind. Indeed, its ministrations, if indefatigable and extended over a few months, might even lead him to realize that to the average man liver and lungs do indeed matter more than Latin and literature. And when this fact is fully grasped by the great body of American philanthropists, perhaps they will then do as much for middle-class health as they are now doing for middle-class education.

# Annie From Asia

By Peter Gething

*A Reminiscence of what War was like at the Dardanelles*

Some genius or other christened her "Annie from Asia", and she was a hag of hell if ever I knew one.

We had been ashore on the Gallipoli Peninsula for two days when she first came into our lives. It was in this manner: I was in charge of a party of ten men and we had been sent down from the front line to a small supply dump on the beach to draw rations and water for the company. There had been some mistake about the amount of water to which we were entitled and the sergeant-major in charge of the dump had taken me over to a little dugout he had scooped out in the face of the cliff where he kept his ration slips. While we were there arguing, there came a sharp scream — the scream of a frightened child — followed by a terrific detonation. The air was shot with flashes of saffron and purple light and the beach seemed to be emulating a bucking horse. Splinters of steel hissed and howled.

In a few minutes the smoke cleared away and we saw that the party of ten men was reduced to a solitary standing figure who frothed at the mouth and gibbered in a most horrible manner. The sergeant-major threw both his hands above his head and told God in no uncertain terms what he thought of men who allowed themselves to be blown to pieces over bully-beef and biscuits. That was my introduction to Annie.

It was to be expected from as energetic a commander as Enver Pasha that no time would be lost in delivering a counterstroke to our impudent landing on the Peninsula which had been considered by all military authorities (including our own) as impregnable.

Our line was about three miles long and extended for a considerable portion of its length along the edge of a precipitous cliff which was pierced here and there by steep-sided ravines. There was no room in our rear for a system of organized defenses, so that to the Turkish commander it looked to be a comparatively simple matter to push us off our precariously held position into the sea. The ground for the most part lent itself to the success of such an enterprise, since it sloped down from the enemy's trenches into our own. Another thing in the Turks' favor was the fact that we had been fight-

ing hammer-and-tongs since dawn on Sunday and here it was four o'clock Tuesday morning. Surely they would attack today!

They did. Annie from Asia and her brood commenced their concerto and before many minutes had passed, the guns in the forts of Maidos, Kilid Bahr and Chanak had swelled the chorus until the earth shuddered with the ceaseless drum fire.

We had landed reinforcements during the night and our line was being slightly strengthened, while under the cover of the overhanging cliffs troops stood in reserve, ready to support us when the enemy attacked.

Whole sections of our trench were being blown to utter shapelessness, burying men beneath tons of earth. To have made any effort to save them would have been useless; the fire of the big guns prevented it and the enemy was on the alert with his machine guns.

JUST before dawn the guns increased their fire. My head throbbed and presently felt as though it would burst. After about ten minutes the throbbing ceased but I felt something warm in my ears. I explored one of them with the point of my finger . . . blood was also running from my nose.

The dawn flamed with all the brazen gaudiness of a waterfront courtesan and out of it rose the cries of the Turkish soldiers proclaiming their faith: "*Allah! Allah Din!*" The old cry that the Crusaders had heard seven hundred years before.

Down what was left of our trenches officers were shouting: "Stand to arms!" A thrill surged through me. The clatter of magazine cut-offs could be heard as men gathered themselves to meet the storm.

I could see shapes of massed men looming ahead in the faint ground mist that covered the slope. There was no sense of reality — it was as though phantoms were moving on a ghostly landscape. A dozen yards away a group of reinforcements broke into a cheer. A hard-bitten sergeant who had survived the landing, shouted to them: "Hey! What are you shouting at?"

THE cries of the Turks came nearer . . . the shapes that had been so impalpable in the mist now became solid blocks of men, shoulder to shoulder, with their bayonets gleaming.

With the others in our trench I fired into them . . . rapid fire . . . working the bolt of my rifle as fast as I could. Our machine guns poured their streams of chattering death into them. Warships out in the Ægean opened on them with guns of all calibres. Yet on they came.

Above our heads shells were speeding like demons. Amid the din I heard a now familiar scream. Annie was playing a *prima donna* rôle in the opera of hell.

She had done me no more harm than a score of other guns but in that hour I hated Annie with all my being . . . other guns were spewing out as much wholesale death and destruction . . . but every time I heard that scream, my teeth clenched and points of fire burned in my brain.

In the rapidly growing light I saw a Turkish officer urging his men forward. I swung my rifle and pressed the trigger. He spun, clutching at air.

Still crazed with the pent-up fury which Annie had roused in my brain, I emptied my magazine of cartridges into his body as it lay there.

The fury of the shells above our heads increased. Annie's scream came nearer and explosions sounded in our immediate rear. She was shelling the ravines behind us to prevent our supports coming to our rescue. Desperation clutched at my heart . . . life does not mean much at such a time but there is a subconscious relief felt when one knows that one can retire if necessary, otherwise there is the closing-in effect of a nightmare. . . .

THIRST was torturing me . . . I felt as though my mouth was full of dough . . . my water-bottle had been empty for hours. We maintained a volume of rifle fire sufficient to prevent the enemy coming too near. The fellow next to me was crying and laughing alternately . . . after a few minutes I heard him scuffling. He was climbing the parapet. I shouted to him, but one look at his face as he turned told me that he had gone insane. A shell burst right at his feet. . . .

The hail of bullets we were pouring into the Turks would have staggered a charge of mastodons, but they still came on to throw their bombs. Now our warships were concentrating on the slope. Columns of black smoke thickened with earth and pieces of men shot up in the air for fifty feet. Officers' whistles were blowing. It was our turn to charge; to force home with our bayonets the advantage we had gained in dominating the fire-fight. The sergeant who had shouted at the reinforcements called to me: "Let's go!"

Over we went . . . up to the face of the slope. The Turkish parapet — or what was left of it — showed up. Bayonets rose and fell. A Turk took aim at me . . . I jumped for him. Gone were all the lessons we had received in bayonet fighting. We jabbed at everything we saw. Men who an hour before had been battle weary now became transformed into a body equal in attack to that of Cæsar's Tenth Legion and in ferocity to starving tigers.

CRIES of "*Allah!*" suddenly hushed as the brass-heeled butts of our rifles crashed into the faces of our enemies or the cold hard steel bit into their throats. . . . It began to rain in heavy sheets . . . the clay under our feet was becoming slippery. Allah was certainly giving the Turks all the breaks. Every time I lunged forward, my feet almost shot out from under me.

We saw streams of men coming up behind the Turkish lines. The ground behind us was being torn up. What few of us were remaining from this charge would be lucky if we lived. New troops in front of us thirsting for our blood, and Annie and her friends laying a curtain of fire behind us that only a man with a Chinaman's luck could hope to live through. Where in hell were our guns? What were they doing?

"Want some water, cobber?" I looked around. This chap's uniform was clean and he had been recently shaved. In answer to my whispered questions he told me that he was one of the reinforcements. He complained bitterly that he had had to crawl over piles of dead and wounded in the gullies before he got into the

line. He would soon learn that this was only one of War's little jokes.

A terrific explosion took place right back of the Turkish lines, followed by others. Our big guns were coming into action. Our Colonel was shouting: "Get back to your own lines!"

In some miraculous manner I got back. The Turks were being kept too busy digging in to worry about us.

WHOLE sections of our trench were empty save for the dead and wounded — wounded crying pitifully for water; dead who were happily silent. There was no room in the trench to stand; it was so clogged with the débris of human life. There was only one thing to do. Over the back of the trench the dead were thrown so that the living might have the shelter which the ditch would give them.

Our wounded were lying in the ravines, packed heads and tails like sardines in a can. Some of them were turning gray under the dirt that covered their faces as their arteries pumped out the strong red stream of their lives over the floor of the gully. Stretcher bearers were trying to adjust tourniquets around the stumps of arms and legs that had been shattered or completely blown off. A hail of shrapnel began to rake these gullies, whipping them into a froth of mud. The wounded, unable to move, bleated helplessly: "*Mother of God, have mercy!*"

Annie's scream soon drowned out the bleatings. . . . She and her brood increased their volume of fire on our trenches and on the ravines behind us. Shrapnel balls and slivers of steel whined and howled. From the trenches of our enemies rose their battle-cry: "*Din! Din! Allah Din!*" And over they came with renewed fury in one last desperate charge.

Our Colonel, weaving in and out of our broken ranks, careless of danger, came to within a few yards of where I was standing. The adjutant who had been following a few paces behind him screamed and fell. The Colonel looked behind; saw that the adjutant would need no more attention in this life; and then snarled: "Give them — " He crashed in a heap almost at my feet. He had joined his adjutant in the banquet halls of Valhalla. Annie had done a good five minutes' work for the lords of Stamboul.

As the Turks cleared the way for the use of their bayonets by throwing their vicious little bombs among us, our line broke into hoarse, challenging shouts. On our left another cry was rising — a desperate cry for reinforcements. Over there our line had been broken.

A CAPTAIN rushed by me with a dozen men following him. One of them tugged at my arm and said something which, owing to the din, I did not catch. However, there was no mistaking his gesture. I followed him. When we arrived at Number Five the Turks were reversing the parapet — or what was left of it. The trench was a shambles. Our dead and wounded lay like shapeless sacks of earth. A Turk turned, a bomb in his hand. The captain's pistol cracked and the fellow's face seemed to disappear in a spurt of red.

When we finally got the enemy out of that trench the shambles had increased. A few men replaced the

parapet, while the remainder of us who were now reinforced by other men coming from Number Six fought back the attack. It was difficult to find a place to stand without stepping on either a wounded or dead man. I felt a hand clutching at my leg. Looking down I saw a man holding his stomach with one hand and trying to attract my attention with the other. I bent over. "Water," he whispered. When I told him I had none he closed his eyes wearily.

All along the line the pitiful wail rose: "*Stretcher bearer! Stretcher bearer on the left!*" The cry of the wounded. Men gasping out their lives in vain appeals for help. Full grown men crying out like children suddenly awakened in the dark by a bad dream.

THE Turks were howling out their battle-cry again. Presently we saw cruel faces above us. Eyes narrowed down to slits; teeth showing . . . yellow teeth in a mask of hatred. These men cackled like lunatics . . . we were told afterwards that they were Kurds — a race to whom savage butchery had been a pastime for centuries; men whose brute courage even the great Timur had been willing to admit.

Our hands reached out for their feet and bayonets gutted them as they hit the floor of the trench.

Machine guns rattled and choked. Rifles grew hot and were thrown aside or used as clubs. The wounded man who had asked me for water screamed and wriggled. I looked down . . . he would be happier now.

Another wounded man struggled to his feet cursing vilely. He had hardly stood erect before a second bullet found him and he dropped . . . dead as meat with an oath on his lips.

The cries of the Turks died down as they retired to their trenches.

DUSK stole down on slippered feet — dusk that would, in its diffusing light, cloak the scene of butchery which men call war. Our dead lay everywhere. Fatigue parties were told off from among the reinforcements to carry these dead down the ravines. All that was left of what once had been young men following a gleam. . . .

I was ordered to superintend one of these burying parties. Down at the foot of the big gully we stacked the corpses like cordwood — ready for their Christian burial in that cemetery where so many blanket-covered warriors were taking their eternal sleep, uninterrupted by the crashing of the guns. Then there was the wholesale grave.

A chaplain stood waiting at the head of a long ditch that had been recently dug — a hard-faced man whose blue eyes blazed out of his mahogany tanned countenance. Several campaign ribbons decorated his tunic. Looking at him I wondered about the Prince of Peace.

"Everything all right, sergeant?" He was quite businesslike.

I assured him that we were ready.

He began to mumble the Service for the Burial of the Dead. "I am the Resurrection and the Life . . ." A shrill, familiar scream intervened. Into the ditch dived the Chaplain, shouting as he went: "Look out, you fools! Here's Annie!"

Ten minutes later when we came out of our various shelters we found

it was going to be difficult to bury what was left of the dead.

During the night the scrub on the space between our trenches caught fire, lighting up the faces of friend and foe. Rifle fire clattered; heavy guns thundered. Hell never would have any terrors for the survivors of this night, I thought. Annie and her friends tore our earthworks to pieces. We abandoned them and dug holes out in front of the defense system with our trenching tools — small holes that barely held our crouched bodies. They did not give shelter from the enemy's gun fire. The night was made hideous by the cries: "*Stretcher bearer! Stretcher bearer!*"

NEXT morning the sky over toward Troy looked like the floor of a slaughter house. Blood in the sky . . . blood on the ground . . . blood everywhere. . . . Rivers of it had flowed during the past few days on the Peninsula. A gigantic reaper had passed over the slope and left bodies in heaps. The folly of using massed formation against concentrated rifle and machine-gun fire! Among the heaps that were close to me I saw a few rats darting, and wondered whence they came.

An impasse had been created. Neither side could advance without a waste of life out of all proportion to what little success might be gained. Already our big show at the Dardanelles had settled down to the stagnation of the western front. The only excitements now were meetings with hostile patrols in No Man's Land where we were sent at night either to cut the scrubby bushes, or to discover any new saps that the Turks were running out in our direction. These and the work of mining under the enemy's position and blowing him to pieces formed a pleasant interlude.

The smell of decomposing bodies increased daily, intensified by alternate spells of warm rains and fierce sunshine. Each day brought its full ration of flying steel from Annie. Sometimes she would kill only a few stragglers on the beach. On other occasions she was more fortunate. A party of Punjabis would be leading their mules loaded with rations and ammunition along the beach when she would drop her first shell. Officers would shout: "Get to your dug-outs!" Our men would dash for protection in all directions. There would be the ludicrous sight of two huge men trying to wedge themselves ostrich-like into a small hole in the face of the cliff that would not have given much shelter to a rabbit.

THE Punjabis, the majority of whom did not understand English would turn amazed faces at the spectacle of scattering men. Another shell would burst down the beach as Annie began her traversing process. The native dignity of bearing of these Indian soldiers of the Great Raj would vanish instantly and they would tug frantically at the short ropes with which they led their mules. The beasts, probably under the impression that they were being induced to do something intelligent, would refuse to move. Their masters would shriek at them — streams of guttural invective rising to shrill *tremolos* — then they would draw their sword bayonets and go to work with the flats of them upon

the ribs of the dumbest of God's creatures.

In the midst of this chaos, Annie, with a diabolical genius for choosing the right moment to administer her *coup de grâce*, would send over a salvo. There was the impression of a terrific thunderstorm in the middle of a fog. . . .

When the smoke cleared away, all that was mortal of man and mule would be lying in quivering pieces over the beach. Many a piece of mule has found itself inadvertently buried with all the honors of the Moslem creed.

THE appalling monotony of seeing their friends killed, the strain of conflicting rumors of attacks or reliefs that never came, drove many of our fellows insane. It was not lack of courage. These men were possessed of a simple and terrible courage that was always the admiration of troops of other nations. It was the lack of opportunity to strike back that brought about their insanity.

You would be walking down a gully with a man you had known for years, when suddenly he would give vent to an unearthly cackle. His body would twitch horribly and a bright slime would dribble from the corners of his mouth. If he happened to be smaller than you, you took a chance of overpowering him. If not, you left him as fast as your legs could carry you. Madmen armed with rifles and bayonets did not always demonstrate an ability to distinguish between friends and foes. . . .

It was at this stage of the campaign that I developed a powerful yearning to be wounded. I was quite willing to sacrifice an arm or a leg to be out of the hell of the Dardanelles; it was my constant thought, waking or sleeping. I considered the idea of administering a self-inflicted wound (and what soldier at the Dardanelles did not?). I even contemplated standing on the beach when Annie was throwing over her iron bouquets.

Before this phase set in I had always been able to lure sleep by switching my thoughts back to my childhood days . . . my mother coming to kiss me good-night. Now even this failed to bring sleep. My brain burned with schemes to get away from the drab horror of death and dysentery which stalked up and down that narrow strip of land.

THEN a rumor trickled down from high places that we were going to attack. All ideas of wishing to be wounded disappeared. We were going to meet the Turks on a more equitable basis! Men spoke of this promised attack with their jaws clamped tight and with cold gleams in their eyes.

New trenches and saps were being dug everywhere. With two other men I was told off to dig a sap behind our front line. There was only one pick and shovel so we agreed, as we walked to the appointed position, to relieve each other in ten minute spells.

When we arrived there, a party of engineers were down at the bottom of the hill, a distance of two hundred feet, cooking their morning meal. One of them was singing:

"I'll go one!" said England,
"I'll go two!" said France;
"I'll go three!" said Belgium,
"I think I've got a chance!"

"I'll go four!" said Germany,
"And wipe you off the map!"
But Australia said:
"God strike me dead!
I'll go Nap!"

Two of us were lying on the ground watching the other member of our party, a big Welshman, shoveling. He concluded his ten minutes and was standing erect in the act of offering me the shovel when there came that old familiar scream. Without hesitation, I dived for the newly-dug sap and in so doing looked upward. The Welshman was still standing there, his arm extended holding the shovel, but he had no head.

There was a shouting from below. The engineers had been sitting around in a group eating their meal when the Welshman's head rolled into their midst like a bloody football. I stood up outside the sap to get a better view of the scene below. There was another scream which seemed to be right inside my ears. I felt myself twisted, torn, hurled through the air. When I landed, I was aware only of a terrific burning in my left leg and of the acrid fumes of high explosive searing my throat and lungs. . . .

So far as I was concerned, the orders to attack had been countermanded by Annie from Asia.

# Miami

By Jack Kofoed

*Where, beneath America's brighest sun and bluest sky, forbidden attractions vie with more innocent pleasures to lure the vacationist's lucre*

In the days before the Great Boom, Miami's dream of fame as a winter resort did not include the revelry and wickedness of the Riviera. Drowsing under the winter sun, the small but growing city looking over Biscayne Bay to the sandy waste land that the magic of Carl Fisher later transformed into Miami Beach, took thought principally to sound and careful citizens. The business man of the rural Middle West, with his Rotary, Kiwanis and Board of Trade affiliations, was the type that Miami hoped would build her skyline and increase her bank deposits.

This hope was deepened by the mob of tin-can tourists, rainbow chasers and easy money boys who surged down there in 1925 to grab what they could and leave Miami flat on her protesting back. Floridians wanted stability in a day when nothing had a really solid foundation. So they settled on the business man as an ideal. Later, however, the city came to realize that Congress gaiters and ankle-length skirts never built a winter resort. The free spenders are the background of any gay place — and the free spenders like liquor, horses, slim legs and pretty faces, gambling and similar amusements. You can't lure them with strawberry festivals and Sunday school picnics.

Miami continued to pretend that it was wrapped in civic righteousness. This was natural, considering that William J. Bryan spread his beneficent personality over it for so many years. But in fact, and pretense aside, the Magic City has torn itself away from the staid old dream. Small town business men and retired school ma'ams may still find harbor there, but the real atmosphere has been tinted by the Texas Guinans, Jack Dempseys, Scarface Capones and by a motley crew from Broadway and the race-track. The average visitor is much more likely to ask the location of a famous gambling joint, popularly supposed to have been backed by the late Tex Rickard, than of the First Methodist Church.

I like Miami. It is an absolutely perfect place for a vacation. The sky is bluer and the sunshine brighter than anywhere else in America. Of the more innocent pleasures — golf

bathing, polo, tennis, speed boating, airplaning — there is no end. Of the more sophisticated joys, such as drinking, gambling and eating pompano at Little Joe's, there is equal abundance.

Miami admits these assets privately, but denies them publicly. Hypocrisy is increasing on the shores of Biscayne Bay. Get the dollars, but deny the reasons for them. The city is touchy in the extreme about any fling at her standing.

Two years ago a young Baltimore business man opened a novelty store down there. His rent was $300 a month, and business dragged. Finally, he decided to sell out his stock and go home. In the usual manner he placarded the front of his place with signs, advertising the unusual bargains to be found within. He added one — for his mood was jocular, though slightly tinged with bitterness — that read: "Selling Out — Going Back North, Where Men Are Men and Rents Are Reasonable."

It was as though a drunken sergeant had spit in the face of the Chief of Staff. There was an instant hullabaloo. The Chamber of Commerce fairly frothed at the mouth. The offender was arrested and brought into court. The judge pondered. There was, he admitted, no ordinance covering such an offense. But there was an insistent demand for punishment. So the judge concluded sagely that the sign constituted disorderly conduct and sent its author to jail for ten days. This was a lesson to other Smart Alecks, who might be in the mood for casting slurs at the beautiful stronghold of the Bryan and Flagler worshippers.

My quarrel with Miami is not for the things she does or permits to be done within her borders, but for pretending that those things do not exist. One finds no inhibitions there except among the holy who pretend that the place is full of beneficial restrictions.

Revenue cutters go dashing along the coast up and down Biscayne Bay, without stemming to any appreciable degree the amount of liquor to be found in the city. Champagne, rye, Scotch, gin, bacardi — really excellent beer manufactured in Newark, they tell me, and dolled up with beautiful German labels — are procurable at prices that seem ridiculously modest compared with those on Broadway.

Would you gamble?

The magnificent racing plant at Hialeah is predicated on the bookmaker, of course, since the State frowns on *mutuel* machines, and thereby gets no "cut" on the vast sums won and lost. Improving the thoroughbred is impossible without betting on the relative speed of the horses. Eliminate wagering and the number of spectators would be negligible.

There are scores of gambling houses, both in Miami and on the Beach. Roulette, craps, poker — anything you choose. In some places there is no limit, but the spender and piker can find places to throw away their money.

And the slot machine! It has found its haven here. Nearly everywhere else it is barred, even in Chicago, where it flourished for so many years. Miami literally boasts thousands of them. At one hotel I have

seen two machines going full blast in the lobby. One gobbled dimes, the other quarters. Optimists gather in front of these machines at all hours of the day and night. A well known pugilist lost $118 there one afternoon. His trainer, a thin, dark Italian with an incurable passion for gambling, must have dropped five times as much in the course of his stay.

Everyone played, and each night a collector came, and emptied the choked maw of silver. The "take" is counted in the presence of the proprietor, for the profits are split equally between the owners of the machines and the hotels. Under the circumstances it is not considered necessary to trust anyone.

THE business is an expensive one to start. The machines cost $175 each, for they are deftly and delicately constructed. I was told that if you are "right" with sheriffs in cities where machines have been confiscated, they are available at bargain rates. Put one or two in every cigar store and in the lobbies of all the smaller hotels and — obviously — the initial cost is a heavy one. But the play is really tremendous, and with a shade better than 4-to-1 odds against the player it can be seen that the owners need not worry about their profits.

Whippet-racing was introduced at Miami several years ago and became enormously popular. Pretty tracks, with stucco grandstands and tastefully furnished clubhouses, were built. The *mutuel* method of gambling was introduced, because it has the obvious advantage of permitting the operating company to make all the money on the betting instead of giving that golden privilege to be split up among shifty-eyed bookmakers.

*Mutuel* betting is not permitted under Florida laws one whit more than book-making. However, to one accustomed to seeing officers of the law standing beside gamblers actively plying their trade at Belmont, Saratoga and other New York tracks — and at Hialeah, too, let it not be forgotten — it was no surprise to see open gambling at the dog-tracks.

IN DEFERENCE to the law, the plan was prettied up. You do not go to a window and bet two dollars. You go to a window and buy a share of stock in a certain dog-corporation called, say, "Bryan's Delight". If a dog called Bryan's Delight should win a race, you are not crudely informed that the win, place and show money are such-and-such. Oh, no! Bryan's Delight having had a successful couple of minutes, now proceeds to pay a dividend of perhaps two or three hundred per cent upon your investment.

Even this concession did not meet with entire approval. Several times the tracks were closed, but when the crowds began drifting in for the Sharkey-Stribling fight, business had its way. The tracks were opened, and the visiting firemen were permitted to bet all they chose.

The night club has become an established institution, with cover charges to make a real spender blink. Several years ago Evelyn Nesbit ran one near the race track. There were, too, Texas Guinan's Silver Slipper, the Sixty Club, Hardie's

Casino and others that offered excuse for occasional raids by Sheriff Henry Chase. Just what good those raids did, I haven't been able to learn, unless they demonstrated the sheriff's independence of a police force that, according to a Grand Jury report, was cutting in on the profits of all the bootleggers, gamblers, prostitutes and hijackers in Miami.

THE growth of Miami is one of the real romances of American business. Across Biscayne Bay was a key of mangrove swamps, flanked by sand dunes. Carl Fisher bought it. Within a few years it was dotted with beautiful homes, hotels, country clubs, polo fields and all the other requirements of a fashionable resort.

The flattening out of the boom ruined thousands of people. In June, 1926, more than 15,000 parcels of land were sold for taxes. The West Indian hurricanes that raped the coast added death and physical destruction to the financial wreckage, but Miami has gone ahead because it has all the conditions to make it the winter capital of American wealth.

Those include beyond any shadow of doubt the fact that pleasures that do not come within the pale are so readily obtainable. Hence it is that Havana has become the *bête noir* of Miami. The Cuban capital is only three hours away by plane, and offers freedom to do as you please comparable to the Riviera's. If Miami retains the best features of the sin-cursed Cuban capital, the dollars that might fly across the Straits will stay where they will do the most good.

In a city like this the opportunities for graft by policemen have been enormous. The guardians of public safety became bolder and bolder, and rougher, until a Grand Jury indicted the lot. Alexander Orr, Jr., a prominent business man, who was foreman of the jury, and V. Vernon Hawthorne, State's Attorney, issued the following statement:

> Approximately 300 witnesses have appeared before the Grand Jury, more than ninety per cent of whom gave testimony regarding police conditions, in consequence of which we became convinced that there existed within the Police Department a well constructed organization of unknown strength, slowly but surely destroying the freedom of our citizens, meaningless and cruel, practising habits destitute of moral or civil motives and serving only to gratify a malignant passion.
>
> We feel that the lack of morals and their alliance with gamblers, bootleggers, houses of ill fame and the underworld in general have contributed largely to the amazing growth of open violations of the law in the territory served by them.
>
> We frankly and fearlessly assume the responsibility of placing the facts before you with the hope that justice, kindliness and mercy shall emerge triumphantly out of this welter of confusion, cruelty and oppression.

BUT, what would you? The prosperity of Miami is greatly dependent on the ease with which certain laws can be broken. The non-observance of those laws means not only legitimate profit for the business man and hotel-keeper, but a bigger and less legitimate one for a hard boiled gentry.

Miami is a charming place for a frolic. So, in a different way, is New York. The under-cover conditions are probably much the same in both places — but New York does not pretend morality.

# I Know Ten True Christians

By the Rev. Frederick K. Stamm
Minister, Clinton Avenue Congregational Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

When I say that I know ten true Christians, I do not mean to say that there are only ten in the world today; or that all of them are known to me personally. If we could look into the hearts of all people, we could doubtless construct a long list of those who qualify as true Christians. In consequence, however, of our inability to see the inner motives of our fellow men, and because Christianity for most of us is an ideal rather than an achievement, we find it difficult to discover as many as three or four who truly exemplify in their lives the character of Jesus. There is nothing about which we are more in doubt than as to what Christianity is. For a long time India has been saying to America, "We will accept your Jesus, but not your Christianity." Religionists in many so-called heathen lands have openly declared that we who compose Christianity are not Christians at all.

Israel Zangwill is so skeptical of the Christianity in the Church that he says in his *Italian Fantasies* the rock on which the Church of Jesus is founded "is a gold-reef." Some recent writers have declared that Christianity has produced only three unassailably great Christians — Jesus Christ, Francis of Assisi, and Mahatma Gandhi. I heard an eminent theologian recently say that a Jew, Julius Rosenwald, could be added to this list. All will agree that a large measure of Christianity possessed the lives of Simeon Stylites who lived on a pillar, Origen the theologian, Ignatius of Loyola, the soldier Cromwell, George Fox the non-resistant, John Wesley, Cardinal Newman, and Lord Shaftesbury.

It was this thought which led me to cast about among living individuals for the ten greatest instances I could find in the world today of a truly Christian life and character. I am inclined to name the following: Dr. Albert Schweitzer, Miss A. Maude Royden, Dr. Wilfred Grenfell, Jimmy Mallon of Toynbee Hall, Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, Edwin Markham, Sherwood Eddy, and three individuals unknown to fame but personally well known to me. These three are a blind woman, a mother, and a business man.

Let me state the standard by which all of these have been chosen. About the time I entered the ministry I was asked this question: "Can a man be a Christian without being a Church member?" The reason for the question was that the celebration

of the Lord's Supper is commanded in the New Testament, and since the Church is the rightful institution for the celebration of this sacrament, one must be a member of the Church in order to partake of the elements of bread and wine. Only thus can one be regarded as a true Christian.

TO WHAT strange tests we have put Christianity! We are learning, however, that Christianity cannot be measured by this kind of yardstick. There are still some churches which say, "Come with us and you may have the privilege of sitting with us at the Lord's Table." But the Quakers have never looked upon these outward symbols as necessary or even effective, and some religious bodies which do celebrate the Lord's Supper extend the invitation to all to partake whether they are members or not.

Sacraments are beautiful symbols. I should not want to remove them. They are sources of comfort and inspiration to a large number of people. Creeds are sometimes expressions of inward conviction. But neither the observance of sacraments nor beliefs in creeds are *tests* of one's Christianity. Christianity goes far beyond. It is not expressed in formulas of faith, or in symbolism, but in a life. It is not even imitation of Jesus. He dressed in Oriental style, was unmarried, had no settled place of abode, and at least for three years made no economic contribution to His own support. Imitation in these respects makes no one a Christian. Jesus knew nothing of the problems that concern our complex life today. To imitate Him in His conduct is no solution of the problem. To be true Christians we must adapt the spirit of Jesus — His principles of action — to our altered situation.

Important as organized religion is, one cannot put a finger on this church and call it Christian, and on another and call it non-Christian. And because Christianity is a spirit, it may be found in a Protestant, a Jew, a Catholic, or a so-called heathen. If one could resurrect Socrates and set him in the midst of our life today, many might say, "Behold, how like Jesus he is!" Jesus never insisted that men should believe what the creeds have said about Him. He never asked men to understand Him in detail. No great man is fully understood. But here are crystal and radiant words which all can understand: "This is my commandment, That ye love one another, as I have loved you." It can be summed up in kindness. It is not a burden. It is a lift. It is not to be shouted from the housetops, but it can't be hid. It is felt, not only by the person who has it, but by those who pass his way. It is a "fusion of purpose, identity of spirit, comradeship with an unseen but living Lord."

HENCE the ten I select as truly Christian in this day of such widespread and gross materialism are ten who faithfully reflect the mind of Jesus. Not necessarily do they occupy high places: they live their lives in the places where they have been set. They may be Fundamentalist or Modernist. They may or may not be church members. But their lives glitteringly transcend creed and profession. I should like to push up through the ravines and underbrush of sacraments, ritual, ordinances,

beliefs about this and that, until we come upon *Him*, and discern in the lives of His creatures just what Christianity is.

Who knows that radiant personality, Dr. Albert Schweitzer? Theologians and a few physicians know him, and music lovers of Europe know him. But the laity does not know him. I asked Dr. Julius Richter, of Berlin University, what he thought of Dr. Schweitzer. "Oh," he replied, "we do not know where he is going theologically, but he is a marvelous Christian." Seldom do we find a person who excels in three professions. Harnack is a great theologian, Lorenz is a great surgeon, and Wagner was a great musician. But Schweitzer is all three. He could hold a chair in any theological seminary in Europe or America. His theological and philosophical works are known and quoted by scholars. He would bring fame to any hospital where he wielded a surgeon's knife. If he were in New York giving organ recitals the music critics would be in ecstasy over him. In any one or all three of these professions he could become famous and rich.

But Dr. Schweitzer has counted all these as dross for a far greater work — that of ministering to the blacks in the Equatorial heat of Africa. In his little book, *On the Edge of the Primæval Forest*, he says: "I felt Africa was Lazarus lying at the door of rich Europe." Thither he took his surgeon's tools; there he put into practice his knowledge of the teachings of Jesus, and there on an improvised organ he wrote his own scores and mastered the oratorios of Bach. Now and then he returns to Europe and gives organ recitals to finance his work. Frequently a notable book comes off the press. He is under no obligation to creed, dogma or doctrine. His theology is as far removed from that of Dr. Francis Potter as the North is from the South. He is not a Humanist. He is an Apocalypticist. But he is a Christian with genuine love for men. Here is how he expresses his Christianity: "Jesus comes as one unknown, without a name; as of old, by the lakeside, He came to those who knew Him not. He speaks to us the same words, 'Follow thou Me!' and sets us to the tasks which He has to fulfill for our time. He commands. And to those who obey Him, whether they be wise or simple, He will reveal Himself in the toils, the conflicts, the suffering which they shall pass through in His fellowship, and as an ineffable mystery, they shall learn in their own experience who He is."

In London, three years ago, I met and heard the world's greatest woman preacher — A. Maude Royden. She calls herself in matters ecclesiastical "a soul naturally Anglican." When I first saw her I wondered what made her great. What was there about this woman that set England to talking and that spread her fame to America? Then I went to hear her one sultry night at Guild House. The church was crowded, mostly with young people. The audience listened with rapt attention to every word as it dropped like a jewel from her lips. Humor and pathos were closely blended in that sermon. Now the audience grew serious, then it rippled with laughter. When she smiled one could see her soul, and in

her serious sentences one could feel her sympathy with every burdened heart. She was speaking of St. Francis, the greatest saint of the Middle Ages. The Church of England would not permit her to preach in its pulpit, but that does not affect her authority; for she is endowed with something which no church could give her though she should be ordained a hundred times — the spirit of Jesus, which sheds its light upon a multitude of benighted women and girls in London.

Two years ago she visited the United States. She had engagements all over the country. Then one day someone heard that she smokes an occasional cigarette. Immediately W. C. T. U. Organizations, Women's Missionary Societies, and some churches, cancelled their engagements with her. Doors clicked against her on every hand. The smoking of a cigarette blinded organized religion to her divine smile, her Christlike spirit, her love for humanity, and her Christian approach to the perplexing problems of society. She has not grown sour by reason of the opposition to her, but gathers to herself in one huge embrace all folks of whatever creed or race, and claims them as her fellow-workers in building the city of God upon earth. Born and reared in an aristocratic family, she maintains the "common touch" because she has caught the spirit of Jesus of Nazareth. If I should lose the trail to Bethlehem's manger and to the Cross of Calvary, I should like to have Maude Royden point out the way to me.

Let me pass now for a brief moment to one who never wrote a book and who never preached a sermon from a pulpit. To give her name would be useless. She belongs to that numerous class which never wanders far from home and fireside. So far as I know she never travelled beyond the county in which she was born. When first she burst upon my horizon, she was old, and blind, and almost deaf. I climbed the stairway to her little lodging place on many an occasion. It was difficult to talk with her, for she could barely hear; but when my faith was sometimes gone, and my confidence in human nature frayed out at the edges, I climbed that stairway to hear her say in her high-pitched voice, "God is good to me. I am thankful that I can eat, and sleep all night, and though I cannot read, I can still pray." Morning: Afternoon: Night! The hours seem so purposeless to her. Sometimes she says, "I do not know what good I am to anyone." Yet I thought I could see the light in her blind eyes, and her frail body almost leap for joy.

If she could state her theology, it would doubtless be of the most conservative type. But there is something in her which transcends creed; it is the spirit which inspired the words of an ancient singer, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want." It is not *childishness*, but *childlikeness* which keeps her spirit trustful — a quality acquired through the long years. The room she occupied was holy ground, and on that little patch of holy ground I saw that my greatest testimony to the power of Christianity is not the words I speak on Sunday, but the life I live among my fellow men.

Christianity to be effective must be incarnated in a human soul. I saw that my business was not merely to make a living, but to live; not to follow a calling, but to listen to the call of God; not to be, but to become.

Some time ago it was my happy lot to form the friendship of a man, who, after long years of hardship, was just beginning to feel the thrill of a successful career. Not all men can gracefully and humbly ride the tide of success, even though they have come to it after years of hardship and poverty. Success may crown the efforts of a man's industry and toil, but he himself may be a failure. Not so with this man. He did not climb to success over the maimed bodies of his fellow men. He was nearly sixty years of age when I heard his story. It was the tale of an inventor. He believed in his invention. One company after another broke up. He mortgaged his little home. Men betrayed him and sought to steal the work of his genius. Thirty and more years rolled by before the sun peeped through the clouds.

In his darkest hours men trusted him. On a day when his business was endangered he said to me, "I need $13,000 before the day is over." It was not the word of despair, but hope; and the next day he said, "I got it." In the meantime he did not dam up the streams of generosity in his soul. He gave as liberally to good causes as his meagre profits would allow. Men who worked for him were not mere tools, but personalities. When they had a grievance he discussed it with them as man to man. His face bore the marks of determination, but never of hardness. He was the soul of kindness to all whom he met. He had a word of encouragement to hard pressed and discouraged men. Disraeli said, "Patience is a necessary ingredient of genius," and Jesus said, "In your patience you shall win your souls." He was more than a genius in invention. He was a genius in soul-making, and he acquired it by the virtue of patience. He never defined to me his theology. But beauty of character, honor, honesty and love, such as he possessed, are not acquired without the indwelling spirit of Jesus. As I think of him now, I think of a man for whom the religion of Jesus *did* something.

Half way through this list I come upon a man whose name is a household word — Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell. How shall I describe a man about whom volumes have been written? I shall never forget the one evening he was a guest in our home. His features, his dress, his ruggedness, envisioned to me the outline of the Jordan prophet: "What did you go out to the desert to see? A reed swayed in the wind? Come, what did you go out to see? A man arrayed in soft raiment? The wearers of soft raiment are in royal palaces." Never have I felt such breadth of sympathy and love. Here was the spirit of Jesus incarnated in one human soul.

Dr. Grenfell's writings reveal a superior intellect. A skillful surgeon, he could have taken his place among the wealthiest in any metropolis. But his love for humanity sent him in quest of a place where he could render his service to some of the earth's unfortunates, and where he could apply his skill as a Christian to the

healing of the bodies and souls of men. The bit of conversation I had with him before he spoke in the church that night will be a beacon light to me all the rest of my life. It was at the time when the Fundamentalist-Modernist controversy was at its height. He said, "I do not know much about theology. I do not know or care how Jesus was born — supernaturally or naturally. But one thing I do know, that these old hands of mine which have handled a ship's wheel more than they have wielded a surgeon's knife, have nevertheless, under God, been able to make blind men see and lame men walk." Bethlehem's manger has shed its light upon the world through the loveliness of this Knight of Labrador.

CROSSING over the sea again, I come upon a little Irishman by the name of Jimmy Mallon, the Warden of Toynbee Hall in London's East End slums. Do I need to tell any reader what the work of a man is who gives his life to the men and women of the slums of London, and to the children of drunken, blear-eyed fathers and mothers? Last year he came to America on a lecture tour for the purpose of raising some money for his work at Toynbee. Hardly had he started on this project when illness laid him in a hospital. His small funds were soon exhausted, the illness left him weak, and he was obliged to return home without accomplishing his purpose. Knowing the high regard that visitors to Toynbee Hall had for Jimmy, someone addressed a letter to a number of those who knew him, and he received a sum of money sufficient to aid him in his distress.

But Jimmy is more than the Warden of Toynbee Hall. If ever the ideal of peace is realized, neither England nor America will likely give him any credit for having any part in it. And yet, each year, for the past number of years, he has secured the best British speakers — statesmen, diplomats, and clergymen — to speak to a group of a hundred or more Americans on world problems, in Toynbee Hall. The ideals of Ramsay MacDonald, Arthur Henderson, Lloyd George, and Cecil Rhodes are familiar to a large body of Americans through the persistent and tireless efforts of this little Irishman. Without any flare of drums he is endeavoring to bring about a complete understanding between the two greatest English speaking nations in the world. I have never thought to inquire about his creed or his church. It is enough to know that in a large measure the message of Christmas, which is the message of Peace and Goodwill to all men, finds a noble exponent in the sympathetic and Christlike life of Jimmy Mallon.

IF THE name of S. Parkes Cadman should be omitted from this list, I would be omitting a man who has been prescribing the best medicine known to mankind — the medicine of immensity. Everything about him is massive, monumental, magnificent. In Mrs. Barclay's *Rosary*, the Hon. Jane Champion, in the crisis of her life, decided to consult a physician. "Here is a prescription for you!" he said. "*See a few big things!* You will like to remember, when you are pouring water in and out of tea-cups, 'Niagara is flowing still!'"

When I stand in Cadman's pres-

ence, or listen to him in sermon or address, I forget my tiddly-winking in contemplation of the infinities, the immensities, the eternities, with which he deals. Paraphrasing a bit what *The Lady of the Decoration* says, "I almost envy him as he stands in the middle of one of his discourses and touches all four sides." It isn't by accident that he holds a high place in the hearts and minds of a multitude of people. It is because he deals in no small talk; his utterances are a "tonic of big things".

Dealing with big themes is an exemplification of the spirit of Christianity. Jesus never had a "gutter" mind. His was a mind that ranged among the mountain tops, that pierced the sky, and cut underneath small ideas, small pleasures, and small talk. Dr. Cadman draws "the thing as he sees it, for the God of things as they are," and the world takes note that magnitude of mind and heart is characteristic of the man.

As I try to characterize the eighth person for inclusion in this list, I am wrestling with the rival rights of several, among them a Jew and a Catholic. But ever and anon my thoughts turn in the direction of the poet, Edwin Markham. That may be because there hangs in my study a picture of Markham, of the Lincoln Memorial, and a facsimile, in Markham's handwriting, of his poem, *Lincoln, the Man of the People*. Chief Justice Taft and a Congressional Committee examined two hundred and fifty Lincoln poems, and selected this one to be read at the dedication of the Lincoln Memorial. That poem can be accounted for only on the basis that Lincoln's spirit must have lived again in the soul of the poet. Lincoln was Christlike and his mantle of love was thrown about the shoulders of Markham.

Dr. David G. Downey says that Markham is the "poet of humanity — of man in relations." He lives where humanity lives, and the music in the soul of all humanity is of the highest and holiest kind. Markham leaps every barrier of formal religion to champion the cause of "plundered, profaned and disinherited" humanity. The largeness of love which gathered within the embrace of Jesus a Roman centurion, a hated publican, a sinful woman, a battered beggar, echoes and reëchoes in the soul of Markham as he protests against injustice to the toiling millions in the lower abyss of labor.

Does he have a creed? Yes. But one can understand it. It isn't cluttered up with theological niceties. Some day the Church will adopt its spirit, and every plain, weary soul who runs, may read:

> He drew a circle that shut me out —
> Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout.
> But Love and I had the wit to win:
> We drew a circle and took him in!

The love that breathes through his two poems, *The Shoes of Happiness*, and *How the Great Guest Came*, wings its way back to the words of Jesus, "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another."

Turning from Markham, who carries on his back the burden of humanity, I think of a mother, who, born to better things, through long weary years bent her back under the load of supporting a family. Her tribe is legion. But this one I know intimately. The finest achievement of

family life is not the rearing of famous sons and daughters, but of *good* ones. The irony of fate tied her to an unworthy partner. But what he lacked in stamina, industry, and care for his children, she supplied.

While others slept, she toiled. While the morale of other women cracked, she held on. When the church bells rang and her thoughts went back to yesteryear, she remained in the cloister of her home providing a way for the children to go to church. She was never too poor to hand a little gift to other blighted lives. She spent little time in the homes of her friends, but when illness invaded her neighbor's house she was there with a helping hand. Many long hours she spent in vigil by the bedside of the sick. Jesus once commended a woman for doing what she could. Hers was a labor of love, "the greatest thing in the world."

THE tenth embodiment of the spirit of Christianity I find in no less a personage than Sherwood Eddy. Not all men are called to be Sherwood Eddys. Eddy speaks of himself as a capitalist. He has money. He does not wander about in goatskins and sheepskins, being destitute and afflicted. But he is often ill-treated, despised and mocked. With an income sufficient for all his needs, he accepts no pay for himself for the work he does. He keeps a modest sum for his living and uses the balance for the promotion of good enterprises.

The marvel of it all is not that he *can* do it, but that he *does* it. Feeling that he was expending too much on living quarters, he recently moved into a house where he pays the modest rental of thirty-nine dollars a month. He dresses modestly and eats sparingly. He speaks to thousands of students in the leading colleges and universities in this and other lands. He has access to the leading men in every nation. Through personal contact and by his broad sympathy he keeps his finger on the pulse of every nation. He feels the heart-throb of humanity and throws every ounce of his energy into the alleviation of suffering.

Every year he takes a group of Americans to Europe. He gets these groups in contact with the German Government, the British Parliament, and the French Chamber of Deputies. He puts his money into the enterprise. He is an apostle of good will and understanding. He has a passion for justice, mercy and truth. His keen intellect and wide experience detect the wrongs of the world, and his heart of love makes him a brother to all classes and conditions of people. "No greater love hath any man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends." All men count with Eddy, and he literally lays down his life in behalf of the whole of humanity.

PEOPLE can and do resist theologies, creeds, dogmas, ritual; but they have not yet found a way to combat a resistless and transcendent love. The lives I have mentioned are but types of Christian love, and if the world is to be saved, if there is any power to untangle our ravelled life, if the restless multitudes are to see the compassion on the face of Jesus, it must come through a more universal emulation of such lives, rather than in the reconciliation of dogmatic creeds.

# Sentimentality à la Mode

By Louise Maunsell Field

*Does America's insatiable appetite for cant flourish more rankly than ever in this our boasted "hard-boiled" era?*

Many women, and most men, are born sentimentalists. Which is, doubtless, one reason why ninety-nine out of every hundred persons one meets have manuscripts of one sort or another tucked away in some entirely accessible place. As for the hundredth, he carries his about with him, ready to be produced and read aloud to any unwary victim at less than a moment's notice. For writing, and especially the writing of poetry or any sort of fiction, is not only, in the layman's view, an easy way of making money; it is also the most facile of outlets for that surplus emotionalism we call sentimentality.

It is of course perfectly true that the old-fashioned type of sentimentality to which the title is usually confined is the particular target at which missile-hurling is now most popular; this exercise has indeed become the favorite indoor sport of the self-dubbed sophisticates. But the missiles are hurled only at sentimentality of the type usually termed Victorian, though as a matter of fact it antedated the reign of that much abused monarch by a goodly number of years. It is no longer the fashion to cherish dried flowers, and the gift of a lock of hair has ceased to be the unavoidable accompaniment of an acknowledgment of mutual affection; else the boyish bob would never have become popular. Nor does the up-to-date damsel swoon gracefully about on sofas. Angularity is in, grace is out; and besides, there isn't sufficient space for sofas adapted to the swooning process in the modern apartment of dinette, kitchenette, and in-a-door bed.

Nevertheless, "*Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.*" So very up-to-date a young woman as Ellen Glasgow's Annabel Upchurch behaved, when her lover jilted her, very much as did Jane Austen's Marianne Dashwood, past mistress of sentimentality in an ultra-sentimental period, when her Willoughby proved faithless. Annabel wept and moaned all over the place, and worked off her suffering "by telling everybody" who could be persuaded or compelled to listen to her all about it, the hairdresser included. Marianne also wept and moaned and made herself just as miserable as possible, though she was perhaps a

trifle more fastidious in her choice of confidants. Each ardently admired her own behavior; but while Marianne ascribed hers to sensibility, Annabel preferred the term frankness; both succeeded in making everyone around them uncomfortable. The name is changed, the thing itself remains the same. And in each instance, the author's exposition is deftly edged with satire.

SENTIMENTALITY is in truth a very Proteus, capable of wearing any number of different shapes. Our fiction still contains an abundance of the old-fashioned kind; virtuous poverty, corrupt wealth, and everything turning out for the best in true fairy-tale manner, leaving the iniquitous groveling and the acutely noble triumphant, not merely in virtue but more tangibly in their possession of a large amount of the cash they formerly scorned with such abundant, self-conscious superiority. That the purveyors of saccharine and skimmed milk still command a large public is amply attested by the frequency with which their names appear in the lists of best-sellers. Their appeal, of course, is principally to the provincial and the simple-minded, whose admitted desire is for a "sweet story," not to the somewhat smaller, yet nevertheless very large, number of those who like to think they think, and find plenty of authors to encourage them, often quite honestly, in their delusion.

For the present-day fiction readers can be roughly divided into three sections: those who do not think, know they do not think, and in general rather despise the process of thinking, as being in some obscure way effete, high-brow, and altogether un-American. Almost, but not quite, as numerous is the class of those who want to think, like to think they think, absorb large quantities of tabloid "culture," and stampede in herds after every new literary or social or hygienic fad, pathetically believing that they are thereby proving themselves possessed of an apparatus for thinking. These delight especially in those authors who deliver platitudes with an air of giving utterance to new and profound wisdom, often with a firm conviction that this is precisely what they are doing. For among our modern writers there are many who, springing from one of those social strata wherein it is an all but universally accepted tenet that the moon is made of green cheese, have discovered to their own deep astonishment that it is composed of an entirely inedible substance, and feel themselves bound to proclaim the fact with drums and trumpets, such proclamation often seeming to them a kind of religious obligation which happens to be also financially profitable.

THIRD and last among fiction readers comes the comparatively small class composed of those who really can and do think, whose tastes and opinions are their own and not the standardized sort, manufactured and advertised like so many breakfast foods. Yet even these last are sometimes doubtful of their own judgments, and impressed by the loud reiterations of the self-entitled modern, whose sentimentality uses different words and is expended on different subjects, but has no less of exaggerated emotionalism, a view-

point no less distorted, than belong to many of those whose work he professes to regard with special scorn.

Styles have changed. Instead of gushing over the soldier, dying unpleasantly for his country, the truly up-to-date writer maunders about the noble-souled "conscientious objector," and his dreadful sufferings in not being fed on partridges and caviare at other people's expense.

THE gloomy Byronic hero, weighed down with remorse for some trifling error, such as inadvertently hastening the demise of a relative, has given place to the disillusioned youth who despises "life," and pronounces it not worth living, but goes on eating and drinking — especially drinking — just the same. The maiden all forlorn, seduced and deserted by a false-hearted lover, was once the object of the tenderest, most perfervid outpourings of sentimentality. Now her creator usually shows her accepting her position quite calmly; witness the heroine of Rosamund Lehmann's much belauded *Dusty Answer*. Indeed, the modern heroine is more often seducer than seduced. It is only when he — or she — has a nymphomaniac, a sexual pervert or an incipient lunatic to deal with that the modern author really feels free to let fall the gushing tear; but then —! Then the floodgates swing wide, and pour a copious torrent of sentimentality over the hapless victim of such a family curse as "never being let off anything."

Or insanity may take the form of an inordinate desire to promenade entirely unclad, seizing suddenly upon a middle-aged manufacturer. In real life, such an aberration would speedily result in the gentle and regretful escorting of the lunatic to a suitable asylum; the modern sentimentalist regards this mania as being, in some quite inexplicable fashion, a manifestation of superiority. Closely akin to this unfortunate manufacturer is the gentleman who, having been obliged to live for years entirely surrounded by respectable women, eventually loses his mind — an extreme, but perfectly comprehensible result of prolonged boredom — and not merely begins to see people, himself included, as bulging out of their clothes, but insists upon discoursing at length upon his very disconcerting vision, and that at the breakfast table. This, our sentimentalizing author assures us, and a good many innocent souls seem quite willing to take her word for it, is a marvelous spiritual experience; the kind of experience, forecasts the unsentimental reader, which often prefaces life in a retreat for the insane.

THESE are by no means the only subjects dear to the heart of the modern, unacknowledged sentimentalist; filth, for instance, allures him, and he revels in the slums. He does not it is true, show us ministering angels in the guise of "tender females" disseminating sweetness and light, nor does he often portray gangsters as flowing streams of undefiled virtue, and though one does occasionally come across a dance-hall prostitute who is described as being ineradicably pure of heart, the lily seldom rises from the swamp in our so-called "sophisticated" fiction. What the modern often does is to show some one of his leading characters going to live in a slum, becoming

a manual laborer, and thereby, to use a couple of favorite phrases, "coming to grips with life," and getting down to "reality"; reality being, it would seem, only another name for ugliness, ignorance, and a chronic avoidance of soap and water. Even so admirable and usually quite unsentimental a novelist as Louis Bromfield will send his hero into a steel mill in search of freedom and peace of mind.

THE idea of reality and life existing principally if not exclusively among the illiterate and the unwashed is closely akin to that form of sentimentality which regards the sink and the kitchen range as the particular "realities" most effective in the making of "a genuine woman." This kind of sentimentality is almost, though not quite, exclusively masculine; painful experience has taught the female of the species that kitchen grease and drudgery are far more likely to produce a virago than they are to bring forth a gentle consoler of masculine tribulations. It is, incidentally, with their husbands' best interests at heart that wives desert the kitchen for those three conservers of domestic harmony, the can-opener, the cafeteria and the delicatessen shop.

It was once the fashion for authors to sentimentalize over "the Good, the True, the Beautiful"; it is now the fashion for them to sentimentalize over the vicious, the false, the ugly. And from one point of view, this may prove a very good thing; for if too much treacly sentimentality slathered over beauty and innocence, home and mother, has done much to make them all alike objects of derision to the truly up-to-date, is it too much to hope that the sentimentality now being lavished on the hideous and the abnormal will in due course of time produce a similar revulsion? Always there have been, as there are today, a few writers who look at life neither through rose-colored spectacles nor through smoked glasses, but with clear vision see it in its own hues, neither all black nor all white, all pleasant nor all painful. Writers who, if forced to admit that in their own experience "Sorrow did, and joy did nowise — life well weighed — preponderate," do not deny that joy there was, and still is, at least in some slight measure.

YET because their very sanity, insight and sense of justice preclude these from indulging in the sentimental or the sensational, from condemning whole groups and professions as corrupt, self-seeking and hypocritical, they are all too often overlooked in favor of their noisier — and more noisome — competitors.

It may be that some day the reading public will outgrow a liking for cant of any kind, will cease to care for sentimentality in any form or under any name. But that happy time is still so distant as to be totally invisible, and though "hard-boiled" has become a favorite expression, and the downfall of sentimentality has been loudly proclaimed, it has in fact only adopted new names and different aspects, flourishing the more rankly because so many sincerely believe it to have been uprooted and thrown away. For confidence in the completeness of our own disillusionment is the particular pet illusion of "us moderns."

# Tragedy in North Carolina

By Margaret Larkin

*Human Problems behind the Flare-up of Labor Strife in the South*

The "new South" is in the throes of its first great industrial struggle. In the cotton mills, many of them built with Northern capital, twenty sporadic strikes under local leadership and three led by labor unions have occurred within the past year. They have been accompanied by spectacular violence. Six strikers were killed and twenty wounded in Marion, N. C., when they were picketing their mill. The Aderholt murder trial resulted in long prison sentences for seven union organizers. Aderholt was shot when he led a police raid on strikers' headquarters in Gastonia. The grievances of the mill workers are threefold: low wages, long hours and the introduction of efficiency systems.

Wage figures are hard to compute. The United States Census of Manufacturers for 1929 gives the average wage of the North Carolina textile worker as $13.28 a week. Most mill owners put the average at $14. Whatever the exact figure, it is plain that a man cannot raise a family on such a wage. His wife must go into the mills and his children, too, as soon as they are fourteen. This is exactly what does happen. One can scarcely find a home with only one worker in the family. Many mills will not rent a company house unless the family can produce at least two "hands".

The mill hands live on cheap, bad food — "grits", field peas, beans, bread, corn meal, and "fat back" — a salt, fat pork. They eat no fresh vegetables, no fruit, and very little fresh meat and milk. As a direct result of this diet, pellagra, a disease of malnutrition, rages among them. Deaths from this disease increased fifty per cent in North Carolina in the six months ending in September, 1929, according to the State Bureau of Health. It has decreased among the textile workers whenever they have been able to buy the food they need.

Beside the complaint of low wages, the workers have another grievance. On top of the sixty-hour week, which is legal in North Carolina, the Southern textile industry has introduced various efficiency systems. The Manville Jenckes Company, which operates the Loray Mill, took the lead in establishing the "stretch-out" in 1927.

The "stretch-out" is a combination of labor saving devices and redistribution of work. By taking some of the simpler operations away from a skilled worker and giving it to a "boy", the mill cuts down on its skilled force. The weaver who used to tend twenty-five looms is given a slight increase in pay for tending forty, and the company can discharge half of its weavers.

THE indignation of the mill "hands" at the stretch-out knows no bounds. They stood low wages patiently enough, but "there just ain't no a-bearin'" the stretch-out, they say. Henry Totherow, who worked on the "draw frames" in Loray, told me: "It used to be you could git five, ten minutes rest now and then, so's you could bear the mill. But now you got to keep a-runnin' all the time. Never a minute to git your breath all the long day. I used to run six drawing frames and now I got to look after ten. You jist kain't do it. A man's dead beat at night." These efficiency systems have been the immediate cause of nearly all the recent strikes in the South.

I interviewed a number of large employers about the wages, conditions, and the stretch-out, and tried to see others. Several owners refused to discuss their mills with me at all. The manager of the Loray Mill sent word that he was "tired of giving interviews to writers". The "public be damned" attitude was the common one.

The textile industry as a whole has never recovered from the slump that followed its war-time overexpansion. It suffers from decentralization and cutthroat competition. Many Southern plants are operating at a loss, their owners say.

The problems of the Southern owner are complicated by the "mill village" system. When the textile mills were built, labor was imported from rural districts, and housing had to be provided by the mills since it was not available otherwise. Whether the "mill hill" is good or bad, his housing represents a considerable investment by the owner. Most of the villages are outside incorporated towns, so the mill must provide not only houses, but water, light, paving, sewage system, public buildings, and must often pay the salaries of policemen, teachers, and ministers as well.

THE evils of this system, which automatically makes the mill owner a paternal despot, are generally recognized by the owners themselves.

Mr. Blank is the owner of a chain of cotton spinning mills. He agreed to talk to me only after I assured him that I would not identify him. His mills pay about average wages, and his villages evidently are a little better than average. His attitude was one of paternal pride and interest in his workers. "They're a fine class of people," he said. "Any one of my workers is welcome to tell me his troubles if he has any. They come in to borrow money, or get an advance on wages, or to ask for a better house — all kinds of things, and I'm always glad to talk to them. But if they were to join a union, I'd just make it a cold-blooded proposition."

I pointed out that no machinery exists in the Southern mills by which

the workers as a group can approach their employer with grievances. One by one I told off the possible systems — the "company union" or "industrial democracy" plan, the "personnel" man, the "impartial chairman", a Southern-organized union, an American Federation of Labor union, a Communist-led union. He was against them all. Although Mr. Blank represents an extreme point of view, he is typical of the majority. This uncompromising attitude has characterized all the major textile disputes in the South.

At the other extreme stands a well known liberal employer, Major Stuart W. Cramer, Jr. The mill village of Cramerton, which the elder Cramer founded, is one of the show places of the South. "Everything that can be done under the restrictions of competition, has been done for the workers at Cramerton," Major Cramer told me.

The mill-owned houses are attractive bungalows, surrounded with clipped lawns, hedges, and flowers. They have foundations, which most mill houses do not, and many of them have bathrooms. Beside the usual contributions to schools and churches, the mill provides a community hall and a golf course, where "thirty employees play". There is no pellagra in the village, for the mill operates a farm that supplies eggs, milk, fowls, and vegetables at a low cost.

Wages are somewhat higher than in other Gaston County mills, and the company estimates that its various forms of welfare work add five dollars a week to the wages of each employee. A million and a half dollars is invested in the village. An average village of its size can be built for a half million dollars.

The mill has reaped some reward for this extra expenditure in its low labor turnover, which is put at fifteen per cent by the officials. Many mills estimate their turnover at two hundred per cent.

The stretch-out has not been introduced in the Cramer mills. When I asked why, Major Cramer answered, "A ten hour day is a pretty long day to work at anything. It is not so bad if you can take a few minutes off, go to the window for a breath of air, and chat with your neighbor. But if you have to keep your eye on the looms every minute, a ten hour day is inhuman."

The American boast that every worker owns a Ford is almost true at Cramerton. Out of the six hundred families living there, four hundred own cars. But though families are large, there are only six hundred and fifty children in school!

The Cramer properties are held as closed stock by the three families who are active in the management. No dividends have been paid since the mill was started, the earnings having gone back into building up the business.

Publicly all the mill owners present a united front against unionization. Privately some of them will acknowledge that organization is inevitable and that the employers ought to take thought as to how this may be accomplished.

Some such effort is apparent in the legislative programme announced by Governor Gardner. He will recommend a 55-hour week and abolition

of night work for women under eighteen years of age. The concession in hours has been made by many mills already. In Gaston County nearly all mills recently reduced their week to fifty-five hours, at the same wage as the sixty-hour week. Union leaders claim this as a result of the strike at the Loray Mill, and other union activities.

As for the future, the United Textile Workers' Union has called for an extension of organizing in a recent State convention. The National Textile Workers' Union, in a recent conference of Southern textile workers, laid plans for "initiating a general struggle against the stretch-out system". The mill owners do not believe that any general strike movement can be carried through. It is impossible to estimate the strength of the unions, however, for organization is carried on secretly in most places. Probably the unions overestimate their organizational strength and the employers underestimate it, but neither side doubts that there will be a widespread and long-continued struggle.

THE Southern press has been whole-heartedly on the side of the mill owners in every strike. No matter what the leadership, it has accused the "outside agitators" of belief in every Southern bogy — Bolshevism, free love, racial equality, anarchy and atheism. Conservative leaders of the American Federation of Labor, who hate and fear the Communists as much as any Southern mill owner, have been tarred with the same stick.

This indicates more than a lack of knowledge of the politics of the labor movement. It indicates the conviction of the South that labor unions are bad medicine, that "labor troubles" scare away investors, and that labor leaders are anti-Christ or they wouldn't be labor leaders.

*The Charlotte News* referred editorially to the Communist union leaders as "a little band of unspeakables". It said: "In the mill communities there is peacefulness and contentment. The ruckus has been caused by these outrageous Reds, atheists, home-wreckers, church-destroyers, society-rapists."

*The Nashville* (Tenn.) *Banner* lumped all the agitators as follows: "Troubles at Gastonia were made the excuse by national Communist leaders for effecting a lodgment in the South. South Carolina was visited, and Elizabethton, Tenn., became the scene of a similar intrigue. Bomb, torch, and bludgeon appeared there, too." The Elizabethton strike was conducted by the American Federation of Labor.

WHEN mob violence occurred most of the Southern press deplored it, of course. Many papers suggested that Gastonia had brought it on herself by not curbing the Reds sooner. "Human nature will be human nature," said *The Charlotte Observer*. Influential papers pointed out that what was needed was a legal and dignified way of getting rid of the Radicals. *The Manufacturer's Record* of Baltimore took the lead in advising the passage of a sedition law which would commit all radical unionists to jail. Such an act probably will be passed at the next session of legislature.

This impression of universal hos-

tility to the efforts to unionize is the one that most visiting journalists have carried away with them. There is another side to the picture, however. A considerable fund of sympathetic feeling exists among the middle classes as well as among workers. I satisfied myself of this in many conversations with the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker. The cross section of public opinion furnished by the veniremen in the trial of Fred Beal and his co-defendants for the murder of Aderholt, gave further proof. Out of nearly five hundred veniremen examined, twenty per cent were prejudiced in favor of the defendants, and twenty per cent had formed no opinion — a proportion much larger than anyone expected.

The sentiment among the mill workers themselves is strong for the union. I talked to dozens of workers in Gastonia about it. Most of them were not members, but they "aimed to join". One and all they expressed admiration for the Northerners who have continued stubbornly to organize and hold meetings in the face of very real danger.

The histories that workers told me of their lives in the mills were the strongest argument they could have given for their interest in the union.

Daisy MacDonald "reckoned to find a money tree" when she left the mountains as a bride. At the end of twenty years in the mills she was making $12.90 a week, upon which she supported nine people. "I'm a good worker, too," she boasted. "I've worked in more'n thirty mills and I ain't never been fired yit. I can do a heap of things in a mill — sorting, warping, carding, spooling. My last job was untangling yarn." I asked why she had never learned the weaver's trade, which pays twice as much as she was making untangling yarn. "Hardly any mills pays while you're learning, and hit takes a while. I couldn't never afford it."

Ella May Wiggins, who was shot by the mob on September 14, told me her story three weeks before she died. I saw her at a barbecue and a "speaking", which the workers were holding in the woods.

"I never made no more than nine dollars, and you can't do for a family on such sorry money," she said. "I'm the mother of nine, but four died with the whooping cough. I was working nights and nobody to tend them only Myrtle. She's eleven and a sight of help. I asked the super to put me on days, but he wouldn't. So I had to quit and there wasn't no money for medicine and they just died. Seems like I never could do nothing for my children, even to keep 'em alive. That's why I come out for the union."

# Milady Takes the Air

By Bruce Gould

*An experienced flyer replies to the frequent charge of male pilots that women's place is on the ground*

Woman, whose place admittedly is in the home, has latterly sought to be at home in the sky. The sudden rush of women to the cockpits has proved a great shock to men pilots. Frankly, many of them haven't liked it a bit.

It is all very well for Charles A. Lindbergh to declare amiably that there is no reason why women should not become transport pilots, the highest rating a commercial pilot may attain. The Colonel has but recently married. Moreover, he has been teaching his wife to fly. Chivalry, therefore, is the better part of valor. Romance is still upon him, as well as the necessity to protect his home life from friction.

Not so chivalrous are many pilots. Indelicately, even roughly, the more horny-handed manipulators of the joy stick will discourse picturesquely on ladies in the air. These querulous fellows, shifting a quid of tobacco from one molar to another, deliver themselves of opinions expressed somewhat more emphatically than as here set down. Women, they say, lack the air sense necessary to good piloting. Women don't like to mess around machinery and so won't give the motors and controls the meticulous attention these vital parts of an airplane demand. Women are by nature impulsive and scatter-brained. Therefore, they won't watch the instrument board, which tells the pilot the condition of his motor and the relative position of his airplane a great deal more effectively than the stethoscope, the thermometer and the pulse tell a physician the condition of his patient. Women are likely to forget to "gas up" before hopping off, say these pilots. In addition, they are likely to try to fly to some place merely because that's where they want to go, even if the plane doesn't have enough gasoline on board to carry it so far. They don't watch the wind as it shifts around the compass, declare the hard-boiled males, nor will they keep an eye out for other planes in the air, in order to avoid nasty collisions.

Summing it all up, the opinion is that women as pilots make good passengers. They are decorative. Their gushing and giggling and gurgling stimulate the pilot to do his best. It's an old trick they have. In other words they're all right in the rear

cockpit, or the upholstered cabin; anywhere, in fact, except in the pilot's seat.

So much for the prejudices of the very male male pilots. What are the facts? Do they bear out the charges *in toto*, partially, or not at all?

THE Department of Commerce lists a total of seventy women pilots in this country. There are about 7,500 men pilots, some of whom have thousands of hours in the air to their credit. Something like fifteen thousand young men have applied for student pilot licenses. It can readily be seen, therefore, that women have barely begun to take up flying in a serious way.

From almost the earliest days of flying there have been women aviators. None equalled the men flyers of their day, but some became almost as famous. Women first began to fly in France, and Baroness Raymonde de la Roche was the first licensed pilot, gaining that distinction in March, 1910. She fell, was seriously injured, and gave up flying. Then she was hurt again in an automobile accident which killed her instructor, Charles Voison. She took up flying once more, preferring, if necessary, to die that way. Her flying costume was a short skirt, long leather boots, a dark jersey, big leather gloves, a round cap and goggles. They say she was a pretty snappy figure.

More famous was France's second pilot, the lovely and daring Helene Dutrieu. Starting as a bicycle racer, she was promoted to a circus, then to looping the loop in an automobile, and finally took up flying to win the Coupe Femina by her flight of 104.7 miles in two hours and thirty-five minutes on December 21, 1910. While learning to fly her Santos-Dumont Demoiselle, she turned a somersault. She only laughed at the mishap. With Jeanne Pallier and Baroness Roche, Mlle. Dutrieu sought to join the French air service when the War broke out. Though the Government had given her the Legion of Honor, and she was known as an excellent flyer, the offer was turned down. She did fly above Paris to scout for German sky raiders, however. Other famous French flyers of the early period were Jane Harveu and Marie Louise Driancourt. The first recorded flight by a woman passenger was made on July 8, 1908, by Mme. Thérèse Peltier, a sculptor, in a Voison biplane. She immediately took up flying.

THE wife of a famous romancer, Mrs. Maurice Hewlett, was the first English woman to receive a pilot's license. She organized a school, and taught Snowden Smith, the first English officer to be trained in an English school, how to fly. No less a person than Maurice Maeterlinck christened her Farman biplane the "Blue Bird." Miss Spencer Kavanagh, looking something like a glorified Salvation Army lass in a flaming red flying suit, was another English woman to take up flying in 1910 with Bleriot at Pau. She used to fly as much as ten or twelve miles in half an hour. Mrs. C. de Beauvoir Stokes was England's second lady in the air.

In other countries, there were Nellie Beese, a sculptor, who became Germany's first airwoman in September, 1911; Lily Sheinschneider, a dumpy woman with not much chin, pop eyes, and an enveloping skirt,

who was Austria's entrant; and Princess Helen Schakowski, a Russian aviator, who vainly tried to fly for Italy as an aërial scout during the Tripoli irritation.

HARRIET QUIMBY, a charming and brave girl who was a dramatic critic until she saw her first air meet at Belmont Park, was this country's first licensed woman pilot. Her costume looked something like a union-all with bloomers and monk's hood. She gained her license on August 1, 1911, flying way up to 200 feet. As a contemporary account had it, "On the third flight she tried for altitude, the required height being 164 feet. She went up 200 feet." After being the first woman to fly across the English Channel, she was killed in Boston, eleven months after obtaining her license.

Matilda Moissant, sister of John, who made the Paris-London flight, was America's second airwoman. She gave up flying finally "to save her family from becoming nervous wrecks," but not before she had made a name for daring and skill. Other early flyers were Blanche Scott, Bernetta Adams Miller, Ruth Bancroft Law, Julia Clark, Katherine Stinson, Mrs. I. Richberg Hornsby, and Dorothy Pierce. Miss Law and Miss Stinson tried to enlist during the War, but our Government was no more receptive to the idea of women pilots than was France.

In fact the War put a decided crimp in women's aërial activities. All the men who flew were in the service and doing unheard of things, so spectacular that mere exhibition flying by women seemed tame. Therefore, the women flyers, who were not wanted in the service, had little incentive to fly. Miss Law, and also Miss Stinson, who taught her famous brother Eddie to fly and built her own plane, both gave up flying for their husbands' sakes. The rest of the early birds were either killed or drifted into obscurity.

Laura Bromwell was the first woman after the War to gain a pilot's license. Competing actively with men, she acquired some fame by looping 133 times, but was killed in 1922. The War had made so many people fear flying, because of the hair-raising stories which had been told of aërial combat above the lines, that not many people were interested. Flying suffered a severe slump. The best men pilots lived a hand-to-mouth existence; women found no openings. A few women did fly, but their number could be counted on one's fingers. It was transatlantic flying, and the burst of enthusiasm for aviation which followed Lindbergh's New York-Paris flight, which sent women up into the air again. Even so, the record shows that only a few women have yet had any appreciable length of time in the air.

OF THE seventy women pilots, only seven have the necessary 200 hours or more of solo flying, together with sufficient mechanical and meteorological knowledge, to qualify as transport pilots. These women are Amelia M. Earhart, who became famous when she was flown across the Atlantic ocean by the late Wilmer Stultz; Edith Foltz; Lady Mary Heath, a fine pilot who recently crashed so seriously at Cleveland that she may not fly again; Ruth R. Nichols, an admirable flyer; Louise

McPhetridge Thaden, who won the "powder puff air derby" from Los Angeles to Cleveland, a 2,350 mile race in 18 legs at around 115 miles an hour; Phoebe Fairgrave Omlie, who won the light plane race in the same derby at around 90 miles an hour in her tiny monocoupé, in which she originally attracted attention as the first woman to fly in the Ford Reliability Tour a year ago; and Evelyn B. Trout, a short-time holder of the women's endurance record, recently taken away from Elinor Smith by Mme. Maryse Bastie, of Paris.

TEN women have gained the limited commercial license, indicating the flying of fifty or more solo hours, together with somewhat less technical knowledge than the transport pilot is expected to show. These women are Florence L. Barnes, Achsa Barnwell, Sacha Peggy Hall, Mildred E. A. Kauffman, Florence E. Klingensmith, Sylvia Anthony Nelson, Blanche W. Noyes, who gained third place in the derby which Mrs. Thaden won, Maude I. Tait, Esther M. Vance, and Vera Dawn Walker.

Among the women holders of private licenses who have attracted some measure of public attention are Elinor Smith, a girl of seventeen who holds the endurance record for this country; Ruth Elder, a daring girl who was flown to Hollywood by George Haldeman on what started out to be a transatlantic flight to Paris; Viola Gentry, who for some weeks has lain in a hospital after crashing in an endurance flight; Mrs. May T. Haizlip, who has been a woman instructor in the Spartan Flying School; Mrs. Opal Logan Kunz, society woman who believes women should take up flying as a part of national defense; Gladys O'Donnell, who won second place to Mrs. Thaden in the air derby; Mrs. Neva F. Paris, and Thea Rasche, who won second place to Mrs. Omlie in the light plane air derby.

CONSIDERING the small number of women flyers, a rather surprisingly large proportion of them have gained national prominence. Their names are better known than most Congressmen, most Governors, and all but a few of the more vocal Senators. Let almost any woman, whose picture will bear even charitable inspection, do almost any stunt in the air, and she lands on the front pages. It is this lamentable fact, I suspect, which makes the men pilots sore.

It seems almost unnecessary to say that none of these women pilots can fly as well as hundreds of men, of whose names and exploits the public has never even heard. The men see Haldeman perform the hard work of taking Miss Elder nearly to Spain, only to have the lady grab off a fat movie contract. Stultz, they reflect, was hardly noticed by the London mob which idolized Miss Earhart, and it was the lady again who was made a magazine editor by way of reward. To give Miss Earhart her due, she is a modest and fair-minded person, well liked by many pilots of both sexes. Lady Heath flew to Cape Town, a fine flight which she has been able to capitalize ever since. The fact that she is a Lady helped her vastly, of course, in a democratic country like ours. Watching the women reap such rewards while, so to speak, the men pilots get the

air only, contributes largely to that grudging attitude which not a few of the flyers have towards the flighter sex. This, despite the fact that pilots as a rule are not an envious lot.

THE Aëronautical Chamber of Commerce reports that it receives "very few serious inquiries from women as to their desire to enter aviation." It adds, however, that it has "had countless inquiries concerning the chances for their transatlantic flights." This latter comment would tend to bear out the contention of many men pilots that women take up aviation only as one more means of making themselves conspicuous. The Chamber reports that following an article in a women's magazine regarding women's chances of getting into aviation, it received "quite a shower of letters requesting information of what women can do in aviation." This rather spasmodic group of inquiries was the first indication it had, however, of woman's interest in the field.

Because of the fairly heated debate now going on in hangars, drawing-rooms, and at dinner tables on the question of women's ability to fly, the recent "powder puff air derby" held in connection with the Cleveland Air Races was critically watched. Nineteen women entered the race, thirteen in the heavy plane class won by Mrs. Thaden, six in the light plane class won by Mrs. Omlie. Lady Heath had previously announced that she wouldn't enter the race because it "wouldn't be fair to the other girls." A left-handedly polite comment which perhaps explains why Lady Heath is not entirely popular among her sisters, despite her excellent flying ability! As for the men, they say she climbs on a turn in a low-powered plane!

The day after the race started, the fun began. Pilots they might be, but ladies they certainly were, with the usual feminine lack of sportsmanship. Fraulein Rasche, forced down by a clogged carburetor, charged "sabotage." Mrs. Claire Fahy, dropping out of the race because of motor trouble, made the amazing discovery that the centre section wires of her plane had been weakened by acid, causing them to snap. A district attorney entered the scene, solemnly surveyed the evidence, and announced a complete and entire lack of "sabotage." The next day Miss Elder characterized the sabotage charges as due to the fact that "so many crazy people like to spread rumors." When she herself lost her way, she cheerfully admitted it was because she never could make head or tail of a map, anyway.

FIFTEEN of the nineteen contestants finished the race in some manner. Marvel Crosson, one of the most experienced of the racers, was killed when nightfall overtook her during the second lap in western Arizona. Presumably, she jumped when her motor failed, but neglected to open her parachute. It was a depressing opening to this first women's air derby, but as Miss Earhart said, "We all felt terribly, but we knew that now we had to finish." And as Mrs. Thaden said on winning, "We think we have done something toward proving that women have a place in the air." She considered her victory due "to a good fast plane, and all the breaks a girl could get."

Her contention that the women had "put up a great race, as fine a race as so many men could have flown," is a difficult one to dispute successfully. It is true that the various derbies for men, run off in connection with the Cleveland Air Races, were more arduous than the women's race, unless one accepts Mrs. Thaden's assertion that the really hard part of the derby was "the round of receptions, the banquets, the speeches and the entertainments." Many of the male pilots failed to finish in their events, and a few were killed. While it is not possible satisfactorily to compare the men and women's events, it must surely be conceded, and I believe it is so conceded by all fair-minded male pilots, that the women flyers gave a really fine account of themselves.

ONCE at the Air Races, the women pilots covered themselves with glory in the closed course races. As one veteran pilot said, "the way some of those girls slid their buses around the pylons was nobody's business." Their time compared favorably with that of men in similar planes. However much oldtimers had been impelled to smile at these ambitious women when they refused to take mechanics along in their derby, because everyone would think the men had therefore flown the planes, the race ended with most of the diehards publicly admitting that the women had strikingly shown their ability. A few pilots may still contend privately that women cannot fly, but only when they are safely out of sight and hearing of members of the newly winged sex.

A pretty sizable proportion of masculine humanity still, indeed, asserts vociferously on occasion that women cannot drive automobiles. In fact, I am one of that group. For some reason or other, which I've never quite been able to diagnose, I don't like the way women drive automobiles. They drive so differently from men! Even I, however, have never been able to convince myself that my opinion about women auto drivers is anything but a stubborn masculine prejudice. I've never been really frightened in an automobile driven by a woman, but some damfool men drivers have nearly scared me to death.

MUCH the same prejudice exists against ladies in the air, I believe. Ruth Nichols's characterization of men's attempt to discourage women's taking up flying as "a vestige of mediævalism" sounds like good sense. Neither she nor anyone else believes that one out of a thousand women will ever want to pilot passenger transport planes, carry the air mail, or perform any of the hard, fatiguing flying jobs which require not only the maximum of piloting skill but the maximum of endurance, as well. There is no more reason why women pilots should aspire to those jobs than that they should become taxi drivers or locomotive engineers. Opportunities are not therefore closed to women in aviation, however. Aviation is a growing industry with widespread ramifications and great potentialities. Whatever place women hope to fill in the industry, it will enhance their chances to know how to fly.

As a matter of fact, it was Ameri-

ca's first woman aviator who probably indicated women's future place in aviation. Miss Quimby said, "I think women will go in for flying more as a sport than as a profession." In her day, women flyers were considered freaks. If they were pretty freaks, that made it so much more piquant. People cheerfully paid large sums of money to watch them fly and get killed in the shaky contraptions which passed for flying machines in that period. At the present time, the few women who can actually fly have been able to capitalize their abilities in the movie and publicity field. There is a premium on feminine flying which is not based on skill so much as rarity.

This period will pass as more women take up flying, which they are going to do, no matter what hard things the men pilots say about the way they fly. If their piloting follows the general curve of women's activity, women flyers will undoubtedly never excel, and rarely equal men in the air. No scientific data exist, however, which would indicate that women are not thoroughly fit to fly. They won't learn how to fly like men, any more than they will drive automobiles like men. We shall have to point out the error of their ways with all the patience at our command; but as long as they have gone ahead, overruled our objections, and will smile away our grouching anyhow, the only thing to do is to give these ladies of the air a great big hand.

# Thingography

By O. K. Davis
Secretary National Foreign Trade Council

*Under a hybrid title symbolic of the hybrid products of modern industry, an expert in international commerce sketches the amazing interdependence of world consumers*

Two ships exchanged friendly greetings the other afternoon at the entrance to New York harbor. One was bound in from a voyage around the world. She had called at a dozen or more great ports — Yokohama, Shanghai, Hong Kong, Manila, Singapore, Colombo, Aden, Port Said, Marseilles. She reeked with the romance of travel and trade. The other was bound out on a voyage to the north and east coasts of Brazil, to ports of which few in the United States ever hear, and they very seldom — Maranham, Parnahyba, Ceará, Natal, Cabedelo, and Maceió.

There was nothing unusual or spectacular in the meeting or the business of these two ships. Each was about its regular work. One was helping to maintain contact between the American people and peoples of a dozen or more nationalities and characteristics all around the globe, carrying our travellers and the products of our genius and our enterprise to them, and bringing their visitors and the fruits of their industry and commerce to us, efficiently busy on one of the great highways of the world. The other, no less actively serviceable, was taking needed supplies of many kinds to the dwellers in the great region about the mouth of the Amazon river and to the south of it, articles that will in turn help those people to obtain and send back to us a wide range of tropical products that add to the comfort or convenience or occupation of our daily life; which, after all, is the prime motive and service of our foreign trade.

It has grown to vast proportions — this international commerce of ours. Last year that part of it which traversed the seas exceeded 113,000,000 long tons. About one-fourth of that business passed through the port of New York, where from sixty to seventy-five vessels come and go every day.

It is not easy to visualize that volume of international trade. If one could imagine it as being all handled over one colossal pier, the inland carriage, bringing the exports to seaboard and taking the imports away, would require a train of fifty freight cars, each carrying thirty

tons, a little more than the average carload, every seven minutes from the morning of January 1 to the evening of December 31. Those trains would have to transport 309,000 tons every 24 hours.

The water borne foreign commerce of the port of New York is more than 25,000,000 tons a year. Of our 181 ports there are 18 others which have a water borne foreign commerce of more than a million tons a year. Three of them are on the Great Lakes, which suggests the magnitude of our trade with Canada.

Entrances and clearances at American ports last year totalled more than 60,000. The vessels that last year made sixty thousand entrances and clearances from American harbors linked the United States with 1,347 different foreign ports, all around the globe, in every sea, on every continent and on very many of the islands. They were carrying to the 120,000,000 inhabitants of this country something of the labor, the service and the products of every people on the globe, and in return were taking to those peoples something of the labor, the products and the service of the American people.

THAT is what trade has become in this modern world of instantaneous communication and miraculously rapid transportation. It is the exchange of service — the steady contribution of individuals everywhere to the comfort, the convenience, the occupation and the recreation of myriads of other individuals in the most remote corners of the world.

We are living in the age of "Things". It is no longer sufficient for our full comprehension of the life that is around us and in other lands and climates that our geographers should write of the world in terms of its land and water, its mountains and its seas, its rivers and lakes and oceans. We need to know the habits and the wants of the human beings who dwell in those lands; to know how they live and what they do; to grasp their purposes and ambitions; to see, in short what their living means to them and to us. We need to learn about them in terms of the things they produce and the things they use. We need to know their Thingography.

THINGOGRAPHY is a hybrid word, for which I shall be damned by the philologists. But I use it deliberately for it is symbolic of the hybrid life that human beings nowadays are living everywhere. Indeed our existence is more than hybrid — it is multiplex, made up of a little from here and a little from there, and a little from somewhere else, until all the world coöperates every day to furnish the things we all use in our common routine.

For a simple instance of American Thingography take the shoes we wear. Most of us, who have given no consideration to the subject, take them automatically as made out of American materials, because they are made by American workers, in American factories, on American machines. But the fact is that the materials in the average well made, medium priced American shoe come from all the world. The chances are three out of five that the soles of our shoes grew on the back of a bull or a steer in some other country than the United States, for sixty per

cent of our sole leather is made out of imported hides. The big raw boned cattle which wear such hides roam the hills and the ranges of Australia, Asia, South America, Africa and parts of Europe.

These heavy hides come here either salted and dried, or green and pickled. They are tanned in this country and made into leather. The tanning used to be done chiefly by bark process, but now it is mostly chemical. One item of almost certain use in this process is *quebracho*, an extract from a tree which grows chiefly in Paraguay. Sometimes the extract is made in South America and sometimes the logs are shipped here either from Buenos Aires, in the Argentine, or Montevideo in Uruguay. In this tanning process bichromate of potash is also employed, with other chemicals. We used to get most of our bichromate of potash from Germany, and still get some of it there, although it is now produced in quantities here.

THE lifts of the heel are fastened together with little nails made of a special quality of steel which contains manganese. There is some manganese in the United States, but very much the most of the large quantity used here annually by our steel makers comes from Brazil, or Russia or India. Steel makers say it is essential to the production of good steel.

The vamp, or upper, of the shoe is sewed or nailed to the sole. In order to make the joint tight a three cornered strip, called the welt, is first cemented to the sole. This cement usually contains asphalt, from Venezuela, and rubber, perhaps from Brazil, but most likely from the Far East, certainly not from the United States.

The thread that is used in sewing the upper to the sole is heavy linen. It comes from Ireland or Scotland, where it was spun out of flax grown perhaps in Russia or Czechoslovakia. American farmers grow several million acres of flax every year, but it is not of the kind from which linen is produced. It is grown for the seed from which linseed oil is crushed for use chiefly in painting. The process of retting fiber flax for linen is long, tedious and unpleasant and our farmers have never shown the necessary patience. Consequently, we import all the linen yarn we use as well as most of the linen fabrics.

IF IT is a low shoe you are wearing, the little eyelets through which the laces run embrace in their composition and finish the labor and service of many different peoples in widely scattered parts of the world. These metal eyelets are made out of a composition of nickel, tin and zinc. The Geological Survey says the production of tin in the United States is negligible. It occurs chiefly as a by-product in the smelting of other ores. In a recent year it reached four tons, and that year we used 70,000 tons of imported tin, mostly from the Dutch East Indies, but partly from China and partly from Bolivia. The Geological Survey says flatly, "There is no nickel in the United States." Ours comes from Canada or from New Caledonia, an island in the Pacific Ocean between Samoa and Australia. The zinc in the eyelets may have come from Missouri or perhaps from Mexico.

So much for the metal. The eyelets — a sail maker would call them grommets — are finished with an enamel that is very hard and very smooth, so the laces will not be worn ragged over them. This enamel is a composition of a number of different tropical gums, such as copal, kauri, tragacanth and gum arabic. They come from Australia, Persia, Africa and the Far East. Most of the gum arabic comes, not from Arabia, but from Calcutta, in India.

So when a good American steps out in a good American pair of shoes he is in fact walking on all the world, and is served by the labor of twenty or thirty different peoples. And the particular element of service by which all these materials are first produced and then assembled in the shoe factory is transportation. In the case of these shoe materials probably every form of transportation now known in the world, with perhaps one exception, is employed — coolie, porter, wheelbarrow, pack animal, cart, boat, motor vehicle, railroad and steamship. There may be cases where even air transport is involved.

FURTHERMORE, in the production of these various forms of transportation, especially of motors, railroads and steamships, the coöperation of all the world is required. A motor car in itself is usually regarded as one single thing. But it is made up of from 2,800 to 4,000 separate things, each intended to render, and most of the time actually performing, a particular service. The parts include materials that — to a much greater extent than the simple shoe — come from four corners of the earth. Everybody sees the rubber in the tires and knows that it comes from some tropic land. Everybody sees the enamel-like polish and thinks it is all American, although it may represent a world-wide search for materials. Few know of the chrome from Noumea or the vanadium from Peru or the tungsten or antimony from China or the manganese from India, Russia or Brazil, that are adding to its strength and serviceability.

TO AN even greater extent the modern locomotive is an assembling of very many separate things the production of which has evoked the labor of individuals in many widely separated lands. And greatest of all in this respect, much the greatest, is the steamship that brings all these other materials, in raw or finished state, across the ocean for our use, and takes our assembled and finished products back for the service of others. It would not be at all difficult, simply by presenting in detail the construction of a modern steamship and the production and assembling of the materials which go into it — by showing its Thingography — to demonstrate that such a machine actually links all the world together in its making as well as in its work.

The complement of the service of other peoples to us is found in our similar service to them. A few items from the import manifest of the inbound vessel already referred to may add something to the picture, as a few items from the outbound ship will help to a view of our contribution to human life in other lands.

For example, the inbound ship

brought from Shanghai soapstone-ware, dominoes, pigskin boxes, china-ware, porcelain, buffalo hides, wolfram ore, frozen egg yolks, goatskins, bristles, antimony, feathers, salted eggs and raw silk. From Manila she brought quantities of the familiar Philippine textiles and cigars and beside some materials not so well known to Americans: 5 cases gum copal, 6 cases pearl buttons, 10 cases enginite and 51 cases gum elemi. From Singapore she brought, in addition to the usual rubber and tin: 260 cases gutta jelotong, 28 bales deerskins, 115 teak planks, 512 bags gum damar and 84 double bags sticklac. From Colombo she brought, besides tea and rubber, 480 cases of cashew nuts and 3 cases of lizard skins.

IF MY readers are puzzled as to the character, composition or use of some of these things, such, perhaps, as enginite, copal, damar and elemi, his curiosity might be further engaged by an item in the import manifest of a steamer which arrived in New York recently from the Mediterranean, and which brought from Alicante, in Spain, consigned to one of the great New York city banks, "3 cases fish hair".

The outward manifest of a single ship going to Brazil showed such a bewildering variety of products as to be worth quoting in part. Among the things in the vessel's hold were:

Automobiles, pipe and pipe fittings, agricultural machinery, refrigerators, electric motors, phonographs, paint, drugs, glassware, flour, gasoline, tools, pumps, couch hammocks, flashlights, codliver oil, cement, lanterns, matches, axes, shoe polish, barley, grapejuice, cinnamon, coil springs, steel rails, pulleys, handles, caustic soda, typewriters, stationery, sewing machines, lubricating oil, asbestos, baking powder, rubber belting, steel files, cotton gin supplies, rubber hose, crucibles, tinplate, wax, shotguns, iron bolts and nuts, valves, baby carriages, barbed wire, staples, vaseline, radios, linseed oil, pulverizing machinery, ammonia.

WHAT a picture of the industry of the United States and of the life of the people along the north and east coasts of Brazil that list furnishes! Some idea of the length to which such a list of American exports could be extended may be had from the fact that the Department of Commerce, which keeps the official trade statistics of the United States, finds it necessary to use about 1,200 different subdivisions in the ten great groups in which such exports are classified. That is, we send out to other parts of the world about 1,200 kinds of things. One of these 1,200 kinds is "rubber goods," another is "electrical machinery" and a third is "household furniture". How many different things are there in your house that would be grouped under the heading "household furniture"? There is one rubber concern in the United States which makes about 30,000 different articles.

So we get a glimpse — and hardly more than that — from these outbound manifests of a single small vessel, bound for a few ports all in one country, of the vast variety of American production and the great extent of American service to other peoples. If we wanted to be more specific, to go into greater detail, there would be no end to the story.

We could start with the picture of the "Burma girl a-settin'" not "by the old Moulmein pagoda" but on the steps of the far-famed Shwe

Dagon in Rangoon, with the American portable typewriter in her lap, prepared to serve all lovelorn swains and others who desired to send letters that they could not write for themselves.

We might repeat the story of the traveller from Texas who paid his way through 900 miles of tough territory along the upper tributaries of the Amazon river with American steel fish hooks. Among those headhunting savages of Brazil and Peru, who, he declares, are the most honest people he has found in all the world, five fish hooks was the standard price for a full grown chicken, a strong bow, a quiver of arrows, or the dried and shriveled head of an enemy.

We might relate, with accompanying explanation, the story of how the sale of eskimo pies in the United States brought about and paid for the export of American made player pianos to Ecuador.

But there is the tale of Santa Cruz de la Sierra and its problem of transportation and electric light. That tale begins with the service of a red headed and restless footed lad in our army in France during the great war. There he saw tanks in operation and marked their reckless disregard of shell holes, stumps, trees, fences and other obstacles. After the war he roamed down into South America seeking what he might find that would maintain a lad with a taste for simple living and a fondness for adventure.

In Santa Cruz de la Sierra opportunity lay waiting for him. It lay in the shape of two little 25 kilowatt electric plants, the owners of which were selling juice on the yearly basis and not unnaturally losing money. Red pointed out to a local Bolivian acquaintance that if they were to combine in the purchase of these losing plants — to be bought cheap because they were losing — a simple reorganization of sales method would substitute profit for loss. They did it. Instead of a yearly fee and use what juice you liked, they installed meters and got pay for what was used. So it soon came about that their ledger was written up in black instead of red ink. The business grew, and before long the combined plants were insufficient to supply the demand for electricity. So Red came back to the United States for a new plant.

He described his situation to the engineers and they told him he needed a 500 kilowatt installation, which would weigh seven tons.

"And how," said Red to himself and to the engineers, "am I going to get seven tons in one load into Santa Cruz de la Sierra?"

That city of about 25,000 inhabitants is down in the Chaco, that territory now in controversy between Bolivia and Paraguay. It is 50 miles over a mountain range from the end of rail transportation. Everything that comes to it by that route is put up in packages of not to exceed 60 pounds and lashed to the back of a mule to walk those 50 long miles. Couldn't do that with seven tons of electrical machinery.

About 200 kilometers away there is a stream which flows north into the Amazon and on which small barges will float. There are 50 kilometers of so-called road toward the

stream, "passable but dangerous," as our familiar road signs say, in the dry season — mire and swamp in the rains. The remaining 150 kilometers are just jungle trail.

Pondering this problem Red remembered the tanks he had seen in France during the war and their powerful scorn of opposition. He ordered the 500 kilowatt seven ton plant. Then he bought a 45 horsepower caterpillar tractor and three trailers each capable of carrying a five ton load. With that outfit and his new plant he went by water to a point a little less than 200 kilometers from Santa Cruz de la Sierra. When the barge could carry him no further he landed on the bank, got his outfit and his fuel loaded on his trailers, and calmly crashed across country, tank fashion, toward his goal.

The rains were on and the way was mire and swamp, but the tractor magnificently scorned them both. Twenty-five miles out of Santa Cruz Red came upon a motor truck that had been caught there by the rains and held for a month in the mud. He hooked it on behind his trailers and hauled it in triumph into the city. It took time. His automobile was not built for speed. He was 42 hours making 44 miles through one stretch of swamp. But he arrived, and Santa Cruz received him as a savior of life and a builder of cities. He had opened communication with the outer world.

But foxy Red gave all the credit to his Bolivian partner, to whom the Municipality of Santa Cruz gave a public banquet, which all the notables attended, and their speeches, reported in the three newspapers of the city, all dwell on that marvel of transportation, the American tractor that has now joined Santa Cruz de la Sierra to the rest of the world.

Which, after all, is only an incident that shows how the great development of interdependence among remote individuals all around the world is rapidly progressing.

# Venezuela's Rocking-Chair Czar

By Morris Gilbert

*How aged General Gomez, "The Well Deserving," tyrannizes from idyllic retirement over a rich and restless republic where foreign capitalists are competing for fortunes in oil*

An old man in a faded khaki uniform and a panama hat sits with simple dignity in a rocking chair under the luxuriant trees of Las Delicias, a *hacienda* on the outskirts of the sun-drenched town of Maracay in Venezuela. Long gray mustaches fringe his benevolent smile, and occasionally he puts forth a hand in a brown cotton glove, to be reverently pressed.

At the right of the rocking chair a stream pauses to form a shallow pond. Water fowl and deer with bells around their necks wade in it. On its farther edge peacocks, birds of paradise and pigeons compose themselves in a half circle, like seraphim.

The waders — snow-white and coral-pink heron, ibis, crane — shake their beaks, wiggle their tails, focus their bland burnished eyes on the old man, and ceremonially dip in his direction. The deer splash forward with a faint and delicate sound of tinkling, and adore him with mellifluous glances. The peacocks on the bank spread their irridescent fans in homage. They are as superb as a rear rank of Ziegfeld showgirls.

It is near noon. The air is dazzling and warm, the sky pellucid. Feathers of cloud are tucked in the gaudy hatband of the mountains to the north. It is the breathing time of day with General Juan Vicente Gomez, autocrat of Venezuela. . . .

Last April General Gomez renounced the Presidency, which he had held off and on, retiring whenever convenient in favor of a figurehead, for more than twenty years. In abandoning his title, he made obeisance, as he had done in the past, to the Constitution's mandate against reëlection. A Constitution is a sacred instrument. But its prestige failed to hinder, a few days later, the passage of a slight amendment, such a small and merely formal rearrangement that hardly anybody could object, and nobody did. It assigned to Juan Vicente Gomez, simple citizen, one right hitherto held by a Venezuelan Chief Magistrate. It was the right to serve as Generalissimo of the national army.

The Constitutional change almost appeared to be forced upon General

Gomez. He accepted it in a spirit of generosity, to compensate for the sorrow which his decision not to take the Presidency caused in Congress.

THIS sentiment was borne out by his valedictory message to that body, a message officially described as "one of the most remarkable utterances coming from a Venezuelan President." It was as follows, modestly indited in the third person:

> Elected by the unanimous vote of Congress to occupy once more the Chief Magistracy of the Republic during the Constitutional period of 1929–1936, General J. V. Gomez declined to accept the high office where he has so often gathered the plaudits and esteem of his countrymen and of the world, as administrator, statesman and eminent patriot.
>
> The most critical study will prove his administration as constructive, progressive and intelligent. He has shown great political acumen and great strength of character and personal courage. He has fought to their last entrenchment the corrupted military and political bosses and has pacified our country and thoroughly organized it. The whole Republic is now awake to the need of maintaining the simple, yet transcendent, programme which he gave to his countrymen, based upon the maintenance of the blessings of peace and the enjoyment of the opportunities for work which our country offers in such a bountiful manner.
>
> No wonder, therefore, that the National Congress has tried, by all possible means, to persuade General Gomez to accept the Presidency again; but as he has declined in a conclusive manner, he was tendered the post of Commander-in-Chief of the National Army, where he may continue to render an inestimable service in maintaining the peace of our country. Fortunately for Venezuela, he decided to continue his priceless services in this connection, animated solely by patriotic reasons.
>
> Meanwhile, the Presidency is temporarily occupied by Dr. Juan Bautista Pérez, a prominent member of the Supreme Court, until a new President is elected.

Having uttered these words, General Gomez departed from the Capital, which he never liked much, and returned to his little model city of Maracay, seventy miles eastward by road, which for many years has been his headquarters.

The incident was a typical display of the Gomez system in practice, a system which from years of polish works with utter smoothness. It is perfectly effective. Constitutionally, the national Congress elects a President. The Congress in turn is elected by what is termed popular franchise. But there is rarely, if ever nowadays, more than one candidate from a Congressional District. And that candidate is appointed by General Gomez. It is very simple and satisfactory. In the less vital matters of state there is even an Opposition when Congress casts a vote — a decorous and plausible Opposition, always in a very respectable minority.

ALL this would not be important, or even interesting, save for one fact, a recent development, the discovery of petroleum in Venezuela. It lies underneath Lake Maracaibo and in the jungle basin surrounding. It is a fabulous deposit of natural wealth, so rich and so strenuously exploited that more oil was pumped out of Venezuela last year than out of any other country in the world except the United States. It has made the economic desert of Venezuela to blossom like the rose.

This means that the elderly mountaineer, Gomez, is, willy-nilly, what people call a world figure. He is the warden of more wealth, more tangible assets, more potential doubloons, *moidores*, pieces-of-eight, dollars and

cents, than his predecessors, the Conquistadores, ever dreamed of. He supervises all concessions, governs all developments, regulates all taxes. What is Venezuela's is his. Her soldiers plow his fields, tend his horses, his motors, his cattle, and his beloved zoo.

JUAN VINCENTE GOMEZ is what Broadway calls a "natural." He has not added a cubit to his stature by taking thought, but his power and achievement come smoothly out of character. Las Delicias, with the soldiers working its fields and the populace in perpetual genuflexion, appears idyllic because that is the way General Gomez feels it should appear. For a perfect ranch — or country — take tropical soil where fruits and grain luxuriate, cattle breed true and strong, and people are docile. Let the appearance of peace and happiness be there. Let the master's word be law, and for amusement, show the visitors "*los animales.*"

Most of Venezuela heaps assiduous, lavish flattery on the patriarch of Maracay. His lithographic likeness hangs everywhere throughout the land, in every home, every office, every *botiquín* and shop. His name appears with rapt and strenuous encomiums on every page of every newspaper, daily, where it is printed in lieu of news. The country has adopted a title *de luxe* for him, El Benemérito, The Well-Deserving, and he dotes on its unctuous syllables.

It was no mere whimsy that turned General Gomez's heart to Maracay, exquisite as its site is. Nor was it merely his planter's eye for rich grazing and growing country. Actually, it is the hub of national communications. Highways lead east and west to the country's borders. They run north and south, too, to the Caribbean ports of Ocumare and Puerto Cabello, and to the *llanos*, the great plains of the Orinoco basin. An army base at Maracay does much to keep the peace and the power.

The Gomez *hacienda* there — he has many throughout the land — is a glorious resort for an autocrat and old combatant to take his ease in. The Elysian Fields must be like it — a region of warmth and light, filled with the sweet, dumb friendliness of creatures, and the lush sentience of growing things.

EL BENEMÉRITO'S model farm teems with fruit, grain and flowers. Herds of fine cattle graze, a stock which the General — always a cattleman — has developed by intensive breeding. Native cattle are small. To give them bulk he crossed them with Holstein blood. Both Holstein and native breeds suffer from the *tic*, a pest which makes them thin and nervous. But there is one member of the cow family — the Indian zebu — which does not suffer from the *tic*. Hence General Gomez has imported the zebu, and breeds the big hump-backed animal to his native-Holstein stock. People say the result is excellent.

At Las Delicias, General Gomez has indulged his simple fancy of a soldier by installing a first-class zoo. Venezuela's wild animals — jaguar and other kinds of native "teegree," sloths, peccaries, tapirs, small furry creatures, monkeys, parrots, macaws, alligators, snakes, are there. To produce the best zoo in the west-

ern tropical belt, the General has made importations — a sizeable hippo, a big Sumatra tiger, a young Indian elephant which "trunks up" in salute when commanded. There are ostriches and llamas from Chile. Most wonderful of all until it died was the only Polar bear along the Caribbean, whose horsey, petulant, sardonic face was like an unkind caricature of Anatole France.

THE veneration with which birds and beasts of Las Delicias appear to worship El Benemérito has its counterpart on the opposite side of the old rocking chair where he sits beside the pond. There, chairs and benches extend in a wide arc under the trees. The ground is worn by the come and go of many worshipful feet. Men seated there unctuously watch the motions of El Benemérito's brown gloved hands. They move their eyes to the tanned face under the panama hat. They beseech a glance, a smile, a gesture. Then they come forward to tell him their news — what is doing in the State of Lara or Margarita or Falcón; how the children of Ciudad Bolívar or Barquesimeto have composed a song in his honor and sing it in the schools. General Gomez hears avidly that he is loved and honored. The old combatant, who has also become an old man, does not lose his zest for adulation.

All Maracay adjusts itself to the General's will. The town is neat, prosperous, well-mannered. It goes to bed early at night — except in carnival time — and gets up early in the morning. Gomez furnishes Maracay with a communal alarm clock of rare effectiveness. It is a brass band, the General's own military brass band, which marches every morning at six o'clock sharp, strident and blaring, through the blue and shell-pink streets.

WEEK-DAYS, he keeps his routine, motoring morning and afternoon with a big cortège, and his band to play flourishes, to Las Delicias. At noon he returns to the big unpretentious patio house on Maracay's principal plaza, and takes his siesta, the streets being thereupon blocked against the noise of automobiles. Sunday brings an important variation in his routine — the cockfights.

On those occasions the Elder Statesman is a pleasing and inspiring spectacle. With great democracy he takes his place where the railing curves slightly out to make a Box of State. The day is hot. General Gomez removes his panama. The crowd grows, and with it the temperature. General Gomez unbuttons his military tunic. He throws it back, revealing a modest gray shirt, collarless, and held at the neckband by a neat metal stud.

With him are his favorite sons, Florencio, a lad of nineteen, and Juan Vicente Gomez II. Florencio comes and goes with money, placing bets for his father and himself on the birds of Maracay against those of Valencia. High up under the baking roof, the band perspires. For General Gomez will have music wherever he goes.

Juan Vicente II goes to the ringside, where the local trainers bring their birds to him. He examines them wisely, cuts their wingtips with scissors, scrapes the pin feathers from their legs with a knife. He

drinks from a bottle and spits spray professionally under their wings and on their heads. He nips their combs between his teeth. He appears to be an excellent handler of fighting birds.

While the mains are on, the scene is a bedlam of betting. Odds change momently and citizens shout wagers across the ring to one another, clinching their bargains with a finger-telegraph as smartly as old curb brokers. So the Sabbath morning goes, and much of the drowsy afternoon.

THE atmosphere of almost excruciating adulation which surrounds El Benemérito leaves the newcomer a little faint. But inquiry reveals that it has not always existed, and even now is not universal. Paring away the inspired nonsense in which he officially breathes, a tough and wiry substance is revealed. Despite appearances the Dictator of Venezuela is far from being what he presents the illusion of being, an elderly Peter Pan. He had had close to sixty years of strong and ruthless life when he took over his nation, body and soul, twenty years and more ago.

It was December 19, 1908, when General Gomez purposefully emerged upon the balcony of the building called the Yellow House, on the northwest corner of the Plaza Bolívar in Caracas. The citizens had learned that morning of an attempt on the life of the General, then Vice-President; and how, single-handed, he had captured and arrested two officers, supposed to have been ring-leaders in the plot.

Gomez was already a popular hero, combining a reputation for Spartan simplicity which trailed after him from his native State of Táchira in the Andes, and a record of success as a military leader. He had quelled one of the bloodiest of Venezuela's revolts, led by General Matos. It had been a three year campaign. Gomez was victorious, they say, because of his extreme mobility of movement, mixed with vigor and audacity. Indeed, he seemed to be able to catapult his troops from the Guianas to the Andes almost overnight.

When he returned to Carácas in triumph from the Matos war, President Castro, ever social-minded, offered a grand ball for him. Gomez's boots were tight. He was bored with dancing, even with standing. So he strayed to a quiet corner, found a hammock and slept while the waltzes played. The story leaked out and made a great hit with those who had not been invited.

DURING Castro's régime matters financial, moral and diplomatic were getting to what is called a pretty pass. But an unsung hero had quietly risen. This was a physician of Carácas, a gentleman of substance, who renounced his private practice and attached himself to the court of the President, urged by patriotic sentiments. For several years he devoted himself to convincing Castro that he was a very sick man. There are those who whisper that he used Borgian tactics to stimulate his arguments.

Things came to a crisis in the autumn of 1908. Venezuela was suffering in pride, pocket-book and power. Gunboats of foreign nations squatted in her harbors to enforce payment of a debt they had saddled on her as recompense for the mulcting of

foreigners by Castro. Venezuela had not a diplomatic relation in the world. At this moment, Castro, in a panic of hypochondria, packed a huge wardrobe, hired a floor in the Adlon Hotel, Berlin, and departed with a large entourage. The expedition was calculated to cost Venezuela $25,000 a month.

But Castro's marine conveyance had hardly ceased to smudge the blue skies over the Caribbean when revolt began. Vice-President Gomez, to whom the vanishing Castro had tearfully confided his people and his job, put it down. Sporadic fighting broke out. Gomez stopped it. Delegations offered him the Presidency. Gomez rejected it. He was the faithful steward.

THEN came the event which unshackled him — now generally believed to have been "framed" — and that same morning he stepped out upon the balcony of the Yellow House in the midst of the demonstration which was going on below. He accepted the gage in a few brusque phrases. Cries of "*Vive el Gomez!*" were heard, and the new President of Venezuela drove up the street to Miraflores Palace to begin the job he has been at ever since. It was a bloodless *coup d'état.*

Venezuela's return under Gomez to good standing among the nations was swift. President Roosevelt instantly recognised the new régime, an act of far-reaching consequence. It particularly pleased the Andino warrior, who had a great admiration for the North American *llanero*, and conceived, people say, a personal resemblance not entirely fanciful to him. Gomez announced that his nation would pay her debts. Castro had said so too, but nobody believed him. Gomez set about doing it.

The splendor of Maracay is good window-dressing, but that is all. Bluntly, there is much unrest in Venezuela; and there have been recently several definite uprisings. Most curious of them all was the quixotic episode known as the Students' Revolt in 1928. It happened in carnival time in Carácas and was introduced by a bombardment of posies. Such an occasion was a legitimate excuse for that major Spanish-American practice, oratory. Several students lifted mass meetings to the heights by speeches in which they were indiscreet enough to mention "*la libertad*" with intimations that it was not in fact a component of the Venezuelan scene. Odious references were made, further, to certain Governmental appropriations of funds for Colonel Lindbergh's recent visit. Gomez had been able, it was said, to find money to entertain Costes and Le Brix, the French aviators, and to honor the Águila Solitaria del Norte, but had no funds available for scholarships for poor Venezuelans.

NOTHING was reported in the press, and not many Caraqueñans knew exactly what had been said. But the student orators were promptly arrested, according to persistent rumor, and put in irons. Meanwhile the city made merry with all zest. There were mummers, masked balls, clinking of cannikins in the *botiquínes*, parades of motors and of *coches*, storms of confetti, balloons, *serpentinas* and *feux d'artifices*. . . . Not a word about the jailed students.

Carnival ended and the next after-

noon an open telegram, blunt as a fistful of shrapnel, went to President Gomez. It was from the student body of the University. It contained none of the customary palaver, no obeisances or references to the benignity of El Benemérito.

It delivered the astounding ultimatum that if the three indiscreet orators were not released, the Government might as well take the entire University into custody. For, it was pointed out, the entire University was of the same opinion as the orators.

The telegram further informed the President, and all else who cared to read, that the students who sent it, numbering several hundred, would present themselves at police headquarters in Carácas next morning, ready to join their spokesmen in prison. For the sake of easy identification, the message stated, the volunteers for jail would wear their student caps.

GOMEZ'S dilemma was this: To release the prisoners would be to admit an error. To jail the rest would be excessively inconvenient, both because of the number of them and because many of them were drawn from the most prominent families in the nation. But he made a quick decision.

Next morning, when groups of students began to arrive at police headquarters, they were promptly jailed. By night some three hundred of them were crowded into the prison. They had been followed by cheering and weeping crowds. At noon, police details in the vicinity of Plaza Bolívar were heavily reinforced and armed with *machetes* and cutlasses. At every demonstration, and they became constant, squads of the *vigilantes* charged, laying about them with the flats of their swords in leather scabbards. As the day wore on, scabbards in some cases were removed, and several demonstrators, among them a woman, were cut. By night the city was quiet. But four or five police, armed with rifles, stood at every corner. Then for several days Carácas was in a state bordering on siege. Several citizens, police and soldiers were killed.

After a few weeks, some of the imprisoned students were released and sent home. But other demonstrations followed, and the same or other students were arrested again. At latest reports they are still prisoners, building road in the Equatorial Orinoco region and elsewhere.

THE Students' Revolt started other troubles. A group of Carácas lawyers protested the arrests as unconstitutional. They were themselves arrested, and the Carácas Bar Association was disbanded. A regiment of soldiers mutinied at Miraflores Palace.

Another circumstance of unusual significance followed. This was the political decapitation of Venezuela's Vice-President, none other than General Gomez's eldest son, José Vicente Gomez, known as "Vicéntico."

In parenthesis, it may be said here that the elder Gomez never married. The same compliment is paid him that was paid Henri Quatre of France — that he is, in a very real sense, the father of his country. There are those who estimate the Gomez progeny at ninety or more. The fruit of two of the General's unions have been legal-

ized by the State so that they may inherit, and a lusty group of fine-looking sons and daughters surround him. But the Gomez tribe is more expansive than that. There are numerous cousins and in-laws, many of whom hold political or other lucrative offices. The star job of them all was held by Vicéntico, under the title of Vice-President and Inspector-General of the Army. Furthermore, he possessed one of the most lucrative concessions in Venezuela, for the licensing of gambling in Carácas. The capital is a gaming city *par excellence*. From the peons who frequented the "Barefoot Club," where the roulette wheel accepted wagers as low as a *real* — about half a cent — to the wealthy oil men and other *gente* who patronized the elegant City Club and won and lost thousands of dollars in a night's play, all Carácas gambled. There were 140 licensed wheels in the city.

THIS source of revenue President Gomez snatched from Vicéntico. At the same time he succinctly removed him from the Vice-Presidency by the definite procedure of abolishing the office. The act was construed by some as an effort to placate the popular temper. Gomez is an old man, but even at his age such a pusillanimous gesture would not be in character. The President had his own explanation of it, furnished in his communication to Congress of April 23, 1928.

"I cannot," he wrote, "very well covet that a son of mine should succeed me in the Presidency of the Republic, a position filled with difficulties, not free from dangers and in which, if it is true that great satisfactions may be enjoyed in doing good to the fatherland, many disillusions are experienced and many sorrows felt, these being the usual wages of political life. Those are the reasons why I have advised all my sons to try to keep aloof from politics and to devote their energies exclusively to work."

WHATEVER satisfactions General Gomez may have obtained in his two decades of power, he has certainly experienced difficulties, sorrows, and perhaps disillusionment. If his has been a bloody régime, the fatalities have not all been among his enemies.

In 1921 he himself nearly died. His illness was said to be typhoid. But the symptoms of typhoid are not exclusively stimulated by the germ which causes that disease, and there was a rumor, not stilled yet, of poison. In the summer of 1923 his brother, Juan C. Gomez, called "Juancho," while sleeping in Miraflores Palace, was attacked and slain. The murder was a bungling, hacking piece of work. Juancho was at that time a Vice-President — the nation supporting two at that era, Vicéntico, mentioned above, being the other.

Since the death of Juancho Gomez, his brother goes but little to Miraflores Palace. The big high-ceilinged patio mansion on an eminence overlooking the city echoes like a barracks with soldiery, but is not a home.

Lately, all the hoary, age-old symptoms of revolution have been increasingly noticeable. There was considerable publicity last February for one "General" Emilio Arévalo-

Cedeño, who was said to have begun a push with 500 men in the Andes. A mystic word, "*Bueno*," cabled to a small office in Stone Street, Manhattan, gave information of the start of the rebel band.

But if Arévalo-Cedeño is still pushing, he is doing so in secret. No further word has reached the local bureau, whether "*Bueno*" or "*Malo*," at this writing. Many expatriates in New York discredit the enterprise.

OTHER stories drift North which are not so quickly spoiled. They concern several enterprises, one a demonstration by General José Gabaldón, a large landowner of the mountain State of Trujillo; another, the curious affair of June 8 at Willemstad, Curaçao; a third, the armed attack on Cumaná.

Concerning the first, General Gomez himself took cognizance of it when he authorized the press dispatch from Carácas saying that he had ordered five generals with appropriate troops to pursue and capture Gabaldón. The troops marched off into the nebulous, newsless interior. While they were gone a foreign gentleman in Carácas decided to undertake a private expedition into the region reputedly disaffected and in a state of war.

"All was peaceful as far as Valencia," he informed the writer, "but there we were told that we never could get through to Trujillo, as fighting was going on there. We began looking for corpses and listening for shots, but there was some mistake. We found there never had been any fighting there.

"Gabaldón seems to have had a fine time for a few days late in April, when Dr. Baldo, one of the Government officials, marched against his 600 men with some fifty ragamuffins he had scraped up. The rebels set upon them gleefully, but, according to the best reports, Baldo was the only one wounded."

Soon afterwards, the government set seriously about the task of capturing Gabaldón, and did so. The seizure occurred near Barinas. But Gabaldón had 1,000 men and these men are at large, revolutionaries say, near San Fernando de Apure.

THE filibuster at Willemstad and the raid on Cumaná have been thoroughly reported. Both succeeded apparently, in planting nuclei of rebels within Venezuelan territory. Both were significant as showing the activity of Gomez's enemies.

Expatriates, exiles and adventurers ring Gomez's domain. They are in British Guiana; in the Venezuelan-Colombian border on the West. They are in Port-of-Spain, Trinidad, the gateway of the Orinoco River and the great rubber lands within. They are at Willemstad; in New York; in Cuba, Porto Rico, Panama.

These rebel councils are optimistic nowadays. They tell of the defection of a trusted Federal commander and his men at Los Teques, the mountain summer resort of rich Caraqueñans. They tell a curious story of the arrest of important business men in Carácas, for importing arms and ammunition in pianola cases. There are accounts of unrest in the *llanos*, particularly in Ciudad Bolívar; and groups of expatriates are said to be gathering on Trinidad.

Rebel headquarters in New York suggests that definite action will be under way within eight months.

To be a Dictator for twenty years in Spanish America is not unprecedented. Yet one of General Gomez's forerunners, Guzmán Blanco, was, and Porfirio Díaz reigned in Mexico for three decades. But to stay Dictator, while the nation one rules becomes an entirely different nation almost overnight, is close to miraculous. That is what General Gomez has done.

He has seen his country emerge from bankruptcy to an average "mosquito republic" prosperity, and then suddenly blossom into one of the wealthiest nations, per capita, on earth. Up to the time of the oil boom, which is very recent, Venezuela was normally rich in tropical products — coffee, cacao, bananas, sugar, cotton. Its richness, of course, was not synonymous with prosperity, since the wealth was not distributed.

TODAY there is a riot of money down there. But except in the oil regions where wages have been proportionately high, — although at present there is depression — the wealth is no better distributed than in the old days. Squalor is still the condition of the poor. The peon is still a peon.

El Benemérito's rule has been beneficent in many ways. He has encouraged commerce, instituted favoring legislation for oil ventures and other foreign enterprises, the benefits confined to a restricted class. There has been peace, except for minor infringements, for twenty years. There is gold to the nation's credit in the bank. The roads are safe, and so are the cities, except in rare moments of political crisis. New highways wind over thousands of miles of difficult country.

But the medal has a reverse side. Men accuse Gomez of incredibly impulsive paternalism, of inordinate greed which blindly withholds and diverts the natural wealth which might flow out through the land. Congress is ludicrously subservient, a mouthpiece for one will. There is no Opposition whatsoever in the Government. The press is negligible, merely a reflector of the Gomez glory.

If a test of good government is ability to withstand attack, the régime fails. Even in Castro's day there was more outspoken criticism of Government than today. The reform President, taking power with such high hopes, has succumbed to the same fevers that beset his fellow Andino — so the enemies of Gomez say.

They call him bloodthirsty. Horrid stories are told of torture, of conditions in Puerto Cabello prison and in the Rotunda — conditions comparable only to those at the infamous San Juan de Ulloa at Vera Cruz. Gomez is charged with ruthless repression, seizure of wealth, lopping off of suspects and opponents.

VENEZUELA, however, is not the only South American nation which inherits a tragic handicap from the glorious revolutionary days when doctrinaires, bemused by the democratic theories of the period, saddled her with principles of popular government which never worked. The greatest leader those regions ever

produced, Simón Bolívar, born in Carácas, had no illusions on the subject. It would be hundreds of years, he warned, before democracy could hope to flourish among the republics he founded. Until that time — the dictator, the *cacique*, the *caudillo*.

Some Venezuelan patriots hold that all the country needs, in order to emerge from her present paralysis, is riddance of the crowd of ignorant, mercenary *políticos* who surround Gomez. They point to the Argentine, which, upon the downfall of Rosas, surged forward to a condition of broad prosperity. They see the Venezuela of the future as a new Argentine — rich, productive, happy, united.

What is needed, they say, is a government by experts who are honest men, dominated at first by a strong ruler. But the *caudillo* will not be needed long, they argue. There is too much at stake. Venezuela has too much innate wealth and power to be held back. It could march forward under the impetus already potentially there, if relieved of oppression.

Meanwhile, the oppression grows. Carácas, two years ago a merry and comfortable city, is being punished badly for daring to think. The race tracks are closed down, and so are the bullfights — amusements of the people. There is hardly a family in the city not oppressed by the fact that some one of its members is jailed. Four years ago General Gomez opened the notorious Rotunda, and freed all political prisoners. The act was widely heralded and El Benemérito obtained much praise. But it did not last long.

Today, the Rotunda is full of prisoners again, and so are the other political jails. The number of men suffering the unspeakable penalties of imprisonment in Venezuela is greater than it has been for many years. They are counted by the thousands. . . . It is, perhaps, the last gesture of an anachronistic tyranny which is doomed, despite the backing of international oil.

# Vays, Vayz or Vahz?

By Janet Rankin Aiken

*Tomayto or tomahto? Sceenic or scenic? Which or witch? Tyun or toon? They're all correct, says a student of speech who urges nevertheless an official standard of radio pronunciation*

Radio has completed the job of making the American public "pronunciation conscious." During the last five years books of speech have multiplied like guinea pigs, and the end is not in sight. Indeed, a book company has been organized for the special purpose of purveying information on how to speak, which in practice generally means how not to speak. *Thirty Thousand Words Mispronounced* circulates by the thirty thousand. Correspondence courses on how not to speak are advertised on every hand.

There are several causes back of this expansion of interest in speech. In the first place, speech is all the radio gives us. We are cut off from criticism of the artist's nose, his tie, his shave, or his gestures. When Wordsworth spoke of "a wandering voice," he hit off the radio precisely. Being but a wandering (sometimes very wandering) voice, it can be judged by vocal standards alone, and hence if Betty Bell pronounces *palm* to rhyme with *damn*, we notice it and are outraged far more than we would have been, could we have seen Betty's chic costume and sunny smile.

Another reason for the new intensity of interest in speech is that the radio is the greatest dialect-mixer the world has yet known, beating to a standstill the automobile, the telephone, the train, the steamship, and all the other agencies of communication. When Uncle Josh in Newark can make his version of *boss* heard literally round the world, when London can tell Australia that her actions are *tshivalrous*, then localisms in speech are due for a life-and-death struggle, and we may yet see the day when English will be one language instead of a congeries of dialects.

Now and then, in the old days so recently past, people in one section hearing a lecturer or a visiting preacher from another, might remark a few differences from their own pronunciation. But these did not stick in mind much longer than it took to go home and tell grandma that the man pronounced *been* to

rhyme with *queen!* A hearty laugh, and the matter was forgotten.

Now and then, too, a whole family would stray from one dialect area to another, and then a process of assimilation, sometimes a painful process, would ensue. I well remember little Curtis Bretherton, who came with his parents to settle in my crude, rude Middle Western community. What a life he led! After his first day at school, when he gave his name as "Cuhtis, C-u-ah-t-i-s," to the teacher, he was ragged unmercifully. "Ah, Cuhtis!" was the playground cry at his approach. And until Cuhtis became Curtis, which he prudently did in the course of a few weeks, the linguistic sword was not sheathed.

Of course, you may say, we were wrong. All the Best Speakers nowadays would make it *Cuhtis*. We did not care about the Best Speakers. We had the weight of numbers and ridicule on our side, and Curtis yielded. Our "r-full" dialect reigned (and still reigns in my affections) supreme.

RADIO, it must be admitted, has changed things. We are less sure of our own speech. We listen nightly to Betty Bell from South Carolina, the Laff Boys from Louisville, Uncle Josh from "Way Down East," and the announcer from Heaven—or, at least, his voice sounds as if he came from there. When Betty, or Sunny Laff, or Uncle Josh, or the announcer says *tomato*, and it isn't the same way in which we have been saying *tomato*, we begin to worry. Are they wrong, or are we?

Now the first thing to understand about pronunciation is that at present there is no one right way to pronounce. This is a truth which the dictionaries, the elocution teachers, the speech manuals may deny vigorously, and in some ways they do well to assert and maintain a single speech standard, as we may see later on. But practically, here, and now, there is no one right way to pronounce.

LET me illustrate with the little word *when*. In all the schools I know, if a child says *wen* for *when*, he is told that a wen is a most unpleasant facial protuberance, and that if he means *when* he had better say *when*. This treatment is calculated to make the child slink off and practise *when* until he will never again substitute the naughty word *wen* for it. Was it not so in your experience? I thought so.

Yet in England, in the standard dialect which is the speech of the southern counties generally (akin to but not precisely identical with the well-known "Oxford accent"), there is only *wen*. If you don't believe me, look at the list of the sounds of English speech as described by Daniel Jones, Lecturer in Phonetics at University College, London, who should know if anyone should. The sound we give to the first two letters of *when* is not in the list; it simply is not present in the speech of Mr. Jones, who says *wen* for *when*, *witch* for *which*, and *wail* for *whale*, without a blush. True, Mr. Jones does recognize the *wh*-sound, but it is later, in a list of "variations from the normal." Think of it! Every time you say *when* or *whale* you are committing a variation from the normal in speech!

Which is right, Mr. Jones or We?

If numbers count, we have them. For the perhaps thirty million English who say *wen*, we have anyhow eighty million Americans who say *when*. Moreover, there is some reason on our side. Why should one mix words like *witch* and *which*, *whale* and *wail*, *when* and *wen*, when it is entirely simple to keep them apart? On the other hand, Mr. Jones has on his side not only his thirty millions who have forgotten how to say *wh*, not only the enormous prestige of educated British opinion, but a linguistic argument as well, since if *wh* is indeed unnecessary to English, the language becomes more compact and hence more efficient by its loss.

THE real answer is that both are right. There is no one way to say *when*. There is no one way to say *first*, or *vase*, or *quinine*, or *sacrifice*, or any of a hundred others. Webster's first pronunciation is the gospel? But put yourself in Webster's place for a moment. Suppose you wished to convey to a world hungering and thirsting after righteous pronunciation the fact that two ways of saying *horse* were really equally good. Could you do it? You could not. For on the printed page, one of the two ways would inevitably have to come first, and there you would be, with a "first" and a "second" choice. In other words, the printed page does not admit of impartiality.

Frequently, then, we find that pronunciation differences are inconsequential, that two or five or six ways of saying a word may be correct, each in its natural environment. No reasonable person should condemn you whether you give to *coop* the vowel of *moon* or of *good*, whether you say *oblaik* or *obleek* (*oblique*), *sceenic* or *scenic*, *tyun* or *toon* (*tune*), *mawk* or *mahk* (*mock*), *advertissment* or *advertizement*, or finally, whether you pronounce *vase* in any of its six possible styles, *vays*, *vayz*, *vahs*, *vahz*, or even *vaws*, *vawz*.

On one occasion I heard a distinguished speaker say *organaization*, *realaization*, and several other such words. I should certainly have corrected a child who used the i-diphthong in these words. It just goes to show that we cannot use any single pronunciation as a final test of social or intellectual fitness.

On another occasion I heard speeches by two college presidents in close succession to each other. One used the phrase *Ahlmah Mahtah*. The second, as if in conscious rebuke, mentioned his old *Aalma Mayter*.

THIS leads me to one piece of general advice on pronunciation. If you wish to possess a style of speaking which will brand you as consciously or prominently "cultured," a very good way is to work the *ah*-sound as hard as you can. Normally this *ah*-sound is fairly rare in American speech. But it can be assumed in *tomahto*, *rahther*, *grass*, *path*, *dance*, and of course all the r-words, *hard*, *part*, *Harvard*, and so forth. *Ahviation* for *ayviation* is another of this group. No one can object to these "cultured" pronunciations, but most of us plain people will stick to *tomayto*, *ayviation*, and *rather*, *grass*, *path*, etc., pronounced with the vowel of *hat*.

Besides all these inconsequential or cultured-common distinctions in pronunciation, there are of course

differences which really imply knowledge or ignorance on the user's part. No one, so far as I know, would uphold *Eyetalian* for *Italian*, or *heigth* for *height*. Even if we may characterize as many as one in three of variant pronunciations as indifferently allowable, there yet remains an even larger proportion of words in which to use certain sounds will mark the user as ignorant of the best English usage.

If this article were intended for a collection of hints on pronunciation I might go further and say that I personally prefer *raydio* to *raddio*, *airplane* to *aeroplane*, *boloney* to *Bologna*, and so on. But should I announce these personal preferences, I should be dangerously near assuming the character of speech expert. For, practically speaking, that is what the speech expert does. He merely writes down all his personal preferences; only he is not frank about it, for he calls them Standard English, or the Best Usage, or some such matter.

However, this must be said for the speech experts: It would unquestionably be a good thing to have some single standard of pronunciation, if only for the definite information of radio artists and other seekers after linguistic light. Printers, magazines, and newspapers have their "style sheets" giving the typographical rules to be followed in that particular shop. Might not radio stations also develop style sheets giving the pronunciations to be regarded as standard over WEAF, or WMCA?

They do these things differently, perhaps better, in England; and the tale of the development of a single standard for radio English in Britain may be instructive.

All the radio programmes in John Bull's Island are under the control of one sole company, the British Broadcasting Corporation, which is called by an inveterately nicknaming public, affectionately or otherwise, the B. B. C.

Now there are two things which your public-spirited Englishman enjoys beyond all other indoor sports. One is heckling a public speaker. The other is writing to the papers. We may estimate conservatively that British newspapers before the advent of radio were receiving some fifty million reader letters a year.

When the B. B. C. took up its job, many of those Britons who had been given to attending public meetings for the purpose of heckling the speaker, turned instead to twiddling the controls. But with this change they were automatically deprived of their favorite sport. It does no good to heckle a radio speaker.

However, the British citizen soon discovered that radio had not deprived him of his other most cherished hobby. Instead of his newspaper's constituting his only target, he now had another, the B. B. C. Consequently multitudinous letters to the B. B. C. he wrote, and still writes. Moreover, a fair proportion of these letters were based upon what Bacon calls the *argumentum ad hominem;* that is, they abused the speaker's pronunciation.

Hence, early in its career, the B. B. C. became acutely pronunciation conscious. And it proceeded to establish a single standard of radio English. It did this by organizing an

Advisory Committee, not composed of grammarians so much as of literary figures, Robert Bridges, Poet Laureate, and George Bernard Shaw, playwright, being among its members.

This advisory committee was charged with the duty of composing a style sheet for radio announcers. Its early pronouncements were now and then greeted with some guffaws, particularly from America, as when it recommended *huzzifry* for *housewifery*. But on the whole, its decisions tended to uphold the progress of English by employing shortened, more simplified fashions in words in preference to such spelling pronunciations as *offten* for *offen*, *forehead* for *forrid*, or *grindstone* for *grinstun*. Thus it has shown itself progressively minded, having regard for the advance of the English language from long words to short, from complicated to simple.

And at least the British radio authorities now have a reasonable answer to letters criticizing the usage of their announcers. "Quarrel with G. B. S. and Robert Bridges," they can now reply. "It's their style sheet, not ours."

OVER here, at present at least, all is confusion. Radio draws from scores of stations, their time participated in by hundreds of organizations. Its entertainers and announcers come from every quarter of the civilized world, and their pronunciations are as varied as their origins.

Still something might be done to standardize radio English. Each station might have its style sheet, working out its own pronunciation after the manner of the American Gladiolus Society, which recently flew in the face of the dictionaries by announcing that it was going to call its middle name *gladiólus*, with the plural *gladiólus* like the singular, instead of Webster's *gladíolus*, *gladíoli*.

Or the stations might combine and appoint a pronunciation czar after the fashion of the movies and Will Hays. That is scarcely a complete solution. What one man could be found, whose pronouncements would command the respect of the entire American public?

PERHAPS best of all, the Federal Radio Commission might select an Advisory Committee like that of the B. B. C., with authorities, literary and otherwise, among its members, who would represent every section of the country. Such a body could perform a service far wider than the limits of radio English. Its decisions would inevitably tend to hasten the obliteration of local dialect lines, and the evolution of a unified national speech.

There is even precedent of a sort for such a Governmental action. The United States has for years been helping to mould the English language in a minor way, through a body so discreet and retiring that few citizens even know of its existence. I refer to the United States Geographic Board.

The United States Geographic Board, which now numbers sixteen members, was created in 1890 by executive order of President Benjamin Harrison. Its members are drawn from eight of the ten departments represented in the President's Cabinet and from three outside

establishments having an interest in place-name problems. These are the departments of Agriculture, Commerce, the Interior, Navy, Post Office, State, Treasury, and War, the Library of Congress, the Government Printing Office, and the Smithsonian Institution.

The duties of this Board include everything having to do with geographical place-names in this country, as well as the spelling of such names from other countries. It is charged with the duty of naming, or renaming if necessary, towns, mountains, lakes, rivers, and such like. It attempts to reduce gradually the hundreds of "Bear Mountains" and "Elk Rivers", with which our unoriginal forbears sprinkled the land; it alters Esthonia to Estonia. And it now and then honors some individual, obscure or otherwise, by naming a peak after him.

Every now and again this Board breaks into print, but then it is ordinarily one of those little items hidden away on page seven, or possibly in a little box on page three. The committee has no need to court publicity, since its decrees are enforced automatically through their adoption in *The Postal Gazetteer* and the topographical maps of the country.

In respect of publicity, our hypothetical Advisory Committee on Radio English would differ radically from the United States Geographic Board. Publicity should be the breath of its nostrils. Every farmer's wife should be given the opportunity to practise its latest list through the long winter evenings. Every school should utilize the annual report. Clever programme directors might devise "daily dozens" of authorized words, to be chanted to music.

And, finally, diplomatic exchanges with the Advisory Committee of the B. B. C. might be instituted, which would conceivably lead to the working out of a doctrine of linguistic parity. We might give the British *tshivalrous* while they gave us *swahve* (*suave*). We might adopt *weskit* (*waistcoat*), while they conceded *vurry* (*very*).

This is not all a joke; unquestionably such an organization could be made a genuine force for mass education, for general intellectual progress, and, above all, for that universal leveling of dialects which will go far to promote sectional and national and international understanding.

# One Grand Swede

By Margharite Fisher McLean

Sometimes I think that the Lord created this particular part of Montana to be a place where He could brood undisturbed. If so, the glowing railroad folders only for a time thwarted His purpose. Now most of the homesteaders who flocked here in '13 have left, and one of them in leaving remarked:

"God's country — and He's welcome to it!"

But a handful, including John and me, took roots in this grim old land, roots that reach clear down into its begrudging subsoil. There is Mrs. Tifferts. She has left Buckskin Flats for the last time as often as Sarah Bernhardt left America. But she always comes back, sometimes with the husband with whom she left — she has had three in succession — and sometimes without one.

Then there is Snowball, who was foreman of the X Bar when John was one of the riders for it. Snowball is as western as the sagebrush, but he doesn't wear chaps. The first time I saw him he wore corduroy trousers, a flannel shirt and a straw hat with the top of it cut out. He wanted the sun to grow hair, but instead it burned the top of his head.

Well, Snowball no doubt would be terribly astonished if anyone ever accused him of loving this country. But I notice he sticks. He raises sheep and now owns what is left of the X Bar.

And there is Swend Nelson, who works like a demon in the spring, summer and fall, a hulking blonde with a magnificent head and the light, clear eyes of a man used to far horizons. He has some cattle and farms a strip of creek bottom land that always has a good crop.

But Jake, his younger brother, is a lady-killer. The joy of his life is to drive their little rattletrap of a car into Ray and, dressed in his best suit, a silk shirt and very yellow oxfords, get a hair-cut and make eyes at every girl he sees. He spends more money in a month than Swend does in a year, but Swend is very proud of him. He thinks that Jake has an education, because he put him through high school.

Instead of spending his spare time in town, Swend stays on his ranch, and during winter evenings he pursues his one passion. With a collection of paints and old brushes he copies calendar scenes of Arctic sunsets, bucking horses or statically radiant maidens, and puts into these subjects, crudely but unmistakably, his own vitality.

Swend figures that Jake will get over his flightiness. He says of him, "He ain't a bad boy, yust foolish."

But John always adds to me privately, "*And* worthless."

* * * * *

We've got a well! No outsider can realize what that means to our dry-land farm. The water in eight out of ten wells sunk in this semi-desert is unfit for man or beast. Ours is good for three barrels a day, slightly yellowish, tasting of the pump's newness and of its recent thorough oiling, but water — cool, drinkable water.

Swend, who helped to dig the well, is as proud of it as though he had helped John with a glory-hole. "The best water in the country," he brags; and now when he rides near our place he always stops for a drink.

TODAY he was at the pump while I was in the barnyard feeding my lambs — my little motherless lambs. It's silly but I've named them. Big Boy, because he was big. Now he is the smallest of the six with a croupy cough and a huge appetite. Bright Eyes, because of the brightest eyes a little lamb ever possessed; Ricky, short for rickets, and Tiny and Hoppy. But, I told Swend, I had no name for my little stubby-faced lamb. She's absolutely dumb and the pest of the barnyard. When I put out a pan of milk, if she happens to find a pail of water first, she drinks from it until she's too full to drink any milk.

"Call her Gracie," said Swend.

Gracie is really the girl who waits on table in the Blue Ribbon Café in Ray, a little dried-up inland town. She spends every odd moment standing in the doorway, watching the street with bright, restless eyes. Her father, a little beetle-browed gorilla of a man, owns a pool hall and bootlegs on the side.

Swend I know is worried. Rumor has it that Jake has been running around with Gracie, and I think Swend took a certain satisfaction in naming my little dumb lamb after her.

YESTERDAY I went to Ray. There were things we had to have, the car needed repairs — it's so old I've forgotten the year of its début — and I need new house dresses. Mine are as battered as the wind-wrenched old pines on our home hills.

I drove in alone as John was out with the sheep. Cool nights and hot days were turning wheat patches to a lovely rich, dry, warm gold. Gopher holes by the roadside were spanned with dew-hung cobwebs. Even a little wild canary darted from some brush in a dried creek bed.

I had to stay overnight in Ray to wait for the car, but before sleeping on one of the hard but clean beds of Ray's only hotel, I went for a walk.

The road led past the cemetery, but it was the only one to take. Besides, it was a clear night with the chill of fall; overhead a sharp cold sky was a-glitter with stars, and the Milky Way was a luminous banner.

Yet two other persons had preceded me. A car was parked at the side of the road and the occupants were quarrelling. A girl's high, hysterical voice had tears in it, and a young man's voice roughly answered her. Then, apparently, the two saw me and instantly became silent, frozen figures.

But I knew that old car. It was Swend's. The young man's snarl had been Jake's, and the girl, I knew, was the Gracie after whom Swend had called my little dumb

lamb. Yes, but that very afternoon I had seen her pause in the doorway of the Blue Ribbon Café to watch Jake swagger not ungracefully into a pool hall. He hadn't even glanced in her direction, and the girl's face had looked suddenly pinched, even frightened.

The moment I passed, the car rushed back to town. But as I retraced my steps, I was thinking of Gracie — cheap, silly little Gracie; but young, pitifully young — and in love.

* * * * *

THRESHING has begun, but we won't need the machine until later, and in the meantime I'm working out. Swend couldn't get a cook for love or money so I volunteered to be one.

Swend has been so good to us. Long ago when I was teaching in the little log school house on Buckskin Flats, he and John were riders for the X Bar, and several years ago, when John broke his leg, Swend and Jake took turns staying with us and doing the chores and not a cent would they take.

"Yust neighbors," Swend would say very courteously but firmly, in response to John's inquiry as to how much he owed him. And this was my opportunity to repay him. The boys, unreasonably grateful, take turns helping me.

At first, Swend was very apologetic because he didn't have a white tablecloth. In this country, threshing has a social aspect. There even is rivalry as to who can set the best table, and good linens are dug out of shabby trunks. Last year Mrs. Tifferts cooked here and she sent Jake over to her ranch, a ride of several miles, to fetch her best cloth — and her only one — because she didn't want to be the first to set the threshers down to oil cloth.

Incidentally, my lot is such an easy one that I've taken on housecleaning. Swend and Jake are neat, but men don't think of airing bedding and dusting.

AMONG my onslaughts was an old battered oak bookcase. Afterward, I learned that it is peculiarly Swend's and that even Jake never touches it. On its shelf is an old tobacco can full of money, bills rolled into tight little bundles. Swend during the dry years lost faith in banks and bankers. He'll never forget the fact that he deposited his wheat check in Ray only after our former banker, the affable Mr. Evans, assured him it was all right to do so, whereupon the bank closed.

You can't tell Swend that it would be unethical for a banker to admit failure until the doors of his bank banged shut on his own coat tails. Next to a good woman, the most sacred thing in the Old West was a man's word.

Just the same, I wish Swend wouldn't leave his money in that bookcase. Jake is always whining about the things it could buy. I was thinking that, until I ran across the only original painting I'd ever seen of Swend's. Just a piece of the Bad Lands and far off the Little Rockies. Crude, yes, but somehow he had caught the brooding loneliness of the land.

Swend came into the house as I was looking at this painting.

"Why, Swend, this is the best you've ever done!" I exclaimed.

Swend tried to be polite, but I saw the swift look on his face and I knew that I had run across something he had not wanted to share with anyone. Yet he intends to go to art school this winter. I learned that from Jake.

Jake hates the ranch, as he does everything that means work. Swend now, he confided to me with a scorn that made me long to shake him, would be content all his life working like a horse and daubing with a mess of paints. And, he demanded to know, could I imagine what Swend was going to do instead of buying a new car with that hunk of bills in the bookcase? He was going to Chicago—he called it Chy—to *art school!*

"*Art school!*" snorted Jake, banging down a plate he was drying so that only its thickness saved it. "Now the ranch wouldn't be so bad if we had a new car. But gosh, what a country! and the girls around here. No class to them."

I couldn't resist asking, "What about Gracie?"

JAKE flushed a low, ugly red to the roots of his hair. And that one remark seemed to take all the joy out of his morning. At dinner, he took no part in the rough banter and even got angry at Clyde West, a roundish, fair man with blue eyes that twinkle like sunlight on little waves.

When the threshing machine broke down and it was necessary for someone to drive to town, Jake flatly refused to go. He said he had a terrible headache and actually lay down on the sofa, closed his eyes and moaned. Finally, Joe Tifferts took the car and departed at a breakneck speed.

Swend was very solicitous and wrung out cold cloths while I washed the dinner dishes. It didn't occur to him, as it had to me, that Jake's headache had come very suddenly.

* * * * *

EVERY afternoon I have several hours to myself. Today I drove Swend's grain wagon while he pitched up the bundles. He really didn't need me at all because his team stops at his command, but I love to sit on top of a great load of wheat sheaves.

There you perch on a fragrant, lofty nook that heaves as the horses walk, until you know how a baby oriole feels in its funny basket nest high up when the wind blows. And you look about the country, the stark, clean sweep of it. In Minnesota, this spring, I kept wanting to push the trees back to see my horizons.

* * * * *

Threshing is over at the Nelsons'. I feel that a band of locusts, which swarmed three times a day to consume everything but the dishes, has departed. I am back home and once more cooking for only John and the hired man and myself.

But the day that Swend's threshing was finished, Gracie's father arrived. Heretofore, I had only seen him smiling and sociable, although he is often referred to as one of those street-angels and home-devils.

There was no sign of the angel part when he drove into the Nelson farm yard. Fortunately, at the time of Dan's arrival the men were trying to finish up and were threshing as long

as the last glow of daylight lasted, and Swend came into the house just as Dan bellowed at me that he was going to shoot Jake-the-low-down-hound-of-a-Swede.

Swend stopped in the doorway as though he'd been shot. "Why do you want to shoot Yake, Dan?" he asked.

And Dan began to tell him, baldly, savagely.

"Yust a minute," said Swend. He gripped Dan's arm, led him into the other room, and carefully closed the door; although the conversation was as plain as though they'd continued it in the kitchen.

THEN Swend went out in the fields and fetched Jake. They marched through the kitchen, an oddly calm, frozen-over Swend, and a scared, white-faced Jake. Again the door was closed, but I couldn't help hearing the names Dan called Jake until Swend interfered quietly, authoritatively. It was too late now. Nothing was to be gained by such talk. Jake would, of course, marry Gracie.

Dan wanted to take Jake back to Ray that night, but Swend was firm. He insisted that he'd take Jake into town in the morning and buy him a new suit. For Gracie's sake, the wedding should be — he paused for a word — decent.

"The only thing about the affair that will be," snarled Dan. But he knew Swend. Everyone around here does, and his word is sufficient. Also, once he makes up his mind, which he does slowly, he's immovable.

As soon as Dan left, Jake assumed his old swagger. Hell, he wasn't going to settle down on the ranch. He'd meant to drift out to California after harvest.

"If you drift, you take Gracie with you," Swend returned grimly.

The boys trooped in from the fields. We could hear them laughing as they waited turns at the hand basin and pail of water left on the bench outside the kitchen door. Johnny Payne came in last, an odd, stunted little fellow whose father reared him and his brothers in a dugout. Johnny always comes in head down, and blushes agonizingly if I as much as speak to him.

SWEND sat at the head of the table, silent except for curtly telling Jake to refill the coffee cups. But the boys all sensed something, and instead of sitting around after supper, they found excuses to go home.

When John came for me, Jake had driven the cows into the barn and was milking them. Swend followed us to the door. I had already had a word with John explaining the situation.

"Can I drive in with you and Jake, tomorrow?" my husband asked Swend. He tried to sound off-hand, but he didn't mention my going.

"I was yust about to ask you," said Swend gratefully; and then he added after some hesitation, "and you, too, Ann, if it ain't asking too much."

Swend and John, both men of the Old West, were afraid I might soil my skirts, the skirts of a good woman who according to their dear, old-fashioned standard should be kept clear of too much humanity.

* * * * *

I leave it to philosophers to tell me why the responsibilities of the weak so often fall upon the shoulders of the strong — or is the latter's

willingness to assume burdens the secret of their strength? Anyway, melodrama has become tragedy. Tragedy? and yet —

On the day of the wedding that I was to attend in my one decent dark blue silk, I rose at dawn. I had my chickens and turkeys to feed and bread to bake before I could go.

And while I was in the yard, I noticed a rider come over the Bad Lands. I always love to watch one slouched in that western way of being one with the horse. The rider was Swend and from him I heard that Jake had run away in the night. He had left a note explaining that he had helped himself to the car and to Swend's savings — Swend's art school money! — but he warned Swend not to come after him because he'd never stop until he was so far away that no one'd ever find him.

Swend was, of course, going to Ray, and John, driving our car, went with him. Swend no longer wanted me to go; he and John have ridden the range together and there is between the two a deep, strong friendship. From the look on John's face, I knew he ached to lay murderous hands on Jake.

Sometimes I wonder if a lack of conscience such as Jake's isn't a gift. He will know no depths, nothing but physical things can touch him, and yet he will know no heights either.

Just before they left, I almost said, "Don't do anything you'll regret for the rest of your life, Swend. After all, it isn't —"

But how could I tell him he shouldn't take Jake's sins on his shoulders, thereby scrapping his own life, his chance to make good in the work he loves? I'm confident that Swend has talent; and who knows what a few months of instruction might release from one who for years has fed his soul upon the stark beauty and peace of the Bad Lands?

It was no surprise to me when our old Ford returned to the ranch, and there stepped from it not only John and Swend but Gracie; yet I was sick at heart.

Swend and Gracie had dinner with us; a terrible dinner, and by that I don't mean the food. I talked and Slim, our hired man, who is what is known out here as a windjammer, spun yarns. John and Swend rivalled each other in taciturnity, but Gracie's high-pitched laugh broke out at every remark of Slim's and inspired him to his utmost to make the bridal party a success, for Gracie and Swend are married.

And yet Gracie in her ridiculous high heels and sleeveless wisp of a dress is nothing more than a child. Swend gravely, courteously, attended to her wants, getting up once to refill her coffee cup. But she avoided looking at him except for darting glances, and when I finally rose from the table, she followed close upon my heels.

She insisted upon helping with the dishes and while she dried them quickly, expertly, Slim hung around the kitchen, finding as an excuse the job of filling the reservoir in my range. Gracie and he laughed and talked and her laugh rang out gratingly.

"Gosh, who'd think I'd settle down in the sticks!" she shrilled.

"You'll grow to love it here after

a while," I said but without conviction; "it's a haunting kind of land."

"I'll say it is," agreed Gracie. She stood in the doorway, looking out across the north country, that brooding barren strip of land with the moonlight shining on Island Hill—my name for it—a hill rising from the Bad Lands, lonely as a derelict.

SLIM, finding no more excuses to linger, departed whistling to the bunk house. In the front room, John and Swend sat smoking and as silent as rocks. Suddenly Gracie was crying, her head on the kitchen table, wild, uncontrolled sobs.

I felt as awkward as a man as I patted her thin, shaking shoulders. My roughened hand made a little scratching sound on the silk and I wasn't sure but that was the reason she drew away; so I went back to finishing up the pots and pans and slowly wiped the stove.

Finally she got up and washed her face and dried it, losing in the process much of the too bright rouge, and for the first time I noticed that there were bluish shadows under her eyes.

"Gee, ain't I a nut?" she tried to say as she turned to me with an imitation of her old pert manner. Then something in her expression made me turn. Swend was standing in the doorway, but he wasn't looking at Gracie.

"Gracie is awful tired maybe," he said to me. "If it ain't too much trouble, Ann, perhaps she could stay with you for a few days. I'm riding over to the breaks to look for some strays and I'll yust go on home so I can get an early start in the morning."

"That will be fine," I said. I looked at Gracie, but she was carefully powdering her bedraggled little face.

I followed Swend to the front door. I wanted to say many things, but I couldn't say one of them. Besides, he was talking to John as though this were one of his numerous other visits to our place.

"I'll look up that mouse-colored mare of yours," he was saying, "maybe she'll be with my bunch." Then he was gone out to the barn.

WHEN I returned to the kitchen, Gracie gazed at me. In spite of the powder, her face was still tear-stained, but her bright shrewd eyes, like shallow water darkened by wings, had deepened.

"I didn't know they made them that way," she marvelled. "Say, ain't he one grand Swede!"

We both listened to the dull thud of a horse's hoofs die away in the night.

# Bigger and Better Business

By Murray T. Quigg
(Member of the New York Bar)

*Is there social advantage or menace in the present trend toward large scale mergers?*

The history of America is peculiarly that of men who have demanded the sweep of far horizons as a daily invitation to enterprise. Daniel Boone blazed the Cumberland Trail and laid the foundations of two great States. Yet he abided not. When age had tapped his sturdy vigor and he was no longer an active pathfinder, he tarried at Independence, Missouri, then the last outpost of American civilization, to wave a farewell to Lewis and Clark. The conquest of a continent, making it respond to the uses of men, requires men who have power. By the same token, success therein breeds a race of men who feel capacity for the exercise of power. So, as the environment changes, men of imagination and capacity seek new frontiers and fields of power. Timely with the closing of our territorial frontier, steam and then electricity have revealed tremendous forces awaiting the guidance of strong men.

Work, religion, and the state are the inescapable concerns of most men. The political and religious interests of society have been highly organized since the dawn of recorded history, but it remained for the Nineteenth Century to begin upon a large scale the organization of economic interests. It has only been made possible by our access to new sources of power, revealed by the perfection of the steam engine and the dynamo. To these forces then, the problems which they create, the interest which all men have in the development of wealth and the elimination of toil, the modern pioneer spirits, the spiritual children of Daniel Boone, Whitman and their kind, now turn.

Swept on the current of economic development which these forces have liberated, we may perhaps guide, but we cannot abate it. Its present most striking characteristic is the merger and the aggrandizement of what we popularly call "big business." In the last nine years in manufacturing industries about seven thousand concerns were merged or bought by less than thirteen hundred consolidations. In 1926 alone, 1,029 public utility companies passed under the control of some other concerns. In banking and merchandizing the story is the same. Serious questions are presented.

Is the merger an economic success? Of course it must be appraised from the separate standpoints of the investor, the wage earner and the consumer; and the conclusions upon each of these three reconciled and appraised before a conclusion may be even tentatively advanced.

Are mergers lawful? A broad principle of our jurisprudence condemns restraint of trade. The Federal expression of this principle is in the Sherman Act, now amplified and modified by subsequent legislation. We may leave to the courts and the lawyers the question as to whether any particular merger is in violation of these statutes or not. The question remains whether mergers do result in restraint of trade and are, therefore, inconsistent with our general principle of law, namely, that there must be no interference with freedom of enterprise and the opportunity of all citizens to go, as sellers or purchasers, into the market places, and there freely to exchange their labor or the products of their labor.

Finally, in the light of the evidence on their economic value, their legality or illegality, and the total effect of their influence on enterprise and on the point of view of the people, are mergers to be considered socially desirable or should they be forbidden or regulated, and if so, how?

Our experience with "big business" does not yet afford data that will sustain a positive, final conclusion; but there is enough to justify discussion and opinion.

Is the merger an economic success?

The National Industrial Conference Board, whose statistical data and whose conclusions based thereon are entitled to the highest respect, has recently published some interesting material on the economics of mergers. The data are necessarily incomplete and the conclusions tentative. Nevertheless, weighing them in the scale of common observation and common sense, they afford a basis for a present appraisal of the economic advantages and disadvantages of mergers.

How is the merger helping the investor? Judged in terms of earnings of mergers, on the record of prewar earnings, it appears that when industry has been subjected to stagnation, mergers have been unable to escape the prevalent drift toward ruin. Mergers have been subject to sharp decreases of profits, as has business in general. An unmanageable financial structure has been as embarrassing to a large scale enterprise as to a small scale enterprise, if not more so. The Conference Board's report makes it clear that there is nothing in the merger itself which is a substitute for competent management.

Again, considering the success of consolidations from the standpoint of the investor by a survey of the changes in the value of their common stocks, it appears that consolidations are far from being universally successful. Their stock values vary widely at different times, and they do not all profit in equal degree during periods of business prosperity. There is no satisfactory means of measuring their success in terms of fluctuating stock values by direct comparison with those of independents and non-consolidated firms.

Yet the Conference Board says: "It at least seems to be clear that there are no inherent advantages in the consolidated form of organization which insure greater profitableness for the investor than is offered by many non-consolidated enterprises."

IS THE merger economically advantageous to the wage earner? The data on this point considered by the Conference Board are scanty. It does appear, however, that there is "a consistent tendency for industries subject to the influence of industrial consolidation to resist the unsettling effects of business depression and the feverish expansion of business prosperity."

Thus there is a greater security of employment with a consolidation than with a non-consolidated industry. By the same token, the larger units tend to resist wage fluctuations. As a reduction in wages will, with them, affect a larger number of men, and therefore a greater purchasing power in the community, there is a strong effort on the part of the consolidation to resist a wage reduction. On the other hand, a wage increase may be difficult to install unless it is a flat percentage increase running through the whole organization, which will necessarily increase the price of the product of the industry unless marked reduction in costs can be made in the course of production at the time the wage increase goes into effect.

Many of the consolidations, such as the United States Steel Corporation, General Motors, International Harvester, and General Electric, are leaders in the field of industrial relations and have spent large sums in safety work and affecting health conditions in the community where the industries function, in affording financial advice and aid to their employees, and in endeavoring by various coöperative means to advance the economic status of wage earners. The cost of this work, large as are the sums spent, is, in the case of large consolidations, small in terms of units of production against which the cost must finally be levied. It remains, of course, true that some of the most successful industrial relations and some of the best wage scales are paid by independent concerns. Again it is a question of management and the enterprises' success. Nevertheless, the evidence indicates that consolidations have had a stabilizing effect upon wage scales and employment, and have continued to improve industrial relations and to increase the amenities available to the wage earner.

IS THE merger economically sound from the standpoint of the consumer? Upon this point the evidence is somewhat more clear. To begin with, the large consolidations have been the leaders in research. Their research has developed new uses for their products and new products from materials that heretofore were wasted. Research has developed new and less costly methods. These discoveries have finally been reflected in lower prices.

The Conference Board finds no evidence that consolidations have resulted in price control of the market. Widely inclusive consolidations have been formed in several industries without destroying or weakening competition. Quite as certainly,

in other industries, which have not been the scene of important mergers, competition has been severely limited by secret price agreements covering substantially the entire trade. "In the one case as in the other, it does not appear possible to determine the existence and effectiveness of monopolistic power," says the Board.

IN FACT, in those industries where consolidations are prominent, prices continued annually to decline up to 1913, while prices in other industries continued to rise. The effect of consolidations on post-war prices is even more marked. The charts of the Conference Board show that prices in industries under the influence of consolidations and non-consolidated industries moved in parallel lines, but the price levels in the consolidated industries are distinctly lower.

The very size of the larger mergers makes them dependent upon extensive markets and that in turn means that they must meet popular prices. Their profits, if any, must necessarily be derived from an aggregation of small profits upon a large turnover. The policies which over a period of years are most likely to insure financial success to the merger are those which insure moderate prices and the least possible fluctuation in the mean curve of their enterprise.

This by no means sustains the conclusion that the merger is best in the long run from the economic standpoint. The merger, if anything, makes a greater demand upon competent management than the small concern. Once it gets off the track, the very impetus of its size may carry it to greater disaster than the small enterprise faces. It still remains to be discovered what industries are most profitably handled in large units and what in small, but there is nothing in the present available data concerning large consolidations to suggest that they are economically unwise *per se* or dangerous, and there is much to suggest that they may be economically advantageous — first, to the consumer, secondly, to the wage earner, and only thirdly, to the investor.

ARE mergers lawful — that is, are mergers consistent with our common law principle that there should be no restraint of trade?

Equal freedom to all persons to pursue a livelihood by whatever honorable means are available to each is a principle written into our Federal Constitution and protected by numerous restraints upon the power of both the Federal and State Governments. Shall we permit individuals to combine to defeat the economic rights of the individual by the exercise of powers denied to Government itself? Certainly not. The market places of the land must always be open to the labor and to the products of labor of all citizens, so that men may deal with one another free of restraint. Neither the national welfare nor individual interest can suffer imagination, competence and energy to be penalized by private barricades athwart the avenues of economic enterprise.

The object of a merger is to effect the economies in the cost of production and distribution which experience has demonstrated may be

effected by large scale operations. The consolidation undoubtedly exercises a disproportionate influence upon the market. This is not, however, evidence that the influence which it exercises is illegal or baneful. We have seen that mergers tend to stabilize industries and to lower prices. The criticisms which are made of them are that they tend to become in effect monopolies and that they are able to lay down competitive conditions which the independent cannot meet and, therefore, the independent is driven out of business and competition is stifled.

THE test of the law, however, is not the existence or absence of successful competition. The mere size of an enterprise does not itself affront the law, because it does not necessarily restrain trade. On the contrary, it may accelerate trade. If it appears that the large scale industry, by reason of economies and high-class management, is able to serve the public at a lower cost than a number of small enterprises can do, it is not in violation of the principles of freedom of trade to accept the services of the larger but less expensive enterprise in lieu of costlier and numerous smaller enterprises.

It is said by many critics that the Sherman Act was passed for the purpose of saving the small man. There is nothing in the law which declares that that was its purpose. It was passed at a time when business enterprises were being aggrandized by contracts agreeing upon prices, allocating territory, and granting rebates, and when sales were being carried on at less than cost by strong companies in particular localities for the purpose of driving out competitors. These were practices restraining trade and intended to secure a monopoly of trade by coercive methods. Boycotts and all illicit agreements tending to close the market place to independent traders violate the principles of common law and the right of every citizen to follow a legitimate calling without oppression from his fellow citizens. They were condemned by the Sherman Act, and quite properly. It is hardly to be supposed, however, that we have tied ourselves to a policy as a matter of law, by which industry must be conducted by a dozen concerns managed by $10,000 a year men when experience demonstrates that one concern managed by a $75,000 a year man can render the public more efficient service.

IT IS contended that in an industry where, let us say, there are ten competitors struggling for the business, none of whom is able to make a living, the law forbids them to agree with one another as to what is a fair price and to maintain that price and to divide the work between them so that they each may make a living; but the law does not forbid them to merge their properties in a single enterprise which everybody will be compelled to deal with upon its own terms, and in which all the men may make a living. If this is the correct statement of the situation, it appears then that the Sherman Act, intended to protect free enterprise, has only served to force men to abandon freedom of enterprise and submit to consolidations which are generally controlled by the personalities who managed the strongest enterprise at

the time the consolidation was made. The Sherman Act, if that is the situation, denies freedom of enterprise and compels monopoly enterprise — a result diametrically opposed to the declared purpose of the Act.

Now if there are ten competitors, none of whom can earn a living because of the competition among them, it means merely that the ten entrepreneurs have invested in their business more capital than can profitably be used to serve the existing demands of the public. If they are asking for the right to arrange their affairs so that they can make a living and continue with the same uneconomic structure, they are asking the right to charge the public for interest and dividends on dollars or labor, or both, which are not actually necessary to meet the public demand. If the public demand should suddenly increase and all ten of them could make a good living in spite of their competition, there would be no complaint about the law or any demand for mergers. It is only when they are in an unsound economic situation that they complain that the law does not allow them legitimate freedom of operation, but in every case which comes under examination, it would appear that they wish to pass on the costs of their unsound financial situation to the public.

If they accept the alternative of merging, the larger capital assets coming under single control will permit them to extend their market without proportionately larger costs, thereby securing to them a profit which they could not get operating individually, or the merger will have to write off the unused capitalization of the independents and thus reorganize the business on a sound economic basis. The only effect of the law, therefore, is to prevent them from seeking arrangements to pass the burden of their own mistakes or misfortunes to the public.

The automobile industry affords a typical illustration of the operation of mergers and the protection of freedom of enterprise by the laws against restraint of trade. It is said that it is inequitable to permit Buick, Cadillac, Chevrolet and the rest of the General Motors family to fix prices between themselves for these cars under the cloak of the General Motors Company while Nash, Chrysler, Dodge, Auburn and the rest must make their own way without any understanding. If there is unfairness in this, it is certainly more apparent than real. Ford, Nash, Chrysler, Packard and others have demonstrated that the public will support a car which is correctly priced for the value. The cars of the General Motors family must also be properly priced. The only advantage which they can possibly have is that all of them, being made under the direction of a single management, may possibly be made at a lower cost. This may insure to General Motors a larger profit per car than the independent enjoys. Anyone who has examined the condition of the Ford Motor Company and the Nash Motor Company will have doubt that this advantage is so great as to be a serious handicap in competition with a car which is well-made by an efficient management properly financed. Large scale production dominates the standard of the motor in-

dustry, but fair competition maintains the open avenue of enterprise.

If with competent management an outstanding enterprise of a particular industry lends itself to large scale operation, there is no reason in common sense or in the broad principles of our law in respect of restraints of trade — which are of the utmost value to us — why mergers making large scale operation possible should not be encouraged. So long as the market places are free for all men to enter so that skill, competence and good judgment may offer their services to the public and be rewarded without let or hindrance from combination, our legal principles are satisfied.

Is the merger socially desirable? Even if it is economically sound, at least in certain cases, even if it does not restrain commerce and violate our principles of industrial freedom, is it desirable that an industry shall be wholly controlled or even dominated by a single concern?

Can we afford to see the small independent entrepreneur, who survives by the practice of those hard virtues of diligence, thriftiness and integrity, driven out of his position and made a mere employee? Can we afford to allow the retail grocery and merchandise business of the country to come under the control of less than a dozen boards of directors, each of which in turn may be dominated by a single vigorous personality? Is it wise that the judgments of 500,000 men be written off the ledger of our national assets and in its place be set the judgments of only a score of men? Where shall we find the moral equivalent for the general well-being, public spirit and example to our youth, furnished by half a million independent storekeepers, if these are driven out of business by a dozen chains, whose affairs are ultimately controlled by less than a score of men?

The organization of our political rights and our religious rights in the dawn of recorded history resulted in their surrender to the very organizations which we built up and supported for their protection. We have suffered untold miseries in the name of kings and gods, and indeed it is only within the last two centuries that men have made practical advance toward the recovery of political independence and religious freedom. Now comes the organization of our economic interests. Certainly we do not intend to surrender all economic independence. We do not intend to have our lives prescribed and our economic rights granted or withheld at the pleasure of billion dollar boards of directors or ten thousand dollar public commissions.

But the forces liberated by electricity are already so tremendous that they cannot be manipulated except by enterprises requiring the coöperation of hundreds of thousands of men as investors, workers and specialists in various branches of sciences and applied arts. This cooperative effort must be adjusted, controlled and directed. The flow of millions of dollars of material values and the energies of thousands of men must be delicately adjusted. These are tasks requiring a high degree of imagination and the finest calibre of that rarest of all gifts, judgment.

We demand this organization of our economic life because it affords us the material means to enjoy our lives and exploit our energies with the minimum of toil and the maximum of experience. The assets of life are brought to the door of the humblest from the farthest corners of the earth for a trifling sum. What the individual may be competent to do with these assets, whether they be food, clothes, automobiles, books, music or what not, remains to be seen. That is, perhaps, a problem of education, cultivation and eugenics, which it will take centuries to answer. Moralists may speculate upon this for a pleasant pastime.

MEANWHILE, organized economic enterprise is at last making men free as they never have been before, and the task is geared upon delicate machinery of elaborate dimensions, involving the use of tremendous power. All we know is that it demands the services of men of rare judgment. If we have such men, if we have a system of enterprise which finds them, promotes them, cultivates and properly protects their integrity, we are safe. If we can protect mergers and "big business" from the control of self-perpetuating dynasties based upon external values of birth, wealth or other arbitrary tests, we are safe. When we wage a war we seek, first of all, two things — a General upon whom we can rely and then the greatest possible force which we can put at his disposal. Either without the other may ruin us. We are now in a real fight against toil and drudgery. In this battle we are exploiting the greatest forces which have yet come under the control of men. We need competent Generals. Our problem is not to curtail their power, but it is to organize our economic efforts upon such lines as to bring to the fore the competency which we need, to reward it properly, and to take our moral satisfaction in loyal coöperation with it in advancing the high ideal of a society of men free from long hours of drudgery, free from the fear of starvation and nakedness, ignorance and squalor.

AN ECONOMIC society, such as ours, cannot give its approval to an enterprise merely because it is large or small. The only criterion it can accept is the quality of the service which the enterprise renders. If it furnishes economic needs at satisfactory prices by methods which are fair, and if it distributes its economic benefits fairly among its workers, its investors, and the public, it is desirable. Its freedom to do so, the freedom of every individual to create or guide such an enterprise, if he have a capacity to do so, is our highest concern. Our laws against restraint of trade, the placing of artificial barriers across the currents of commerce are the bulwark of our protection against the intrenchment of incompetence, and at the same time these laws are the guarantors of freedom for competence, honesty and the public service of large scale enterprise.

# Career or Maternity?

## *The Dilemma of the College Girl*

By Henry R. Carey

A previous article indicated that the graduates of women's colleges in the Northeast not only marry less frequently than the women of the nation at large, and produce far fewer children per marriage, but also that they show a much lower marriage rate, and fewer children per graduate, than the alumni of men's colleges in the same section.

It appears also that they bear fewer children *per marriage* than the wives of Harvard and Yale men. For example, Paul Popenoe finds that, whereas the married graduates of Harvard and Yale average two and a half children per family, the married alumnæ of Vassar and Wellesley average less than two children, and those of Bryn Mawr less than one child.

What is the reason for this condition among college women? It would be unwise to dogmatize, but the most obvious explanation lies in the perspective of women's college education itself, the philosophical and pedagogical climate in which impressionable girls, just entering upon the romantic and marriageable age, suddenly find themselves. In several of these colleges the unbiological doctrine that personal achievement is the highest goal for the college woman is preached incessantly, though often indirectly. Since worldly success and motherhood rarely get on together, it is obvious how many college girls are being influenced away from marriage. It may be said, in reply, that the college girl is not the type that marries, anyway. Such a sweeping generalization is both unprovable and inaccurate. Obviously the thing cuts both ways.

Life appears as a series of circles, some vicious, some virtuous. Action and reaction occur everywhere. It is therefore impossible to explain the low marriage rate by maintaining that chiefly predestined spinsters go to college, without conceding at the same time that the academic atmosphere, which they find so suited to their needs, reacts to confirm them in their tendencies, and even to guide others, who are wavering between the calls of the heart and the head, into the paths of celibacy. It is a matter of action and reaction, and this circle is plainly vicious from a eugenist's scientific point of view.

In fact, evidence is not lacking that the women's colleges consist-

ently preach the gospel of personal achievement on the male model. For example, note this message from President Marion Edwards Park to the Bryn Mawr Commencement in June, 1926: "I hope that each one of you will put yourself to the test of earning your own living for a round year at least. . . . I hope there will be no hiding behind affectionate families or fortunes or personal ease." Offered with the best of intentions, it is dysgenic advice — an invitation to celibacy, tending to postpone marriage for a year or many years, to intensify habits of spinsterhood already formed, or possibly pointing toward a distracting career — marriage, if marriage ever comes.

Why not tell the girls at least something about the beauty of marriage, and then leave them free to choose their own course? Is not the object of college education to bring forth the real selves of the students, to show them all the gates out into life? Is it any wonder that the Bryn Mawr girl tends to look upon marriage as not quite respectable? "Smith and Vassar," said a Bryn Mawr graduate to me the other day, "are colleges where girls go who *merely* wish to get married." There is a lot of feministic preaching behind that word "merely."

In October, 1928, speaking before the Bryn Mawr freshman class, Miss Park further developed the subtle gospel of achievement. What, she asked, would be the probable post-graduate history of these impressionable young girls? After stating that there are more than even chances that they will marry and bring up a small family of children, she continued: "There are even chances, and the figure is rising, that whether she marries or not, she will have an independent profession — go into teaching, medicine, business or some less easily classified job; act, write, or farm. At any rate, she will be . . . independent of financial obligations and hence of those other more subtle obligations which hang on taking one's money from parents or husbands. . . ."

In these brief sentences Miss Park has impressed on these budding minds first, that they are nearly as likely to remain single as to marry, and that if they do wed they will probably have only "a small family of children" (as if all this were the most natural thing in the world). Second, that they are likely to have an independent profession (by no means a safe prediction). Third, that come what may, they will be independent, presumably completely so, of financial and hence of other obligations, not only to their parents but even to their husbands. Her lack of criticism of her own prediction implies complete assent to this programme. It is, however, difficult to conceive of any two sentences more packed with potential mischief. Feminine independence is given the usual over-bright halo.

Here is the old cry for liberty and yet more liberty, when every married person knows that for a successful marriage there is nothing so dangerous for either sex as a passionate love of liberty, and nothing so much needed as the fetters of discipline. Moreover, the prophecy is dysgenic in trend, both in its implication as to

the comparative rarity of marriage and the scarcity of children among the elect, and, indirectly, in its stress upon achievement irrespective of marriage. And finally, there is the thought distinctly implied that the more the young college woman can escape from her obligations to parents and husband, the better! Surely independence from her husband, especially independence of her husband's financial assistance, is hardly either a practical or an ideal aim for a married American college woman. It is certainly not the aim of a decent, happily married man to be independent of his wife.

As to the frequency of such preachments within women's college walls, it is, of course, impossible to have accurate information. But it is reasonable to suppose that such an address of welcome to freshmen results in many conversations, among both faculty members and students, along similar lines. Certainly, such thoughts follow the general philosophy of the distinguished first President of Bryn Mawr.

WHAT seems to be the result of the financial independence among wives which the women's colleges thus promote? Dr. G. V. Hamilton's careful statistical study of two hundred New York college people, many having "modern" views as to freedom for married women, shows not only that many educated men are made discontented by the earning of money by their wives, not only that dependent wives are distinctly happier on the average than wage-earning women, but even that "*Among the separated and divorced the wage-earning women lead all the rest by a very wide margin.*" And listen to this word of warning to her fellow alumnæ written by a graduate of Smith College, the wife of a surgeon: "Necessity is man's natural spur, and a wife has no right to steal it away from him. No woman can serve two masters. Try it at your peril."

NOR is it anything but a heavy responsibility, in the present state of our knowledge, to put the stamp of apparent approval, as some of the women's colleges do, on either low marriage rates or small families. For Professor Ellsworth Huntington of Yale, after an exhaustive statistical study, has found that on the average the Yale students (especially the sons of college graduates) who come from families of five, six or more children excel those from the smaller families not only in studies, but also in athletics, in literary, dramatic, religious and musical activities, in managing teams, in student government, in ability to earn money, and apparently even in general success in post-graduate life. Single children have the very worst records. "The thing that counts most in life, apparently, is the intellectual inheritance which usually belongs to the boy who comes from a genuinely high grade family, and the training which a boy gets among a considerable group of brothers and sisters." Is it not, then, a little premature to show such apparent complacence in predicting small families, when it is clearly from large families that leaders are produced? Are the women's colleges helping us to produce our much-needed leaders, in this age of crumbling standards?

Behind all the straining of college

women, thus spurred on by their leaders, for individual renown, there still persists the outworn first principle of the ancient militant feminists. "The college girl," writes Mary Lee of Radcliffe in 1928, "is an individualist ahead of all things. She wants to express herself." In girls' colleges "an intellectual standard has taken place of the old social standard. . . . There is a new creed . . . you are your own God. You have got to live up to your own faith." Self-assertion has been made a college woman's deity. All too frequently it is the only one.

In 1928 the Dean of one of the Northeastern women's colleges deplored the fact that "Women are not persevering enough in continuing a profession once they have started. . . . And even when they do start, many of them do so with the understanding that they are going to get married soon, and then give up." Is there the slightest doubt, on reading between the lines, that the writer (a maiden lady) was urging spinsterhood for women, at least for a number of years until they are established in their profession?

HARVARD'S marriage rate during the important years is, however, as we have seen, higher than any of the women's colleges. Curiously enough, too, one never hears a President of Harvard urging upon the students, however indirectly, the unnatural doctrine that they ought not to marry soon after graduation. On the contrary, President Eliot spoke forcefully in favor of the early marriage and the early begetting of families for young college men, if only (as he expressed it) that they might enjoy their grandchildren. The reason for this difference in the marriage philosophy of men's and women's colleges is obvious. Nature has made it easy for a man, especially an able one, to combine parenthood with a career. But as nature has decreed the precise opposite for women, the deans and presidents of women's colleges find themselves preaching, however obliquely, the suppression of one activity for the promotion of the other. It is unfortunate that they have chosen to battle against the most favorable processes of nature.

THEIR battle-cry was well summarized by an Eastern woman educator who, several years ago, urged the alumnæ of Syracuse "to concentrate upon achievement in order to merit the quality with men which is being sought." This speaker saw only that mighty will-o'-the-wisp, equality, as her goal. Here is the unmarried woman's point of view in all its purity. Why must she lead women who are the hope of the nation constantly away from marriage and motherhood? Is it not obvious that one cannot continually praise independent achievement without indirectly attacking marriage?

Consider Radcliffe, where women students are urged by the authorities to develop their minds, though little is said about the interests of the heart. Also be it noted that any change in the college schedule which, like the new reading periods, tends to make it even more impossible for a Radcliffe girl to keep up her more romantic social life, is welcomed by the authorities as a step forward! Since the introduction of the reading periods, we are told, the Radcliffe

students, ever urged on to harder and harder effort, step by step with Harvard, are now working "as never before, crowding the library and keeping few evening engagements." Perhaps in that sentence we find the key to what is wrong with the women's colleges. The result of this attitude is what might be expected. There is really no cause for astonishment. When a questionnaire was sent out in 1928 to 1,742 Radcliffe graduates, asking them what they thought was the most important service of women to the world, "marriage and family" was a poor fourth choice, receiving only 15 per cent of the total number of votes for first place! Although the result is perhaps not completely accurate, does it not reflect a warped point of view? How great is the gain when Radcliffe alumnæ promote education, social welfare, and the spirit of peace among the less educated persons of today, while only a miserable minority of them intend to have children, who can receive their special culture and ability to carry on as leaders?

LET all who wish to inquire honestly what may be wrong with the separate women's colleges, read "The Harm My Education Did Me" by an ex-feminist, in *The Outlook* for November 30, 1927. (The college described is not named.) Here is a devastating picture of the effect that is possible when college women remain isolated and celibate too long, forgetting at their peril that the sexes are complementary. The suppression of the emotional side of the author's life for many dreary years, the eventual release of her inner feminine self through love, "finally burning its way through the incrustments of years;" abnormal love life in others, preventing marriage and association with men even after graduation; teaching which made the college girls afraid to sit "near a strange man in a street car," these are some of the evils which she discussed.

THE ex-feminist calls for a change in women's college curricula, and especially in atmosphere. She drives home the elementary lesson, as yet far from learned, that "you cannot educate a girl's mind without educating her heart." She begs college women to "mold their lives, not upon artificial standards of by-gone feminists, but upon the honest weaknesses and eternal strength of woman." Let them cease denying their own existence; let them find peace in the release of the prisoner within. Until the authorities of women's colleges bring about such a change, she concludes, "I and other mothers I know will think long before we deliver our daughters into your dangerous hands."

Another large group of college women, explaining why, in their opinion, they failed to marry (*Harper's Monthly*, March, 1928), show clearly that celibacy was not so much due to a lack of marriage opportunities or of attractiveness, as to inability to find a man who would fit in with their exalted standards. But college men, too, having their own ideals of womanhood, tend somewhat, it seems, to slight the alumnæ of women's colleges. Of this group of women, 65.4 per cent, when older, regretted not having married. One woman ascribes her spinsterhood to the stirring of her sex antagonism by her

mother and by her college president (a spinster). She now wants very much to be married, and regrets that her nature was so warped by the "ardent feminist attitude" of the "older unmarried woman who influenced me during my college life." How many hundreds or thousands of girls have been given a bad start by similar collegiate influences?

It is well known that Vassar has seen the light on this problem more clearly than most of the other colleges. At least, she is becoming a seat of learning for women which is not a mere imitation of a man's college. Vassar knows what is wrong. President MacCracken has dared to say that women do not need the same education as men. He has provided both graduate and undergraduate courses in homemaking, and college women are flocking to them. If Vassar keeps on this same road, she will attract the dollars and the daughters of many fathers and mothers who are interested in preserving American home life.

One may question whether Smith, feeling its way in the same direction, is really on the right track — at least to judge from the published aims of its *Institute for the Coördination of Women's Interests*, by means of which coöperative laundries, cooking stations and nursery schools are relied upon to free the married mother from the care of even baby children. (Here is the first clear admission that the nursery school is intended more for the liberation of the mother than for the benefit of the child.) It has been forgotten, apparently, that personal motherhood, even in small families, is irreplaceable; the aim is, it seems, toward the abolition of personal motherhood, toward the communism of the nursery, not among the two million women of America who are forced by poverty to undergo double slavery, and whom enlightened charity is everywhere assisting to stay at home, but among the rich intellectuals who find it fashionable to be he-women rather than mothers.

But sociologists recognize that the problem of the part-time mother is difficult to solve, except with the loss of spiritual values. No spiritual incubator for children, no coöperative or rotating or proxy motherhood, has been evolved which can replace a mother's constant love and care, though she desire ever so strongly to spend the day in the busy marts of men. On the contrary, such schemes have been shown again and again to be excessively bad for children. The more a real mother of superior type is released by machinery and organization from manual work at home, the more she will devote a large share of her time to the spiritual and educational welfare of her children. True mothers will give what they owe their children — the moral equivalent of housework. Otherwise, the preservation of our fading finest American ideals will be left to — whom?

While there is much to be debated in such experiments, it is clear that the women's colleges in general are still a very long way from true understanding of their own function, in the light of sociology and eugenics. In the end, after the period of trial and error, a new programme is clearly indicated. There must be fewer maiden ladies, and many addi-

tional happily married men, with substantial families, as presidents, deans and faculty members. They will set an example of natural living. No longer will it be possible to find in one women's college 114 instructors and professors, 100 of whom were women, and only two of whom were ever married. It is unreasonable to expect graduates of such a nunnery to give marriage and motherhood their proper place in the great balance which is wise living. Yes, married men must pour into the women's colleges. If this is to be accomplished, the present over-supply of female college teachers, which indirectly leads to the departure of their male colleagues to more profitable adventures, must be turned into some other occupation, preferably family culture. Domestic science in its broadest sense, quite as important for general feminine education as mathematics, must be taught, and must become, like mathematics, compulsory for freshmen, if girls of college type are to learn it at all. The frequent visits to the college grounds of eligible young men must in future be definitely encouraged. The glorification of wifehood and motherhood, and of love in its fine, old-fashioned sense, will have to be preached, month after month, both by visiting speakers and by the faculty.

AT PRESENT, girls entering the Northeastern women's colleges should be clearly warned that they are probably reducing their chances both of marriage and of motherhood. For the girl whose marriage is not delayed is apt to have a wider choice of mates, and, within limits, "the younger the wife at marriage, the smaller the percentage of wives who bear no children, and the larger the size of the family." Freshmen should be told, too, that in both sexes, early marriage tends to remove an often harmful strain on the emotions, while, among other blessings, it usually results in less painful childbearing, better health for the mother, and fewer infant deaths. They should realize that an American girl enters college, on the average, when her psycho-physical development has made her ripe for marriage, whereas it appears that, as a rule, an American boy attains the necessary emotional maturity about the time that he graduates. Above all, they should be taught just why socially useful couples *must bear, on the average, more than three children, in order to prevent their stock from actually decreasing.*

AT LONG last, nature's lesson for the college multitudes, that man must achieve and woman encourage achievement, now being taught college women by broken nerves and family extermination, must be learned. In a country crying aloud for intelligent, organized leadership by the mentally and morally fit, the stock of the most capable must not be allowed to die out. We have seen clear proof that children in small families suffer numerous disadvantages. It is probable that college people with a fine inheritance should actually average from four to six children apiece, for the good both of the race and of the children.

For the vast majority of intellectual women the hour has struck for a new and truer feminism, finding its outlet in a far better technical and

spiritual organization of the household. Once this has been achieved, women leaders of the future can bear more children, and yet, while keeping the centre of interest within doors, find leisure for self-cultivation and devotion to their families.

"The question which we raise is the question of fair play," say the seven women's colleges, campaigning for assistance. The question which intelligent men are raising is far deeper and more important. It is the question of fair play to men, to college women, to children, to the cultured classes, to the race, and to the nation. For fifty years, the women's colleges have ignored a whole hemisphere of woman's life, and educated Americans well know it. So long as women's colleges influence girls to avoid and distrust men, so long as they reduce the chances of a girl's finding happiness in marriage, and of an educated boy's finding a willing mate of equal intellectual potentialities, who is trained and ready for her job, there are many educated American fathers and mothers who cannot approve or assist them.

## Two and A River of Stars

By David Morton

There were white stars and mist above the river,
And stars within the river, nearer still,
Forever drowned and gazing back forever,
And two who wandered there with no set will
That they could call their own, with no word spoken,
Who might have been but shapes of mist and dream,
Walking in sleep until the spell be broken,
Lost to the world by this star-laden stream.

There were no trees, but a dim ghost of trees,
No sound, but a slow mournful ghost of sound
Troubling the vast and starry silences
Over that river, that enchanted ground,
Where two star-stricken shapes of misty seeming
Strayed from this world into a dream of dreaming.

# The Gilded Buddha

By Arthur Styron

*A Mystery of the Mongolian Wastes*

For five days we had travelled through dense forests teeming with wolves, goats, marmots, wild horses, donkeys, camels, and even ferocious dogs, and across vast plains of monotonous gray gravel, except where an occasional yellow gleam indicated the presence of a harsh, wiry grass; plains whose miry swamps glowed by night with the mysterious fires of the will-o'-the-wisp, and whose sacred lakes, swarming with fish, cast up thousands of human bones in their sudden storms! The country, with all its beauty, was cruel. With all its vast profusion of life it was lonely. With all its richness it was destitute.

Watching a brilliant bird of prey swoop down to pick at an abrasion on a wounded goat's back, I shuddered and urged my camel on to a faster pace.

"Let's hurry," I said to Chun, my companion and guide. "This country depresses me."

Chun shrugged his muscular shoulders. "Camels go just so fast; twenty, thirty miles a day. Why try to hurry them? We get to mountains by night."

"By night?" I protested. "Why, we are almost there now." My gaze lingered longingly upon the rugged peaks ahead, all shades of red, yellow and black, but barren and nude save for the mantle of glistening snow that capped them. It was pleasant to imagine their delicious cold after five days of scorching sun on the plains.

"Mountains have wicked way of deceiving," said Chun wisely, nibbling a raw onion. "We not get there till night."

I knew Chun was right. I had got accustomed on the endless plains to seeing the same objects for long periods of time. In Mongolia the air is so clear that there is no perspective; everything is in one plane, and that plane close to the eye.

The setting sun had changed the mountains' white mantle into a violet and purple robe before we started the ascent. Here spring was just beginning. There was the subdued roar of streams breaking their winter chains, on whose banks small mountains of ice were beginning to form. Great balls of writhing snakes, not yet warmed out of their sluggishness, obstructed our way. Wild and spectral voices in the deep ravines called to us threateningly.

"You are sure we shall find shelter for the night?" I asked Chun anxiously. Five nights in the Mongolian wilds had been enough for me.

"Oh, sure," said Chun. "One hour, two, we come to *yurta*."

AGAIN Chun proved himself to be a reliable prophet. Just as darkness was settling down we came to a small house built of felt. A cheerful light was showing through the cracks of the solitary window, and a thick smoke was belching from the small chimney, giving promise of protection against the cold that was increasing in bitterness every moment. I rapped my camel on the rump and she obediently knelt in order that I might descend. Leaping from her back I approached the door of the *yurta* and knocked. Almost immediately it was opened by an old man with a short, white beard, clothed in a ragged gray *svitka* and tattered red boots. He wore no hat, and his hair was cut short, although the upper part of his face was of a Mongolian cast.

"*Sayn*," I greeted him good evening in the native tongue.

The old man studied me carefully. "*Sayn*," he murmured; then he addressed me in Russian, a tongue with which I am familiar, "Are you English?"

"No; American," I answered in the same language.

His eyes suddenly beamed with friendliness at hearing his native tongue spoken by a stranger. I had been short-sighted not to recognize his nationality before by his costume.

"Welcome!" he said heartily. "That is, I presume you wish shelter?"

"Yes, indeed," I answered quite as warmly.

The old man spoke to Chun in a dialect I did not understand, directing him to a cave where he might stable the camels; after which he led me into the *yurta*, lighted and warmed by a blazing fire on the broad hearth.

"I am sorry I cannot offer you a private apartment," he apologized, "but my house is small. Besides this room there is only the kitchen where my daughter and I sleep. Guests must make themselves comfortable in the corner by the fire."

"And very pleasant that will be," I told him, "after the open plain."

I removed my coat and boots and sank down wearily upon a moss cushion near the fire. The Russian brought my supper almost immediately — hot, juicy mutton, wild onions, and a generous piece of blackish bread. When I had finished eating his daughter brought me a cup of tea. I thanked her, and as she seemed disposed to linger, I asked her name.

"Tatiana," she replied.

I SIPPED my hot tea and studied her. She was young — not more than eighteen or twenty — and very beautiful. Her features were more Mongolian than her father's, but she had his white skin, and her black hair was fine and soft as flax. Her mouth also was Russian, red and curving upward at the corners as if she were about to burst into song. Her cheeks made me think of pink poppies wet with dew.

"Are you never lonely in these desolate mountains?" I asked.

"Lonely? No; I was born here."

Then, as if in explanation, "My mother was Mongolian."

"And never afraid?" I persisted.

Her slender black cords of eyebrows arched a little as if peeping into her eyes.

"Never," she stated; but I thought there was forced bravery in her smile.

I was just finishing my tea when a second guest made his appearance — a large, stout Mongol, wearing a skin overcoat and a cap with side-flaps. He was evidently known to the *yurta*, for the old Russian received him cordially, almost ingratiatingly. The stranger undid his girdle, from which hung a large knife in a green sheath, and removed his coat. Underneath he was wearing a gown of yellow silk with black binding, and around his waist a broad blue sash. He removed his cap and remained uncovered. Evidently a man of wealth, I decided; perhaps a rich merchant of Urga, the city on the other side of the mountain to which I was travelling.

DIVESTED of his wraps, the Mongol bowed politely to me and then to Tatiana, while his smooth, fat face creased for an instant in a perfunctory smile. Then sinking down on a cushion before the fire, he drew from a pocket of his gown a string of amber beads which he began to run absently through his fingers. Tatiana went into the kitchen and reappeared with a cup of tea which the stranger received from her with the same vacant, perfunctory smile, immediately returning his gaze to the leaping fire. For a few minutes there was complete silence. Then suddenly the Mongol turned to me and spoke.

"You have been long in our country, sir?" he asked.

The unexpectedness of the question and the purity of his English surprised me into dumbness for a few moments. Then I found my voice.

"A few weeks," I answered.

"You find it all very strange, no doubt?" he went on.

"Why . . . yes," I stammered.

He smiled politely. "Mongolia is old — very, very old — so that the cycle of time seems to have met in her. You do not understand? I mean, it is vividly alive, yet dead; so thoroughly civilized that it seems wild."

I WAS fascinated by his eyes as he spoke; dark, glowing pools of passion, with rapidly moving tides, full of deep intelligence. It was his eyes, I decided, that distinguished him, made him a personage.

"You speak in paradoxes," I smiled.

"It is the paradoxical that is true, is it not?" he reminded me.

I knew the passion of the Easterner for philosophizing, so I hurriedly sought to change the subject.

"So they say," I answered vaguely. Then, "How far is it to Urga?" I asked.

"On the plateau below us. Fifty, twenty miles. If you start at daybreak you will reach Urga by noon." His gaze returned to the fire. "You are going there on business?"

"No," I replied. "Nothing more important than sight-seeing. I am a writer."

"Ah!"

"I am somewhat interested," I went on guardedly, "in the political

situation here. Is it true that the new theories of proletarian rule are seeping even into Mongolia, the Unchanging?"

The Mongol continued to stare into the fire and count his beads. His expression did not alter.

"I will answer your question," he finally said. "I have travelled to the Siberian border — to Kiakhta — to see for myself whether this thing we fear has any foundation. I do not believe it has. Yet —" and his voice for the first time betrayed emotion — "the attempt to undermine our peace is despicable!"

His passionate attachment to conservatism rather surprised me.

"Is peace to be served," I countered, "at the expense of progress?"

"Progress?" He hesitated as if weighing the word; then, abandoning it, added simply: "I desire only the happiness of my people."

*My* people! There was an odd inflection in the possessive pronoun that caused me to look at him curiously. But before I could say anything there was a loud knock at the door. Stepan, the master of the house, entering from the kitchen, opened it.

THE newcomer was a muscular and beardless youth, handsome, I suppose, in an elemental way according to the standards of the country. Besides the usual cloth boots he wore a skin coat with crossed bandoliers for the cartridges for his rifle, and two pistols under his belt. The old Russian greeted him with marked coldness. The young man seemed to be taken aback at finding two guests in the *yurta*, but only for a moment. He carefully removed his artillery and coat, displaying underneath a woollen frock belted at the waist where he wore a hunting-knife. The knife he retained, as he did the black cap on his pig-tailed head. I suspected, from his armed appearance, that he belonged to the *hunghutze*, or Chinese robbers that infest the countryside. But whatever had brought him to the *yurta* it was apparently not robbery, for he grinned at us in an effusively friendly way, and disposing of himself in the other corner of the room, near the fire, ordered tea. When Tatiana brought it in and he took it from her hand, I thought I read in his bold glance a message that caused me to feel a vague uneasiness. The Mongol had not stirred nor shifted his gaze from the fire, although I was sure that his keen eyes had missed nothing.

STILL another visitor we were to have that night. This time the raps at the door were subdued, almost apologetic. Stephan apparently did not take to the newest arrival any more cordially than he had to the young Chinese. In fact, I judged from his tones in the argument that ensued that he was about to shut the door in the visitor's face, when the Mongol suddenly lifted his head and spoke sharply. Only then did the Russian reluctantly open the door and allow the newcomer to enter. It was an old man, bent and white and bearded; evidently a beggar, judging from his rags. He came in, mumbling thanks for his benefactor's intercession.

"A fortune-teller," the Mongol explained to me, "and it is an obligation of our religion to show them veneration."

I nodded without replying. It was but another instance of the Mongol's blind attachment to tradition, a form of emotionalism that was incomprehensible to my Western cynicism.

THE old fortune-teller shambled into the room and knelt on the hearth. Drawing out of the fire a few glowing coals, he placed on them a handful of birds' bones which he took from a sack on his shoulder. He acted mechanically, as if performing a ritual that was expected of him in return for hospitality, but his eyes were bright and alive. Everyone watched in silence. Even Tatiana emerged from the kitchen to gaze upon the seer.

When the bones were burned black the old man picked them off the coals one by one and arranged them on the hearth. For a long while he studied them, mumbling. Then, suddenly he uttered a sharp cry, and gathering up the bones with one swoop of his hand thrust them back into his bag. Everyone started talking at once. As near as I could understand, they were urging him to tell what he had seen in the bones, which he was reluctant to do. Finally the Mongol spoke to him sternly, and the old man faltered something in a low voice. The young Chinese recoiled. Tatiana grew pale, and the Mongol smiled.

"He says someone here will die tonight," the latter told me.

"Does he intend to do the murder himself?" I asked drily.

The Mongul was not vexed by my cynicism. "I gather," he said gently, "you do not believe in prophecy?"

"The future may be predicted to some extent by science," I observed wisely, "but not by bird-bones."

"And why limit your belief to science?"

"It is the only thing we can understand."

"What we understand is apt to be so illusive," he sighed.

I did not reply. That so cultured a man should be bound by superstition was annoying; why, I could not have explained even to myself.

Stepan brought some soup and a crust for the fortune-teller, after which he was sent out to sleep in the cave with Chun and the camels. Tatiana, silent, with much of her bloom gone, retired to the kitchen to go to bed. Stepen looked inquiringly at the young Chinese, who shook his head and indicated that he would remain in the corner. Had the fortune-teller's weird prophecy frightened him so that he would not leave the house? Evidently Stepan thought so, for, when he followed his daughter into the kitchen, he gave a little contemptuous shrug of his shoulders. After all, who but the very brave would dare venture outside on such a night when the wind and wolves howled in dreadful competition?

AS FOR myself, I had another theory as to why the young man was remaining. I had no doubt that he was a bandit, and as remorseless and cruel as bandits are apt to be in that region; and I had carefully observed the bestial look in his eye whenever it had fallen on Tatiana. Although very tired and drowsy, I determined to remain awake to watch.

The Mongol still sat placidly gaz-

ing into the fire. I settled back more comfortably in my corner, pulling a greatcoat over me, and prepared to rest. But not to sleep.

It must have been hours later that I came to myself with a start. My first thought was that in spite of my vigilance I had fallen asleep. Then I became conscious that something sinister was happening. The next instant I had grasped what it was.

The Mongul was dozing before the fire. Or at any rate, his eyes were closed. The young Chinese, the ugly knife grasped in his hand, was stealthily creeping toward the kitchen door. His eyes were narrow black slits in his yellow face.

SUDDENLY the Mongol, with a movement as swift and sure as that of a panther, leapt to his feet and sprang between the bandit and Tatiana's door. It was then that I should have risen to her defender's assistance; but the whole thing happened so quickly that it was over before I had stirred out of my paralyzing amazement.

Speaking passionately, menacingly, the Chinese advanced upon the other man. The Mongol was saying something in low, almost soft tones. Even if I could have distinguished their words above the fury of the wind raging in the mountain ravines, I should not have understood them, for they were in a local dialect. Yet I knew the meaning of their tones: the Chinese was threatening; the Mongol persuading. But there was nothing of fear in the latter's speech. Rather I thought I detected a deliberate contempt for the incongruous motivation of an inferior caste. I wondered that the Mongol, unarmed as he was, should not have been alarmed before that maddened youth with his long, ugly knife, for there is no fury like that of inarticulate man before a tongue-lashing. In a few seconds I was to understand the reason.

With a little falsetto cry, half of rage, half of triumph, the youth rushed at the older man, his knife held aloft. For a moment they grappled; then the youth went spinning out on the floor. Quickly leaping up, again he rushed, gleaming knife lifted high to strike. Before it descended the Mongul stepped back and tore open the neck of his gown, baring his breast. I stared in amazement. There, over his heart, distinct and glowing in the firelight, was emblazoned a gilded Buddha.

The young Chinese recoiled, then stood as if petrified, the knife still held aloft. Across his face flitted amazement, fear, horror.

The Mongol stared straight into his eyes. Moments passed. Then the Chinese's fingers relaxed; the knife dropped to the floor with a clatter.

IT WAS not until then that the Mongol spoke — one word. Hearing it, the Chinese fell upon his knees, both hands joined before his eyes. He began to stammer in a low, sobbing voice.

Still holding his gown open so that the gilded Buddha was visible, the Mongul began to speak softly. The young man started; then he shuddered violently and, raising his head, looked about desperately as if seeking a means of escape. Finally his eyes met those of the Mongol and steadied, as if transfixed by what he

saw there. Without a word he reached slowly for his knife. His movement was mechanical, as if he were animated by an agency stronger than his own will. For an instant he gripped the knife in his fingers. Then suddenly he raised it aloft — and plunged it — into his own breast! He rocked gently; then with a small moan he fell prone on the floor in front of the fire.

WITH a startled cry, I threw off the shackles of my petrified inaction and half rose to my feet. Immediately the Mongol closed his gown and turned to me. His glittering eye, which seemed to contract and expand like a tiger's, caught and held my gaze. I was conscious of being *held*.

"He has . . . killed himself!" I managed to utter.

The Mongol stared at me a moment without replying. "Who?" he finally demanded, coldly.

"The Chinese!" I exclaimed. I sank back into my corner, quivering before his strange eyes.

"The young man is . . . sleeping. Look!" He made a sweeping motion of his hand before my face, then pointed with it to a recumbent figure stretched out before the fire, the face aglow with health, the chest rising and falling in healthy sleep. Only for an instant I looked; then the Mongol stepped before the body and regarded me sternly.

"What does it mean?" I asked angrily. "Did you hypnotize me?"

"Why do you think you were hypnotized?" he asked gently.

"Because I saw the Chinese drive a knife in his heart," I answered.

"If you believe only what you see, why not believe you were hypnotized when you saw him asleep?" asked the Mongol sardonically. "Which is the scientific point of view?"

I was angry at being made a fool of by this clever charlatan. Nevertheless I kept my temper.

"I'll tell you," I said, "if you will open your gown."

He drew back suddenly. Then he smiled. "Mystery is always more enticing than reality. Suppose we leave it at that."

"Move aside," I told him. "I'd like to look once more at the young man."

Instead of complying, he came close to me and made a quick sign in front of my eyes. "You are tired," he said soothingly, "you may go to sleep now."

I felt myself becoming drowsy. "Open . . . gown. If the Buddha is there . . . then I was *not* hypnotized. . . ." I kept murmuring, until suddenly I knew no more.

WHEN I awoke it was morning. the fire had been allowed to die, for the heat by day is as terrific in Mongolia as the cold is by night.

Stepan was standing beside me.

"Where are the others?" I asked, starting up.

"Gone," said the old Russian. "Left at daybreak, I presume."

"Both of them?" I asked significantly.

He hesitated a moment. "I saw no one when I arose," he answered.

I decided to tell him what I had seen or dreamed in the night. Stepan listened gravely.

"I should not repeat the story," he advised. "The Mongol is an important personage in Urga where you are going."

"Who is he?" I asked.

"That I do not know, except that he is very rich and very powerful. He travels much over the country, studying conditions."

"Then you don't think he made the young Chinese kill himself?"

"How do I know?" returned Stepan. "It is a strange country."

"But how could the body have been disposed of?" I persisted.

The Russian pointed outside. "The wolves," he said laconically.

Tatiana, looking fresh and pretty, and wearing a petticoat of blue, brought my tea and bread. When I had eaten, I made a "gift" of money to my host and took my departure.

"Chun," I said to my companion and guide, as we galloped down the road on our camels, "do you believe in hypnotism?"

"I believe," said Chun, nibbling a raw onion, "in anything."

AFTER the lonely plains, the country we were now descending into seemed thickly inhabited. Bits of village cultivations from time to time gladdened the eye; great stretches of the road were lined with side walls to shelter travellers from the terrific blasts of deadly cold wind which numb you no matter how heavy are your clothes. Some of the walls were low and broad, covered with flat stones inscribed with sacred sentences, at the ends of which were large square pedestals surmounted by huge inverted tea-pots, all whitewashed, while crowning all were small wooden globes supported on a sort of obelisk. It was in these structures, so I was informed by Chun, that the sainted lamas were buried, standing up! There were little pigeonholes in the sides filled with numerous small medallions composed of clay mixed with the ashes of dead lamas, who were thus in death transformed into the image of their gods. At such places the roads were invariably bifurcated, allowing travellers, according to custom, to pass always to the right.

TOWARDS noon the houses began to grow more numerous; and instead of squat, clay huts, they were white, two-storied edifices, with flat roofs and walls sloping inward, finished off with brilliant white and red stucco over the doors and windows. Occasionally we saw a tree — apricot, mulberry, and other fruit trees. Natives came out of their houses or stopped on the road to stare at us, the men in their woollen frocks, girt around the waist, and cloth leggings and long-tailed caps; the women in their bright petticoats and tight-fitting jackets covered with sheepskin capes, all of them wearing the precious *perak*, a broad strip of leather, sown with rows of false stones, hanging down the back from the top of their heads; lamas and gelums, or priests and priestesses, in dark red robes, holding in one hand the *skuru*, a drum on an iron spindle which they twirled incessantly.

It was early afternoon when Chun finally stopped before one of the larger houses, which he told me with much pride was a hotel. I secured a room where I washed away the stains of travel as well as I could from a tiny tin basin and a small pitcher of water, and after a light lunch, Chun and I set forth to explore the city. Beside the Great

Temple there was little of interest, and I decided to finish my sightseeing that afternoon in order to get away the following day.

We reached the temple just before sunset. I had planned it so, hoping that by virtue of my money and Chun's persuasiveness, we might be present at the evening prayers.

The temple was a large square building with red lacquered columns and Chinese style roof. Between it and its surrounding red and white striped wall were numerous small buildings to house the hundreds of lamas, servants, councillors, fortune-tellers, etc., who lived there.

We passed into the great hall, or council chamber, of the temple without question, after Chun had liberally tipped the lama on duty at the door. It was a large room with a carved wood ceiling, hung with Chinese lanterns with colored stones and bronze chains. In the centre of the chamber was the council table, and at one end, on a dais, the throne behind which hung yellow silk curtains on a red gold frame.

"There," whispered Chun in an awed way, pointing to a Chinese wood frame hung with more yellow silk, "is the private study of the Buddha, where he says his prayers and casts horoscopes."

We did not linger, but passed into a courtyard containing a tower which, Chun informed me, was the shrine of prophecies. Inside were numerous prayer-wheels over copper slabs with the signs of the zodiac written on them. Some monks were intoning the sacred *sutras;* others were casting dice for pilgrims who were so curious as to want to know the number of their days. One of the religious, tempted by our gold, was persuaded to leave his prayers and accompany us to the sanctuary in the third and last building.

Even to my critical eyes the sanctuary was vividly impressive. It was a large room, but it was so full that it seemed small. The walls were literally covered with tablets inscribed in Tibetan, and multi-colored flags covered with prayers, symbolic signs and images of the saints. Narrow bands of gorgeously colored silk hung from the ceiling. In the centre stood a huge brazier where perfumed charcoal was burning, and nearby was a large golden chest containing the sacred seals which two lamas perpetually guarded. At one end of the room was the altar on which stood numerous lamps, vessels and candlesticks of gold and silver. Behind the altar was a heavy yellow silk curtain.

Just as we entered, the lamas, seated on benches in front of the altar, began to intone. The chant was similar to Plainsong, except that the endings went very high, like a cry. In the midst of the chanting, the silk curtain behind the altar was suddenly drawn, revealing a huge gilded Buddha seated in the Golden Lotus, surrounded by thousands of lesser Buddhas.

A gong was struck, calling Buddha's attention to the prayers. The lamas knelt, hands joined before their faces.

From a side room a man entered the sanctuary. He was resplendent in an embroidered vestment, resembling the cope, and his head was bare. Chun clutched my arm to sig-

nal that here, before my eyes, was the man I had come so far to see — the Emperor of Mongolia, His Holiness, the Living Buddha!

The Living Buddha threw a handful of copper in a bowl, made a deep obeisance to the gilded Buddha, then, standing erect, turned his face to the congregation. I could hardly restrain an exclamation of amazement. Where had I seen before that smooth, broad face, with its high cheek bones and glowing eyes?

The lamas were gazing at him expectantly, as if waiting for something to happen. For a few moments the Living Buddha stood quite still. Then with a slow movement he reached for the neck of his robe which he loosened and suddenly threw back.

All but myself threw themselves on their faces in recognition of the Presence. I could not have moved if I had wanted to, so petrified was I with wonder and amazement.

There, on the breast of the Living Buddha, was emblazoned the gilded image I had seen the night before.

## Hope

By Edith Livingston Smith

I look for flowers which have missed
The nipping frost:
As age grows chill I search for life
At any cost:

I place the blossoms in a jar
With sprigs of evergreen,
And vivid gleams their petals' flame
Against the sober sheen.

I hold enduring thrill of life
Within my heart, to be
A beauty outlined on the dark
Of immortality.

# In Defense of Private Schools

*Two teachers reply to the widely quoted article ("John's Adventures in Education") published anonymously in the September issue of The North American Review*

By Douglas Shepardson

It is not the purpose of this letter to administer a critical spanking, however salutary the effect of such a reply might be. I must confess to a temptation to indulge my parental and magisterial prerogatives, after reading your article, *John's Adventures in Education;* but I assure you that my intention is merely to set forth the aims and ideals of the "best and most famous" preparatory schools of America.

In order to deplore the materialism of the age and country in which we live, you have roundly criticized one of our "best schools", as you say, and have left in the mind of the reader the impression that the criticism is applicable to all American private schools. Your criticisms, published in The North American Review, were widely quoted throughout the country.

Now what is the background of your assault upon our private schools, institutions which are seeking to provide an ideal secondary education for seven per cent of our children? Doubtless you know these schools well enough to speak with authority, though you have not made this acquaintance sufficiently clear to dispel all doubts in this respect. Here are your credentials, as you set them forth in your recent article.

You speak first of John's early cultural training and your intense desire to have it continued in school and college. You had sent him to a delightful English school by the sea. Here he was desperately homesick, especially when the boys called him a Yankee, in gentle ridicule. But he had learned the valuable lesson of seeing a thing through; and he saw the year out. When he was fourteen, you entered him in one of the "best and most famous" preparatory schools in New England.

The very next week an S. O. S. came from John, and you went to the rescue. With one exception, the rest of the condemnation is based entirely upon John's authority, an authority gained through a five or six days' acquaintance with a school of five hundred boys, and presumably forty masters.

John's story followed, a story of jazz records, cheap magazines, discussions of automobiles and money, and general "vacancy". It was fortified by the headmaster's statement that your boy must "get all these notions out of his head, and get his feet on the ground". The headmaster's group-mindedness was revealed in his assurance that if given the opportunity he would "make a regular American boy out of John", and that "a he-man's what you want — a mixer".

No wonder you took John home, away from the contact with boys who had twelve suits each, Latin trots, and French masters who couldn't even pronounce the language.

My intimate acquaintance with "the best and most famous New England preparatory schools" extends over a period of sixteen years. Three of these years were spent at one of them as a part of my secondary education. The remaining thirteen have been spent in teaching at another. I feel that I know them pretty well. I believe I can say with all truth that if I am to judge from your unfortunate experience, the school to which you sent John was not one of the "best and most famous New England preparatory schools".

You and I have a common cause, for I have a son a bit younger than John, and a daughter

only a year or so younger than Betty. Their proper education is, as it should be, of the greatest importance to us parents, in order that they may continue, and greatly enlarge upon, the cultural training which we have begun in the home, and abroad.

Probably every person who thinks about education at all has an ideal by which he measures all American secondary education. It is wise that this ideal should be extravagantly high, for if we are easily satisfied we may, in large numbers, have a detrimental effect upon the whole educational system. Only where we demand much do we get results measuring up to the height of our demands. The public is coming to expect more and more of its high schools each year, and getting more and more. If the private secondary schools have any excuse for existing at all, it is that certain conditions make it possible for them to do far more than the public schools can accomplish. And I say this with the deepest respect and admiration for the excellent work of our great public school system.

You tried the public schools in one of John's adventures, with rather distressing results, though his two years' experience in them offers a fairer basis of judgment than the week by which you judged the private schools. I have never tried the public schools for my children, though I spent ten very profitable years in them myself. You and I must clearly belong to the seven per cent minority which, in the public schools, can not get the kind of education for its children that it wants. This is not snobbishness; it is the misfortune of the minority.

The public schools, belonging to the public as they do, are educating the majority; and to the majority, direct vocational training is making a tremendous appeal today. Where courses have frequently to be measured as to their value by the direct profit that can be gained from them, there is increasing difficulty in providing the strictly cultural courses. Here is materialism, to be sure, but not such as you or I have a right to criticize. Remember that we are in the minority. Much as we may regret this growing utilitarianism, if we are perfectly fair, we must allow that it is entirely right and proper. The schools of the public are, and should be, for the public. If we can get the highly academic training as thoroughly in the public schools as our neighbors can in the private schools, then we are to be congratulated. Unfortunately, in many public schools the minority has to suffer.

If we then have not the right to criticize the utilitarian trend of the public schools, what can we do? Here the private school enters in with its solution for the education of our children. Through its appeal to those who want the highly academic or cultural training, in preparation for college, it draws largely upon a class of people who can afford the higher fees which it asks. With these higher fees, the endowments and gifts of buildings and equipment, the homogeneous group of children who seek admission, and the faculties chosen for their influence upon their pupils day in and day out, day and night — with all these advantages, I say, over the public schools, there would be small credit to the private school if it did not offer our children far more of genuine cultural training than can be got elsewhere.

Had John put into practice the early lesson he had learned about seeing things through, what might he have found at his school, where surface indications, from a five or six days' observation, smacked much of rank materialism? I dare say that he would have found cultural advantages that could not easily be matched abroad, and all these, as you say, on a scholarship — a privilege infrequent enough in this material hemisphere, but more infrequent in schools abroad.

Though I may have doubts as to the worth of the school which you attacked, judging from your condemnation; by looking at a fair picture of almost any one of our New England preparatory schools, let us see some of the cultural advantages which John would be enjoying. Let us begin at the beginning. All schools are only so good as their faculties.

John would, in time, have come to know the headmaster, a man of the old school, firm and genuine in his cultural background. Here as the fountain head of John's school was a man whose hatred of sham and pretense, whose love of the true and beautiful, whose high scholastic ambitions for all his boys, and whose eminent saneness and wisdom, would have surely appealed to a boy such as you describe John. How different you would have found him from your early impression!

What joy John would have taken from his

Greek master, a man who is so thoroughly steeped in the lore of those golden days that he unconsciously fills his pupils with a longing to perfect themselves in their elementary work, that they may know the joys of Homer, Sophocles, Æschylus, and Aristophanes, to say nothing of the lyric poets.

And what about his French master, the man who, on John's authority, is forever damned as being unable to pronounce the language? This man received his college education at Harvard, let us say, and spent two years in university work at Dijon. For the last five years he has spent every summer somewhere in France, studying, conversing, and living the life of a Frenchman. On a five or six day acquaintance, even this man might be misjudged by a fourteen-year-old boy.

What of the librarian, a man whose magnetic personality unconsciously leads a boy to want to browse in the wealth of world literature to be found in the library? What of the music man, whose first love for Bach still admits a strong acquaintance with the other great classic masters, and whose skill is not alone to teach boys to play the piano, but to instill in all the boys a real love and appreciation for the best the world has in music? Did John go down to the studio to see the work being done in art by some of his apparent jazz companions? Here he must have been impressed with something that isn't done so well abroad. Here he must have met the art teacher, a man of long years of training in the best art centres here and abroad; but more than that, a man who understands boys and their problems and aspirations, a man who has learned by experience how to reconcile these two supposed opposites — the American boy and Art.

Were his five days long enough to let him get acquainted with the instructor in public speaking and dramatics, a man who seeks to give all the boys who come into his classes the ability to speak their "native tongue with a pleasing low-pitched voice"? And did he get to know his English master, something of a poet himself, and a writer of some prominence both here and in England? Did he find him at his study fire, amid his books, with a welcome for a homesick boy, and every encouragement for a boy who loves the best in literature?

All this, I hear you say, is ideal, and not the picture of the school to which you sent John. I answer that it is ideal, and not necessarily the picture of any one school, though it is nearer to it than you or John realize, and is pretty much what you would find at any of the "best and most famous" preparatory schools of New England, if you were to give yourselves a chance to know them.

Someone once said that it was a liberal education to sit on one end of a log, with Mark Hopkins sitting at the other end. If that is so, it follows that the modern Mark Hopkins must be enabled to live reasonably well if he is to go on sitting. If he is constantly perplexed by the problem of providing creature comforts for his own family, he obviously can not do his best "sitting". Here is one big reason for the higher fees you complain of, which suffice only to provide the necessities, if your children and mine are to have the cultural education which is our ambition for them.

Our New England preparatory schools are tolerant, and pride themselves on the ability to make college possible for all boys who come to them. These boys are treated, not as groups, but as individuals; and every year we hear of such boys winning *The Atlantic Monthly* Essay Prize, and the Brooks-Bright Foundation Prize. These can not be schools which mold their boys into a "he-man type of American".

Sometimes our best schools take in young men fresh from college, to serve as teachers. Their youth and vigor, their proximity to the greatest sources of culture, and their ability to reach out and help in many ways outside the classroom, are qualities much in need in schools which direct their boys in the fine art of living, day in and day out. Mistakes are made, undoubtedly, just as they are made in colleges, in public schools, and in the institutions of the world at large, in the selection of these men. But these mistakes can not be held against the school in which they happen. I was a pretty raw youth when I began my work of teaching in our school. I had a great deal to learn, and much to unlearn; and it was only through the patience of those who were responsible for me that I have been able to grow into a teacher. Those who saw my faults, saw also my virtues, and cared enough for them to believe that I could make them predominate. I like to think, however, that even in those

callow early days of experiment, I was contributing something, on the athletic field, in music, or on the corridor.

And it is to that sort of human institution that I want to guide the secondary destinies of my sons and daughter. They will doubtless make minor errors in their approach to my children's education — who, after all, knows just the right one? But they will have high aims and good intentions, yes, even the good intentions of the man who could not pronounce the language. And their love of their humanizing work, I like to believe, will by example inspire in my sons and daughter something of the culture of the ages.

And I shall be tolerant. Heaven only knows what my eldest son will do for relaxation when he goes to secondary school! I caught him the other day as he was breaking the last window of a barn nearby. I had left him deep in Sidney Lanier's *A Boy's King Arthur*. If you can discover the relation, if any, I shall be grateful. Spirit of the Age in which we live! Materialism! That crash of broken glass rang upon my ears with more discordant din than many of the jazz records I have heard in our school. What about our modern disregard for the property rights of others? That was a fair example. Yet I can remember taking part in a most disgraceful performance at my college. Several of us got hold of a huge telephone cable spindle and let it roll down Consumption Hill into the mob of passengers alighting from the last trolley from the nearby city. The fact that we were actually endangering life never occurred to us, and we watched with great enthusiasm the consternation of the belated travellers as they dispersed before the onrush of the huge spindle. I am glad that people don't always judge a school or college, or schools and colleges in general, by surface appearances.

Yes, I suppose that my children will learn all the latest jazz records when they go to the school which I shall choose, and they will meet many boys who will have from ten to twenty suits of clothes, to say nothing of the none-too-remote possibility that they may become acquainted with cheap magazines and dime novels. I shall care; yes, indeed, I shall care! But I shall be far more deeply concerned about what else they learn, about the real friendships they will make, both among their fellows and among the faculty. For it is in these friendships that will lie the whole solution to our problem. If my children, through their home training, and through their private grammar school, can learn to choose the good from the bad, and see the value of submitting to the guidance and advice of men and women carefully picked for their wholesome and scholarly ability to direct young boys and girls, I shall feel that they will be safely started on the long but delightful road to genuine culture.

Dear Lady, I have every sympathy for your problem. But I fear you had a solution of it within your grasp. You will no doubt find another, equally good, and perhaps, to all appearances, even better. But don't let surface appearances deceive you. The deepest culture often lies beneath the roughest exterior, as Lord Macaulay testified. One of my dearest acquaintances, a gentleman of the old school, a principal of one of the public schools in my town, is a man of the most forbidding exterior. If you saw him shambling along the street you would doubtless pass him by, firm in the conviction that you could not possibly want to know him, or even to pass the time of day with him. But a brief acquaintance with this cultured gentleman would cause you to forget the exterior, to see beneath, where the true worth of the man himself lies hidden from the casual eye. You would realize then that you were sitting on a log, with Mark Hopkins at the other end.

I have every hope that you will find the best and master thing in education, either here or abroad. It is here, if you will grasp it — and there, too.

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## By Gerald Chittenden

Myself a master in one of "the best and most famous preparatory schools in New England", I read your indictment of American education with acute discomfort. Indeed, I am haunted by the fear that John's school may be my school, for, though you have purposely blurred the features of the institution which you describe in your article, you have not shod the cloven hoof. I squirm under the truth of your statement, but I must try to twist my face out of the dust long enough to advance a plea in amelioration. We are bad, God knows, but I do not think that we are as bad as we seem to you — not altogether smug, not wholly slaves to standardization and quantity pro-

duction. In behalf of good and cultured men — cultured in your sense — in many schools, who are my friends, I lay claim to a more intelligent discontent than seems to have been characteristic of your "acting head master".

In the beginning, schools and school masters in this country must plead guilty to certain shortcomings which, in their relation to the sanctity of the individual, range all the way from insult to mayhem. We do tend to standardize our product; we do, too often, cram instead of teach; we talk far too much about "service", though we generally employ euphemism and call it "school spirit". There is among both boys and men too much admiration for athletes and athletics, and too little appreciation of the importance of books, music and pictures. In short, we reflect the stupidities of American life, not because we wish to but because we must. It is possible that no educational institution in any country ever selected its own objective and managed to achieve it in spite of the silent pressure of the civilization in which it functioned. Our aims are forced upon us; we must prepare for the sort of life which is lived in this country, whether or not we approve it or enjoy the process of education for it. That hard fact bars our advance, and there is a certain damnable logic, or at least an appearance of logic, in the insistence of those who lay down for us a tangible instead of an intangible goal. I use the word "intangible" advisedly. The country is not wholly blind to the arts — there is an increasing amount of material beauty in our lives and in our bathrooms — but it is blind to the vital importance of the arts, regarding them merely as a form of relaxation to be enjoyed when other pleasures are not attainable. Therefore, pursuit of the arts as the only possible illumination of life is an idea at once intangible and exasperating to the American mind. Indeed, any search for a meaning in life scares us; we are afraid to think or feel lest we discover that our philosophy (*sic!*) is fallacious. This point of view, a prevalent one, I am convinced, explains why humor and tragedy tend to vanish from our literature, leaving only wit and melodrama. We cannot bear to face the consequences of our own acts, be they grave or gay; we are totally unable to wring laughter or tears from our own souls. We are probably the most highly externalized people that ever walked the earth, and, as long as that is so, the proper valuation of art as a comment on the meaning of life will be impossible for us. Education — liberal thinking, keen feeling, or whatever the proper definition may be — will be equally beyond our reach. The sins of the schools which you so truthfully denounce are not the sins of the school masters, or even of those whipping boys of pedagogy, the parents; they are the sins of what James Truslow Adams in a recent article has called a "business man's civilization".

What, then, can the schools do about it, if anything? And what are they trying to do about it? Believe me, many of them are trying to do something, else those of us who are indifferent honest would go melancholy mad. The objective laid out for us on the map is a certain facility in passing examinations; the question is whether we can do more than achieve it. Here two hindrances to unsanctioned progress emerge — our own lack of courage and the background of the boys with whom we deal. Until we learn to say with enthusiasm, "To hell with examinations!" we shall move forward in fetters, if at all. I believe that we are beginning to perceive that our demon is a Hallowe'en pumpkin, and that our courage will rise with experience. The background of the boys is a different and a more obstinate matter. It was the background that gave your John his feeling of being caged; the boys themselves, as he admits, are "decent and good natured".

Generalizations about background, even when a comparatively uniform group is under consideration, are treacherous in the extreme. Certain influences, nevertheless, operate on families within certain income limits, and the tendency of these influences is generally downward instead of upward, materialistic instead of intellectual. They operate with peculiar force upon the young, and consequently appear in schools in an exaggerated form, unmodified by a varied knowledge of men and unmellowed by experience of life. The most potent is, of course, the influence of money. This is so obvious in American life beyond school that it is hardly necessary to expand on the matter. It is, to be sure, a value in itself and a very real one; the curse of it is that it tends to overshadow and even displace all other values. Herein, it differs from other and more subtle satisfactions, which are never mutually exclusive, and which do not and cannot deny the philo-

sophic use of wealth. Too much money or too great preoccupation with what it can buy deprives schoolboys of motive, except in cases where a decided bent for an occupation interesting in itself and not necessarily lucrative develops during adolescence. It follows that our boys concentrate, when they concentrate at all, on subjects whose use, or in other words whose commercial value, is evident to them, and regard with indifference or even contempt such subjects as literature, art, and music. That sort of imagination whose flower is emotion experienced and feeling understood is likely, therefore, to remain a closed book to them; at any suggestion that it exists, many of them erect their quills and roll up into balls like scared hedgehogs. You are right, therefore, in saying that their lives are vacant, and it is probable that they will never be anything else.

Visualize, then, a school master whose values are much like your own, and whose job it is, let us say, to teach English literature. Three or four times a week, he faces a class of agreeable boys — and most of them are honestly agreeable — who have never been trained in any sort of æsthetic appreciation at home. From the beginning of the hour, they are rolled up into prickly balls, and he must use most of his time and all of his energy in tickling them until they begin to uncurl. Success in the undertaking involves a peculiar and by no means always successful technique, discussion of which has no place here. Can you not believe, however, that the attempt is constantly made by many men, and sometimes profitably? Now, inject into such an average class one boy who has an interest in the subject and ideas about it, and who is besides a normal human being, neither a grind nor a *précieux*. He becomes, I will suppose, interested in or indignant at something the teacher says, and starts a discussion. Slowly, some of the hedgehogs will bat an eye, a quill will subside here and there, one or two of them may even unroll and give tongue. I have seen it happen; its occasional occurrence is one thing that makes teaching not only possible but worth while. From the teacher's point of view, the highly individualized boy is often a well in a desert; we cannot standardize him or attempt to do so without dying of thirst.

Yet there is something to be said on the side of the average, some argument for the brief of the Devil's Advocate. The adolescent is in the tribal stage of development, defensive in his reactions, always suspicious of anyone who challenges his taboos, largely because he himself is not too certain of their validity. The boy who is interested in the arts is frequently, though by no means always, apt to be intellectually snobbish or somewhat effeminate. Intellectual snobbery is a state of mind; effeminacy is often only apparent and not real. The boy who runs true to type fairly gibbers at the sight of either of them, scenting a sort of dishonesty, and will go to absurd lengths to avoid being tarred with the same brush. His is the old savage cry: "He is a stranger! Kill him!" He has probably heard but little conversation worthy of the name at home, and when he does hear any, he grows hot and bothered. If there is to be any hope of improvement in his point of view, he must be understood before he is condemned.

He is, I think, willing to admit the value of intellectual curiosity when it is accompanied by qualities which he understands and instinctively admires. It will take him some time to do so, however — several years, in all probability. Concessions must always be made by the more experienced to the less experienced; boys like your John must learn to live superior to the American scene without seeming to do so or feeling that they are doing so.

I have written in generalities, and have with difficulty refrained from citing individual instances of superior boys who have been well liked by their contemporaries and rewarded with elective honors. They come back to us often and sit up with us until the small hours, talking of important matters. The more thoughtful of them are highly dissatisfied with their education, and this I take as a sign of better things, as a sign, even, that we have not altogether failed. God help them and us if they were pleased with what they learned or with the way we taught them!

You ask what to do with John. May I have the impertinence to offer advice? Persuade him to go back to his school; if he is what you say he is, he will reach the position he ought to reach, though not so quickly as he would in France or in England. I think the experience will not permanently injure him. Every valuable and highly individualized character is a mass of scars.

# Stuff and Nonsense

By Donald Rose

*A Monthly Magazine of No Importance, Dealing Lightly with Matters Pertinent and Profound, and Weightily with Those of No Consequence Whatever*

DECEMBER, 1929 VOL. 5, NUMBER 12

## THE BEST REGULATED FAMILIES

It is scarcely within the province of man to criticize the dispensations of Providence or the established order of the universe. But he is entitled to curiosity and thereby doomed to bewilderment, since every clear question mark in creation is a direct invitation to him to stub his toe on his own ignorance. Mysteries inscrutable and profound he can unravel entirely to his own satisfaction, but if a problem is thoroughly simple and brazenly obvious he can't do a thing with it.

There is, for example, this little matter of marriage, with its complications of children, home cooking, the budget system and the installment plan. After a few million years of human experience and experiment, including the clinical cocksureness of every half-pint philosophy and half-baked science of these dizzy days, no one has discovered a formula which will work with regularity and reliability enough to earn its keep. No one can declare beyond contradiction what makes marriage safe and sane nor guarantee the outcome of a specific connubial connection. No one can even pick himself a wife, though everybody does it.

The astounding irony of this challenge to man's wit and wisdom is that it usually comes to his personal attention at a time when he is scarcely fit to live, much less fit to live with. The young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love at the most scrambled moment in his whole career. His intelligence has no more than learned to come in out of the rain and his emotions are as manageable as a team of wildcats, though considerably less civilized. Nevertheless he chooses this chaotic moment to make a decision which, as is generally agreed, has more to do with his temporal happiness and eternal welfare than anything else which is liable to happen to him for a long time to come. At a time when few would trust him with a responsible job, when he knows little aside from a great deal which isn't so, and when he couldn't pick with certainty a sound investment, a good racehorse or an æsthetic necktie, he looks confidently around for a wife, marries her if he can, and goes gaily on his way with her to destiny.

There should be an interval of silence at this point for amazement that this sort of thing turns out on the whole so well. There are many happy marriages and many more that will do. There always have been, even long before the days of the emancipation of everything, the Courts of Domestic Relations, twin beds, and triple-plated silverware in period patterns. Happy married life was not invented by the Twentieth Century nor has it been discovered out of the dustheaps of antiquity. It has happened here and there, now and then, logically and illogically, as

though in deference to some hidden law of accidents. No other law has been elucidated which works so well that everybody will abide by it in setting out on the course of true love and successful partnership, and least of all do the young man and young woman look for law and logic when they have so much that is more exciting on their minds.

So marriage begins normally in glorious ignorance and uncertainty, which is a state singularly conducive to human happiness until it wears thin on the grindstone of realities. What happens afterward is nobody's business and everybody's business. But there is no dodging the fact that biologic and cosmic laws over which we have the flimsiest sort of control insist that we enter upon marriage and all that goes with it without benefit of age or experience or even much common sense, and with little disposition to listen to good advice, even if we can get it.

Nobody gets hung nowadays for ignorance, though he may be drawn and quartered for it. A man falls easily into trouble, in matrimony as elsewhere, but he can usually get out again, with credit or shame according to his conduct and constitution. The outcome need not be tragedy, but it should be at least humility. So that it would seem that the consequence of so many centuries of experience with marriage, which is a sorry story if you choose to look sourly enough at it, should be a frank confession of past blunders and present ignorance and a disposition to be discreetly uncertain of everything pertaining to it. Nothing of the sort appears to have happened. There is an intolerable number of people ready today to tell you how to wed wisely, how to be happy though married, how to keep the home fires burning, and when, whether and how to have a family and raise it to the point where it is worth the trouble. Nothing is spared by such expert omniscience, even though nobody can demonstrate that it has as yet done any good. And in consequence of it, it is no longer considered sufficient nor quite respectable for youth to trust the blind guidance of love alone, but the honeymoon must be overshadowed by considerations of economics, eugenics, statistics, and other matters as essentially romantic as a cold fried fish. It's something of a wonder that anybody whose education goes beyond high school ever dares to get married at all.

Fortunately there is no scientific antidote for the brave blundering of youth, and the human race goes on about its business. But it is steadily becoming self-conscious about it. Particularly it is worrying itself sick over the size of families, which is become a topic absorbing almost as much attention as the high cost of living or the difficulty of keeping any hired help.

It used to be that "the best regulated families" were those in which parental wisdom was triumphant over infantile indiscretion, and where law and order and discipline had their way and were more or less responsible for character and conduct. The phrase has gone into society and come out with a new meaning. The best regulated families of today are those which are made to order, according to a man's idea of what is good for him, or according to somebody's idea of the golden mean or the irreducible minimum, or according to the local fashion in families. It's a brand new idea, electro-plated with all the shiny self-sufficiency of the Twentieth Century and young enough so that nobody can check it yet by its products. It's a big idea, big enough to turn the world upside down if the world would listen to it with any degree of unanimity. It may be, for all I know, a good idea.

Its chief appeal, perhaps, is that it offers an element of assurance where once uncertainty was the law. There is in this respect but one disquieting thought. Suppose that we have indeed learned and are prepared to plot and plan our family, to regulate it if need be into the middle of next week. Are we equally sure that we know what sort of family, and do we know what to do with it when we've got it? Are we competent to decide what sort of family is best for us or what proportion of responsibilities and obligations will stretch our capacities to their most useful limits? Can we see three inches beyond our noses to what the future holds for us, whether we share it with a single child or seventeen of them? Have we really diminished by one-half of one per cent the glorious uncertainty and sublime ignorance with which our great-grandfathers celebrated their wedding day?

I ask for information, as well as argument. It happens that I have what may be safely called a large family, though by the same token I once had a small one. You really can't have one without the other. But I

don't see where I am worse off — nor necessarily better — than those who ordered their families like dry-goods from a department store. I don't know much about bringing up a family, and neither do they. I don't know what tomorrow holds, and neither do they. I don't know what's good for me and I can only guess what's good for my children, and I haven't any idea why Providence ever trusted me with ten children anyhow. And neither do they.

I put in my plea for ignorance, in the face of all the fashionable omniscience of the times. It is a commodity invaluable to human happiness, since it makes every day its own sufficient responsibility and reward, and since no human being has ever escaped the mystery of tomorrow or the perplexity of today — least of all the parents of the animated parcels of high explosive commonly known as children. I believe it is still the least common denominator and the highest common multiple of family life, the bond of true brotherhood among parents, their saving grace and the secret of their success, if any. You may call it ignorance, or you may call it humility and good faith and mean much the same thing. And it still happens everywhere, even in the best regulated families — which ours distinctly is not.

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## The S. & N. Alphabetical Education

### No. 19. Dressmaking

Dressmaking is an art or science that is only about five minutes younger than the well-known human race, but is still far from settled beyond reach of amendment or innovation. Its importance is indicated by the fact that it is very difficult to be born on this planet without an immediate and personal — if not painful — interest in the subject. From the first safety pin to the last winding sheet it is a principal preoccupation of civilized man and more or less civilized woman.

For the two principal sexes garments begin in virtual identity, rapidly diverge to maximum difference at an approximate age of eighteen years, and then insensibly trend again towards unanimity. The earliest stages are easiest for the dressmaker. To make a small boy's suit, for instance, the boy should be chloroformed and laid out flat on the floor, and a heavy line drawn around the recumbent figure with chalk. Remove the boy. Then lift the chalk line and lay it carefully on a double fold of suitable material, such as sheet tin or brake lining, and hew to the line, letting the chips fall where they may. Sew strongly around the edges, leaving an entrance and exit, and the suit is ready. It will be neat and serviceable, and will have the special advantage of looking equally well either coming or going.

But dressmaking is more specifically devoted to women's clothing, and is of the greatest importance to the sex. A well-designed dress can break a heart or a bank account, can give poise or disguise avoirdupois, can win the affections of an erring husband — either proprietary or purloined — and can convey a wealth of interesting information while telling no secrets. Such a dress can be readily made of a little material, two buttons, three hooks, two weeks of labor, and five thousand years of feminine experience.

Dressmaking in the home is usually a matter of making something out of nothing, or of turning a basement remnant into living evidence of our debt to France. You may learn it in school, or you may fight it out on the dining room table with needle and thread amid the anguished cries of an outraged family. The latter is known as the empirical method, and is best begun in a small and modest way. The home dressmaker can begin, for example, with a baby's bib and develop the garment successively as apron, jumper, smock, house dress, overalls and opera cloak. After a season's use it may descend the social scale again as portières, couch cover, rompers for Junior and dust rag, after which it may be sold to any high-minded junk dealer or ragman and be converted into page seventy-six of *The Saturday Evening Post*.

Advanced dressmaking is a matter of trailing at the heels of Dame Fashion and wondering what she is going to do next. This is quite an exciting adventure, since the lady doesn't know her own mind and has apparently no convictions in regard to feminine anatomy. She seems to get most of her ideas from her boy friends in Paris, who have somehow learned the secret of leading the women of the world by the nose and making them like it.

## Our Centre of Gravity

*"The time has come," the Walrus said,*
*"To talk of many things."*

The tabloid newspaper is a journalistic phenomenon of importance, even though it be one of little charm. It is important because it is popular, at least in the subway levels of society. It is important because hosts of people prefer it to something that is obviously more worth while. And it is popular because popularity is its principal intention.

It dishes up the news in brief and spicy form, easily digested and readily forgotten. Having read it you know everything and you know nothing. It purveys a cheap and easy sort of pragmatical philosophy which leaves its readers as it finds them, except that they may be somewhat more pleased with themselves. It adds a form of alleged entertainment, in series features of strip cartoons that are humorous in the sense that a hurled brick is a howling jest. And it is popular. Millions of people like it.

The average curriculum and programme o the high school is an equally entertaining and disturbing phenomenon. Popular education, viewed in cold blood and without prejudices in favor of the supremacy of Twentieth Century civilization, is a fair parallel to the tabloid newspaper. It is stuffed with predigested information, spiced and seasoned for easy consumption. It encourages the cafeteria counter sort of assimilation of knowledge which leads at last to the graduate who knows everything and knows nothing. It cherishes a complacent theory of progress, it encourages a sentimental substitute for emotion and reflection, and it swears by efficiency. It has its comic-strip section of extra-curricular activities.

Two concomitants of real education are ample time and ample scholarship. In popular education you can have neither. In the benighted days of classical education, no one got an education but those who could afford it—afford it in time, leisure, money, and the necessary environment and hereditary endowment. Half a dozen subjects were studied for a dozen years and topped off with travel, reading and human experience. The high school boy of today dabbles in a dozen subjects for a few hours a day, during four years that are as full of holes as Swiss cheese.

Allowing as you please for thousands or tens of thousands of exceptions, the high school teacher is necessarily incompetent from the angle of scholarship and personal ability. If you wish your child to learn to play the violin, you send him to a musician. If you want him to become an artist, you don't apprentice him to a plumber. But you must send him to high school to learn Literature from a teacher who could not sell a story for fifteen dollars in fifteen years; to learn Mathematics from a man who would be a sad misfit in an accountant's office; to learn Geography from one who has scarcely travelled three days' journey from his home town and who believes the world is round only because he read it in a book. All this is inevitable, but that does not make it desirable.

Popular education is assumed to be practical, since it certainly cannot be assumed to be anything else. But a really practical education ought to provide for the three emergency situations of energetic youth. One is that remnant of genuine and promising intelligence which happens at the same time to be endowed by an incomprehensible Providence with the resources of time and money which make real education possible. To subject this sort of material to popular education should be considered a criminal offense. The best is none too good, and such subjects deserve a revival of the classical educational ideal in its broadest applications. Adequate education of brains like these will return a magnificent dividend in civilization.

The second education is for the workers of the world, of whom there are all sorts and conditions. Certain obvious things they need and need to know well; certain other things that make too heavy demands on time and energy they can obviously do without. Certainly they can better do without them than learn them badly.

There is a third and special class which is the consequence of the beneficent prosperity of our times. They have no special intellectual

promise or mission, nor are there any special necessities to drive their noses to the grindstone while they are young and shapeless. One thing they need. They need good sense, and education ought to give it to them. Good sense includes good morals, good judgment and good taste; an appreciation of what is good and an apprehension of what is true. Given these in reasonable measure and they can make their way to decent and pleasant citizenship. It takes good teaching to give them to them.

Under the present fetish of popular education — with exceptions in favor of the irregular and inadequate labors of individual private schools and the personal labors of individual enlightened teachers — we work on the assumption that we can run millions of children through the same meat-grinder every year and produce something worth looking at. Quite obviously we have produced nothing of the sort.

A century hence, educational historians will review our era and speak tolerantly of our labors as a transient phase in educational evolution. Than which there is no opinion more bitter and belittling. In the meantime, the sale of tabloid newspapers increases daily.

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## *The First Christmas Tree*

You're very small and round and sweet,
And dimpled everywhere;
With almost microscopic feet,
And hardly any hair.
You're just as nice as you can be,
And noticeably pink;
And when you see that Christmas tree,
I wonder what you'll think!

Although you've gurgled some of late,
And giggled quite a little,
Your conversation is to date
Distinctly noncommital;
But when you see that shining tree
On merry Christmas Day,
I wonder — will you talk to me?
I wonder what you'll say!

## *Reading the Barometer*

By birth and education I am more or less inclined
To a taste for observation on the manners of mankind;
I have well-defined convictions, and readily react
To theories or fictions, or an undisputed fact.
This receptive disposition makes me able to display
A certain erudition on the problems of the day,
But it gives me indigestion to attempt a clear reply
To the knotty, snotty question, "Is the country wet or dry?"

Speeches and orations,
Public demonstrations,
Piles of propaganda in the mails!
Dry enthusiastics,
Wet ecclesiastics,
Prohibition agents in the jails!
Tipsy social functions,
Padlocks and injunctions,
Bottles, corks, and barrels in the stores;
Whiskey made to order,
Gin across the border,
Bottled goods and battles off the shores!
Anxious altruistics,
Figures and statistics,
Votes and polls and postcard questionnaires!
Frantic legislation,
Easy fermentation,
Limousines for bootleg millionaires!
Cities getting wetter,
Country getting better,
Politicians talking through their hat!
Beer not what it ought to be,
Rum not what it's bought to be!
— Where's a man who knows just where we're at?

In dismal meditation I sit and sip my beer,
In painful contemplation of the Western hemisphere,
With a gloomy disposition I drink Jamaica rum,
And ask if Prohibition is going or has come.
I sadly sit and wonder as I take a taste of gin,
If the drys are going under or the drys are going to win;
And ask in desperation as I sample Scotch or rye,
The old interrogation, "Is the country wet or dry?"

## The Feminine Touch

The roar of football is fading to a post-season whisper. There are champions appointed for East and West and never the twain shall meet, and in addition champions for North and South and all way stations. The All-American elevens, of which there are as many as there are experts and sports writers, have been chosen to the complete satisfaction of nobody. The indoor football enthusiasts have kicked the last slat out of the radio and the stadiums are cooling off in the breath of early winter.

These stadiums — which may be called stadia if your conscience is strictly classical — are become the outstanding educational phenomenon of the times. Every college and university which respects its own traditions and the refining and cultural influences of a busy set of turnstiles now has one or is getting one or wants one. And to add the feminine touch and bring higher education conclusively within reach of the Nineteenth Amendment, the girls' colleges are also waking to the advantages of athletic advertisement, and one of them has even promoted a football team.

We don't think much of football for girls. The rules fail to provide at present for the natural technique of women in argument, and any further move to amend, alter, adjust or abrogate the football rules is liable to lead to revolution and the wholesale slaughter of referees. It's hard enough now for the innocent spectator to distinguish between a bone-head play and a brain-storm of the rule-makers, and many a radio announcer strangled to death this season in attempting to explain why a fumbled ball should be considered just an unfortunate accident and not a free-for-all invitation to panic a ball game. If anybody moves the goal posts, ties any more strings to the forward pass, invents new penalties or provides any further regulations to keep a football game or a football player from falling apart when they feel like it, we shall desert football and take up croquet, which is a game in which you make up your own rules as you go along and enforce them if you can.

So we decline to approve the modification of football to make it fit for the female of the species. But we foresee that progress must have its way and the girls' schools their place in the sun, and it is quite conceivable that the next decade may see headlines like these:

VASSAR SWAMPS WELLESLEY

*Champions Overwhelm Rivals in Stirring Bathing Beauty Contest in New Million-Dollar Stadium*

Old Vassar, with its brilliant team of perfect thirty-sixes, coached by the veteran Annette Kellerman, won its fifth consecutive victory yesterday before a crowd of 82,000 in the new Helen-of-Troy Stadium. Annette double-crossed her rival, Ann Pennington of Wellesley, by starting her second team, consisting principally of blondes with a pony backfield, and the first half was an interesting but unexciting contest. But at half-time Kellerman trotted out her big brunettes and clinched the victory.

Vassar was handicapped by the fact that "Minkie" Smalz and Mabelle Spalding were both on the bench with slight injuries from poison ivy, and others were out with cases of the eighteen-day diet. Wellesley missed the services of Mae Wentworth, who is slowly recovering from garter scars, and a severe cold in the head made fullback Belle Fairfax more of a liability than an asset. It was the brilliant work of Janet Cushman, a graduate of the Springfield School of Æsthetic Dancing who has been a substitute all season, which turned the tide of victory.

The stadium was packed, and it is already certain that the Helen-of-Troy Memorial, which was dedicated last Valentine's Day with a spring fashion parade, will soon be paid for. Officials of the college pointed out that the revenue from these Bathing Beauty Contests will support the Basketball, Hockey, Knitting and Bridge activities, while at the same time stimulating the pride and loyalty of all lovers of old Vassar and enormously encouraging the cause of advanced education for women.

The next contest is with Bryn Mawr. Rumor has it that the Pennsylvania institution is below form owing to several members being ineligible through vaccination, but this may be just the strategy of Ruth Elder, the shrewd mentor of the Bryn Mawr team. Bryn Mawr has an outstanding star in Miss America for 1928, who has registered for a full four years' course in Psychology, and the sporting public is looking forward to a keen contest for all-American honors between her and the captain of Vassar, who was Miss Universe in 1927.

Officials for next week's contest have been announced as follows: Referee, Smith of Palmolive; Umpire, Douglas of Holeproof; Field Judge, Miller of Munsingwear; Head Linesman, De Witt of Djer-Kiss. Powder by Coty, lipstick by Kissproof, and vanity cases by Woolworth.

## The Future of Aviation

I am not one of those who can foresee no future to aviation. Aviation is one of those things which are just naturally obliged to have a future, even if it is nothing more than the most monumental scrapheap that the world has seen. And in the mean time, look at the fun we're having!

At the close of the twenty-fifth year of practical aeronautics, I have the finest stiff neck in three counties. I got it from watching mail planes, military aircraft, flying boats, Zeppelins, autogiros, seaplanes, and every other sort of mechanical bumble-bee. I have cured a threatened case of double chin and walked twice into water-pipe excavations, simply by way of my enthusiasm for aviation. I am one of the most zealous spectators known to the entire industry.

Nor have I entirely confined my interest to watching other people fly. I have made many flights, both hither and yon, though never for any particularly good reason. The airplane is said to be the ideal conveyance for those who are in a real hurry, but I have never found myself in exactly so much of a hurry. Except, of course, when I rise late and must make the morning train; but I have never been able to make connections with an airplane which was going in the direction of the railroad station and the 7.50 train. So I have been content to run for it.

Otherwise my flights have always terminated exactly where they started. The pilot and I would climb into the cockpit, belted and helmeted against all hazards, and take off at fifty miles an hour or more into the blue empyrean. We would go like the dickens and chase our tail over a ten-mile circle, and lo! there we were again, right where we began our desperate dash along the skyways. It was a little discouraging.

On one occasion I combined business with pleasure in the air by undertaking to do a little aerial photography. I had borrowed an aerial camera, weighing about half a ton and decorated like a cookstove with knobs and handles and triggers and doodads. I wanted to see if it would work and I thought it would be nice to record a bird's-eye view of the local landscape. I explained this to the pilot. Now on all my previous excursions into the upper air the pilot had treated me carefully, as befits a cash customer, taking three miles to turn a corner and apologizing every time the plane stumbled on an air pocket. But this time he forgot everything except that this was a business trip, whose purpose was to take photographs.

Arriving over no place in particular he suddenly saw a picture below, turned a corner on one wing, throttled the motor and flopped the ship sideways at an angle of sixty degrees too much. I scrambled hastily to the other side of the cockpit to trim ship, having lost my head, my goggles, my sense of humor and my appetite all at once, and almost mislaid my camera. Recovering, I shook my head to show I didn't care for that particular picture, and the pilot went ahead like a drunken sailor looking for another. Whenever he saw one he would tilt the plane on its ear until I was looking down somebody's chimney, and wave to me to fire when ready. At last I gathered myself together and began pulling all the triggers I could lay my trembling fingers on.

I had a magazine of twelve plates, which I knew now would be plenty. After I had exposed six of them I found that I had forgotten to take the slide out, but decided not to mention it at the moment. I took it out and went on shooting. I shot a school, I shot a church, I shot the wash on our family line, I shot the whole dizzy landscape. Finally I realized that I was about to shoot my lunch, so I signalled the pilot and we went home.

Of the six plates, the first is a very fine study of the lower right hand corner of an airplane wing and part of a strut. The second doesn't show the strut. The third is blank, but the fourth shows a church and a school all mixed up in the most surprising manner. The fifth is uncertain, but experts have declared it to be a very fine aerial map of the battle of Château Thierry. The sixth, so far as can be determined, is a study of a bowl of vegetable soup or clam chowder.

This marks the maximum to date of my personal participation in the business possibilities of aviation. But I am not discouraged. I foresee that some day I shall be up in the air myself in my own airplane, wondering whether the man in the plane ahead means to make a left-hand turn or is just pointing at the scenery. I shall be writing letters to the papers about the dirigibles that block fast traffic to the seashore. I shall be speaking

severely to the children for playfully poking holes in papa's parachute.

But this delightful prospect waits on the invention of a real family airplane, which is the one thing that the industry has not yet got around to. I have looked at a lot of airplanes, and none of them will do. They are full of ingenious accessories and inventions, but they omit all the important ones. It is time that a real man of family put his wits to work on the pressing problems of aviation.

I have always rather fancied myself as an aeronautical designer. I have, in fact, a number of valuable ideas worked out which I expect to dispose of some day to a wide-awake manufacturer. There is, for example, the Rose Folding Wing, which can be shut up like an opera hat to cut down air resistance or when landing in a small field. There is the Rose Square Wheel, which permits a plane to land safely on a roof or in a city street. There is the Rose Reversible Propeller for backing a plane out of the garage, and the Rose Bumper to prevent damage suits when the plane collides with other people's property. And then there is the Rose Aerial Brake. I have made a careful study of air hazards, and have discovered that practically all fatal accidents are caused by the fact that airplanes go too fast. So I have invented this brake, which is attached to the tail and opens up something like an umbrella. When I figure out a way to get it shut again it will be practically perfect.

In view of these successes, I decided lately to work out the plans for a family airplane. I sent one of the boys up to a nearby airplane factory and borrowed a T-square, a pencil, some aerodynamics and a couple of dihedrals, and went right to work.

The ship will be called the Rosary, which is a nice snappy name, though without any religious implications. My wife has settled its color scheme, which will include wings of old rose, fuselage pale blue, and a rudder of red. The wheel spokes will be beige, the tail skid mauve, and the struts of the wings and undercarriage will be French nude.

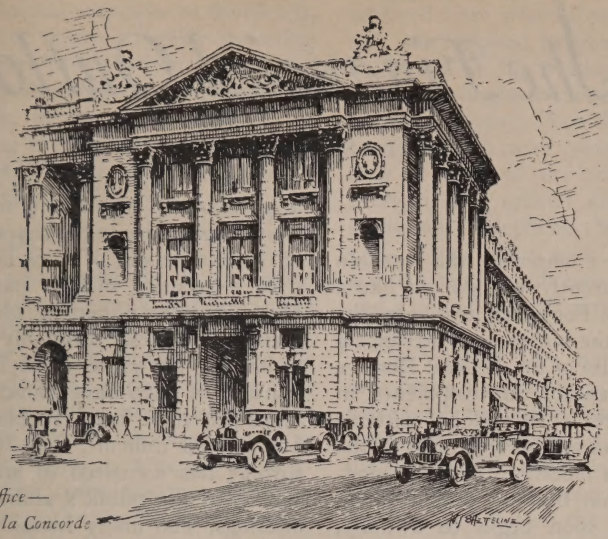
The motor is out in front, where the children can't fool with it. The fuselage construction can be worked out in wood or steel tubing or embroidered on a sofa cushion. The aerodynamics, of which there are three and a spare, are kept under the pilot's seat.

There will be a trailer. We have many children and there simply has to be a trailer. I tried to get twelve seats in the cabin, but it couldn't be done, though I tried pairing them and staggering them and piling them one on top of the other. Between the trailer and the ship we shall hang a clothes-line for the baby's sake. Since on week-end trips we shall want to take the cat, there will be a sort of caboose out behind the trailer.

I had a good deal of difficulty with baggage space. It was a question of gasoline or baggage space, but I decided at last to leave out gasoline, since baggage is so much more important for family travelling. I put in coat-hangers and hooks and a cedar chest for blankets and the children's winter coats and rubbers. I also allowed for a small buffet, in case we should be flying over Canada or Mexico and wish to observe the customs of the country.

The crowning achievement in my design is the instrument board. In addition to the usual dials and pointers which seem to be more or less essential, I put in a can-opener, bottle-opener, cigar lighter, corkscrew, intercommunicating telephone, egg-beater, pencil sharpener, mirror, and a slot for used safety razor blades. There will also be one of those useful little tools for taking stones out of a horse's hoof, such as they have on scout pocket knives.

After a careful study of what Mr. Ford has done I believe my family airplane can be produced in quantity lots at about nine hundred and eighty-five dollars, F. O. B. or C. O. D., as the case may be. If somebody will do it, nobody need worry any further about the future of aviation. It will have more future than it will know what to do with.



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# The Financial Outlook

By Alan H. Temple

## The Break

The stock market entering the autumn like a lion, apparently will go out like a very feeble lamb. For nearly two years the market has withstood the buffeting of advancing money rates, the assaults of the Federal Reserve authorities, and unfavorable developments in finance in every quarter of the globe, without giving ground more than temporarily. But at the first breath of business recession, however moderate, the first indication that the stream of industrial profits might soon begin to dwindle, speculators have run, the market has folded up, the balloon has burst. And the question of the moment has become: Is this the end of the Coolidge-Hoover market, or is it merely an adjustment comparable in its significance to, for example, the violent break in the latter part of March?

Certainly these differences exist between the situation at the end of October and that at the end of March:

The October break in prices was caused not by scarcity of or even a high rate for money, but by fear that business will no longer go forward at a rate commensurate with the rapid advance in stock quotations.

The house of cards that had been built up was higher, hence more fragile, in October than it was earlier in the year. This was true not only of the price level, but of the total of brokers' loans. The amount of credit employed by the securities markets had risen to an unprecedented figure. Foreign bank rates had been raised. Fissures had appeared in the stock market structure throughout the summer. More stocks had declined than had advanced. More stocks had sold close to their year's lows than had sold close to their highs. These facts were not generally appreciated because attention was centred on the popular favorites in which speculation was carried on without regard to dividend return, earnings, or book value, upon the theory that the speculator was "buying the future." The rise of these particular issues colored the averages and obscured for many the fact that the market as a whole had been decidedly less buoyant than before the March break.

Finally there is now evident a turn to the bond market, which there was not last March. This is a particularly significant indication of fundamental difference in the character and importance of the two periods of stock liquidation.

In a security market panic the elder J. P. Morgan once coined a phrase about "undigested securities." Probably he could not have visualized the state of repletion in which the markets of 1929 have found themselves. In previous periods it has been bonds whose digestion has proved difficult. This fall the unabsorbed surplus has consisted of stocks. Dealers overestimated the public's ability to purchase their offerings. Too many issues which were thought to have been distributed came back to the issuing houses when the first break in prices occurred. Particularly was this true of investment trust shares. It stands to reason that when two and a quarter billions of one type of security are offered to investors within nine months — these are the actual figures for the investment trusts — not all can find lodgment with the ultimate investor. Dealers everywhere found their shelves loaded with securities they could not sell. This situation is made all too clear by the failure of brokers' loans to decline despite liquidation on the stock exchanges. Long after the liquidation began loans remained virtually at their peak for all time, and during the late summer and early fall they had risen at the unprecedented rate of around $150,000,000 each week.

The wholesale underwriting of new stock issues which characterized this period has had no counterpart in financial history, and more than a third of the total was in the shares of companies — the investment trusts — whose function is merely to buy the shares of other companies.

Further analysis of the state of affairs, of the degree to which the price of many shares had climbed out of line with earnings, is probably unnecessary, since it has been an old story for some time. In recent months this price inflation has become particularly characteristic of the public utility securities, and their downfall was correspondingly greater. A single incident gave the utilities a particular jolt. It was the refusal of the Massachusetts Department of Public Utilities to sanction a four-for-one stock splitup by the Edison Electric Illuminating Company of Boston. The Commission said that the split would be likely "to encourage the belief in the

minds of many innocent people that it is the forerunner of substantial increases in dividends, with the consequent result of their investing in stock at a very high price, without their hopes being realized. Any attempt to change the par value of this stock, in our opinion, should be left until the selling price more nearly approximates its real value." This compact comment is too accurate to be pleasant.

## *Further Reasons*

But the greatest reason why the stock market break seems to possess more significance than its predecessors is that it is accompanied by apprehension that the state of business during the fourth quarter of 1929 and perhaps during part of 1930 will leave something to be desired. The automobile industry and its dependencies have dropped off sharply, following a period of overproduction in the first three quarters. Building still sags, and of course the steel industry cannot operate at capacity when these two great outlets are not taking their full quota. On the other hand, several industries are doing better, including cotton textiles and shoes, and trade is excellent. Probably no great or prolonged industrial recession is necessary to correct whatever accumulation of goods may have taken place. Nevertheless after two years of expansion business probably cannot again set new high marks in 1930, and if it does not competition will be keener and profits smaller. It is this that the stock market, overburdened, congested, and internally weak, is consciously or unconsciously looking forward to, and the prospect might be more agreeable.

## *Bonds*

In the securities markets the course of events has seemed to point rather definitely to a return of bonds to favor. And by "bonds" in this instance is meant a simple obligation of the issuing corporation, without any special features attached, such as conversion privileges or stock warrants, to make an appeal to a public engrossed in speculation. In last month's *Review* considerable was said of the convertible and the warrant-bearing bond, and the point was made that these "extras" were thrown in because corporations were unable to sell straight interest-bearing obligations at a satisfactory price. Now the turn seems to have come, and investors who have read the signs in the stock market are once more willing to buy bonds.

If any one incident marked the turn it was the successful sale by J. P. Morgan and Company of $32,000,000 of Southern Bell Telephone 5 per cent bonds at par. They sold at a premium in the open market, indicating that dealers had received more orders than they could fill. And the sale was followed by greater activity at advancing prices in the market for listed bonds. The incident brought to mind a similar episode which occurred in 1923. Then the bond market had also been through lean years, but a turn seemed near at hand; at the psychological moment the Morgan firm offered an issue of $100,000,000 American Telephone & Telegraph Company 5½s. They were sold with complete success; the incident re-advertised bonds to investors, and a period of great activity at advancing prices followed.

The reasons why bonds should again come into favor are readily apparent. One is that the preference for stocks has allowed the prices of senior securities to sag to a level that is not commensurate with their real merit. Another is that the dearth of new bond issues during the stock boom, together with the steady retirement of the Government debt and the redemption of many large issues of corporation bonds, has greatly reduced the outstanding supply available for investing institutions such as insurance companies and savings banks which must always put most of their funds in bonds. If the steady demand from these institutions is now to be augmented by broader general investment buying prices are bound to be affected.

Two other reasons for renewed general interest in bonds are the loss of confidence in stocks as a result of the severe price breaks during October, and indications that bond investments will yield a better return than call loans in the stock market, as a consequence of easing money rates. Belief that the money markets have turned the corner and that rates will be easier has become fairly general. This belief seems wholly tenable only if it is conceded that the stock market is going through a prolonged period of liquidation; the price that must be paid for easier money is a decline in stock quotations, and if the stock market should start to boil again, and brokers' loans not be liquidated, the hope of easier rates will be disappointed. However, the present expectation is that money will be cheaper and a good many investors are going on that assumption. Therefore they reason that between bonds paying 5½ per cent interest and yielding a few points appreciation in price during the next few months, and call loans averaging possibly 6 per cent interest, their choice should be in favor of the former. Probably over the next few months a part of the huge individual and corporate loans that are now being made to brokers will be withdrawn and the funds invested instead in bonds. The investment trusts likewise, with their capital of more than $3,000,000,000, will

probably prefer bonds to a greater extent over both stocks and call loans as investment outlets.

## *What About Stocks?*

YET it would be ridiculous to imply that investment interest in stocks is suddenly to cease and to be transferred wholly to bonds, or that the "cult of the common stock" is to be dropped as quickly and as unthinkingly as it was taken up. The change of attitude toward common stock investments during the past two or three years undoubtedly has been justified in many respects; the theory need not be held disproven just because exaggerated actions were based on it. Even the life insurance companies, those citadels of conservative investment, are reviving the old question whether they should not be allowed to invest more liberally in industrial common stocks. The weight of insurance company opinion has always been against such investment, though it is permitted, with varying restrictions, in twenty-four States; however, the percentage of total assets so invested, even now, is probably inappreciable. The insurance executives realize that there is much to be said for the greater stability of values, and possibly the greater safety, of common stocks as compared with the pre-Federal Reserve era; that improved business technique, increased corporate publicity and better banking have all added to the relative value of common stocks. Yet one finds Frederick Ecker, president of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, the largest buyer of securities in the world, declaring that industrial stocks do not belong in the portfolio of a life insurance company. And H. B. Arnold, president of the Midland Mutual Life Insurance Company, in an elaborate study of the question for the American Life Convention, seems to sum up his views by quoting with approval an extract from Dwight C. Rose's *Scientific Approach to Investment Management* which, he says, intentionally or unintentionally discredits much of the "common stock cult".

After reviewing the guesswork of picking the winners among successful ventures during the last quarter century, Mr. Arnold adds, it would have to be seen whether "the executives of more than three hundred life insurance companies can pick the winners."

This is but one of several signs that the dominant investment philosophy of the moment is turning away a little from the deification of the common stock, and that it is keeping step with changing financial and business conditions by restoring, partially at least, the balance of favor between bonds and stocks.

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# Blue Water

By Frank Schoonmaker

*Know you the land where the lemon-trees bloom,*
*Where the gold orange glows in the deep thicket's gloom,*
*Where a wind ever soft from the blue heaven blows,*
*And the groves are of laurel and myrtle and rose?*

To a person who has once known the charm of blue water and winter sunlight, the falling of the last leaves brings a strange restlessness, very unlike the buoyant restlessness of spring. There is a poignant nostalgia about this autumn mood. One remembers the dusty little cities of the South of France; one remembers Sicilian gardens, fragrant even in winter with perennial blossom; one thinks of Fez, of Cairo, of the Caribbean. One thinks of the water of Nice, the water of Naples, the water of Havana. The finest songs of spring may, perhaps, be written beside the winter fire — but, after all, what song can equal in lyric beauty the splendor of an Algerian night? What song can equal, in the majestic sweep of its rhythm, the eternal summer of the Antilles?

## *Growth of Winter Travel*

It is little wonder that the popularity of winter travel should have increased so rapidly in the last ten years. America, having once discovered the possibilities of travel as a whole, could not long remain insensible to the beauty of the Caribbean January, the Mediterranean March. To be able, without great wealth, to escape the more unpleasant months of the Northern winter, to be able to go, easily, comfortably and quickly, in pursuit of summer, is the unique privilege of the Twentieth Century man.

How great has been this growth in winter travel may be judged from the following figures. During the season of 1922–23, the first of the steamship companies' really prosperous post-war years, six liners in all followed the regular cruise route from New York to the Mediterranean. Six years later, in 1928–29, this total had jumped to twenty-three. Seven cruises to the West Indies were listed for the winter of seven years ago; last winter there were thirty-four. Meanwhile the number of world cruises remained constant, and the average monthly sailings from the Atlantic ports of America increased a scant twenty-five per cent.

The conclusions that can be drawn from all this are fairly obvious. First, winter travel, showing a gain in the last six years of between three and four hundred per cent, is growing seven or


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eight times as rapidly as travel in the other seasons — this despite the fact that, during May, June, and part of July, one can scarcely secure a booking on an east-bound transatlantic boat. The vast majority of the winter travellers of today must be put in quite a different category. They belong, for the most part, to the great American middle class — business men, professional men, doctors, lawyers — who are able to steal out of a busy year a few weeks for a long-planned trip to the Mediterranean or the Caribbean.

Each of the several types of winter cruise fills a very definite place. Each is designed to meet the special requirements of a certain class. There are luxurious ships, and ships rather less luxurious; there are large ships and small; there are cruises round Africa, and eleven-day excursions to the West Indies. The final yardstick of the winter cruise, however, is that of time. The question that the steamship man asks a prospective winter tourist is never, "Where do you want to go?"; but, "How long is your vacation?"

On this basis it is possible to divide the sixty-odd cruises of the winter season into four general classes. First, those of a month or less, running invariably to the Caribbean, touching at Havana, Nassau perhaps, and some of the more picturesque ports of the Lesser Antilles. Second, those ranging in duration from forty to seventy days, all of them following a more or less regular itinerary through the Mediterranean basin. Third, those of about three months, the trans-equatorial cruises which, not content to pursue summer, follow spring instead, and circle either South America by way of Panama, or Africa by way of Suez. Fourth, the 140-day cruises round the world.

It is, of course, well known that, on the North Atlantic, the faster boats are more expensive than the slow. Multiply the speed of any ship (in knots per hour) by ten, and you arrive, even in these days of changing prices, at the approximate cost, in dollars, of a minimum first class crossing. A somewhat similar rule works almost equally well for the winter cruise. Multiply the duration of any of these voyages by fourteen, or fourteen and a half: your answer will be, in dollars, its approximate minimum cost. Caribbean cruises may perhaps average a little less, African and South American cruises a little more — the rule, none the less, is a pretty accurate one.

## *Planning of Cruises*

A GREAT deal of thought (far more than the average traveller is likely to realize) goes into the planning of the winter cruises of today. It was no simpleton that hit, for example, on the now very popular idea of the sixteen-day cruise — an arrangement whereby ships leave New York for the West Indies on Saturday morning and return, sixteen days later, on Sunday afternoon, thereby enabling the tourist to take the fullest possible advantage of a fortnight's vacation. Each year sees added to the cruise itineraries one or two of the lovelier and less frequented ports of the Mediterranean and the Caribbean. Last year tourist third cruises were tried out for the first time by one of the larger steamship companies; they proved, with their offer of fifty days on the Mediterranean for four hundred dollars, enormously successful.

## *Freedom from Care*

Despite the growing popularity of this rather more conventional form of travel, it is assuredly true that a person with unlimited time and the instincts of a vagabond will find the average winter cruise little to his liking. A person who rejoices in the minor complexities of life abroad, who wishes to travel leisurely, who prefers to discover, rather than be shown, will do well to begin his days and end them as an independent traveller. The actual advantages of the winter cruise are two. First, these well-planned voyages give to the vacationist a real vacation, rest, complete freedom from care, together with a degree of comfort, and excellence of service, that few of us enjoy at home; second, they offer, to those who have only a month or two to spend in winter travel, the one practical means of seeing the Mediterranean and the Caribbean. There is nothing so uncertain, in this age of precision, as the little boats that ply between the various ports of the West Indies. The independent traveller would return, after sixty days on the Mediterranean, with the sketchiest sort of impression of this most beautiful of seas.

## *The Mounting Tide*

Winter travel (we may be sure of this) is here to stay. The little tide of tourists that now runs, each year more strongly, into the otherwise tideless Mediterranean sea, is still a long way from its eventual high-water mark. The Caribbean, glamorous and charming, yet convenient, is still for the most part unexplored; while the coasts and ports of South America confront the winter traveller with a change from his accustomed scenes more magical than he finds on a summer jaunt to Europe.

Obvious, yet difficult to analyze, is the strange spell thrown over the Northern imagination by these Southern seas, the same old timeless spell that drew the barbarians across the Alps to Italy — the eternal lure of blue, of sunlit water, under bluer, sun-warmed skies.

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# Climate Obliges

By Raymond G. Fuller

We Americans are learning to play while we earn. New pressures and rising incomes are widening "The Vacation Idea." Modern American strain necessitates; and American climate — in California, Florida, and Hawaii — patriotically obliges. Summer relaxation is not enough. A modern annual migration due to climate is repeating the race movement of our ancient ancestors. We have resolved that winter is entirely too long! How are we shortening it? What is the best way to go about it?

Of the two ways of reaching the Pacific coast, the more famous transcontinental trains offer not only safety and speed, but comforts and luxury unparalleled elsewhere in rail travel; while the passenger cruises through the Panama Canal add leisure to luxury. The ideal trip is certainly one way by ship and the other by train — which permits stop-overs at America's greatest wonder-spots.

Among regular steamship services connecting the East with the West are the Dollar Line's world-circling "President" steamers, which leave Boston (alternate Sundays) and New York (alternate Thursdays). Their ports of call are: Havana, where opportunity is given for a comprehensive motor drive in and roundabout the city; Cristobal; Los Angeles and San Francisco. At Cristobal and Colon one may do the expected sightseeing, have luncheon ashore and then by train proceed across the Isthmus in order to do Balboa before boarding ship that evening. Seventeen days are required from New York to Los Angeles; nineteen to the Golden Gate. (On the sixth morning from Frisco *those who stick* disembark at Honolulu.) There is a maximum of relaxation and change in such a California trip. Alas, Dollar Liners never turn back; they provide no eastward sailings!

Panama Pacific Line ships make a similar voyage, leaving the metropolis alternate Saturdays and reaching San Diego in thirteen days; then going on to San Francisco after a day's stop at Los Angeles. The steamer starts back the following Saturday.

Then, there's the Panama Mail Steamship Company, whose leisurely vessels turn the voyager loose at *nine* South and Central American ports on the way to Los Angeles, bidding him — or her — farewell at Hollywood's blushing suburb twenty-six days after pulling up the gang-plank at the New York pier.

Southern California, during what nine-tenths of our voters justifiably call winter, offers continu-

ous May. If there is any adult diversion from horseshoes to seasledding which sun-osculated California does not provide, it has eluded her publicists. Which latter, it is reported recently, have gone to such lengths that local Chambers of Commerce are officially frowning upon "Miss California" contests — lest outlanders should mistake the title for a slogan.

But there's reason enough for enthusiasms like a Californian's. No rain to interfere with outdoor life — and that's the chief cause for Hollywood — no clouds to thwart sun-tanners; no lower range on the thermometers to invite rheumatisms, phthisics and common-law colds. And the motor roads of California really are peerless. Going to the Southwest is an "escape" of which the sternest Freudian disciples must approve. And what wonderlands on the way! The route to and from must always be reckoned as one big talking-point for the West Coast as a winter play-ground.

## *Florida's Charm*

As for Florida, it is not all Real Estate any more than New York is all Business. Native sons down there long since learned how to play; they have succeeded extraordinarily in passing on the contagion to Northerners.

Just as it does in Northern climes in June, so in Florida's winters the rain doth fall upon the just and the not-so-just — heavenly dispensation, which makes Florida lush, lusty and green. Chlorophyl runs riot. Florida's rival, out where the West ends, treats grass as an affectation; has none of it in fact except in the proximity of a hose. In the land of Okeechobee and Osceola, verdancy is a statewide commonplace — no small point to the grass-raised invader from the North. Lovers of trees are seduced back to the far South again and yet again. Such trees! — stately longleaf pine, towering cyprus, palms galore, red gums and what you will — sub-tropical profusion such as generations ago so ravished the Spanish adventurers' hearts.

Ponce de Leon sought in Florida a miraculous spring. Today we seek it in Florida — as a *symbol*, and are often luckier than he, for restoration resides in Florida fountains, not as a miracle but as a fact.

## *Ecstasy in Hawaii*

And as for Hawaii, where do sea, sky, air and flowers comprise such a happy family as there in the mid-Pacific? One who has been here, *there* and everywhere answers — "Nowhere!" Honolulu meets every feature any other Winterland offers — then redoubles the bid! That first glimpse of a tropic isle on the horizon at dawn! Imagine it how you may, the experience will be more thrilling than that.


# STATEMENT

OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912

OF

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

PUBLISHED MONTHLY
AT CONCORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE
*for* OCTOBER 1st, 1929

STATE OF NEW YORK } ss.
COUNTY OF NEW YORK }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Ernest Fisher, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The North American Review Corporation, 9 East 37th Street, New York City, N. Y.; Editor, Walter Butler Mahony, 9 East 37th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.; Managing Editor, Kenneth Wilcox Payne, 9 East 37th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.; Business Manager, Ernest Fisher, 9 East 37th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.

2. That the owners are: The North American Review Corporation, 9 East 37th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.; Walter Butler Mahony, 9 East 37th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW CORPORATION
*By* ERNEST FISHER,
*Business Manager.*

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of September, 1929.

DOROTHY CROWNE,
*Notary Public.*

[SEAL] (My commission expires Mar. 30, 1930.)

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The four isles of the Hawaiian Group are Isles of Rest. Nowhere is there a region more conducive to indolence. True, golf-courses abound, and tennis-courts — and for that matter, baseball diamonds — but the new-arrival has to go through a sort of "incubation period" before he can disport himself upon them. The waves call for him insistently and with a siren's croon. The hammock next.

Not so long ago — indeed, within the memory of the man now writing — it was a size AA task to go to Hawaii. Now what is it? Five luxurious days out of Los Angeles or San Francisco — and then, upon arrival, every possible enticement human and natural spread for you. Of course, it costs money, but so does staying at home. It is doubtful whether vacationing to the centre of the Pacific and back costs much more than living at home on a similar scale. But in this matter of costs Americans are of late looking upon vacations not so much *expense* as *investment.*

No, you cannot say you have ever bathed in surf, nor felt the furthest perfection of rhythm, nor gazed into the hot heart of the world, nor understood what flowers could do for mankind, nor experienced the true meaning of a trade-wind, nor known what a dead-ripe pineapple tasted like until you have vacationed in Hawaii.

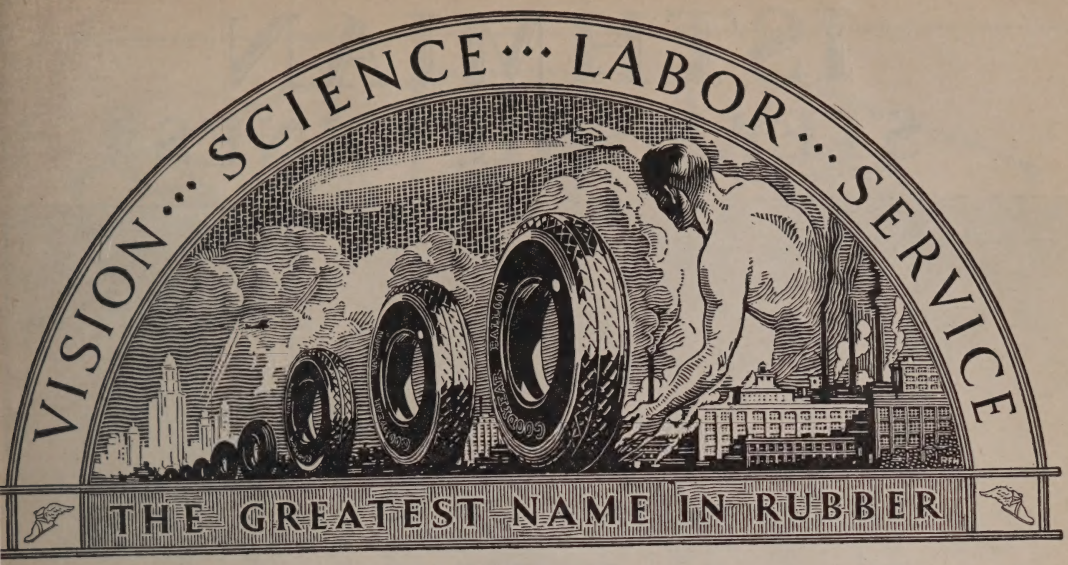
## Canada's Call in Winter

By Roland Rogers

The lure of Canada as a summer holiday ground has long been recognized. For many years certain favored spots have been the summer haunts of well known American families. Chief among these is Murray Bay, some ninety miles below Quebec on the north shore of the St. Lawrence River, where Chief Justice Taft has long had his summer home. This year Murray Bay will welcome those who appreciate sports where genuine winter prevails. The Manoir Richelieu, resort hotel owned and operated by Canada Steamship Lines, will reopen hospitable doors from December 18th to February 28th.

About this vast hotel lingers something of old Seigneurial grandeur, characteristic of this corner of French Canada. Thick walls of the château type keep king winter at bay and flaming birch logs laugh up chimneys at his swirling beard. The restless aurora flames in the Northern skies at night and all things contribute to enhance the beauty of a castle in a wilderness.

Those who can ride the flying ski or steer the racing bobsled will appreciate running the giant white slopes of the high Laurentians, with the prospect of old-fashioned hospitality and good cheer at the end of day.




In Australia also, now, Goodyear Tires are being made the Goodyear way, a new Goodyear factory has recently been completed in England, and another American Goodyear plant is now in operation in the South

GOODYEAR

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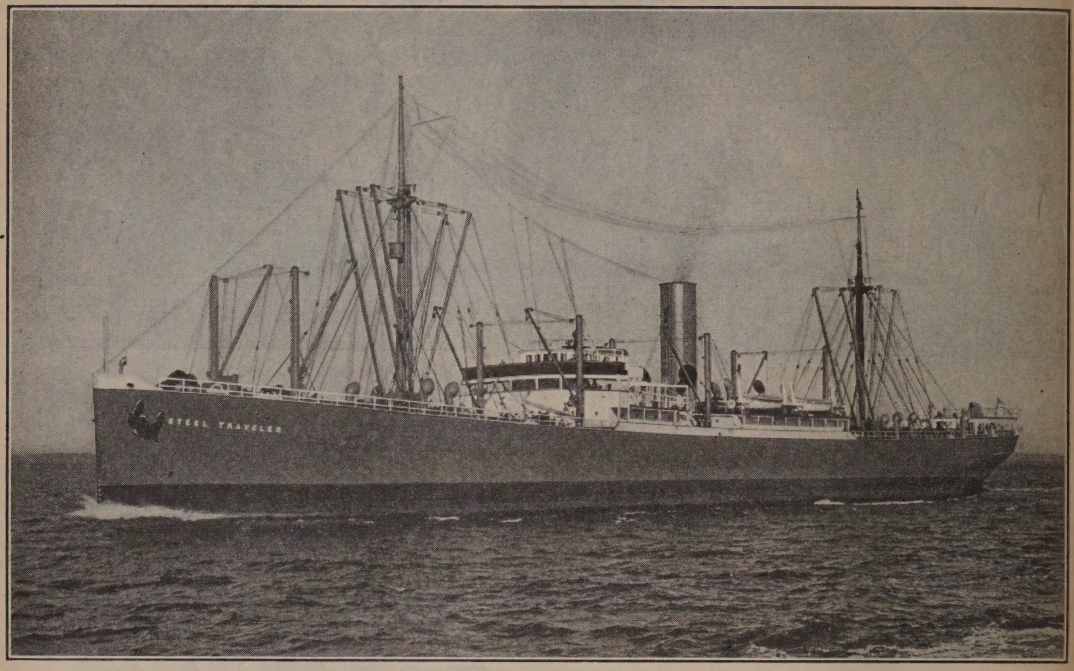


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